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## TEMPTATION.

Continued from page 208.

When his son-in-law was committed to the Tower, old Queen Charlotte sent notice to Mr. Coutts that in three days she would withdraw her money—amounting to a vast sum—which was in his hands.

The reply was characteristic of the man.

"Three days!" he repeated, to the keeper of the Privy Purse, who had been directed to make the arrangement. "Inform her most gracious majesty that *three hours'* notice is quite long enough to withdraw three times the amount from the bank of Coutts and Co.!"

The money was not withdrawn.

The worthy banker was a passionate admirer of the theatre, and had boxes both at the Opera and the national establishments of Drury Lane and Covent Garden. Four-and-twenty hours after the death of his first wife, he married Miss Harriet Mellon, a rather popular actress, who had long been his friend.

The lady was the late eccentric duchess of St. Albans.

Madame Garrachi was personally well known to Mr. Coutts: he had long admired her talents, and was no stranger to the generally-reported *liaison* between her worthless husband and Mademoiselle Cherini.

Her request that he would receive her jewels and deposit them in the vaults of his establishment was granted—not without an observation, however, "that he understood Mr. Fauntleroy was her banker."

"I have no confidence in Mr. Fauntleroy!" was the reply; "my husband has rather a large sum of money in his hands! But that is his affair—my jewels are my own, and I wish to feel that they are safe!"

The old man slightly smiled as he finished writing out the receipt.

Just as the artiste was about to take her leave, after thanking him for his kindness, the door of the room opened, and a lady, very showily dressed, un-



MILES'S INTERVIEW WITH MISS MENDEZ.



ceremoniously entered the office. She was a stout, good-looking, but rather countrified person, with a profusion of black, curling hair, which fell in masses from beneath a white whalebone bonnet—then all the rage. There was a slight expression of anger—perhaps uneasiness—upon her features.

"Harriet," said the banker, "did they not tell you I was engaged?"

"Yes!" replied the visitor; "and with whom? That must plead my excuse! I could not resist the occasion of making the acquaintance of one whose genius we both admire so much!"

Mr. Coutts introduced the ladies formally to each other.

Miss Mellon's jealousy—perhaps it scarcely merited the name—was quickly dissipated when she read in the features of the celebrated singer the unmistakable signs of a sorrow, which no feeling the old banker's guineas could have inspired, could have traced there. Her heart was naturally warm—perhaps generous: she had heard of her husband's infidelity, and pitied her.

With much good nature, she insisted on setting her down at her lodgings, as soon as she found that Madame Garrachi had not her carriage at the door. Perhaps, also, she wished to avoid the reproach of her aged admirer for her indiscretion.

"Ah!" she exclaimed, with a sigh, half philosophical, half jesting; "we poor women are very much to be pitied! Even you, gifted as few of God's creatures have been, do not appear to be happy! Pardon the freedom of my remark," she added, pressing her hand; "but indeed I sympathise with you! Don't feel it—do as I do—struggle with grief at the very commencement!"

"Perhaps you do not love?"

"Perhaps," said the actress, "*I will not love!*" There lies a whole history in the distinction! That heart is already lost which suffers love to obtain even a temporary influence over the imagination! Like the tiger's whelp, it may be crushed in its infancy, but becomes a tyrant and master if permitted to arrive at maturity! You will think me a sad rattle!" she continued; "perhaps a heartless one; but if I could help it, there should not be a tear shed upon earth, unless of joy!"

Madame Garrachi secretly envied the philosophy of her new acquaintance, whose frank, open confidence pleased her. What would she not have given to have disembarassed her heart of the serpent that had coiled around it?

We can conceive no greater agony to a refined and noble mind than to feel itself the slave of a worthless passion—to love and despise the same object—to have the inclination to subdue its influence, and lack the power to do so—to know the destroying effects of its progress, and yet to feel it march on and on, like the lava of a volcano burning up life's flowers in its passage—to despise our own weakness, and yet yield to it—to resolve one moment, and break that resolution the next.

Such was the case with the gifted artiste: she loved her husband still—or rather the ideal husband, such as her youthful confidence had painted.

First love is generally a dream, and its waking agony; especially when we find

Those cheerful suns are set for ever  
That light to youth's gay paths impart,  
And dried that deep, ideal river  
That fed the fountain of the heart.

Miss Mellon proffered her friendship with so charming a grace to her new acquaintance, that, despite the engrossing nature of her sorrow, she felt pleased. There is a charm in sympathy—it is the loadstone which attracts the heart.

That night Madame Garrachi appeared in her great character of Dido, in the *Didone Abandonnée*, and never sang more exquisitely. At first there was a murmur of surprise amongst the audience. They had been accustomed to see her as the unhappy queen, adorned in all her diamonds: not a gem glittered in her long, dark hair. In the last scene, in which she mounts the funeral pile, instead of the royal robes, she was attired in a dress of simple white.

Some approved, others blamed the change; but all agreed that her acting had been perfect.

As the curtain descended, amid showers of bouquets and the enthusiastic plaudits of the audience, a piercing shriek was heard. Many feared that the dress of the singer had caught fire—others, that it was a new point in her acting. Both parties were mistaken.

The actress had recognised at the wing her protégée, Fanny, standing as pale as death, waiting for the conclusion of the scene.

Her heart foreboded the tidings of which she was the messenger.

#### CHAPTER XXXIV.

Pardon is for men,  
And not for reptiles—we have none for Steno,  
And no resentment; things like him must sting,  
And higher beings suffer; 'tis the charter  
Of life: The man who dies by the adder's pang  
May have the crawler crushed, but feels no anger.  
'Twas the worm's nature; and some men are worms  
In soul, more than the living things of to-morrow.

BYRON.

THE mother had rightly divined the intelligence of which Fanny was the bearer. A sudden change had taken place, and her boy—the tie—the only remaining tie—which bound her to life—was dying. For several hours during the night he had done little else than pronounce the name of "mother"—that of his father had not once escaped the sufferer's lips.

Without waiting to change her dress—merely throwing a thin veil over her head—Madame Garrachi hurried to her carriage, followed by the orphan object of her bounty, whose tears flowed fast and bitterly—for she loved her capricious, wayward playfellow with the love of a sister. At her age, ingratitude is a stranger to the heart.

As the carriage whirled rapidly along the road to Richmond, Fanny felt terrified at the silent immobility of her companion. She would have felt relieved could she have heard a sigh—not one escaped her. From the back of the carriage her dark eyes flashed like things of living light. It was the fire of despair burning within them.

The child ventured timidly to take her hand.

"Not a word, Fanny!" said the artiste; "not a breath! The least sign of sympathy would make me human—and I require a nerve of iron—iron!"

Although the horses were kept by the driver at their utmost speed, their progress appeared slow as the laggard's pace to the impatient heart of the mother, who bitterly blamed herself for having left her son even for an instant. Every plaintive sigh which was murmured in other ears—every cry of pain she did not soothe—seemed like a robbery of her right.

At last the carriage stopped at the entrance to the grounds in front of the house. The unhappy woman sprang from it, heedless of the rain which was falling in torrents, and, pushing open the gate, glided, rather than walked, towards the villa. A light was still burning in the bed-room, and cast its sickly rays upon the lawn.

"Thank God!" she murmured, "I shall see him once more! He will know me—draw his last breath upon the bosom where he first was pillowd!"

Some few moments elapsed before the servants, who did not expect her arrival so soon, came to the door. By this time she was drenched completely through by the pitiless rain. Her long, dark hair had escaped from the ribbon which bound it, and fell in heavy masses over her neck and shoulders.

Truly has it been said that there is a majesty in grief. The most inexpressive features become eloquent under its hallowing touch: like the faded canvas o'er which the moisture has been passed, the picture reappears.

The footman made way silently for her to pass. The man seemed to comprehend that a word at such a moment would have been an impertinence—or worse—a sacrilege.

On the appearance of his mother in the chamber, the little sufferer extended his arms, and a smile, faint as the last ray of sunset on an autumn landscape, illumined for an instant his pale features. She was by his side in an instant.

"Have you brought me the flowers?" he murmured.

"No, Felix!" sobbed madame; "in the morning!"

"Morning!" interrupted the boy; "I shall be in heaven in the morning, mamma—I know I shall! The doctor and nurse both look so sadly at me, and I feel—as if—my breath—"

He gasped, and, taking her cold in his, placed it on his heart.

"Cold—cold and wet!" he murmured. "Kiss me!" he added; "kiss me! I won't die, now you are come! Stay with me! You won't leave poor Felix again?"

"Never—never!" sobbed his mother, in a tone of self-reproach.

The dying boy appeared satisfied with her promise—for he smiled again, and, gently drawing her to his side upon the bed, crept into her arms, still murmuring that "she was so cold."

The first burst of sorrow past, Madame Garrachi looked round the room as if she expected to have seen some one. A pang of bitter disappointment wrung her heart. The father of her child was absent—where, she dared not ask herself.

For several hours Felix remained in a state of profound repose. The restless irritation, the feverish anxiety which for so many hours had tormented him, appeared to have gradually subsided since his mother had arrived. It seemed as if he had all he desired—for he never once asked after his father.

Towards morning, Fanny—who had been watching all the night at the foot of the bed—noticed that he suddenly opened his eyes, and made an effort as if to stretch forth his little arms. It was death.

The next moment heaven had one cherub more—earth one sufferer less.

The piercing shriek of the bereaved mother brought the surgeon and the nurse from the adjoining room. It was some time before they could disengage her arms from the close embrace in which she held the corpse of her dead boy.

What else on earth had she now left to cling to? What to her broken heart was the gift of genius, for which the world admired and envied her? What the fame she had won—the wealth which, like the harvest in autumn, waited but the gleanings? The blow had fallen upon her affections, and crushed them. Life remained—but it was life without hope. She would have given all she possessed to have wept—but tears were denied her: not that their fount was dried, but it was frozen.

It was in vain that the master of the house entreated Madame Garrachi to quit the chamber of death—that his wife added her persuasions; even the entreaties of Fanny were unheeded. With desperate calmness she rejected their well-meant advice—closed with a firm hand the still open eyes of her dead boy, and requested to be left alone with him.

The surgeon hesitated.

"A mother's sorrow," she exclaimed, impatiently, "should be sacred! Heaven alone should hear her prayer for strength and resignation! Go—go!" she added, hastily; "the sight of a human face but adds to my misery!"

The gentleman well understood the feeling which prompted her request, and taking Fanny by the hand, led her from the room.

The artiste no sooner perceived that she was left alone with the dead, than she hastily drew the bolt of the chamber door. The act seemed to relieve her. It shut her from the world—its useless pity, its prying sympathy—which sears the wound—not salves it.

"Dead!" she sighed—"dead! Life's only flower—my pretty treasure! And I cannot give my murdered boy one tear! I am punished! Oh, I am rightly punished! I should have listened to the voice of my heart only—to its fears—and fled with him from this land of gold and death to my own sunny France! He would have revived there—his smiles would have returned! But now too late—too late!"

How few of us—no matter whether brief or long our space of life—but have pronounced, in the impotence of regret, in the hour of anguish and self-accusation, when the past—the inexorable past—like a spectre rears its iron front before us, those bitter words, "*too late!*" How often will the recollection of the smiles we have chased, the hopes we have blighted, the hearts we have wrung, return with them!

"*Too late!*" murmurs the tardy repentance over the coffin which contains the victim of its passions. "*Too late!*" sighs regret, as the betrayed and outraged friend, who once shared our confidence, thoughts, and dreams—whose hand was ever open to assist, head ready to counsel, heart to feel our distresses—passes us with a cold, conventional smile of recognition—or worse—with a mask of ice, which conceals the agony of the wearer, by benumbing it!

"*Too late!*" It is oft-times the epitaph of the highest hopes, the purest feelings, the noblest gifts that humanity has received and perverted—the seal upon a sepulchre, whose stone no angel's hand will ever roll aside!

Madame Garrachi had none of these reproaches to make to herself. She was the victim of heartlessness—not the perpetrator. The only strong affections her heart had ever known were for her husband and her child: they were her first and last. Unlike her worthless rival, Cherini, she was not one of those who could love and love again.

As the first rays of morning penetrated the chamber of death, there was a gentle rap at the door. It was her husband. The desolate wife and mother had heard the roll of the carriage as it drove up to the house.

When the signor quitted his lodgings the preceding day, it was with the intention of visiting his dying son; but the syren who had enslaved him



had insisted on his attending her to a brilliant party, to which both were invited by one of those moths of fashion who love to surround themselves with the celebrities of the day. Mademoiselle was celebrated for her beauty more than for her talent; besides, she had been much talked of lately, and the noble host would have deemed his circle incomplete without her.

Although they had to pass the surgeon's house on their way to the splendid villa of their host, the heartless woman had refused him permission to alight, even for an instant, observing "that there would be time on their return." And her dupe obeyed.

"Eugenie, c'est moi!" said the signor.

Madame rose from her knees, and unbarred the door.

Heartless as he was, Alberto felt a momentary pang when his eyes fell upon the corpse of his son—his first-born—stretched like a flower untimely withered upon the bed before him. He did not dare to raise them from the dead to the living: he dreaded to meet her gaze.

"Dead!" he faltered; "dead!"

"And without once pronouncing your name, or expressing a wish to see you!" observed his wife, in a bitter tone. "He felt that you had forgotten him, and his—"

She could not complete the reproach: she felt a rising weakness in her throat—a swelling at her heart—and she had resolved to be calm as an accusing angel's voice.

"How strange and sudden! Who would have supposed? Poor boy—poor boy!"

Not knowing what else to do, the hypocrite pretended to weep, and, approaching the bed, would have imprinted a kiss upon the brow of his son.

"Do not touch him! Do not profane the majesty of death—the sanctity of innocence!" almost shrieked Madame Garrachi. "He died upon my bosom! His mother's kiss was the last his lips received! Do not stain them by a less holy one!"

"Eugenie, I do not understand you!"

"God!" exclaimed the unhappy woman, clasping her hands and sinking on her knees by the side of the bed; "has this thing no heart?"

Overwhelmed with shame and remorse—for he did feel at last—the Italian attempted to raise her; she shuddered at his touch.

"Eugenie!" he said, vainly attempting to soothe her; "I have been wrong—negligent, perhaps—but not culpable! You know I love you, and idolized poor Felix!" Let me entreat of you to quit this room! Think of your health!" he added, for the first time perceiving the damp state of her dress; "for heaven's sake, think of your voice!"

The scornful laugh which broke from the lips of the singer startled him. She rose in an instant to her feet, and stood erect and pale before him. His last words had revealed to her all for which he had ever sought or valued her.

"My voice!" she repeated; "it has rained gold for you, and misery for me! Would it had been changed to the raven's note when first you heard it—I had then escaped your snare! Shall I tell you, Alberto, the nature of the love you bear to me—paint it in its true, mercenary colors—compress it in one word—*calculation*! My voice! it was a fortune to you—enabled you to indulge your tastes—your appetites—your sensual luxury! It has left me!" she added; "and the tie which united us is broken! Whether I live or die, starve in a foreign land, or not, will give you no second thought or care!"

"Eugenie!"

"Leave me," she continued, "with the dead—with the wreck of hopes and dreams—with a wound for which time has neither balm nor cure! Leave me—and no—no—I cannot curse you—memory one day will avenge me!"

"This is jealousy—madness!" exclaimed Signor Alberto, beginning to feel seriously alarmed—for his intentions were at stake.

"Jealousy!" said his wife, becoming suddenly calm. "Man—man—how little do you know me! I could as soon be jealous of the dead, as of the love which can change and change, or a wanton's smile lure from me! Go!" she added, advancing to the window, and throwing it suddenly open; "your companion, sir, is waiting for you!"

At the sound occasioned by the raising of the sash, Mademoiselle Cherini, who was seated in an open carriage at the door, looked up, and the eyes of the injured wife and her rival met. She could not endure the gaze of the woman she had so cruelly outraged—a suspicion that death was in the room suddenly occurred to her.

"Home!" she exclaimed to the coachman.

The man gave his horses the lash, and she felt relieved that the menacing glance of Madame Garrachi was no longer fixed upon her: it seemed to remind her that there was a future.

Like an instrument whose cords have suddenly given way, the nerves of the sufferer yielded to the long-suppressed agony of her heart, and she sank helpless as a child by the window. A brain fever followed, and it was weeks before the desolate woman recognised the tearful face of Fanny, who had been her patient attendant.

As for her worthless husband, he was punished in the only point on which his selfish nature was vulnerable: *her voice was gone*—its wondrous flexibility, its pure, flute-like tone destroyed—a hoarseness had settled upon her lungs, which neither science, change of climate, nor that still greater change which time scarce fails to bring, ever could remove; it sounded, if ever she attempted to bring forth a note, as if it came from beneath a pall.

Then it was that the triumph of Mademoiselle Cherini was complete—she had no longer a rival to dispute her supremacy. True, the audience at His Majesty's Theatre listened at first with coldness to her efforts—for they still remembered her predecessor; but this coldness gradually wore away. The town required to be amused—excitement was a necessity to the *habitués* of the Opera—and they created it.

Before the close of the season, half London was at her feet, and many began to wonder how they had ever admired Madame Garrachi.

"Well!" said her confidante and adviser, as they drove home from the Opera, after a performance which had been little less than an ovation; "I trust you are satisfied?"

"I am satisfied!" murmured her pupil.

"And will dismiss that indolent, imbecile Alberto!" continued the ex-prima donna. "It is long since I have been tired of witnessing his affected airs and graces! The idiot imagines himself a victor, where he is only the dupe!"

Mademoiselle made no reply.

"Come!" resumed the speaker, "it is folly to affect a passion with me! I know that you despise him!"

"True!" muttered the artiste.

"And are tired of his love?"

"That is by no means so sure!" replied Mademoiselle Cherini; "your advice has proved fatal to more than one! True, I have succeeded in destroying my rival—in taking her place in the favor of the public; but it has not been without a wound in my own heart!"

"What?"

"I love him!"

"Heaven help you, then!" exclaimed the female Machiavel, with an ominous shake of the head. "You are even more to be pitied than the rival you have so cleverly crushed!"

"How so?" demanded the singer.

"Her agony is over—*yours is yet to come!*"

Her companion shuddered. There was something oracular in the cold, sneering tone in which the prediction was pronounced: she remembered the presentiment which had seized her when her glance encountered that of the woman she had injured at the window; perhaps, too, her conscience whispered her that she merited such a fate.

Signor Garrachi, during the illness of his wife, made several—and we need not say unsuccessful—attempts to discover what had become of her diamonds: his rage and disappointment at not finding them may be better conceived than described. It was in vain that he questioned her waiting-maid and the people of the house—he could elicit no information; and for the best of all possible reasons—they had none to give; he even had the baseness to attempt drawing the secret from his victim during the access of delirium.

A vacant laugh and the name of her boy were the only replies he could draw from her.

"She must have suspected my intention," he thought, "when she surprised me with her *corin*, and has concealed them!"

To discover where, became doubly important, when he recollected that the fortune of his ill-used wife was in France—where, happily for the gifted artiste, the law protects the civil rights of woman. In France a wife is the *partner*—not the slave—of her husband; has an equal right with him in the joint estate—can sue and be sued on account of her separate property, and even withdraw her dower from his hands, on showing cause before the tribunals.

The possession of the jewels would have repaired

all—but they had escaped him; and when the Italian reflected on his position, he came to the conclusion that he had overreached himself—for he began to entertain serious doubts whether the love—heaven forgive us for prostituting the word—of Mademoiselle Cherini might not change with his altered fortune.

All hope of a reconciliation with madame was vain: she had declared her intention to separate from him. In this resolution she was firmly supported by the advice of Miss Mellon, who during her illness had been unremitting in her kindness.

Much to the annoyance of her husband—who calculated on and wished his wife's death—the kind-hearted actress had insisted upon calling in the most eminent medical advice—had placed in the sick room of her *protégée* two English nurses, in whose fidelity she could place implicit trust: so that Madame Garrachi was never for a single instant alone.

Little Fanny, who had eyes and ears for everything which might affect either the health or safety of her benefactress, reported all that passed.

Signor Alberto began to hate the child.

In order to have his victim more completely in his power, he had arranged to remove her to the house of one of his countrymen, who resided a few miles from London. The pretext of change of air was quite sufficient for the people of the hotel—and as for any opposition on the part of his wife, that he considered might be easily overcome, or explained by attributing it to the wandering of her brain.

On the very morning on which he had calculated on putting this fiendlike project in execution, the carriage of Miss Mellon drove up to the door of the hotel at an earlier hour than usual. Bitterly did the Italian, as he saw her alight, laden with flowers and fruit for the poor invalid, curse her officious friendship.

As she entered the hall, Fanny whispered a few words in her ear.

"We shall see!" said the actress, compressing her beautiful lips—for they were beautiful then; "he does not know me yet!"

The fair speaker possessed a hold over the worthless man which she had pledged her word to her old friend, Mr. Coutts, to employ only at the last extremity.

England, it must be remembered, at the period of which we write, was still at war with France—for the short-lived peace of Amiens had been broken, and the laws regulating the residence and correspondence of aliens were stringent in the extreme: a mere suspicion was sufficient to cause a man to be sent out of the country, or to consign him to a prison.

Colonel de Lille—a pretended *émigré*, but in reality a spy of the French Emperor—had just been sent to Newgate: so well had the impostor acted his part, that he had obtained access to the best English society. Many persons who had known him refused to credit the proofs of his delinquency, and one noble lord, at whose house he had been a frequent guest, carried his confidence so far as to demand from his place in Parliament the reasons of the minister for ordering his arrest. When produced, the reply was overwhelming—never had the aristocracy of England been more completely duped than by the cunning Frenchman.

There were grave reasons to suppose that Alberto had been one of his agents—for he had cashed several cheques at the banking-house of Mr. Coutts, which the colonel had drawn upon a firm in Holland.

The Italian was too much a man of the world to display his ill-humor—your true gamester seldom shows his cards; on the contrary, he received his—or rather his wife's—visitor in his blandest manner—declared, with a profusion of compliments, that her kindness would never be effaced from his memory—and announced, as if it were the most matter-of-course affair, his intention to remove madame from London.

"Where to?" inquired the lady, drily.

"To a cottage belonging to a friend of mine, a short distance from town," replied the signor; "where every attention that friendship can bestow will be lavished, to lead her to forget her loss!"

"There are losses, replied Miss Mellon, "which never can be forgotten—even," she added, in a pointed tone, "that of the affection we once prized!"

The gentleman colored deeply: this was no fencing, but a home-thrust—a downright honest, earnest blow.

"You have not replied to my question, permit



me to observe," continued the speaker, "where this elysium—this Lethe—is situated to which you propose to convey my still suffering friend!"

"It is too humble to be honored by your visits!" was the reply.

"Perhaps they have ceased to be agreeable to her husband?" said the lady.

Alberto saw that a rupture was unavoidable, and replied only by a low bow.

"Well, that is honest, at least!" exclaimed the actress. "I like plain speaking—it places one so much at one's ease! She sha'n't go!"

"Madame!"

"Can't you understand me?" said his visitor; "she shall not go!"

"Who will prevent it?"

"I will!"

"I am her husband!" observed the gentleman, getting seriously angry.

"More the pity," replied Miss Mellon, in a tone of withering contempt, "that the fate of one so gifted should be linked with such a being! Spare your grimaces, sir," she added, "and looks of indignation! Reserve them for those who do not understand such trickery! I have been an actress all my life, from the barn to Covent Garden! Every phase in the art is familiar to me—you can't impose on me! I can tell the difference between spangles and pure gold!"

The honesty both of speech and purpose in the speaker completely disconcerted the heartless libertine. He saw that the struggle was likely to be more serious than he anticipated; still he could not comprehend the means by which his visitor hoped to baffle him. He had consulted a lawyer, and ascertained that in England a husband's authority over his wife was absolute.

"You said," he began, after a pause, "that you would prevent the removal of Madame Garrachi, my wife, to the country!"

The lady nodded in the affirmative.

"May I inquire by what means?"

"Certainly!" replied Miss Mellon, with an ironical smile; "nothing can be more just or reasonable! Cards on the table, as you gentlemen say! In the first place, I shall drive from here to the office of the Secretary of State, and place before him three cheques, drawn upon the house of Van Hase, of Amsterdam, by Colonel de Lille, now a prisoner in Newgate, upon a charge of *high treason*, drawn in your favor, and negotiated by you," she added, "through the firm of Coutts and Company!"

"I can explain!" exclaimed the signor, turning very pale.

"Of course you can!" replied the lady; "at least to your own satisfaction; but whether to that of the government is another affair! Fortunately," she added, "it is not with credulous women that you will have to do, but with men who know the world, its tricks and subterfuges, almost as well as you do yourself! You can explain, you say! Have you calculated the consequences if you do *not* explain? Bets are already ten to three at the clubs, that Col. de Lille will be hanged within a month!"

The signor shuddered: he felt that he was defeated. The first draft he had received from the colonel was for some important information he had extracted from the unsuspecting confidence of one of the clerks of the Foreign Office, whom he had introduced behind the scenes at His Majesty's Theatre; the second, for repeating a conversation he had overheard at a dinner party given by the private secretary of one of the ministers; and the third Mademoiselle Cherini had obtained for him from one of her admirers who was connected with the Admiralty.

Had he been really innocent, there would have been nothing to fear; but conscience was his accuser, and he trembled at its voice.

It must not be supposed that a man so honorable as the founder of the great house of Coutts and Company possessed any *proof* of the Italian's complicity with the colonel, whose cheques he had been in the habit of forwarding to his correspondents in Holland, as he did those of many noble *émigrés* who had succeeded in placing the wreck of their fortunes there. His guilt being discovered, naturally led to the suspicion that Alberto was no stranger to it.

"Well, sir!" said Miss Mellon, "your decision? Am I to order my carriage or not?"

"I should never pardon myself for giving you so much trouble!" replied the gentleman, with a polite bow.

The actress smiled: she had succeeded.

"At your *désire*," she continued, "I will postpone my visit to the Home Office, then!"

"Postpone it!" repeated the Italian, in a tone of alarm.

"For ten days! Let me see: the season closes in six! Come, I will be generous with you, and make it twelve! If after the expiration of that time you are found in England, it will be at your peril! You understand me?"

The detected spy *did* understand her, and mentally cursed the accident which had placed him so completely at her mercy.

"I know," continued the speaker, "that as an Englishwoman I am wrong in allowing you to escape; but hanging! There is something shocking in the idea of sending a thing which once was human to such a fate! Besides," she added, with withering scorn, "there is little danger that you will do more mischief now! You were merely the instrument—the colonel's was the master-mind! It is only the tiger or the wolf that ventures to return to the thicket where it once was wounded; the cur, true to the instincts of its nature, avoids it!"

So completely was Signor Garrachi subdued by the noble scorn and decision of the speaker, that he even degraded himself—if further degradation were possible—by thanking her for her forbearance, and pledged himself not only to quit the country by the time she proposed, but to remove at once from the hotel, and inflict his presence upon the woman whose happiness he had so ruthlessly destroyed no more.

He kept his word, and took his departure that very day.

"And such are the beings we love!" exclaimed Miss Mellon, with a sigh, as from the window of the drawing-room, she saw him drive off; "to whom we commit our happiness—to whom we consign ourselves for life—who mar or make our future! Are they stronger, wiser, or better than we are? No! What, then, gives them the superiority? Alas!" she added, "our weakness constitutes their strength, and their wisdom consists but in the knowledge of our folly! I may live to have a husband—but never a master! The chain which fetters my hand must be of gold; the one which binds my heart, of friendship—not love—not love!"

Perhaps, even at that early period of her life, the actress dreamed of the brilliant destiny which awaited her—for she kept her resolution; but, if her heart remained closed to the all-absorbing passion which destroys so many of her sex, it at least was open to friendship, gratitude, and all the melting charities of our better nature. Her active benevolence in after years might have redeemed the errors of a much worse head and heart.

As soon as Madame Garrachi was sufficiently strong to be removed, instead of the asylum to which her husband intended to consign her, her disinterested friend caused her and Fanny to be conveyed to a cottage close to her own villa, at Highgate, which she had prepared for her reception. It was one of those charming retreats, in which sorrow might find repose—the heart, jaded, worn by the conflicts of feeling and passion, forgetfulness—a shelter from the storms of life—a nest of content, if not of happiness.

By the influence of Mr. Coutts, whose connection with the great financial houses of Europe gave him the means of interfering effectually in her interests, the greater part of the fortune of Madame Garrachi was remitted through Holland to England. The rest was abandoned to her husband, now openly living with Mademoiselle Cherini, the star of the Opera House, in Paris.

"Thank heaven, my dear friend," said Miss Mellon, as she announced the success of the banker's interference in her affairs, "that the future is secured!"

"The future secured!" repeated the singer, in a tone of irony; "I understand—I am not left to starve!"

"You forget your jewels! Under any circumstances, they would have been safe!"

"True—true!" replied the unhappy woman, scarcely heeding her.

"Come—come! you promised to be calm!"

"I am calm!" exclaimed Madame Garrachi, with sudden energy; "but it is the calm which precedes the storm! Whilst the thunder is gathering, and the lightning tempering its forked fires in the clouds, there is a stillness in nature—it is so with me!"

"I do not comprehend you!"

"Listen!" said the still suffering invalid, "and you will understand me!"

At that moment the sounds of a voice, young, fresh, and flexible as the notes of the lark, came from the adjoining room: never had more delicious harmony fallen upon the ear.

It was Fanny, practising her daily lesson.

"You are quite right!" observed the actress, struck with admiration at the purity of tone and exquisite expression in one so young; "such talent ought to be cultivated! It will amuse you—occupy you!"

"It will!" observed Madame Garrachi, with a bitter smile.

"And the poor child will love you!" added Miss Mellon.

"Love me!" repeated the late idol of the Opera; "she will do more than love me!"

"I do not comprehend!"

"She will *avenge* me!" added her instructress, between her clenched teeth; "it is for that I live!"

## CHAPTER XXXV

O thievish night,  
Why shouldst thou, but for some felonious end,  
In thy dark lantern thus close up the stars  
That nature hung in heaven, and filled their lamps  
With everlasting oil, to give due light  
To the misled and lonely traveller!—MILTON.

It is not to be supposed that Miles, who had been trained in the school of Peter Quin, would leave any means untried to discover the abode of Martha, whom he both hated and feared. Hated, for having subdued and humbled him—and feared, from the power which her knowledge of his crimes had armed her with.

Still it was not without considerable misgiving that he set himself to the task: it was necessary to proceed cautiously—for he knew that if his intended victim obtained the least clue to his proceedings, or entertained a suspicion of his design, she would keep no terms with him. Many men—bunglers in the trade of villany—would have commenced operations by setting on parties to watch; but Miles was too cunning for that: the information which he required he determined to obtain himself.

For this purpose, he became a regular frequenter of a public-house in one of the narrow streets leading from the Temple to Blackfriars, which was well known as the resort of the lawyers' clerks and messengers; there, as he expected, he encountered Mr. Griffiths. Had he known how bitterly the little man resented the contempt with which Martha had treated his advances, Miles would perhaps have been more open to his overtures; as it was, he contented himself by an occasional word or nod of recognition—this game continued for several weeks.

At last he ventured upon what he considered a very decided move: he invited Mr. Foster's clerk to a game of cribbage, and lost it—not, like a bungler, by such barefaced bad play that a child might have seen through his intentions—but by one or two pegs only.

"You really play very well!" observed the pompous Mr. Griffiths—for out of the office he considered himself a very important personage.

"But you play better!" replied his antagonist, with the air of a man who did not altogether relish his defeat; "I suppose you will give me my revenge?"

"Willingly!" said the clerk, calling at the same time for a second glass of ale—as a general rule, he took but one.

They played, and a second time he was a winner.

This slight commencement gradually ripened into a close acquaintance. Still the ruffian was compelled to proceed cautiously—for, with his quick perception of character, he had discovered that his new friend was just as suspicious of the intentions of others as he was himself.

In this manner months elapsed before he had an opportunity of approaching the subject he was so anxious to converse upon.

"Ah, Mr. Griffiths," he observed, one very wet evening, on which they were the only two guests in the little parlor; "I wish I had been a lawyer!"

The clerk raised his head from the paper, and looked at him as if astounded at the magnitude of his ambition.

"I know," continued the speaker, "that it requires a long head and much *learning*; but if I could have found some clever fellow, like yourself, to have taken me as a partner, I might have found the money, and you the brains!"

This time Mr. Griffiths did not think the ambition of his vulgar acquaintance quite so preposterous.

"But I suppose," concluded Miles, "that you will be a partner in time?"

"It is not impossible!" replied the little man, in a fretful tone; "but it all depends on the caprice of a boy!"

"A boy, sir?"

"Yes!" continued the gentleman; "my principal has an only son, whom he is anxious to bring up to the profession! Though, heaven knows—of course



this is between ourselves—that he has not one qualification for it! He is headstrong as a mule—concoited as a monkey—rude as a bear—and as extravagant as a miser's heir!"

Could Clement Foster have heard the character thus flatteringly portrayed of him by his father's clerk, the generous, high-spirited young man would have known the exact value of the obsequiousness and cringing submission which, in his ignorance of the world, he mistook for attachment.

"Are misers' heirs extravagant?" demanded Miles, in a careless tone, as if the answer was a matter of perfect indifference to him.

"Generally," said the clerk; "but not invariably—since I know of one who does not spend the tithe of her income! But then," he added, musingly, "she is rich!"

"A woman!" ejaculated his companion; "that accounts for it—they are more economical than we are! Well," he continued, "I know another, who inherited, a few years since, five thousand pounds of an old curmudgeon to whom people frequently gave alms in the street!"

"Five thousand pounds!" repeated Mr. Griffiths.

"Yes—and he has doubled it! Now I think he and your lady friend might make a good match of it!"

"She has refused a better offer than that!" observed the clerk, with an air of conceit; "but she will never marry—unless," he added, spitefully, "it is the young scapegrace I was lately speaking of: he appears to have found the way to her favor—he is invited to shoot, and pass what time he pleases, at the Grange!"

Miles mentally noted the word that had escaped him.

"Perhaps they are of the same age?" he said.

"No—no!" replied the disappointed suitor of Martha, impatiently; "she is old enough to be his mother!"

"Not the less likely to marry him, for all that!" observed the ruffian, in a philosophical tone; "women are queer critters—young and old—green and grey at the same time! I should like to have tried my luck with her, for all that!"

"You?"

"Ay—I!"

"You, then," said Mr. Griffiths, "are the man who doubled the five thousand pounds?"

Miles nodded in the affirmative, and his new friend's respect for him evidently increased.

Miles had frequently noticed that Mr. Griffiths brought letters with him, which were doubtless intended for the post—for on such occasions he left at a much earlier hour. This led him to concoct a scheme which promised to gratify his long-delayed curiosity at last.

One evening, when he saw that he had a larger number than usual, he proposed to the clerk a visit to Drury Lane Theatre, adding, that he had an order for two. The bait took: a hackney-coach was sent for, and off they started. Just as the vehicle entered the Strand, he pulled the check-string, and told the driver to stop at the first post-office.

"Dear me!" exclaimed the clerk; "how fortunate! I had nearly forgotten my letters!"

He drew them from his pocket, and held them ready.

"It is not worth while both of us getting out!" observed Miles, as soon as the coach stopped, at the same time taking them from his hand. "Anything to pay?"

"No—franked!"

"All right!" said the ruffian, dropping them one by one deliberately into the box, and his own, which was merely a blank, along with them. As he did so, he contrived to read the address of each. One was to Clement Foster, Esq., Brierly Grange: he had learned all that he wished to know.

The affair passed so rapidly that Mr. Griffiths had no time to reflect on the indiscretion he had committed. How could he possibly suppose anything incorrect in the conduct of a man whom he believed to be worth ten thousand pounds—who invariably lost to him at cribbage—who treated him to the theatre—and, moreover, insisted upon paying the coach-hire? They passed the evening together, and parted, each mutually pleased with his new acquaintance.

A day or two after, Miles announced that he was about to quit London for a few days, an affair of importance calling him into the country.

"A love affair?" observed the clerk, jokingly.

The fellow who had so cleverly duped him gave him a knowing wink, and owned that a woman was mixed up with it.

The next day he started for Berkshire, having first shaved off his whiskers, and mounted one of those

respectable wigs called a "Brown George" over his rough, iron-grey hair.

So complete was the metamorphosis, that even Bet declared she should not have recognised him: he appeared quite respectable.

On reaching the village nearest to the Grange, he contrived, under pretence of purchasing a small farm in the neighborhood, to make such inquiries as convinced him that he had at last discovered the retreat of Martha Quin; the next point was, how to avail himself of the information he had acquired. He hesitated little about committing crime—detection was the only thing he feared.

The house, which was large and exceedingly old-fashioned, was what in the country is generally termed a "show-house." It contained a room in which Cromwell was said to have slept, and a large gallery hung with portraits of its former possessors.

It was a bold step to take, but he determined to visit it—and, with this intention, concealed himself several days in the home-wood nearest the mansion, in order to select the most favorable opportunity: not that it was his intention to introduce himself clandestinely—he was too prudent to run that risk more than once; his object was to assure himself of the absence of Martha, and then to walk boldly up, and make his request to the housekeeper.

The third day the occasion presented itself—for scarcely had the carriage with Martha and Miss Wyndham crossed the lawn, when Miles presented himself at the door, and expressed his wish to see the house.

Mrs. Everett hesitated: it was not that she was absolutely forbidden to show it—but she knew the nervous dislike its present tenant had to strangers.

"If there is any objection," said the very respectable-looking gentleman in the brown wig, "I can call some other time; but Farmer Rudge told me you would be happy to show it!"

Farmer Rudge was one of the housekeeper's best friends—Miles had ascertained that. His name vanquished her hesitation; it was impossible to disoblige the friend of so old a friend. Mrs. Everett even carried her complaisance so far as to invite him into her own room to take a glass of wine after his walk: an offer which her new acquaintance had the politeness to accept.

Cromwell's room was the first that was visited.

"Here it was," observed the old lady, as she pointed to the bed on which the great regicide had slept, "that the ghost of the murdered king was supposed to have appeared to him!"

"Do you believe it?" demanded the visitor.

If she did not exactly believe it, the housekeeper had a sort of half faith upon the subject, and looked with no very favorable opinion upon those—especially of her own rank—who affected to treat the tradition with derision.

"It was all very well for estated gentry," she used to observe, "to doubt—they had a right to think as they pleased;" but for persons who were no wiser than herself it was an impertinence—and she resented it accordingly.

Miles very soon perceived her weak point, and took care to improve the favorable impression he had made, by expressing his perfect belief in the tale which had been handed down in the servants' hall at the Grange for centuries; and added something about once having heard *summut* himself.

In the picture-gallery two things riveted his attention: the first was the portrait which had so excited the curiosity of Martha on her arrival, and which she had caused to be removed from the room of the housekeeper.

"It's devilish like!" he exclaimed.

"Like whom?" demanded his guide.

"Oh, no one that you know!" muttered the visitor.

The domestic did not feel quite so assured of that: she remembered the agitation of Miss Mendez when she first beheld the portrait; recollected the life which the present baronet had been compelled to lead—not that she knew or suspected how chequered it had been; but she made no further observation.

The second object which attracted the attention of Miles was the well-known cabinet of Peter Quin. Like the rest of the furniture in the picture-gallery, it was exceedingly ancient, and not altogether out of place in the locality to which it had been introduced.

"Oliver Cromwell's dressing-case, I suppose?" said Miles, pointing to the piece of furniture.

"Oh dear no!" replied the old woman, with something like an air of disdain at what she considered a vulgar attempt to joke. "The lady who now occupies the Grange brought it with her!"

The gentleman in the brown wig could have told her as much.

"It contains nothing but a parcel of old account-books," continued the speaker, "in blue, grocer-like covers; and an old black dress and shawl, which not a housemaid here would condescend to wear!"

He remembered the former dress of poor Martha. "Well," he said, musingly, "it is a singular old place! I should not much like to visit it at night: I should expect to see some of these stately old lords and ladies," he added, pointing to the portraits upon the walls, "walk out of their frames and dance a minuet!"

"No one ever does visit it at night!" replied Mrs. Everett; "the servants are all too much afraid, and the family apartments are on the other side of the mansion!"

This was important information, and her hearer noted it accordingly.

After running through the rest of the rooms, her visitor took his leave, charged with many kind messages and regards to Farmer Rudge, whose name had served him as a passport.

In his way home he pondered over all that he had seen and heard—and it must be confessed that he had food for meditation. The portrait puzzled him the most; as for the cabinet, there was nothing so very extraordinary in his finding it.

Suddenly he recollected the fragments of the burnt letter which he had discovered in the captain's room, and given to Martha Quin.

"'Tis he!" he exclaimed; "her wit was quicker than mine! —ly Grange! Brierly Grange! He, then, is the owner of this large estate—this noble old house and fine title! I always thought he was a gentleman! He the owner of them!" he added, with great deliberation. "We are the owners of them—old Quin's death made us partners!"

With these words, he hastened his steps towards the little public-house where for the last few days he had taken up his abode, to arrange his plans for the coming night.

"Could I but secure the papers of old Quin," he thought, "I might bid defiance to his granddaughter!"

As he quitted the wood, close by the park-gate, he encountered Clement Foster: the young man had his gun upon his arm, and was followed by the keeper and two dogs.

Miles touched his hat respectfully.

"Who is that person?" inquired Clement of his companion—for, despite the very respectable appearance of the stranger, he had been struck by the sinister expression of his countenance.

"Can't say, sir!" replied the keeper; "a new-comer in these parts—from London, I believe. He is after some farm, I hear, in the neighborhood."

"He does not look much like a farmer!" observed the gentleman.

"A great deal more like a housebreaker!" added the former, "or a highwayman! I wonder what he wants in the plantation?"

Clement Foster wondered, too, but the affair made merely a momentary impression: he had quite forgotten it by the time he reached the house; not so the keeper, who determined to have an eye upon him.

The evening was passed by the two ladies and their guest—although the lawyer's son was almost as much at home as they were—in the usual way—music and reading: it gave Miss Wyndham an opportunity of laying close siege to the heart she had determined to conquer—for she began to suspect that, in the event of Miss Mendez not discovering the child of her adoption, his father's fortune was not the only one he would inherit: the quiet kindness of Clement had made a deeper impression in his favor than all her affected sensibility and devotion.

Martha was more clear-sighted than she had given her credit for, and had seen through them.

"Do you believe in presentiments?" said the latter, as they rose to separate for the night.

As a matter of course, the governess did.

"I have a strong impression that something serious is about to occur!" continued the mistress of the house.

"And I have an impression," replied Clement, "that I shall have *raze* sport to-morrow, and bring you home the deer which George, the keeper, saw struggling through the covert this morning! I have been after him all day—a ball in each barrel!"

Miss Wyndham gave one of those pretty little starts which young ladies of a certain age indulge in when they wish to appear interesting. It was followed by just the faintest scream imaginable—for the speaker held the weapon in his hand: it had been in the drawing-room all the evening.

"Be careful, my dear Clem!" said Martha, "for your father's sake! You are his only child, and I



know what it is to be deprived of such a tie! Should anything occur——"

"Dreadful!" said her companion, squeezing out a tear.

"You are very careful of me!" replied the youth; "much more so than I deserve! My own dear, good mother could not be more kind? But of course," he added, fearful that the comparison was not altogether a complimentary one, "you are much younger than she is!"

The governess repressed her inclination to smile—for she had begun to feel jealous of the evident interest which the speakers took in each other: sometimes she imagined that it was love—and, preposterous as was the idea, it tormented her.

She little knew the hearts of either. Clement Foster's had not yet spoken—at least in the sense she suspected; and as for Martha's, all that she was ever destined to feel of affection was for her lost child.

"The very best person you could have compared me to!" observed the lady, smiling at his embarrassment; "for I am too old to be compared even to a sister! Good night, my dear boy!" she added, extending her hand; "and take your gun with you!"

The "Good night" was repeated, and all three retired to their separate rooms.

Somehow, Clement, despite the fatigue of the day, could not sleep. The recollection of the stranger he had met in the plantation, and the observation of the keeper, returned to him.

"What folly!" he said; "Miss Mendez has resided here for years—is beloved by all the country round, for her charity and virtue! What danger? Pah! This old place has set me dreaming!"

The chamber of the speaker was situated in the north wing of the house, directly over the porch. The picture-gallery and the great drawing-room—now scarcely ever used—separated it from the south wing, where the rooms of Martha, the governess, and most of the servants were situated. Just as he was on the point of falling into his first sleep, there came a rattling noise, as if a handful of gravel had been thrown up at the window.

He started and listened.

"It can't be morning!" he said.

The noise was repeated. It was the signal by which the keeper was in the habit of waking him, without disturbing the rest of the family.

Clement rose from the bed, and opened the casement.

"Is that you, sir?" demanded a voice from below.

"Yes! Who asks?"

"George!"

"And what the deuce, George, do you want at this hour of the night? Any poachers about?"

"Worse, I fear, sir!"

"Worse!" repeated the youth, and his thoughts involuntarily reverted to the stranger he had met in the grounds.

"The man—you know who I mean—has left the little inn where he lodged! Bryant, the shepherd, saw him enter the park more than an hour since! I have hunted through the plantations, and can't find him! He must be in the house!"

"Impossible!"

"Did you pass through the picture-gallery, sir?" demanded the keeper.

"When?"

"Half an hour since!"

"No! I have been in bed double the time you name!"

"I'll swear I saw a light there!" continued the man; "though only for an instant!"

One of the dogs—for both the pointers were in the room—gave a low growl. A faint scream was heard in a distant part of the house. The animals began to bark furiously.

Clement Foster doubted no longer that some danger threatened the inmates of the Grange. Catching up his gun, he threw open the door of his room, and hastened towards the picture-gallery—both the animals, now thoroughly excited, preceding him.

On entering the gallery, he saw, by the expiring light of a lamp which had been overturned, two persons struggling, and recognised the voice of Martha calling for assistance.

Scarcely knowing what he did, he fired. One of them fell, but which, in the darkness which followed—for the lamp was extinguished—he could not tell.

"Martha! Miss Mendez!" he exclaimed; "for God's sake, speak to me! Are you safe?"

A deep groan was the only response.

In his despair, poor Clement felt disposed to turn the remaining barrel against himself.

## CHAPTER XXXVI.

But be not long—for in the tedious minutes—  
Exquisite interval—I'm on the rack;  
For sure the greatest evil man can know  
Bears no proportion to this dread suspense.—FAWDE.

FORTUNATELY for Clement Foster the report of the gun had alarmed the servants, who, half-dressed, came hurrying into the gallery, terror and surprise marked upon each countenance. We say fortunately—for although all danger appeared past, the suspense, the doubt whether Miss Mendez or the robber had received the ball, amounted to agony.

When, by the lights which the domestics brought, he saw the body of a man weltering in a pool of blood, stretched before the cabinet, and Martha fainting in a chair, the change from despair to joy was almost too much for him. A deep-drawn sigh broke the horrible spell which bound his faculties: he rushed to her side, and clasping her hand in his, burst into a flood of tears.

Do not smile, gentle reader, he was only seventeen. His heart retained all its early feelings, its impulses, its generous sympathies. The world, with its hard lessons and cold experience, had not effaced the character which nature gave it: it was still fresh and pure as when she stamped her impress on her work, and pronounced it human.

"Thank God!" he exclaimed, fervently, at the same time raising her hand to his lips; "had the bullet reached her, I should never have known a peaceful hour again!"

A loud scream from the female servants caused the youth to start from his knees and seize his gun—the figure of a man was seen at the extreme end of the gallery.

"All right, sir!" said the well-known voice of the keeper; the faithful fellow on seeing the young gentleman disappear from the window, and hearing the shot, had climbed the porch and made his way into the house.

"George! it's George!" exclaimed the females, in a tone which showed how much they felt relieved by the discovery.

"I heard a shot!" observed the keeper.

With a feeling of terror which he could not repress, Clement Foster pointed to the body of the housebreaker.

"Don't touch him!" screamed the housekeeper, as the young man stooped to raise the wounded ruffian; "perhaps he is only pretending to be dead! We shall all be murdered!"

The housemaids and cook huddled together, as if for mutual protection.

"He is not dead!" said George, who had turned the body over and placed his hand upon the chest; "but I don't think he can have very long to live—his breathing is so hard! Capital shot, sir!" he added; "clean through the chest!"

Miss Wyndham, who had been prudently listening at the door of the apartment till perfectly satisfied that all danger was over, now rushed into the gallery, calling frantically upon the servants to protect their dear, kind mistress.

Clement assured her that Miss Mendez was not hurt; but it was some time before the young lady chose to be persuaded that such was really the case. The opportunity for displaying her affection, her disinterested love for the rich tenant of the Grange was too favorable a one to be lost; throwing herself upon her knees by the side of the chair in which Martha was gradually recovering consciousness, she implored her to revive, to look up, for the sake of the orphan—meaning herself—who had no other friend on earth to love or live for.

The cook, whose attachment to her mistress was far less romantic, but much more practical, left the room to get a glass of water.

"Take her to her chamber!" said Miss Wyndham. "Gently—oh, gently!"

"Thank you!" interrupted Martha, speaking for the first time, though very faintly; "but I am better—much better! Who—where is my preserver?"

Her eyes fell upon Clement, who, pale as death, with his hand still resting on his gun, was standing near her.

"Brave boy!" she continued, at the same time attempting to smile; "I owe my life to your gallantry and courage! I shall never be able to repay my debt of gratitude!"

"Repay me!" repeated the youth: *you live*—that is sufficient recompense! If you knew the agony, the suspense I endured after I had fired, till the servants came with lights, and I saw that you were safe—that I had not killed the kindest, best of friends—you would not talk of repayment or gratitude! It is I who ought to feel grateful! Let me persuade you to retire," he continued; "this scene is not suited to women—scarcely to men—if I may venture to deem myself one!"

The glance of admiration from Miss Wyndham which followed this speech—certainly a very modest one—from the hero of the night's adventure, might have convinced him, had he noticed it, that in her estimation, at least, he was entitled to the appellation.

"No!" said Martha, who had gradually recovered some portion of her usual firmness; my task is not ended yet! Does the wretch—the man, I mean—still live!"

"He does, madam!" replied the keeper, who had raised the body of Miles from the floor, and placed it upon one of the sofas; "but it's my opinion he can't last long—he is bleeding internally!"

"Is he past speaking?"

"No! the fellow appears sensible enough!"

With a self-possession which astonished those around her, the mistress of the Grange gave orders to send at once for surgical assistance, and also to request the presence of the Reverend William Rede, the nearest magistrate.

Having issued her orders, she took a light from the hand of one of the servants, and advanced towards the sofa on which the keeper placed the wounded ruffian. Their eyes met, and they gazed on each other for several moments in silence. The features of Martha were paler even than those of the dying man, but her dark eyes flashed with unusual brilliancy.

"It is all over with me!" said Miles, speaking with difficulty—for the accumulation of blood upon his chest began to impede his utterance; "I am riddled clean through and through—by a boy, too! Had it been done by a man," he added, with bitterness, "I shouldn't so much have minded it! But a greenhorn like that—whose neck I could have rung—twisted!"

"It is indeed the end of a long career of crime!" replied the woman; "the patience of heaven has exhausted itself at last! You were warned—and warned in vain! Nothing could reach that flinty heart!"

"The bullet has reached it! Curse him—curse him!" muttered the ruffian.

"Dear me!" exclaimed Mrs. Everett, the housekeeper, recognising at last the voice and face of the speaker; if it is not Farmer Rudge's friend! Well! who could have supposed such a respectable-looking man was only a housebreaker?"

Her mistress motioned her to be silent.

"Miles," she said, addressing him by name, "your sufferings, like your crimes, in this world will soon be over! But there is another state—you have escaped an earthly judge, to meet your Heavenly one! Think ere it is too late! Make some atonement! Tell me—my child! You know the question I would ask! Confess——"

"Confess!" interrupted the fellow, impatiently. "Bah! What should I confess for? What good will that do me?"

"Implore for mercy!" replied Martha.

"Mercy!" he repeated, with a scornful laugh; "there is no mercy for me! I would have been honest once, but the mercy of the world compelled me to be a rogue, or starve! No sooner was I out of the clutches of the old devil, your grandfather, than I fell into yours! I tried to release myself—and—here I am! Bet and her children may go to the *workus* now!"

"No!" eagerly answered the mistress of the Grange, struck with the hope of having at last discovered the means to soften his ferocious nature; "deeply as you have wronged me, I promise you not only to protect your wife, but to assist your children—to give them the means of earning honest bread! Only relieve my tortured mind of the doubt which oppresses it!"

Although Miles remained obstinately silent, it was evident that her words had made some impression upon him—for he appeared buried in reflection.

The surgeon and the magistrate at last arrived. Whilst the former was examining the wound of the housebreaker the latter retired with Martha and Clement to the library, to take their declaration of the extraordinary circumstance which had occurred.

The Reverend William Rede was one of those correct, methodical gentlemen, of whom society speaks well—on the principle, perhaps, that mediocrity excites neither jealousy nor offence. As a magistrate, without being exceedingly active, he did his duty—inspired a wholesome terror in all vagrants who were brought before him, and never sentenced an unfortunate beggar to a month's confinement for asking bread, without prefacing his judgment by recommending him on his release to seek an honest means of existence.

Like others of his caste, he had advised hundreds, but he had never been known to assist one.



As a clergyman and a man of fortune, he fulfilled the duties of his station with the most scrupulous propriety—subscribed to the principal county charities, distributed a very moderate donation of coats and blankets to his poor parishioners at Christmas, and tea and cake to the children of the two charity schools in the village at Midsummer.

In these works of benevolence, be it understood, the contributions of his wealthy neighbours materially assisted, if they did not entirely defray the expense. But it is so easily for a clergyman—especially if he is known to be rich—to obtain a reputation for charity at trifling cost to himself. Some even make a handsome commission for their trouble.

"Very shocking affair, Miss Mendez!" he observed, as soon as they were seated; pray tell me how it occurred? The hope of plunder, no doubt—instead of working honestly for his bread!"

"I do not think," replied Martha, "that plunder was his only object!"

"Shocking—shocking!" observed the gentleman.

"His object," continued the lady, "was doubtless to obtain possession of certain papers which placed his liberty, if not his life, at my mercy!"

The magistrate began to appear interested.

"You know the man, then?"

"Yes!"

"Shall I retire, Miss Mendez?" said Clement Foster; "I can state my share in this unfortunate affair when you have concluded?"

He rose as if with the intention of quitting the room, and Miss Wyndham, whose curiosity was excited to the highest pitch, was obliged, for appearance sake, to follow his example.

"I shall never have such another opportunity of learning her secret!" she thought spitefully to herself.

"Stay, my dear boy!" replied Martha; "I have nothing to conceal from you!"

Clement and the young lady both resumed their seats: the latter with an air of satisfaction which she could ill disguise.

"You suspect truly, sir!" continued the speaker.

"I know the man—remember him from childhood! He was my grandfather's agent in many a dark transaction which would not bear the light! I have sometimes thought that he was employed by him to deprive me of a child which I adopted, whose love was as dear to me as if she had been my own! Since the death of my relative I have employed this ruffian in the hitherto fruitless attempt to discover her! He was in my power! Now you know the tie between us!"

"Was it a female child?" inquired the magistrate, vainly attempting to conceal the surprise or interest which he felt.

"It was!"

"And her name?"

"Fanny."

"One word, more, Miss Mendez," said the reverend gentleman, "and I have done! The name of this wretched man?"

"Miles!" replied Martha, who felt convinced, from the agitation of the speaker, that he had more than the ordinary motive suggested by his official duty for the inquiry.

"How singular! How very singular!" exclaimed the Reverend William Rede. "It is not quite a year since I saw the child you name!"

"Saw her!" repeated the mistress of the Grange. "Where! For heaven's sake tell me where! Do not trifle with my feelings, I implore you! How looked she? Was she well? Did she speak of me, or has she forgotten the friend, the mother that loved her?"

Her violent agitation, the look of anguish which accompanied her words, the tears which impeded them touched the feelings of the cold and heartless man of the world. For once he permitted his heart to be softened. To be sure the luxury promised to be an inexpensive one. As to his relationship to the wife of the poor harlequin—for he was no other than the brother of Madame Du Bast—a few moments' consideration convinced him that he need not avow it.

"I was in London at the time," he said, speaking with great deliberation, as if weighing every word before he uttered it, "engaged in a work of charity, to which my ministry and a slight knowledge of the family of the unfortunate person whom I visited called me. After her death, I discovered that a child named Fanny had been rescued from death by her husband, and adopted by him under the circumstances which convince me it must have been the same! I have the statement drawn up by the man before he died, the handkerchief with which the hands of the little victim were bound, the clothes she wore at the time."

"A dark camel frock?" eagerly interrupted Martha, grasping his hand in her excitement.

"Yes, I think—nay I am sure—it was!"

"And they would have murdered her! Oh; pitiless—pitiless! Where is she? Where am I to seek her? Benevolence like yours could not have abandoned her to the mercy of the world! Generous man—amply—amply will I repay you!"

The reverend gentleman silently winced under the commendations which conscience whispered him he had so ill merited. Bitterly did he regret that he had not acted a more generous part by the friendless orphan.

"I intrusted a sum of money to a friend of my late—of her late protectress," he replied; "a very respectable young person—that is, considering her station in life. They had been much together, and could not endure the thought of parting. It will not be difficult to trace her!"

A sigh of bitter disappointment was the only commentary with which the grand-daughter of Peter Quin answered his statement.

"But the statement of the circumstances under which she was found—the clothes and the handkerchief—are still in my possession!"

Warmly did Clement Foster congratulate Miss Mendez on the certainty of recovering her lost treasure, and offered his services to proceed instantly to London, to consult his father, and prosecute any inquiries she wished to make. Miss Wyndham, with far less sincerity, expressed her joy on the occasion.

Martha could only press his hand in token of her gratitude.

"Softly, young gentleman!" said the magistrate, with a smile; "you forget that your evidence will be necessary in the examination which I am about to take! I cannot part with you yet! You have acted very nobly—most courageously—especially for one so young; but although I and your friends are perfectly aware of it, the public must be made acquainted with it as well! The man may die!"

"Well, sir?" replied the youth.

"In which case there must be an inquest! The verdict will be 'Justifiable homicide,' of course; but till the result is known, you cannot quit Brierly Grange!"

"Write for your father, Clement!" said Miss Mendez; "his clear head and ready judgment will be invaluable at such a moment!"

There was a gentle tap at the door of the apartment. Mrs. Everett came to inform the magistrate that the surgeon wished to see him. A message was sent back for him to join them in the library.

When Dr. Marsh made his appearance, he announced that the wounded man had but a few hours to live, and added, "that it had never been his lot to encounter a more hardened wretch. His curses," he said, "were fearful."

"I will see him!" exclaimed the clergyman; "it is my duty, in my double capacity of magistrate and minister of religion! My exhortations may awaken him, perhaps, to a sense of his awful state! To be called to his account in the commission of crime so suddenly—so unprepared!"

Although the confession of Miles was now a matter comparatively of little importance—since the clue to the discovery of Fanny had been obtained through the speaker—still Martha felt most anxious that he should succeed. She thought of her grandfather, and shuddered at the idea of another guilty creature being summoned to the judgment-seat.

"Assure him of my forgiveness!" she said; "and that his wife and children shall be cared for!"

When the Reverend William Rede returned to the picture-gallery, he perceived at a glance that the prediction of the surgeon was soon to be accomplished—death was in every look of the wounded man. The lines in his hard features had become more rigid; his eyes already wore that peculiar glassy appearance which denotes the near approach of the King of Terrors. He breathed at intervals, but with great difficulty: the blood which had accumulated in his chest was gradually choking him.

The minister of peace shuddered at the look of mingled hate and defiance with which he received him.

"How do you feel?" he asked, in a low tone, which was intended to convey compassion.

"Ugh—ugh! How the devil should I feel?" muttered Miles, pausing to gather strength between every word. "I'm done for—done for!"

"God has been merciful!" observed the reverend gentleman.

"Ugh! Has he? Fine mercy!"

"He has left you time for repentance—for atonement!" continued his visitor. "Let me entreat you to use the brief space accorded you!"

"Ugh! That's what the judges say when—ugh! when they hang a fellow!" interrupted Miles. "I've known 'em cry, too—seen their tears—and yet—ugh! they will dine off venison and turtle an hour afterwards! Humbug—all humbug! I ain't going to confess," he added, fiercely. "What I've done I've done! My secret dies with me—that's one satisfac—ugh!—tion!"

"It's a poor one!" observed the clergyman.

"All that's left me!"

"But it is not left you!" said the gentleman.

"With all his wisdom, man is but man in the sight of his maker. He needs not the confession of the sinner to bring his deeds to light! Conceal them as he may, a hand divine reads the dark veil aside, and all is clear! Before it is too late, repent, and make atonement!"

"Martha sent you!" groaned the ruffian, not in the least moved by the exhortations of the speaker, whose cold and unimpassioned manner but ill accorded with his words. "Ugh! I know she thinks to wheedle me, but it won't do—ugh!—it won't do, I say!"

"Impious!" exclaimed the clergyman; "remember that heaven hears you!"

"Let it!"

"That it saw you," continued the monitor, assuming a stern tone, which was far more in accordance with his character than the accents of mercy, "when you dragged the child from its home! Its eye was on you when you led it to the river side—tied its innocent hands with the coarse chequered handkerchief—and prepared to plunge it into the waters which ran murmuring at your feet!"

As he proceeded the eyes of Miles became distended with surprise and terror. Like most men who, during a life of crime, mock at religion, he was inclined to be superstitious, and the description of the manner in which he had attempted to carry out the instructions of his employer, appeared like a supernatural revelation.

"A lie!" he shouted, with a violent effort; "a lie!"

"A truth," said the minister of religion; "an awful truth! Whilst its eye was upon you, its hand was outstretched to save the innocent victim of your cruelty! You were baffled at the very moment of your crime!"

Miles uttered a deep groan.

"It baffled you again!"

"I know—I know!" interrupted the terrified wretch, whose fears were now completely awakened by what he considered the supernatural knowledge of his crimes. "Send for Martha! I will confess everything—everything!"

"I am the proper person to —"

"To her—ugh!—to her, alone, exclaimed the dying man, impatiently. "She promised to—do something for Bet and—ugh!—the—kids! She doesn't know all yet—that I and—ugh!—ugh!"

The violent fit of coughing, followed by the oozing of blood from his lips, convinced the reverend gentleman that there was no time to lose. He rang the bell, and desired the servant who answered it to inform Miss Mendez that the housebreaker entreated to see her.

"Alone!" added Miles; "alone! Tell her that I am repentant—yes, repentant—that's the word! I won't harm her! I could not wring the neck of a baby now!" he continued, in a tone of mingled regret and resignation.

The Rev. William Rede looked at his penitent very seriously; perhaps he began to think it was quite as well the gentleman did not possess the strength whose loss he lamented so pathetically—for his glances more than once had betrayed anything but a friendly disposition towards himself.

When Martha heard the request of the dying man, without the least hesitation she resolved to comply with it, although she partly guessed the terrible secret he had to confide to her; she alone had entertained a doubt that the death of Peter Quin was the work of his own hands.

It was in vain that Clement Foster and Miss Wyndham offered to accompany her. Their presence, much to the mortification of the latter, was kindly but firmly declined.

"I have nothing to fear!" she said; "he is past injuring me!"

Notwithstanding this assurance, Clement determined to take his stand at the door of the picture-gallery, so as to be within call should the ruffian really attempt to injure her.

As soon as Miles beheld the granddaughter of his victim, he motioned her to take a seat.

"Sit down, Martha!" he said, in a hoarse voice; "I have a great deal to tell, and but a short time to tell it in!"



The woman mechanically obeyed him.

He proceeded, as rapidly as his cough would permit, to relate the orders he had received from Peter Quin relative to the disposal of Fanny; how the plot was entirely of his concocting, and the means by which it had been carried out: all of this our readers are already aware of.

"Cruel—cruel!" said his horror-struck listener; "so young—so innocent!"

"Wern't it cruel?" said the dying felon. "That it wern't my fault you know. I wor forced to do his bidding."

"The wretched man!"

"He wor a wretch!" observed Miles, who appeared to find some excuse for his own villany in abusing his ancient employer; "and he deserved hanging for it! It wor no crime to hang him—wor it, Martha?"

"I am not his judge!" replied the woman, turning very pale—for she saw in the fixed, eager gaze of the speaker the importance he attached to her opinion.

"Well, well!" he muttered; "nor I, for the matter 'o that! But, judge or no judge, I did it!"

"Monster!"

"I and the captain! He pushed us hard, threatened to hang us both; and you know he could 'a done it! It's a dangerous thing," he added, slowly, as if weighing every word he uttered, "to have the power of hanging people!"

Doubtless the dying man considered his second attempt to carry off Fanny in the light of a meritorious action rather than otherwise, since he made no allusion to it; and Martha, trusting to the clue she had obtained from the clergyman, forbore to question him upon the point.

"You can hang him," he said, speaking of the captain, "when I am dead; and if you are wise, you will! Fine house—broad lands—all his! Only to think how things turn out! I always said he was one of the nob! Hang him, Martha—hang him!"

His cough returned with increased violence; the mistress of the Grange hastily summoned the surgeon—but human skill was useless—the wretched being expired muttering something about "Bet and the kids"—proving that even in the most depraved natures some link remains to show they once were human.

The account which he had given of the murder of Peter Quin remained a secret between Martha and the dead.

At a late hour the following day, Mr. Foster, who had been sent for, arrived from London, and was present at the inquest held upon the body of Miles: the verdict, as the Rev. William Rode had predicted, was "Justifiable homicide."

Great was the delight of Miss Wyndham, and the astonishment of the steward, when Miss Mendez announced her intention of giving up Brierly Lodge, and residing for the future in London; even Clement did not regret the change; he felt happy to quit the place in which he had taken the life of a fellow-creature.

"Of course, Miss Mendez," said the steward, "I can only write to Sir John and inform him of your intention; but permit me to observe how highly improbable it is that he should consent to cancel the lease."

Martha did not think so.

"It has four more years to run," added the old man, who knew how much his master was pressed for money; "surely you will offer some compromise?"

"Not a shilling!" replied the lady, firmly.

"But what reason am I to give? It is not his fault that people break into the house and get shot."

"Tell him," she said, "that the name of the housebreaker was Miles!"

The steward looked as if he could not comprehend how the name of the thief could affect the point at issue.

"And that mine," continued the speaker, "before the death of my grandfather caused me to change it, was Martha Quin. You can forward me his reply through Mr. Foster!"

The steward did as he was directed, and in less than a month the lease was returned cancelled from Florence—where the baronet then resided—and it was once more announced in the papers that Brierly Grange was to let for a term of years.

"Sir John has behaved handsomely—very handsomely!" observed the lawyer, as he read the letter announcing the arrangement to her.

His client made no reply, but smiled bitterly.

# CHAPTER XXXVII.

He knew not there were hearts whose nerves,  
Like tempered steel, bend with the blast;  
Hearts which outrage only serves  
To strengthen when the storm is passed.

FATE OF GENIUS.

Miss MELLON watched with painful interest—we might add, with surprise—the extraordinary change which a few months wrought in the character of Madame Garrachi. She seldom spoke of her son—never of her husband—and yet it was evident to her friend that the recollection of both was seldom absent from her memory and heart. All her attention was now devoted to Fanny, who seemed to occupy the vacant place in her affections; and yet she seldom caressed the child, or betrayed, by any of those spontaneous endearments, the feelings with which it was evident she regarded her. The best masters that money could procure were engaged for the hitherto neglected orphan, who commenced at the same time to study both French and Italian; her own language was comparatively neglected; dancing, deportment, nothing that could tend to render her accomplished and graceful, was forgotten. As for music, her protectress was her instructor; had she been the daughter of a prince, she could not have had a more accomplished one; and nobly did the efforts of the gifted child reward her devotion and patience.

Miss Mellon, with all her knowledge of the world, could not comprehend her. Several times she pondered over in her mind the words which had escaped from the lips of her friend when she first heard Fanny sing:

"She shall avenge me!"

What could they mean?

The principles of Madame Garrachi forbade her to suppose for an instant that, tempted by the extraordinary beauty of her *protégé*, she thought of throwing her in the way of her worthless husband, as a rival to Cherini. The idea of rivaling her in an artistic point of view never once entered her imagination—for, like many who moved in a far more fashionable sphere than the banker's friend had yet attained, she held it impossible for an Englishwoman to make a great singer. Preposterous! Who ever heard of such a thing?

Once—and once only—she attempted to obtain the confidence of her friend.

"I do not comprehend," she observed, "the motives of your conduct towards Fanny: instead of being a companion, a solace to you, you are her slave. No hired instructress could superintend the progress of her studies more patiently than you do; you scarcely spare yourself an hour for needful exercise. Is it necessary that she should be so very accomplished?"

"Quite—quite necessary!" answered the singer.

"She is young—very young!" continued the good-natured actress; "and I fear lest so much application should injure her health!"

"Health!" repeated Madame Garrachi, with a look of alarm; "you mistake! See how rapidly she grows!"

"Perhaps beyond her strength!" replied Miss Mellon.

This suggestion appeared to have awakened a new train of ideas in the mind of her companion, who remained for some time silently indulging in her reflections.

"I am wrong!" she exclaimed, at last; "I must change my system, or, like a flower untimely forced, death will rob me of her, as it did of my own sweet boy. Italy!" she muttered rapidly to herself; "yes—yes—I will save her! It is the land of genius! She will revive there, like some tender plant transferred to its native soil!"

It was in vain that her sympathising friend attempted to change the resolution so suddenly taken—pointed out to her that there was no immediate danger to her *protégé*—that a little relaxation from the severity of her studies alone was necessary to recal the rose of health to her cheeks. Like most persons who have but one idea—one purpose in life—Madame Garrachi was not to be persuaded from her purpose.

From that day her mind was made up to quit England with her pupil; and shortly afterwards a circumstance occurred which hastened the execution of her project.

Sally and her lover, together with Mrs. Watkins, were weekly visitors at the cottage; all three were delighted at the brilliant education which the late *prima donna* was bestowing upon their favorite, whose pale cheek flushed with joy when she beheld them; it was the only day of recreation permitted her.

Sally had lately observed to her companions, after the conclusion of these visits, that Fanny was getting dreadfully thin. The young painter had

noticed it, too, although he did not dare to avow it, for fear of giving her pain.

On one of these occasions the little party had been invited to spend the afternoon at the lodge of Miss Mellon, who offered to send them home in her carriage—much to the annoyance of Mrs. Watkins, who, with all her good nature, could not endure the thought of being patronised by an actress who had held only a secondary rank in the theatre. Had it been Mrs. Siddons, she would have estimated the honor very differently.

After having played and sung to her visitors, who, as a matter of course, were astonished at her progress, Fanny and her sister—for so she invariably called the dancer—were permitted to stroll by themselves in the grounds.

"Keep to the walks, my loves!" said the good-natured mistress of the place; "you will find the grass damp!"

"Oh, never fear?" replied the light-hearted girls.

"Think of your voice!" added Madame Garrachi, addressing her pupil, as she disappeared through one of the French windows which opened on the lawn.

The words had no sooner escaped her lips than her conscience smote her for having uttered them. She remembered the time when the same warning expression had inflicted such exquisite pain upon her own heart. Unable to conceal her emotion, she hastily left the room.

"Is Madame ill?" demanded Barry, who had been a devoted though humble admirer of her genius.

"Do not notice her!" replied his hostess; "some chord which we cannot perceive has been struck. She has suffered much!"

"It is the fate of genius!" observed the painter; "the keener our susceptibilities and appreciations of all that is beautiful in art or nature, the more bitter are our disappointments!"

Miss Mellon threw herself back in the luxuriously cushioned Voltaire in which she was sitting, and regarded him for an instant in silence.

"You are an artist?" she said.

"That he is!" replied Mrs. Watkins, replying for him; "in every sense of the word—feeling, color, touch! I wish you could see the portraits he painted of me and Fanny—character portraits—as the Duchess of York and the young Prince Edward! But my poor mansion," she added, "is too humble to be honored by such a visit!"

"Honored!" repeated the wealthy actress; "not in the least! I remember the time when a smile from you was a condescension—as it is still!" she continued, with exquisite grace—for, with all her whims and oddities, she sincerely respected her venerable but less fortunate comrade in the theatre.

From that moment Mrs. Watkins felt reconciled to being sent home in Miss Mellon's carriage.

"You shall paint my portrait!" said the mistress of Holly Lodge; "that is, on one condition!"

"On any!" replied the artist, gallantly.

"That you do not permit any one to see it!" continued the lady. "A dear and valued friend has long wished to possess it—and I intend it as a surprise! Only to think of poor little me!" she exclaimed, turning to Mrs. Watkins, "whom, a few years since, no one cared to notice, patronising art—ordering my portrait! Who knows but I may arrive at the honor of being engraved in time!"

"If goodness and beauty can merit such homage, you are sure to receive it!" observed Barry.

Miss Mellon replied with a joyous laugh, and the subject dropped. Here it may be as well to add, that the portrait was painted, and her *unknown friend*, to whom the fair original presented it, was so delighted with the gift, that he sent the artist no less a sum than \$500; the painter thought his fortune was made.

On leaving the drawing-room, Madame Garrachi sought the garden: she could give vent to the feelings which oppressed her there. So sensitive had she become, that like the stricken deer, she loved to indulge in solitude: even the voice and tear of sympathy oppressed her.

"Selfish!" she murmured; "I have become as cold and selfish as the being I despise! What a lesson! The very words, too! Oh, how few can watch the weeds and uproot them as they grow within the heart! I have made the devotion of this poor child subservient to my passion—my revenge—reckless of the future! I will atone for my error," she added, "and repay her patient sweetness with a mother's love!"

Feeling too much agitated to return to the house, she continued her walk in the grounds. The evening air blew freshly, and the healthful breeze cooled her throbbing brain. Just as she had mastered her emotion and was about to return to the villa, the sound of voices struck her.





SCENE IN THE DRAWING-ROOM IN HARLEY-STREET.

Sally and Fanny were conversing in one of the shrubberies.

Impelled by a curiosity she could not resist, she cautiously approached. The first words she heard rivited her attention.

"It was the same gentleman, I am sure," said the dancer, "who, when your dear mamma died, paid for the funeral, and gave the five guineas for you! He said that he had discovered your family, and that, in a few days, a lady—a real lady, rich and good—your own mamma—would claim you!"

The child looked at her doubtfully: she remembered the two separate attempts that had been made upon her liberty and life. She feared that the fine promises of the stranger concealed some new danger.

"What are you thinking of, Fanny?" continued the speaker?

"My mamma was good," replied the orphan; "but she was poor! Young as I was when they tore me from her, I remember our solitary home—its poverty and misery! I think I see her now," she added, "with her dark, sad eyes, as she used to gaze upon me, and call me her only treasure! It cannot be my mamma!"

"Perhaps she has become rich!" observed her companion.

The child shook her head doubtfully. She remembered the cold, unsympathising manner of the brother of Madame Du Bast, and had no confidence in any change of fortune of which she was the herald.

"What motive can he have?"

"I don't know!" exclaimed the orphan; "I cannot suppose a reason why cruel men should seek my life—and yet they have done so! Sally—dear Sally," she added, throwing her arms around the neck of the dancer, "do not—for pity's sake, do not tell him where I am! They will kill me—I am sure they will! Have you told Mrs. Watkins?"

"No!"

"Barry?"

"Oh, yes!" replied the girl; "I have no secrets from him! You know we are to be married soon! He cannot endure that I should appear in public! He is earning a great deal of money! You are to live with us then, and we shall be happy—oh, so happy!"

The orphan gently laid her head upon her shoulder, and wept in silence. Her adopted sister started as she felt the warm tears of the desolate little creature trickling down her neck.

"Are you not happy, now?" she asked.

"I was happier with you!" replied the child; "for you loved me!"

"And does not madame?"

"She is kind to me—very kind to me! But her love is not like yours! I have fine clothes—but I hate them; masters—they weary me! I would rather have a kiss or a kind word from you and our dear old landlady, than all the new frocks and lessons in the world!"

"But does madame never kiss you?" demanded Sally, who could not comprehend why so much bounty should be lavished without a corresponding amount of affection.

"She praises me!"

The reply drew tears into the eyes of the listener. She felt that her purpose, whatever it might be would be defeated, unless she contrived to interest the heart of her pupil in the task to which she had devoted her: the extreme sensitiveness which rendered Fanny so susceptible of coldness or kindness, might else defeat her object.

Unobserved by the children—Fanny was little more than a mere child—she hastily withdrew. Her mind was made up. She at once determined to fly from England, and bear her pupil with her.

Barry soon afterwards joined the speakers in the garden. Miss Mellon had sent him to seek them. Again the visit of the mysterious stranger, his conversation with Sally, and the fine promises he had had held out, were discussed. It was agreed that in the event of his making a second visit, she should refer him to Mrs. Watkins and the painter.

"You can trust to our prudence!" said the young man; "for affection is ever cautious! Besides we will call the poor blind lieutenant, who is always asking after you into our councils! We shall soon be able to judge whether he means honestly or not by you!"

With this understanding they returned to the house, and shortly afterwards took their leave for town in the carriage of Miss Mellon.

That same evening, when Fanny, as usual, offered her pale cheek to the kiss of Madame Garrachi—as she bade her "Good night," the unhappy woman caught her in her arms, and drew her gently towards her.

"I must speak with you, Fanny!" she said "you are young—very young; but I think you will understand me!"

Her pupil regarded her with surprise: she had a grateful as well as a sensitive nature, and feared she had offended her.

"Are you angry?" she asked.

"Angry!" repeated madame; "and with you—whose patient sweetness might disarm even merited reproach! No, Fanny—no! I have been to blame! A heart like yours requires more than fine clothes!" The child looked up in her face and quietly smiled.

"You love Sally?" continued the speaker.

"Dearly, madame!"

"Dearest than I did Felix?" demanded the lady. "Should you loose her, it would be long—very long—before another supplied her place!"

At the name of her former playfellow, the eyes of Fanny filled with tears.

"You will fill it!" observed the singer, with a sigh; "be dear to me as he was! My only hope of peace in this world depends on you! I would see you happy, brilliant, and admired as I once was! Do you comprehend me?"

Young as she was, her pupil did comprehend her; not the purpose which the speaker had in view—but that the wound she had received was too recent to admit another to supply the place of her lost boy.

"I have been thoughtless—very thoughtless!" she murmured; "but it is so sweet to feel that we are loved!"

"You are, Fanny!" exclaimed madame; "you are beloved!" We will quit this place! You shall have companions of your own age—the bloom will return to your cheeks—mirth to your eyes! I have been selfish in my sorrow—but I did not intend to be unkind! I have another motive for leaving here!" she added, thoughtfully; circumstances have convinced me that your enemies have not yet abandoned their designs upon you—nay, do not look so terrified—my affection shall guard you and defeat their projects!"

This was said in order to prepare Fanny for the flight she meditated: it accorded but too well with her own terrors and the information she had received from Sally.

"Yes—let us go!" she eagerly answered; let us leave this place!"

"You will accompany me, then?" exclaimed Madame Garrachi, in a tone of triumph.

"Anywhere with you," was the reply, "If you will only love me!"

The very next day, the late *prima donna* of His Majesty's Theatre began to make arrangements for her departure, which she announced to Miss Mellon, who felt both surprised and hurt at a resolution which she was powerless to oppose. The prepara-



tions were soon made, and in less than a week the unhappy woman embarked with her *protégé* on board a packet for Holland—the only route, in consequence of the war, open to the continent.

Fanny was delighted with the change, which her protectress described as a mere jaunt of pleasure. She would willingly have taken leave of Sally and her kind friends in St. Martin's Court, but was too timid to insist upon the arrangement.

"A few days," she thought, "would soon pass!" Little did she imagine the space of time that would elapse before she saw them again.

As the shores of England faded from her view, the heart of the gifted Frenchwoman bounded with triumph: it seemed as if the most difficult part of her task was achieved. Her plan of vengeance was laid, and the instrument in her hand.

On the very morning of their departure, a carriage, with Miss Mendez, the Rev William Rede, and Mr. Foster, drove up to the entrance of St. Martin's Court, and all three directed their steps to the house of Mrs. Watkins. Unable to extort from the friend of Fanny the clue to her retreat, he had at last stated in full everything to the lawyer, and the visit was at once decided upon.

"I shall see her at last!" thought Martha; "hold her in my arms—hear her voice—embrace my long lost treasure! They cannot dispute my claim!"

No sooner had the clergyman and Mr. Foster explained to the aged actress the motive which brought them, than the affections of the old lady took the alarm. She desired Meg, who eyed the strangers most suspiciously, to request the presence of her lodgers for a few minutes. All the inmates of the house, not excepting the German and his wife, were assembled in the little parlor.

Sally at once recognised Mr. Rede as the gentleman who had assisted at the death-bed of Madame Du Bast, and related everything which had passed; his paying for the funeral, his gift of five guineas to provide for the future wants of Fanny, and his late visit to her at the theatre.

"And here," said the reverend gentleman, "is the statement drawn up by the Signor Du Bast, relating how he became possessed of the child!"

He handed it to Mr. Foster, who read it to the horror-struck friends of the poor orphan.

When he concluded, the blind lieutenant was the first to speak.

"The statement we have just heard," he said, "proves the benevolence of this gentleman, and the danger from which the innocent object of so much persevering cruelty was happily rescued; but I cannot perceive the link in the chain of evidence which proves the right of this lady to call herself her mother!"

"Let me see her!" exclaimed Martha. "She will recognise me! I only ask to see her in your presence! The mere sound of my voice will be sufficient: she has not forgotten me! Oh, do not fear me! Let my tears, my agony at this suspense, which wrings my tortured heart, convince you that my claim is nature's holiest one—a mother's love!"

Mr. Foster mentally observed that his client carefully avoided positively stating that she was her mother.

"I believe it!" said Sally.

"What says the child?" demanded Mrs. Watkins, not altogether pleased with the readiness of her lodger in giving an opinion before she had spoken.

"I believe it!" repeated the dancer, firmly. "A hundred times Fanny has described to me her mother—her dark, thoughtful eyes—her voice of affection—their solitary life!"

"Bless her!" murmured Martha. "She has not forgotten me!"

"One thing," continued Sally, "puzzles me!"

Every one was anxious for her to proceed.

"She described her parent as poor—living in a dark, gloomy house, but where, she could not tell! Now this lady appears to be rich—has fine clothes—a carriage—friends!"

"I was poor!" interrupted Miss Mendez; "miserably poor, and helpless as the outcast who has no friend but heaven! I had been deprived unjustly of my fortune: but the injustice is repaired! I am rich in the world's dress; but richer still in the love, the recollection of my lost treasure! Restore her to me—give me the means of proving the truth of my assertion, and amply will I reward you!"

These words, pronounced with the energy of true grief, wrung from the heart whose love had been unjustly suspected, made a visible impression upon her hearers; even old Meg was touched; several times she raised her apron to her eyes to wipe away her tears.

"Mein Gott!" exclaimed the German, "put I do *believe* her!"

"As for Barry he had long been convinced."

"The proof you demand, madam," said the blind lieutenant, "you have a right to exact, and I am sure the friends of Fanny will willingly consent that you shall see her in their presence! If the child should recognise you —"

"She will! she will!" interrupted Martha, in a tone of exultation; "I stake my claim on the result!"

All were of the officer's opinion except Mrs. Watkins: she desired one proof more—which, as it promised a *coup de théâtre*, was exactly in her style, and accorded with her tastes and feelings. The old lady loved the romantic, even in the simplest circumstances of life.

"Of course," she observed, "you will recognise her!"

Miss Mendez smiled—the doubt appeared so preposterous.

"In that case," continued the actress, "perhaps you will look around you!"

"I do not understand you!"

"Do you see no memorial of her?"

The picture which Barry had painted, introducing the speaker as the Duchess of York, and Fanny and Sally as the young princesses, was hanging in the apartment. No sooner did the glance of Martha fall upon it, than she burst into a flood of happy tears: it was the proof—the irrefragable proof—that the child she had mourned and the one they had protected was the same. She pressed her lips silently to the canvass: the action was more eloquent than words—not a doubt remained.

"It would be cruel," said the young painter, "to trifle with such feelings! Within an hour you shall see her! You have a carriage at the door—we will accompany you!"

"Yes," added Sally, "such a meeting will improve the hearts of those who witness it!"

#### CHAPTER XXXVIII.

Oh how this tyrant doubt disturbs my breast,  
My thoughts like birds who, frightened from their nest,  
Around the place where all was hushed before,  
Flutter and hardly nestle any more. OTWAY.

"SHALL I behold her? Will she recognise me? Will the desire of years, the ceaseless yearnings of my heart, at last be gratified?"

Such were the questions which Martha repeatedly asked herself, as the carriage rolled rapidly towards Highgate.

Time only could answer them—and never had his wings appeared to lag so lazily. In her impatience, she would, had it been possible, have annihilated both it and distance. Each moment appeared an age till she embraced her long-sought treasure—dearer to her than the wealth she had inherited—than the world, whose pleasures fortune appeared to have placed within her grasp, merely to see the gift rejected.

Her companions remained silent during the ride, or, if they spoke, it was only in whispers to each other. Convinced of the reality of the lady's claim, they felt that her anxiety and affection admitted but one consolation—the presence of Fanny—all else was a mockery and disappointment. The lawyer mentally argued whether the tie between his client and the orphan was or was not closer than she had hitherto acknowledged.

"If not the child of Miss Mendez, whose child was she?" he repeatedly asked himself.

Sally reflected with foreboding sadness on the distance which the discovery placed between her adopted sister and herself; whilst Barry and the aged actress felt only unqualified pleasure at the brilliant prospects of their little favorite.

On reaching the lodge at the end of the lawn in front of the cottage, the party found, to their surprise, that the gate was open, and the neat gravel walk deeply indented with the ruts made by the wheels of some heavily-laden vehicle. There were straws, too, scattered upon the path, and adhering to the whitethorn hedge and shrubs—the unmistakable signs of a removal. Poor Martha observed them, and turned her eyes inquiringly to her companions.

"Furniture, most likely, has been brought to the house!" observed the lawyer.

His client smiled incredulously.

"It must be that!" added the young painter; "for it is only three days since we saw them here—Fanny and madame! They cannot have removed so suddenly!"

Both Sally and Mrs. Watkins declared the supposition ridiculous. Without a word or hint—it was impossible.

How often does the presentiment of ill prepare us for the reality—soften the blow which otherwise would crush us! There was an appearance of desolation about the place which warned the anxious woman she was once more doomed to disappointment.

By this time the carriage had reached the front of the cottage. Instead of Fanny—her pale face lit with smiles—or the still beautiful though sad countenance of Madame Garrachi advancing to the porch to welcome them, the daughter of the old couple who resided at the lodge made her appearance, and demanded who they wanted.

How the heart of Martha sank at the question!

"Want!" repeated Sally, who now felt thoroughly alarmed; "why, Fanny—madame to be sure! Whom else should we want?"

"They be gone!" replied the girl with a broad grin.

Doubtless it appeared an excellent joke to her, that gentlefolks, as she called them, should come all the way from London, and be disappointed.

"Gone out, you mean!" observed the young painter.

"Gone for good and all!" said their informant; "gone to furrin parts, I take it! *Feyther* says it be mortal droll; Marks, the broker, bought all the things for an old song; they be nearly all cleared out—only one load more!"

Barry and Mr. Foster sprang from the carriage, and assisted the ladies to alight. No sooner did her feet touch the ground, than Martha darted past the girl into the house, hunted through every room, calling in most endearing terms upon her child to answer her. The distress of Sally was scarcely less poignant.

Fanny's chamber was the only one in which the furniture had not been disturbed: there was the little bed, with its white curtains—the pillow which her head had so lately pressed; several of her old copy-books and some flowers fading for want of fresh water were upon the table.

"Gone!" sobbed Martha, throwing herself upon the pillow, and covering it with kisses; "gone! and I am still doomed to be desolate!"

The dancer, who had followed her, sat down upon the window sill, and cried for sympathy.

The lawyer—who meanwhile had been making enquiries of the man at the lodge—appeared at the door of the chamber, followed by Barry. The old actress was too indignant and too much agitated at what she considered the unwarrantable conduct of Madame Garrachi, in removing Fanny from England without consulting her friends—to follow them.

She gradually consoled herself, however, by the reflection that madame was only a Frenchwoman and a singer, and did not belong to the legitimate part of the profession.

"Gone!" exclaimed Sally, with a fresh burst of tears, as soon as she saw her lover; "gone without a word or line for me!"

"Ungrateful, indeed!" exclaimed Miss Mendez, with a sigh; "she must be sadly changed! They have corrupted her young heart and —"

"She is not ungrateful!" interrupted Sally, indignantly—for the surest way to rouse her spirit was to say anything disparaging of her favorite; "she never was and never will be ungrateful—and you are the last person in the world who ought to say so! Night after night she has kept me awake describing your looks, your words, and kindness to her! How else should I have recognised you? We never met without her speaking of you; and when we drank tea at the lodge with Miss Mellon, and the servants handed round cake in great silver baskets, and wine, and fruit, she whispered in my ear that she would sooner receive a crust of bread from the hand of her dear mother! I begin to believe you are not her mother," she added, "or you would never have the heart to blame her!"

Every word which the speaker intended as a reproach was a balm to the disappointed Martha—for it proved to her that the child of her adoption had not forgotten her—that she still held the first place alike in her memory and love. Instead of feeling angry with the dancer, she would have pressed her in her arms and kissed her.

This pleasing satisfaction was still further increased by a discovery which Barry made in one of the copy-books: It was part of a letter written by Fanny to her sister, in which she stated that madame was now kind—very kind—to her; that she, too, had heard of the intention of her enemies to get her once more in their power—and that they were to travel for some time to avoid them.

"Go where I will," continued the affectionate

child, "I shall always love you—always think of you! You and my dear—dear mother hold the first place in my heart! There are others whom I love, too—but not as I do you!" Here the writing was broken off "with God bless you, my own dear sister Sally! Madame has promised that I shall write to you as soon as we are settled!"

Martha pressed the senseless paper to her lips, and appeared to derive such consolation from the possession of it, that the kind hearted girl to whom it was addressed forbore to claim it.

"Who is this madame?" demanded Miss Mendez, as soon as she had sufficiently recovered her self-possession to ask the question; "and by what right does she pretend to dispose of my child without consulting her oldest, only friends!"

The history of the singer and the manner in which Fanny had become an inmate of her house were duly explained to her by Barry and Sally: the former justified the step by stating the evident danger which threatened the orphan from her persecutors, and the inability of Mrs. Watkins to protect her.

"We thought it," he urged, "the most advisable step we could take! The blind old officer and Weitzer and his wife, who love her like their own child, concurred in it—the advantages were so many: as, independently of the protection which it afforded, it assured the cultivation of her talents—an education to fit her for the most brilliant position in the profession!"

"Do you think this Madame Garrachi loves her?"

"There can be no doubt of it!" answered the painter; "she treats her in every respect like her own child! The most expensive masters are engaged for her, and the progress she has made under them is astonishing!"

"But is she a good woman?" demanded Martha, thoughtfully.

"Of that," said the young man, "there is not the least doubt! Suspicion has never tainted her name! She is unhappy—virtuous!"

After consulting with Mr. Foster, it was arranged that the party should at once proceed to Holly Lodge—the residence of Miss Mellon—who, doubtless they considered, could afford some clue to the precipitate flight of her *protégé*: in which expectation they were doomed to a second disappointment.

The actress received them with her usual affability—listened with the greatest interest to Martha's tale of sorrow—the trials and abduction of poor Fanny.

"I cannot explain the motives of Madame Garrachi!" she said, as soon as the narrator had finished; but that she has strong ones for her conduct, I cannot doubt! I feel for your disappointment; but I have not the means of lessening it! That she is attached to the child is certain! That Fanny is perfectly safe with her, is equally so! For the rest, time only can explain the mystery!"

"Has she really left England?" demanded Mr. Foster.

"She has!" replied Miss Mellon; "she drew, yesterday, a large sum of money from the hands of my — from the hands of her banker!"

"For France?"

"Possibly!"

"And have you no clue," said Martha, imploringly, "by which I can trace her? Feel for the anxiety of a mother!"

"I do feel for it!" replied the actress; "and most gladly would I alleviate it, were it in my power; but even to me—who have some claims upon the friendship of Madame Garrachi—her intentions are a secret! I need not tell you," she continued, "that she has suffered much—that her domestic happiness has been destroyed! All I know is, that she has conceived some romantic project of revenge, in which Fanny is to be the instrument!"

With this scanty information they departed. One weight, at least, was removed from the heart of the anxious woman—she knew that the child was well, and tenderly cared for—safe from the horrors of vice and infamy, which assail unprotected innocence; and struggling with her disappointment, she strove to feel content.

When Miss Wyndham heard the result of the visit which was to have introduced a rival in the heart of the heiress, her satisfaction nearly betrayed itself: not in words—the cold, calculating girl was far too cautious for that; but in the sudden flash of her eye and the scarcely suppressed smile upon her lips.

From the first hour of her entering the house of Miss Mendez, she had resolved to inherit her vast fortune—and circumstances seemed to favor her design.

"She must love some one!" she argued. "The heart cannot exist in solitude forever! A little patience and hypocrisy, and the golden prize will be mine!"

With this resolution, she devoted herself more assiduously than ever to win the confidence and regard which, by a singular perversity, as she considered it, appeared to retreat from her advances.

As for Clement Foster, with the natural gallantry of his age, he often indulged in unmeaning speeches and attentions, which the young lady flattered herself might ripen in time to a more serious attachment; but with all her art, she had hitherto failed in drawing from him an explicit declaration. He resembled the butterfly, which hovers round the flower without alighting on its stem. The youth was pleased with her beauty, her fascinating manners and accomplishments—loved to hear her sing—to walk, to ride, to flirt with her; whilst his heart still remained untouched—its voice had not spoken yet. Miss Wyndham called him cold. She little knew the depth of passion and devotion which nature had concealed within his breast. At times he compared it to a rock—but it was the rock of Hebron: once struck, the hidden streams of sympathy and affection would gush forth.

When we first introduced the youth to the acquaintance of our readers, we observed that his father had a strong desire that he should follow his own profession—the law: we say desire, for it was out of his power to control him: a maiden aunt—blessings on all such, they are the providence of most young men—had left him a fortune of twenty thousand pounds, of which he was to be the absolute master on reaching the age of twenty-one. Clement knew this; but, to do him justice, he never presumed upon it. So strong was his affection for his parent, that, despite his repugnance for the career marked out for him, he devoted himself with praiseworthy resignation to mastering the intricacies of conveyancing; and even Mr. Griffiths confessed that, considering his age, he had a pretty notion of Chancery practice. The lawyer was delighted; but the heart of the father watched the struggle between duty and inclination with solicitude and fear. Whenever he fancied that the cheek of Clement looked unusually pale, he bade him close his books and take a week's or fortnight's holiday in the country—a permission which his son eagerly seized; and hence his repeated visits to Brierly Grange—visits which the return of Martha to London had now put an end to.

"Clem will never make a lawyer!" observed the lady to Mr. Foster, who, with his son, had been dining with her in Harley street.

"And why not?" said the gentleman, with a nervous smile.

"He has no vocation for the profession?"

"It will come with time!"

"Resignation or apathy, possibly!" replied his client; "but never that ardor which can alone secure success in an honorable pursuit! Poor boy!" she continued; "his heart is consuming itself! I cannot bear to see it! Do not be angry; but my regard, my gratitude compel me to speak!"

"He studies hard!" observed her guest, determined not to be convinced.

"To please his father!" answered Martha. "Come, Mr. Foster, be reasonable!" she added; "you know how deeply I have been indebted, on more than one occasion, to your son—that I owe my very life to his courage and gallantry! Remember that his happiness is at stake: from boyhood his heart and mind have been fixed upon the army!"

"And who is to succeed me in my office?" demanded the old man, sharply.

"Not Clement, Mr. Foster!" replied his client; "whilst you live it is possible—nay, I think probable—for he loves you dearly—that he will sacrifice himself to please you; but once master of his destiny, he will use his liberty! You know how much I esteem him! I am rich—fearfully rich!" she added; "if any pecuniary motive —"

The lawyer moved uneasily upon his chair.

"Do not speak of it!" he said; "pray do not speak of it! Money! I thought you knew me better than to suppose that it could influence me! Besides, Clem, on reaching the age of one-and-twenty—thanks to the weakness of a foolish old aunt—will be perfectly independent of his father!"

"Does he know this?" said the lady.

"Yes!"

"Then his conduct is even more noble than I imagined; for the sacrifice is more complete!"

"Sacrifice!" repeated Mr. Foster; "I really cannot —"

"Do not quarrel with me!" interrupted the lady; "you and he are my only friends, and I cannot

afford to lose either of you! You must have observed—for you are his father—how thin and pale he is getting, and the almost painfully anxious expression of his once cheerful countenance!"

"I have observed them!" replied the gentleman.

"This law is killing him!"

The gentleman smiled incredulously.

"Not the law!" he said; "but that which has upset the philosophy of older heads than his—love!"

It was now Miss Mendez's turn to look astonished. Clement Foster had been so frequently her guest—so domesticated with her—she had taken such an interest in studying his character and inclinations—fancied so many projects respecting him—that the feeling she experienced on hearing his father assert that he was in love was as nearly allied to disappointment as to surprise.

"In love!" she repeated; "why, he is but a boy!"

"There are very few boys of seventeen in the world now!" observed the old gentleman, gravely; "there were such things in my time; but that is classed with the deluge and the heathen mythology! Is it possible you have not observed it?"

"Very possible!"

"Listen!" said the lawyer.

During this conversation, which had taken place in the front drawing-room, Clement and Miss Wyndham had been amusing themselves at the piano, in the apartment which communicated with it. The lady had just commenced a romance, and her companion was turning over the leaves of her music-book.

"His anxiety arises from the fear of my disapproval of his choice," continued the speaker: "and not, as you suppose, from a distaste to the law! It is not exactly the match I should have selected," he added; "but she is the daughter of an old friend! Clem loves her! I shall speak to him on the subject, and set his mind at rest!"

"Is it possible," thought Martha, whose mind, for some reason best known to herself, felt considerably relieved by the explanation "that this man of the world—this shrewd, far-seeing lawyer, who has studied character all his life—should be so completely deceived!"

Perhaps it was that he had only studied the characters of those he had come in contact with, and not the hearts.

"You are wrong," she said; "positively wrong! Your son feels no love for Miss Wyndham, unless it be a brother's love; and, unless you persuade him that he does, never will!"

"Look at them!"

"He is fond of music!"

"See how animated he is!"

"Her society is a relief from unpleasant thoughts!"

"But —"

"But!" repeated his client; "will you be convinced? Shall I prove to you that Clement would be even more surprised than I was by such a supposition? And if I do prove it," she added, "will you promise to reflect seriously upon what I have said?"

The promise was made—for Mr. Foster felt anxious to ascertain whether the suspicion of his son's attachment to the governess was well founded or not. The means which the speaker intended to take puzzled him. He could not comprehend her evident distaste of the affair.

"She can never be mad enough," he thought, "to think of him for herself! She is forty, at the very least, and Clem only seventeen!"

This was the only point on which the gentleman was not destined to be enlightened. Whatever the feelings, inclinations, or projects of Miss Mendez, she kept them to herself.

Calling the young people from the back drawing-room, the lady asked Miss Wyndham to play the overture to Don Juan. As she was a great admirer of Mozart, the request did not surprise the governess. Clem was about to return with her, when Martha, by a gesture of her hand, informed him that he was to remain.

"I wish to consult you!" she said.

The youth took an ottoman, and drew it to the side of the sofa on which the lawyer and the lady were sitting.

"We have been speaking of Miss Wyndham!" observed Martha, as soon as the first notes of the instrument assured her that, for ten minutes at least, they were secure from interruption. "Your father has an excellent match in view for her!"

The countenance of the supposed lover, which had hitherto been serious enough, suddenly became radiant with smiles. As the speaker said, if he had any love for the clever, artful girl, it was merely the



love of a brother. He pitied her orphan, dependent position, and the idea of her marrying well afforded him unmixed satisfaction.

"Glad to hear it!" he replied; "that is, provided the gentleman is worthy of her!"

"In every way!"

"Is he young?"

"Yes."

"And amiable?"

"Amiable and handsome!" replied Miss Mendez, with a glance of triumph at Mr. Foster, whose face expressed anything but satisfaction at the discovery of his son's indifference. He had hugged the idea that it was love, and not the law, that made Clement so miserable.

"I am very happy to hear it!" observed the young man. "It would be a thousand pities that so much sensibility and talent should be sacrificed to one who could not appreciate them! I feel certain that I shall like the fellow," he added, "if it is only for his generosity—for poor Harriet has every gift save that of fortune! May I ask his name?"

"Not yet!"

"When shall I be introduced to him?"

"All in good time!" replied his father, coming to the relief of Miss Mendez, who began to feel embarrassed how to answer the questions which followed in such rapid succession. "In the meantime," he added, "not a word to Miss Wyndham! The natural delicacy of her character might feel hurt at the well-meant solicitude of her friends! There—the overture is nearly over! She must not suspect that we have been speaking on such a subject!"

With a nod, as much as to say that he understood his wishes, Clement rose from the ottoman with the most unconcerned air imaginable, and returned to the piano.

"Are you convinced?" said Martha, in a low tone.

The lawyer replied only by a sigh.

"And you will reflect?"

"Yes—yes!" he muttered, impatiently; "I will reflect! It is hard to sacrifice the purpose of a life; but I will consider my project—my word is given!"

His client urged no more—she knew that he would keep it.

#### CHAPTER XXXIX.

Dost thou know the fate of soldiers?  
They're but ambitious tools, to cut a way  
To her unlawful ends; and when they're worn,  
Hack'd, hewn with constant service, thrown aside  
To rust in peace, and rot in hospitals. SOUTHERN.

For several days after the above conversation, Mr. Foster appeared unusually moody and silent; the clerks in the office avoided addressing him as much as possible—for his answers were sharp and brief. Even Mr. Griffiths felt the ash of the old man's caustic humor. The fact was, that an internal struggle was going on—a great revolution about to be accomplished.

Clement, perfectly unconscious that he was the engrossing subject of his father's thoughts, redoubled his attention in the hope of pleasing him—and thereby rendered the sacrifice, which the lawyer had half determined to make, still more painful.

"Such aptitude!" Mr. Foster repeatedly muttered to himself; "that last abstract from Grindem and Bullock's case was faultless—absolutely faultless!" He little knew the care and anxiety it had cost his son.

One morning the lawyer arrived at his office earlier than usual. Clement was already at his desk: the quick eye of the old man detected that his features were paler than usual; he even fancied that he saw a hectic spot upon his cheek—it decided him. With the air, though not quite the resignation of a martyr, he walked into his private room, placed his umbrella, with his usual precision, in the corner, took off his gloves and hat, then seated himself, and rang the bell twice—the signal for the attendance of the head clerk.

"Send Mr. Clement to me!" he said, as soon as Griffiths answered the summons!

"Yes, sir!"

"And remember I am not to be disturbed on any pretence!"

"I beg your pardon, sir!" replied the managing man; "but of course you have not forgotten that there is to be a consultation at eleven, at Sergeant White's chambers! Winter and Onslow—most important case, and —"

"Send word that I shall not be able to attend!" interrupted his employer; "and do not let me be disturbed!"

"Certainly, sir—certainly!"

The astonished clerk withdrew to execute the orders he had received. During the thirty years he

had been in the office, as man and boy, he had never known his principal neglect a consultation—the thing was unprecedented. Something serious—very serious—must have occurred; and he delivered his message with becoming solemnity.

As the door of the private room closed upon our hero, Mr. Griffiths felt that he would have given half his perquisites during the ensuing term to be present at the interview between father and son. He had a presentiment that his own future destiny were mixed up in it.

Directly Clement entered the room, his father extended his hand to him. The youth grasped it warmly. He saw that an explanation was about to take place between them.

"I fear that you are unwell, sir!" he said—for he perceived that tears were standing in the usually calm, piercing eyes of the lawyer.

"Nothing! It is nothing!" replied the old man, hastily; "the wind—the dust!"

In his agitation he forgot that the day was a wet one.

"Clem," he continued, "it is time that we understood each other! Sit down! I am satisfied with you—quite satisfied! You have striven as far as nature would permit to gratify my wish that you should succeed me in my profession. It is not your fault that you have not succeeded. Doubtless you consider my conduct," he added, "harsh and unreasonable towards you!"

"Never, sir!" replied the young man. "I may have repined—for none of us can master our inclinations—but never has my heart harbored a thought of unkindness or injustice against the best of parents!"

"I believe you, Clem! I believe you!" said Mr. Foster; "and this day I mean to prove that I fully appreciate the efforts you have made to gratify my wishes!"

"Sir!"

"By renouncing them!" continued the speaker; "yes, my dear boy, by renouncing them!" he repeated. "You might have braved me, for a few years will make you independent of my authority!"

"But not of your affection, sir?" interrupted Clement, eagerly; "never of your affection!"

"Do not interrupt me!" continued the lawyer, with a smile, which proved how deeply the warmth of his son touched him; "thus much you must permit me to urge in justification of the tenacity with which I adhere to my design long after I had perceived your repugnance to my wishes. It was not the desire of seeing you in the profession only, but the stronger one of keeping you near me—of remaining in daily intercourse, in community of thought and pursuit, with the only being left me in the world to love. It is your wish to be a soldier?"

"I renounce it!" exclaimed the son; "from this moment I abandon the idea, and, if possible, the wish! I will do all that in me lies to prove worthy of so much affection and kindness, and in time —"

He hesitated, a sense of truth prevented his completing the sentence.

Mr. Foster paused—he felt strongly tempted to accept the generous offer of his only child to comply with his long-cherished wishes—but his better feelings prevailed.

"No!" he replied, with firmness; "I had a right to demand the trial, but I have no right to extort or accept a sacrifice! You know," he added, with a faint smile, "the pertinacity with which I adhere to my resolutions when I have once taken them—how rarely I abandon them! From this hour the affair is settled!"

Clement was too much affected to thank his father as he wished—he could only press his hand and raise it to his lips. The old man gazed fondly on him: in his flashing eyes and the rich color which flushed his lately pale cheeks, he felt that he was almost repaid for his disappointment.

"Now, then, to business!" he said. "I have for many years been the legal adviser of Cox and Greenwood, the army agents, and shall find little difficulty in procuring you a commission—by purchase, of course! To-morrow I will call upon them, deposit the money, and introduce you to them. Although only a lawyer," he added, "they will receive you as well, and advance your wishes as zealously, as if presented by the first peer of the realm!"

The "only a lawyer" was the last drop of bitterness in the heart of the old man: from that moment he devoted himself earnestly and zealously to the task of furthering the wishes of his son.

"Have you decided which service you would prefer?" he asked.

Clement modestly hinted something about a

cavalry regiment—but of course left everything to his father.

"Not a word as you leave the office!" observed Mr. Foster; "it will be known quite soon enough! I could not bear to witness the simpering smile of Griffiths, who will doubtless begin to think of a partnership! But he will be disappointed!" he added; "I respect the interests of my clients too much ever to commit them to such hands!"

Could the speaker have seen the malignant scowl upon the features of the managing clerk, who was listening at the door, it would have confirmed him in the opinion he had formed of that very obsequious gentleman's character.

Two months after the above conversation between father and son, Clement Foster, Esquire, was gazetted to a cornetcy in His Majesty's — Regiment of Guards.

Poor Clem! a more unfortunate choice could not have been made: it was what is termed, in the cant phrase of the day, a "fast regiment." The lieutenant-colonel was an aristocrat; from the captains down to the subalterns—scions of the best families in the country—all aped the tone of their commander. The first question asked when a man joined it was: "What family is he of?" The next, "What are his means?" And unless these questions could be answered satisfactorily, the newcomer was likely to lead a harassing time of it: sneering impertinence, practical jokes, glaring injustice—in fact, every means that could be devised—were put in practice to disgust the *parvenu*, or drive them from the regiment.

Colonel Barratt used to boast that he could get rid of a non-eligible man more quickly than any commanding officer in the service.

When Martha heard of the alteration which had taken place in the prospects of her young friend, she warmly congratulated both father and son on a determination which she trusted would lead to the happiness of both. Happiness! Her own bitter experience in life might have taught her how rarely that much-talked-of blessing was to be found on earth. As for Miss Wyndham, she knew not whether to grieve or feel delighted with the change—which, after all, only interested her so far as it affected her projects. True, the career he had chosen in all probability would remove him from the society of Miss Mendez, in whose favor she considered him a dangerous rival; but then it threatened to separate him from herself—and the sight of the young Guardsman in his uniform had convinced her that her heart was engaged more deeply in the question than she had hitherto supposed.

Our hero was presented at the levees of the Regiment and the commander-in-chief, by a gallant general officer of the name of De Vere. He had long been a client of Mr. Foster's, and entertained a respect—almost a friendship—for him.

"Fine fellow—fine fellow!" said the old soldier, when Clement was introduced to him on the morning of the levee, by his father; "prove an ornament to the service, if Barratt does not contrive to spoil or ruin him!" he mentally added. And so you are in the Guards, young gentleman!" he continued, speaking once more aloud. "Expensive regiment! Crack fellows!"

"Clement will be rich!" observed the lawyer. "His aunt left him twenty thousand pounds, and he is my only son!"

"What do you allow him?"

"Eight hundred a-year!" replied the old gentleman, complacently.

"Too much!" exclaimed the general; "too much by half! When I entered the army, I had but two hundred a-year and my pay! True," he muttered, "I was not gazetted to a crack regiment!"

To Mr. Foster, the term "crack regiment" conveyed about as much information as if the speaker had alluded to the incarnation of Vishnu, or the Hyperborean isles of Hecateus. In his simplicity, he considered that all regiments were alike; added to which, he had unbounded confidence in the prudence and good conduct of his son.

The presentations over, Clement called upon the general, to thank him for his kindness, previous to his leaving town to join his regiment at Windsor: he was received most cordially.

"If you find yourself placed in any difficult or unpleasant position, my dear boy," said the veteran, "do not hesitate to apply to me for advice! I am an old soldier, and you a raw recruit! I know every move in the routine of the service—you are ignorant of everything! Beware of quarrels—avoid gambling—act with discretion, as well as firmness—and, above all, be exceedingly careful what you write!"

"Write!" repeated the young Guardsman.

"More men have been ruined by letters than by words!"

"I do not understand you, general!"

"I suppose not!" answered the veteran; "but you soon will!"

"I enter the service," observed his visitor, "from a sincere love of the profession I have chosen, and a desire to prove myself worthy of the commission I have the honor to bear!"

"And you will do so, I have no doubt!" replied General De Vere; "if they will let you!" he mentally added. "A regiment," he continued, speaking aloud, "is a rough school, especially at the commencement! Your temper will be tried in every way—your conduct criticised—not over-favorably, perhaps—for you have not the *prestige* of an aristocratic name or family connection! Do your duty—remember my caution—and you have nothing to fear!"

At the word "fear," the cheeks of his visitor flushed.

"There—there! I did not mean to impugn your courage, my dear boy!" continued the speaker, with a smile; "old men are fond of preaching, and see difficulties where youth dreams only of success! Good bye! and once more remember, if you should require the counsel of a friend, you know where to find one! In case of emergency, consult the adjutant of your regiment—he is an old friend of mine, and will serve you, for my sake!"

With this, they shook hands and parted—his adviser giving him letters of introduction to Colonel Barratt and Lieutenant Bridgem—the officer last named.

That same day our hero reached Windsor, where he found a letter from Miss Mendez, begging his acceptance of a charger, awaiting his arrival. It was a magnificent creature—more than one officer of his regiment had seen it—but had been deterred from purchasing it by the price. The grateful woman had paid five hundred guineas for it. Little did she dream of the enmity her gift to her young favorite would excite.

"So the new man has joined!" observed Lord Peapod—the nephew of Colonel Barratt—as the officers were chatting at lunch, in the mess-room; "any one know him?"

There was a general silence—all looked at the commanding officer.

"He brought a letter of introduction from General De Vere," said the latter, after a pause; "who, I perceive by the *Gazette*, stood sponsor for him at the levee!"

"Any relative?"

A dry negative was the response.

"What is the fellow's name?" drawled Walter Trevanian, who happened to be the first lieutenant of the troop in which Clement was now a cornet.

"Foster."

"A Foster, or The Foster?"

"Oh, no relative to the baronet!" replied the colonel; "his father is a lawyer!"

A general expression of dissatisfaction followed the announcement.

"Another Philistine!" exclaimed Captain Marshall, who enjoyed the reputation of being the most accomplished bully in the regiment; "we shall soon smoke him out!"

"Philistine or not," observed Cornet Mortimer—a young sprig of nobility, who had lately joined—"he must be devilish rich: he has bought the bay charger which Peapod and the major were so anxious about! I saw it in the barrack-yard!"

"The bay charger!" repeated his lordship, in a tone of vexation; "why, I offered four hundred guineas for it!"

"And I four hundred and fifty!" added the major.

From that moment the unconscious subject of the conversation had two decided enemies in the regiment.

"We shall see what the fellow is like at dinner!" said Colonel Barratt, not wishing at that moment to push the conversation any further—for the adjutant had joined them, and he knew that the "new man" had brought letters to him from General De Vere, as well as to himself.

"No doubt he feeds with his knife!" whispered the young nobleman in the ear of Walter Trevanian. The latter shrugged his shoulders contemptuously.

"The service is going to the devil," continued the speaker, "when they let such fellows creep into it! But money will purchase anything now, from a commission to—a—a—"

"A bay charger!" added Trevanian, finishing the sentence for him.

"Curse the charger!" muttered his lordship.

"Better smoke the rider!" observed Walter, drily. The young men exchanged glances of mutual

intelligence, and let the conversation drop; but from that morning it was tacitly understood that the new-comer was to be got rid of. The son of a lawyer was considered as a black sheep in the regiment.

At mess, our hero was formally introduced to his brother officers, who returned his salutation with that polite indifference which wounds more than positive impertinence. Clement felt no less surprised than offended at first: he could not comprehend the tone of the society into which, for the first time in his life, he was thrown. A few moments' reflection, however, reconciled him to it. Unconscious of having given cause either of offence or coolness, he concluded that it was the etiquette of the mess-room, and accommodated himself to it accordingly.

At the end of the first course, one of the mess-waiters came to him, and whispered in his ear that Colonel Barratt would do himself the honor of taking wine with him.

Next followed the major and captains, in the several degrees of military hierarchy, down to the cornet, whose experience in the service was only three weeks greater than his own.

The wine was champagne—*purposely chosen*. Clement saw that at each challenge the officer who invited him emptied his glass. After the first three or four, he hesitated in following the example.

"My dear fellow, what are you about to do?" whispered Walter Trevanian, who was seated next to him; "no heel-taps!"

"I am unused to drink so much wine!" replied the new-comer.

"Pshaw!" said the first speaker; "there is not a headache in a dozen of it! It will be thought personal if you do not empty it!"

The intended victim took the advice so treacherously proffered. How could the unsophisticated boy of seventeen suppose for an instant that the well-bred, smiling man who addressed him in such a friendly tone had any sinister design? He had never seen him till that day, and he wore the uniform which, in his opinion, was the seal upon the character of a gentleman. Still, by way of precaution, the next time he was challenged to wine he only half filled his glass.

There was a general glance round the table.

"Wide awake!" whispered Lord Peapod.

"Shirks the wine!" thought Captain Marshall, who was the challenger.

"What are you dreaming of?" said Lieutenant Marsh; "Mr. Foster is waiting for you!"

"Mr. Foster has not filled his glass!" observed the captain, gravely.

Had our hero been the bashful boy they took him for, he would have apologised, and instantly have filled it to the brim. But he had more discernment and tact than his brother officers—what a prostitution of the word brother!—gave him credit for.

"Captain Marshall," he said, "has considered only his kind feeling towards me—and not my capacity for wine-drinking! I have already exceeded my usual quantity!"

"Three glasses of port after dinner!" simpered one of the youngsters, who was beginning to look very red in the face.

"Ladies' measure!" added a second.

Still the "new man"—as they termed him—remained unmoved; and Captain Marshall, bowing stiffly, drank off his wine in silence.

There was a pause: the attempt to intoxicate him was evidently a failure.

"That's a devilish fine horse of yours!" observed the major.

"Which?"

"The bay charger. Peapod offered four hundred for it! What was the figure?"

"I really cannot tell you!" replied Clement, glad that the conversation had taken another turn; "the animal was a gift from a dear and valued friend!"

"In the City?"

Although our hero did not comprehend the difference between a friend in the City and one at the West End, he perfectly understood the tone in which the question was asked, and replied by a dry negative.

"Beg pardon," said the major; "thought it might be! Very respectable people, I have heard, live in the City! I dare say, now," he continued, "they bestowed a vast amount of good advice upon you when they heard you were gazetted?"

"No, indeed!" answered the young man, carelessly; "knowing that I was to associate only with gentlemen, they did not conceive it necessary! General De Vere was the only person who gave me the least caution!"

At the word *caution*, several of the officers re-

garded each other with a smile; they thought they had hit upon a theme on which "to trot him out."

"It must have been very edifying!" observed his lordship.

"A military sermon!" added Walter Trevanian. "Drum-head lecture!"

"Upon my word, gentlemen, it was a very simple one!" said Clement; "such as a man of his rank and experience in the service might well give to a youth like myself just entering life! He merely told me that I had much to learn—to endure!"

"As a young bear who has not been taught to dance!" whispered Capt. Marshall to his neighbor.

"Above all, to bear and forbear!" continued the speaker; "and to be very cautious!"

He paused: something told him that it might not be advisable to relate all that the general had said.

"Cautious! About what?" demanded Trevanian.

"In my conduct generally!" replied Clement Foster; "in short, gentlemen, you may imagine all that a kind friend would say upon such an occasion!"

"It's my deliberate opinion," drawled Lord Peapod, whose brain was already excited by wine, "that—hiccup—hem—that De Vere is a prig!"

There was a slight coughing round the table, as if to drown the word, but the quick ear of the new cornet caught it.

"May I request your lordship," he said, coloring to the temples, "to repeat the word!"

"That he is—hic—hem—a prig—a prig, sir—write down a prig—engross it, if you like!"

Clement rose to leave the mess-room.

"Sit still!" whispered Walter Trevanian, catching him by the arm. "Can't you see Peapod is drunk? He is little better than an ass when sober!"

"I cannot remain," replied our hero, firmly, "after hearing such an epithet applied to one of my kindest friends, whose rank, services, and *absence*," he added, in a very pointed tone, "ought to protect him from such observations!"

It was evident that the new-comer was not the soft-witted fool they had imagined—for he had not only defeated the attempt to intoxicate him, but contrived to place one of his *insidious* tormentors in a false position. Fortunately for his lordship, the colonel came to his rescue.

"I perceive," Mr. Foster, he said, "that you are unacquainted with military manners and military language! An officer who does his duty—is remarkable as a disciplinarian—is frequently termed a 'prig' or a 'martinet' by the youngsters! We only laugh at it as a boyish petulance—such things are never seriously noticed!"

Clement instantly resumed his seat, remarking that, after such an explanation, he must have been too susceptible.

"I am sure you will pardon me," he added, "when I tell you that I owe a deep debt of gratitude to General De Vere!"

"Certainly! Very natural!" exclaimed several of the youngsters.

"Know better in time!" added the major.

"Who could have imagined," continued the youth, not perhaps without a certain degree of malice, "that so much good feeling existed in the army? I should have thought, now, that if any officer had ventured to call you—Colonel Barratt—a 'prig,' you would have felt exceedingly indignant!"

"Such things are seldom addressed to a commanding officer's face!" replied the colonel, turning very red; "and when they are, as *seldom* forgotten!"

Unable to conceal the rage and vexation which he felt at being obliged to endure what he considered the insolence of a *parvenu*, Colonel Barratt rose from the table, and, drawing his chair towards the fireplace, called to the mess-man for brandy-and-water and cigars. This was the usual signal for the officers to disperse into groups. The dinner, with its formal etiquette, was considered over.

Our hero, satisfied with the wine he had already taken, left the room, with the intention of retiring to his quarters for the night.

In the ante-room he encountered the adjutant, who shook him warmly by the hand. Being a married man, he did not dine with the mess.

"I must congratulate you," said the officer, kindly.

"Congratulate me!" repeated Clement, with a look of surprise; "may I ask, my dear sir, upon what event or occasion?"

"On quitting your first mess-dinner sober! It is an ordeal that few youngsters pass without committing themselves—and then heaven help them!"

The cornet began to consider that he had had a narrow escape.



The adjutant listened with interest to the account of the conversation which had taken place at table, and secretly smiled at the tact with which the youngster had acquitted himself. He had a kinder motive in detaining him than the speaker imagined: he wished to ascertain beyond a doubt that he was perfectly sober.

"Good by!" said the old soldier at last. "I was anxious to serve you, for General De Vere's sake, who warmly recommended you to my care; but now I feel doubly so for your own! Continue to act with the prudence you have commenced, and you will pass the ordeal unscathed!"

"Ordeal! I do not exactly comprehend you!"

"Hush!" said the adjutant, as the door opened, and the major came reeling out of the mess-room; "it will be clear to you soon enough."

Clement retired to his quarters dull and disappointed. His introduction to his regiment he felt had not commenced under the most favorable auspices. His brother officers were not the frank, open-hearted set of men he expected to meet with. It was his first lesson in life, and he mentally confessed that it was a hard one.

Taking off his uniform with far less pleasure than he had put it on, he threw himself, half-dressed, upon the little camp-bed, which his servant had just arranged, and tried to amuse himself by reading, but the events of the day had disturbed him. After several vain attempts, he closed the volume and threw it from him.

"I must be careful!" he said; "I feel that I have made an enemy!"

He might have added a dozen, and yet not have been far from the truth.

"Snob," "*parvenu*," and "lawyer's clerk" were the epithets which were bandied round the mess-room as Clement Foster withdrew. Not an officer present but affected to feel indignant at the insult—for so they were pleased to term it—which had been offered to the colonel—who was compelled for once to chew the cud of his resentment—for he felt he could not notice it.

"This fellow will give us some trouble, I am afraid!" observed the commanding officer to Capt. Marshall.

"Pshaw! We shall soon tame him!"

"It's my—it's my 'pinion," hiccupped Lord Peapod, "that the fella is drunk, gentlemen—very drunk! Disgraceful pro—ceedings!"

"He certainly took a stiff quantity of champagne!"

"And looked very red!" observed Walter Trevanian.

"Especially," added the little cornet, "when his lordship called General De Vere a prig!"

This was an unfortunate observation—a reminiscence which all present wished to forget. The bully of the regiment called the speaker a fool, and Lieutenant Marsh asked him if he had forgotten his sword-exercise.

The poor boy, whose heart was not yet quite corrupted, colored to the temples.

"In my opinion, Mr. Foster was decidedly drunk!" exclaimed Captain Marshall; "and the affair ought to be noticed!"

At this moment the adjutant entered the room, with the orderly book.

"Ah, Bridgem!" said the colonel, "always some annoyance or another. This new man, Foster—or whatever the devil his name is—is a puppy—a low —. In short, you hear what Marshall says—drunk the first day at mess!"

"Marshall is mistaken! I have just been conversing with the gentleman, and can assure you that he is as sober, colonel, as any gentleman present!"

The commanding officer bit his lips: he felt that after such a declaration it would be impossible to proceed in his design—he must await a more favorable opportunity.

Lord Peapod approached the adjutant, and, laying his hand on his shoulder with maudlin familiarity, spluttered out:

"Say he was—hiccup—drunk—drunk, old fella! Everybody says he was drunk! You won't stand out from the rest of the—hiccup—the rest of the regiment!"

The old soldier turned away with unmistakable signs of disgust.

#### CHAPTER XL.

If I can fasten but one up upon him,  
With that which he hath drunk to-night already,  
He'll be as full of quarrel and offence  
As my young mistress's dog.—SHAKESPEARE.

It had long been an established point of tactics in the regiment commanded by the gallant Captain Barratt, when they wished to get rid of a man whose birth, character, or manners displeased the fastidious

taste or prejudices of the officers, to make the intended victim drunk on the first night of his introduction to the mess—to force him, under the plea of good-fellowship, to commit himself—to place himself in their power. Then followed a series of insults, outrages, and mortifications, which terminated either in a court-martial or in the persecuted youth demanding permission to sell out, as a means of avoiding disgrace.

An appeal to the superior authorities in such cases is about as successful as an appeal to the generosity and forbearance of his persecutors. From the commander-in-chief to the military secretary, all are leagued against the unfortunate boy who has entered the army with the mistaken idea that he is to be treated as a gentleman. Gentleman! A well-bred valet would revolt against the indecencies and outrages to which he must submit, or see himself ruined in his profession. Perhaps he has a father, who has made the sacrifice of his personal wishes and interests to promote his views—brothers, whose prospects in life his disgrace might compromise—sisters who would weep over it—or a mother whose heart it would break. He submits, and drags on a weary existence, till the finer feelings and manly susceptibilities of his nature are blunted or destroyed; and he descends step by step in the scale of manhood, till he finds himself the helpless butt or tool of his persecutors—a thing to be plundered, if he is rich, or made sport of at their caprice.

In the event of his demanding, or being brought to a court-martial, he is looked upon as a troublesome fellow, his defence is crippled, witnesses suddenly lose their recollection of facts which they laughed heartily over only a week before. Some cannot remember letters they have written; even perjury, in more than one instance, has been resorted to; and men who consider their honor wounded by a doubt cast on their veracity, have been known to utter the degrading lie which tarnished it for ever in the opinion of every noble mind. Had such a statement as the above appeared in print twelve months since, the public would have scouted it with scorn and derision; now it would be a hopeless search to find any well-informed, reflective mind to pronounce the picture overcharged.

This moral taint must be removed from the army; its existence is an anomaly we cannot comprehend. That English gentlemen—proverbially the most proud, shy, exclusive creatures in the world—should be found either to submit to or uphold such a system for the sake of sporting a red coat, is more than we can comprehend. The fact that there are such is unfortunately beyond dispute; and yet the very same men would doubtless laugh at the jackass for being proud of his bells: so much for consistency.

The members of the mess, from the colonel to Cornet Mortimer—who looked upon his release from the annoyances he nightly endured as the natural consequence of the joining of a junior officer—felt annoyed at the tact with which our hero had escaped from the first snare spread for him. The feeling, perhaps, on the part of the latter was a very natural one: persecution generally has the effect of rendering its victim selfish. The cornet had fallen the very first night into the trap, and the triumph of those who laid it was most unmerciful. Frequently he had submitted to being dragged from his bed, brought down in his shirt to the mess-room, and made to go through the sword-exercise with a walking-stick, for the amusement of his brother officers—*brother officers!* What a term! To be sure, Cain and Abel were brothers—and that fact may justify the use of it.

"It's my opinion," hiccupped Lord Peapod, as soon as the adjutant had retired, "that the lawyer's clerk has had the best of it!"

Colonel Barratt knit his brows.

"Clever fella—veery!" continued the half-drunken speaker; "called you a prig—prig to your face—and you could not quarrel with him! The bear—no, no—lion, old fell—lion, I mean—was muzzled! Capital joke! Champagne!" he added, turning to the mess-room waiter; "bring more champagne—and iced—iced—iced!"

"Thanks to your folly," observed his uncle, "we have all been compelled to put up with the young tapeworm's impertinence!"

At the word "tapeworm" there was a general titter—it was considered exceedingly witty from the colonel: had a sub ventured to utter it, he would have been sneered down.

The commanding officer drew his chair once more to the table, and the wine which his lordship had called for circulated freely.

"By-the-bye, Marshall," said Walter Trevanian, addressing his neighbor, "it was rather pointed of the youngster to commence filling half-glasses with

you: he might have waited till he got to the lieutenants—you were the last captain!"

The bully of the regiment muttered an oath, and began twisting his moustache—a sure sign that his blood was up to quarrelling point. The speaker marked the effect of his speech with secret satisfaction—for, from the moment he had first beheld our hero, he had conceived a feeling of more than ordinary aversion towards him.

Perhaps it was a presentiment that they were doomed to cross each other's path through life.

"It was very unhandsome of him," exclaimed the little cornet, "to refuse his wine! I am sure I did not refuse mine!"

Captain Marshall placed his hand upon the poor boy's head, and ruffled his hair till the tears stood in his eyes: then, regarding him for an instant, pronounced, with a broad grin upon his insolent features:

"Orson is endowed with reason!"

There was a general shout of approval, which stung the cornet to the quick, and, for the first time in his life, he ventured on a retort.

"Valentine and Orson are brothers!" he said, placing his hand on the broad shoulders of the bully.

The reply would have been received in solemn silence, had not Colonel Barratt, whose vanity was consoled by the hit at his subordinate, broke into a hearty laugh.

As a matter of etiquette, every one at the table, with the exception of Marshall, laughed, too. He bit his lips in silence.

"We shall have some fun to-night!" thought Lieutenant Marsh.

Probably the offender thought so, too—for the words had scarcely escaped his lips, when he would have given a month's pay to have recalled them. In his mind's eye he saw himself once more on the mess-room table, going through the sword-exercise in his shirt—the bully acting as fugleman.

By this time the party were ripe for mischief. Lord Peapod declared that it was an *intol—olerable* shame that they should suffer themselves to be bullied by a mere boy, and proposed that they should smoke him out of his den—the cant word in the regiment for a youngster's chamber.

Trevanian and the cornet eagerly seconded him.

Half mad with wine—shouting, laughing, or singing fragments of obscene songs, they rushed from the mess-room, without paying the least attention to the *very mild* remonstrance and caution of Colonel Barratt not to carry their jest too far.

"Have him down, old fella!" spluttered his nephew; "draw him like a badger!"

"Beware of the adjutant!"

"The old pikestaff be —"

A "hiccup" prevented his lordship completing the sentence.

Clement Foster, little imagining the scene about to be enacted, was lying half dressed upon the bed, when a succession of thundering raps at the door of his room startled him from his reverie, and half a dozen voices called upon him to admit them.

"Good heavens!" he thought; "they must be tipsy!"

"Come out, young tape and parchment!" shouted the ringleader of the band; "come, and learn your exercise!"

"Who's there?" demanded our hero.

"The drill-master!"

A drunken laugh followed the reply.

Although so young, Clement—as we have shown elsewhere—was a lad not only of courage, but, what is much more to the purpose under some circumstances, of considerable presence of mind. His reception at the mess-table, the attempt to intoxicate him, and the sneer at his kind friend General De Vere, had impressed him with the idea that his brother officers were not favorably disposed towards him. The terms "tape and parchment" confirmed him. He determined to be cautious, and to let no provocation lead him from what he knew to be right. Their further demands for admittance were heard in silence.

"They must be tired out at last!" he thought.

Little did he imagine the excess of which gentlemen and brother officers were capable. Furious at his refusing to reply to them, the door, to his astonishment, was kicked open, and his lordship, Walter Trevanian, Marsh, Mortimer, and two lieutenants rolled into the room, with a loud view halloo as if they had unearthed a fox.

As for Captain Marshall, he kept in the passage. Like most bullies, he was not without a certain degree of prudence, and did not think proper to compromise himself: it was time enough for him to join in the chase when the game had been fairly started.

The moment the drunken ruffians forced an entrance into his room, Clement Foster, with great presence of mind, rang the bell for his servant George—the young man who had been gamekeeper at Briery Grange. The poor fellow had become so attached to him during his visits to Miss Mendez, that he threw up his situation to live with him. Fortunately he was not a soldier: his first idea had been to enlist, but his young master had dissuaded him from it.

"Well, gentlemen!" said our hero, determined to preserve his temper as long as possible, "what can I offer you? Wine, brandy-and-water, or coffee?"

"Curse your coffee!" replied the peer.

"No milksops in the Guards!" added Walter Trevanian, who was the most sober of the party.

"No—no!" shouted the rest.

"May I ask what has procured me the honor of this extraordinary visit?" demanded the youth, in a tone which called forth screams of laughter from his assailants.

"You must learn your exercise—necessary, by gad! Must learn it—credit of the regiment! We are come—hiccup—to—to teach you the — We are gentlemen—gentle—men, by gad, sir!"

The drunken gravity with which this was uttered only provoked a smile.

"Bring him down!" added the speaker.

It had never entered into the imagination of Clement that any one of the intruders would venture to lay a hand upon him, as to all appearance he was undressed—the coverlet of the bed being drawn over him.

"Bring him down!" exclaimed Marsh, "and let us show him how the young bears are taught to dance!"

The proposal was hailed with a yell that would have done honor to a party of Indians in the back settlements of America. There was a struggle which should be foremost in dragging him from his bed. Walter Trevanian, who first laid hands upon him, had little cause to congratulate himself upon his triumph—since he received a blow which sent him reeling towards the door.

Mad with rage, the excited ruffian caught up a water-bottle on the table near him, and was about to hurl it at the head of our hero, when it was suddenly snatched from his hand. Turning round, he encountered George, who made his appearance just in time to prevent the execution of his brutal design.

"Who the devil are you?" roared the officer.

"Mr. Foster's servant, sir!" replied the young man, in a very respectful tone.

"You are an impertinent scoundrel, and I am a fool for not breaking your head?"

"I never contradict my master's friends, sir!"

Incensed beyond measure by the reply, Walter Trevanian raised his hand to strike the speaker; but the ex-gamekeeper had not the least idea of submitting to such an outrage; he caught his wrist as it descended, and, bending it back, forced the young ruffian upon his knees. Once there, he lifted him suddenly in his arms, as if he were a child, and carried him out of the room, then hastened back to the assistance of Clement, who was struggling with his drunken antagonists.

In a very few seconds the apartment was cleared, the broken door replaced, and barricaded by placing a book-case and one or two trunks against it.

That done, the two young men sat down—the officer on the edge of his camp-bedstead, the servant on the remains of an easy chair—and gazed on each other for several minutes in silence. George was the first to speak.

"Sharp work, sir!"

"Why, yes!" replied Clement; "it's not exactly the reception I expected; but, as one of them said, I suppose I am like a young bear, and have all my troubles to come!"

"I don't much admire the tune!" observed his faithful follower, drily.

The cornet shrugged his shoulders, and fell into a profound reverie.

At the very commencement of the fray, Mortimer had glided out of the room and taken shelter in his own chamber—where the unfortunate youth, however, was not permitted long to remain in peace: despite the lesson they had received his drunken companions were determined to have a victim. Marshall remembered how he had turned the laugh against him at dinner, and urged the matter on: so, by way of winding up the evening, they resolved upon tossing him in a blanket.

"Toss him in a blanket, by all means!" exclaimed Lord Peapod, whose left eye promised to change color before morning. "The little sneak—he was the first to cut!"

This very gentlemanly project was duly carried into execution, amid the jests and sneers of the poor lad's companions. At every fresh bound he made in the air, their shouts of drunken laughter and obscene remarks increased. The impotent rage and cries of their victim almost consoled them for their previous disappointment with Clement Foster.

"I'll endure it no longer!" cried Mortimer, half mad with shame.

"One, two, three!" cried the regimental bully, calling time.

And up went the cornet once more.

"I'll write to the general!" exclaimed the cornet, as soon as he could draw his breath.

"One, two, three!" repeated the captain, and the exercise was renewed.

"Demand a court-martial!"

This threat—which they well knew he dared not execute—was received with a general shout of laughter by his tormentors.

"Court-martial!" repeated Marsh; "why you would be cashiered!"

"Or forced to sell out!" added Trevanian.

"You were drunk the first night at mess!" observed the captain.

"And you every night!" retorted the exasperated boy, whose rage was now excited to the highest pitch: the reproaches of his friends, the injury to his future prospects—everything except the galling insult to which he was being subjected was forgotten.

Just as the drunken officers were about to toss him in the blanket for the fourth time, he sprang to the ground, at the risk of breaking his neck, and, with a countenance flushed with passion, advanced towards the ringleader of the party.

"You are a coward!" he said, fixing his eyes upon his tormentor—who replied only by a coarse laugh; "I demand satisfaction!"

"You shall have it!" shouted the drunkards.

"Toss him again!" exclaimed the captain.

The officers gathered round him with the intention of repeating their outrage. Mortimer cast a hopeless glance—he had not a friend amongst them.

"Pitch him in!" hiccupped Lord Peapod.

"And up with him!" added Trevanian.

"At least," exclaimed the cornet, "I will not be the only one who shall have occasion to remember this night's work! Bully and coward!" he added, suddenly darting forward and striking Marshall a violent blow in the face; "for the honor of the cloth you wear, resent it, if you dare!"

At this unexpected act of decision and courage, the majority of the party became suddenly sobered: to do them justice, they admired his spirit. They were Englishmen, after all, and could sympathise with the pluck of their victim. Not so the captain: lived and speechless with rage and astonishment, he stood for an instant like a man who had been suddenly paralysed, then raised his hand to return the blow.

There was a murmur of "Shame—shame!" and "Too bad!" Even Lord Peapod began to feel that their fun had been carried too far—for, after all, Mortimer was a gentleman.

The ruffian drew back.

"I shall find a friend who will see me through this affair!" observed the cornet, whose passion had by this time considerably cooled.

"I shall be happy to be that friend, if Mr. Mortimer will permit me!" exclaimed Clement Foster, advancing from the end of the corridor, where he had been an unobserved spectator of the greater part of the scene we have described. "I cannot boast of any great experience in such matters; but the little I possess is very much at his service!"

A deep blush suffused the cheeks of the young officer, as he grasped the hand thus generously extended to him. He recollected with self-reproach the unworthy part he had so lately enacted towards him.

"Enough, sir!" said the bully, haughtily; "I shall expect to hear from you in the morning! I am not much accustomed to such child's play!" he added, alluding to the youth of his antagonist and his second. "No matter! For once I will indulge it!"

The sarcastic smile faded from the lips of our hero as he coolly observed that, "from the extraordinary scenes that had been enacted that night, both in the corridor and in his own room, he should have thought Captain Marshall perfectly at home in any child's play!"

"Bravo, young tape!" shouted Lord Peapod, whose momentary fit of sobriety had once more yielded to the influence of the large quantity of champagne he had taken; "not a bad *fella*, after all! But mind where you strike another time!" he

added, rubbing his eye; "never mark your man, unless with the irons! You understand!"

"Low—decidedly low!" muttered Walter Trevanian.

The voice of the adjutant was now heard. The old soldier was making his rounds, and the tipsy band for many reasons felt anxious to avoid him. He was regarded as a martinet by all the young men in the regiment, and with dislike by the seniors—from the commanding officer down to the junior captain; for he never joined in any of their orgies, and was so punctual in the execution of his duty, that they had long since resigned all hope of catching him tripping. He was the only man in the regiment whom Marshall feared as well as hated.

"As this ridiculous affair is to be settled elsewhere," he said, "not a word more is necessary! I presume, sir, you understand the reserve usual amongst gentlemen on these occasions?"

This was addressed to Clement Foster, who replied only by a bow. His blood was thoroughly up, and he feared to trust his speech.

"Not a word to the adjutant!" observed Lord Peapod.

"I am no informer, my lord!" replied our hero, impatiently.

As the adjutant passed the group, he looked earnestly at his friend General De Vere's protégé, in the hope, perhaps, of being of some service to him. From the torn blanket and the state of the corridor he guessed what had taken place; but the countenance of the *new man* continued impassable.

The usual salutation between brother officers took place, and the lately noisy party separated for the night—Mortimer accompanying Clement to his room, to talk over with him the necessary arrangements for the morning.

## CHAPTER XLI.

Some fiery fop, with new commission vain,  
Who sleeps on brambles till he kills his man;  
Some frolicing drunkard reeling from a feast,  
Provokes a broil, and stabs him for a jest.

DR. JOHNSON.

Those who are acquainted with the routine of military life will readily understand that very few events occurred in the regiment which did not reach the ears of the commanding officer. Colonel Barratt, on his return from the castle, where he had passed the evening, was informed of everything that had transpired in his absence. With all his weakness, aristocratic prejudice, and vanity, he was keenly alive to the consequences of a duel taking place under such circumstances: court of inquiry, exposure, the "infernal papers"—as he invariably designated the press—and a vast amount of obloquy, if not disgrace. Before retiring for the night, he sent a message to Captain Marshall to be with him by eight the following morning: he was determined that the affair should be arranged.

When his visitor arrived, he found the colonel en robe de chambre, sipping his chocolate.

"Bad affair!" exclaimed the latter, in a querulous tone, which showed how much he was annoyed; "discipline going to the dogs!"

There were many, and not incompetent judges, who thought it had already argued there.

"Tell me all about it, Marshall!" he added; "how did it occur?"

The captain gave a not very exaggerated account of the night's proceeding, making it as favorable to himself as possible—a coloring which his commanding officer duly allowed for.

"And what do you intend to do?" demanded Colonel Barratt, who had listened attentively to every word.

"Send a bullet through the heart of the young jackass!" replied the bully, in a tone of ferocity which very much shocked the good taste of the aristocratic commander, who considered an emotion of any kind exceedingly vulgar.

"You must do nothing of the sort, Marshall!" quietly observed the colonel; "you forget Mortimer is but a boy! His uncle, Lord Pomeroy, is in the household! The affair would make a stir, and all that sort of thing! Had it been the new man, I probably should not have interfered; but Lord Pomeroy's nephew! It won't do—won't do!"

"But he struck me!" urged the captain.

"You must have expected that he would do so at some time or other!" observed the colonel, coolly; "he is a young man of good family!"

Marshall, who was a mere *parvenu*, and had risen by alternately flattering and bullying his way in the service, bit his lips in silence. He felt that his influence over the boys, as he termed them, would be at an end if he permitted such an insult as the one he had received to pass without a meeting.



"I really don't see how I can pass over such an insult!" he replied; "it was given—"

"I have considered!" interrupted his commanding officer; "and I tell you the affair must be arranged! You understand me—*must*! I have nothing but plague and anxiety; the regiment is in a dreadful state, and the officers worse than the men! There's my nephew," he added, "ill from a bilious attack—at least so the doctor reports—the consequence of last night's orgie, I suspect, won't be fit for service these five days!"

His visitor could scarcely repress a smile: he had calculated that it would take about that time to restore his lordship's eye to its proper color.

"Reflect!" he said; "the ridiculous position I shall be placed in!"

A slight shrug of the colonel's shoulders intimated how very little that consideration weighed with him.

"I shall be laughed at!"

"Laugh with them!"

"Cut!"

"For a short time, possibly!" coolly observed the commander; "but the affair will soon blow over! I tell you, Marshall," he continued, "in a more serious tone, "that it cannot be! Sorry to disappoint your very natural desire of shooting the young puppy, but I am compelled to do it, and unless you give me your word, I shall order you under arrest! You know the consequence—your name is not in the best odor at the Horse Guards! An inquiry once commenced, heaven only knows where it may end; it might possibly reach even—"

"To yourself!" exclaimed the captain, finishing the sentence for him.

Colonel Barratt listened to this little ebullition of temper with an indulgent smile: he had three relatives in the Upper House and several in the Commons. What could he possibly have to fear beyond the annoyance of the thing? Still he did not wish to urge the impatience of his visitor beyond its legitimate bounds; for, once thoroughly roused, he knew him to be capable of any amount of indiscretion: so, after many pros and cons, a compromise was at last effected, by which the honor of the bully should be spared, and the life of Cornet Mortimer assured.

With this understanding they parted.

When Clement Foster waited upon Captain Marshall, an hour later, he was received by that gentleman with the frigid politeness which etiquette prescribes as the rule of conduct on similar occasions. He was referred to Lieutenant Marsh to settle the

time and place of meeting—which was ultimately fixed for eleven, in the riding-school; an arrangement which ensured them against the probability of observation, as the officers were accustomed to use it as a shooting-gallery.

"Where do you intend to hit him, Marshall?" said Walter Trevanian, as Mortimer and his second entered the riding-school.

"Haven't made up my mind yet!"

"In the heart, I hope!" added the first speaker; "it's little use aiming at his head—no vital part there!" And, with a cold smile at his own heartless jest, he drew on one side whilst the seconds measured the ground.

The officers who had assisted in the frolic of the preceding night, with the exception of Lord Peapod, were every one present.

"Bets were freely offered, ten to three, that the captain hit his boyish antagonist, whose firm demeanor, *par parenthèse* considerably raised him in their good opinion.

"Heaven bless you, my dear fellow!" whispered Clement Foster, as he placed the pistol in the hand of his principal; "you have nothing to reproach yourself with!"

As he drew aside to give the signal, he observed that Marshall was the paler of the two.

The handkerchief fell, and at the same instant the bullet of the cornet whizzed past the ear of the bully, without wounding him, but sufficiently near to give him an unpleasant sensation. To the astonishment of every one present, the captain deliberately raised his arm and fired in the air. As he was known to be a dead shot, a murmur of surprise broke from the assistants, who little imagined how great an effort the enforced act of generosity cost him. Advancing towards his antagonist, he held out his hand.

"You are a brave fellow, Mortimer!" he exclaimed, with well-affected frankness; "and we have carried our jests too far! Forget the occurrence of last night, as I do!"

The cornet grasped his hand with unsuspecting confidence.

As a matter of course, after such a *dénouement*, the duty of the seconds was at an end. All but Clement praised the generous conduct of the bully; he had noticed the change in his features at the moment of firing—the visible struggle which the effort cost him.

"More prudent than generous!" he thought.

"Your introduction to the regiment, Mr. Foster,"

observed Lieutenant Marsh, "has doubtless surprised you; but we are better than you took us for!"

Our hero drily acknowledged that it had a little surprised him.

The door of the riding-school was unbarred, and the officers present began to amuse themselves by firing at the target. Captain Marshall, as if to impress a yet stronger conviction of his great generosity upon all present, fired twice at the ace of hearts. The first time the ball struck it in the centre, the second, within half an inch of the centre.

A murmur of admiration followed the exploit, which, after what had just taken place, Clement Foster considered in very questionable taste.

"Magnificent shot!" exclaimed Walter Trevanian, fixing his eyes upon our hero, to mark the effect it had produced: "you will find few to equal it!"

"Perhaps not!"

"I'd give you five years' practice, and then bet fifty to ten that you did not come within a yard of it! Come," he continued, annoyed by the *parvenu's* quiet smile; "I bet you a hundred to five you don't hit the card!"

"On one condition, done!" replied Clement.

"Condition! Oh, play or pay?"

"It is not that!"

"What then?" demanded Trevanian, impatiently.

"That, to ease my conscience of the reproach of robbing you, and assure yourself a chance of not losing your money, you bet me another hundred to five that I do not send a bullet through the pip in the centre of the card!"

The bet was instantly taken, and considerable curiosity was excited, to see how the lawyer's clerk would acquit himself: some thought it was a mere piece of braggadocio—others, that he merely wished to display a vulgar indifference to money, by losing it.

The pistols were loaded and placed beside him. The first time he fired without the least hesitation, and struck the card so near the centre that Walter Trevanian began to feel a certain amount of uneasiness for the fate of the second hundred he had so foolishly risked.

"One!" said Clement.

"With a little more deliberation he raised his hand a second time and fired.

"Two!" he exclaimed.

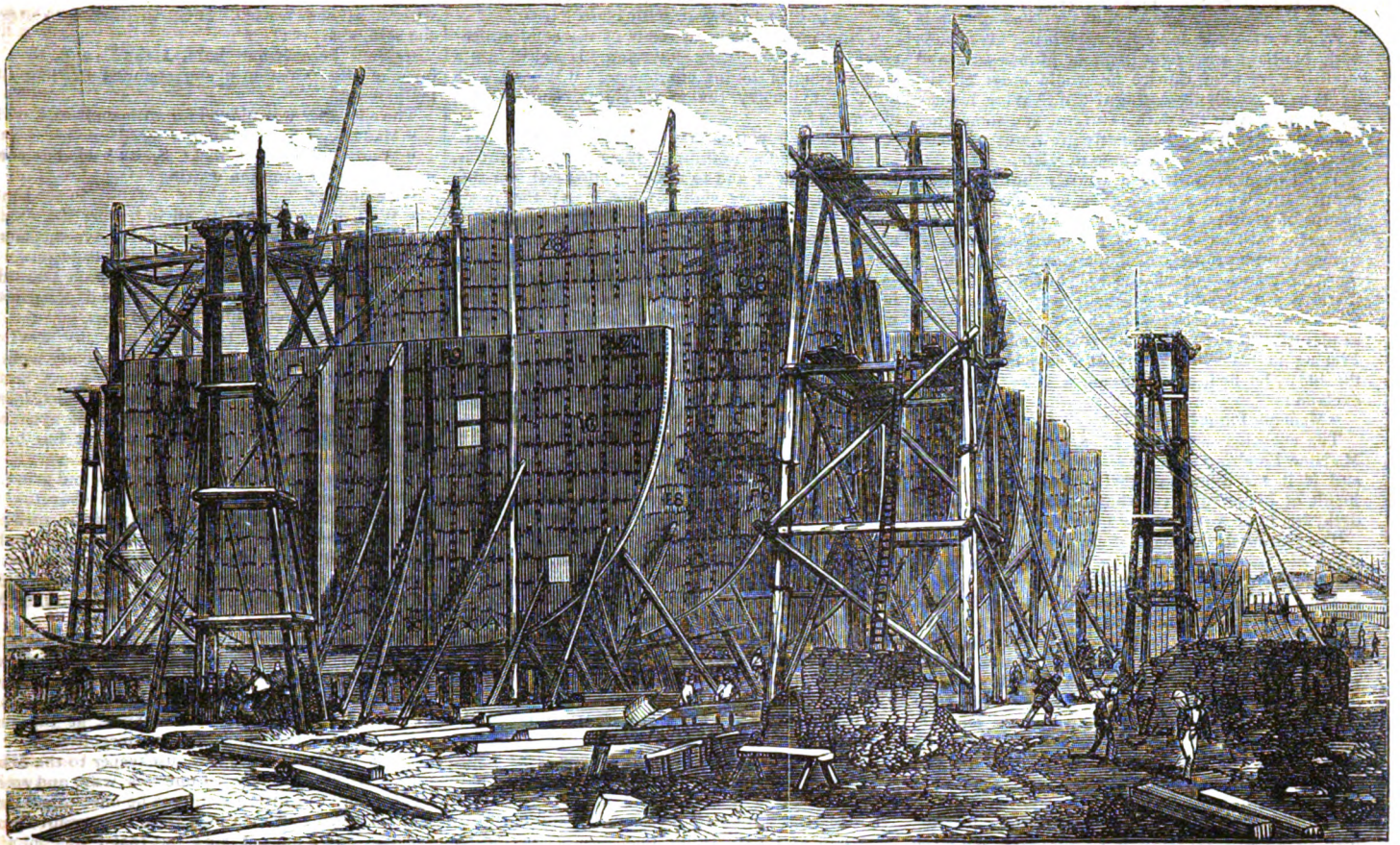
"Done it, by Jupiter!" exclaimed Lieutenant Marsh.

*To be continued.*



THE OUTRAGE UPON CLEMENT FOSTER.





THE MAMMOTH IRON STEAMSHIP, MILLWALL, ENGLAND.

#### The Mammoth Iron Steamship.

On the Thames, the building-yard of Messrs. J. Scott, Russel & Co., offers the greatest attractions. There iron ship-building, as well as many other appliances of iron, may be seen in all their glory. Here iron ships, iron light-houses, iron floating batteries, iron stages, iron houses, and an endless diversity of steam-engines may be seen in every stage of their advancement to completion. But the wonder of the establishment is the colossal iron steamship now building—the fame of which has already gone through the length and breadth of the civilized world.

We give an engraving of this grand and daring attempt in ship-building; but scarcely any description will convey an idea of its tremendous proportions. The burthen will not be less than 10,000 tons. Her length will be 675 feet, her beam 83 feet, and her height 60 feet. A comparison with the Royal Albert, which is 272 feet long, 62 feet broad, and 66 feet high, will at once show what a leviathan the new steamer will be. She will be built entirely of iron, and divided into compartments of 60 feet each, perfectly water-tight. About 10,000 tons of iron plates will be used in her; and as each plate weighs about the third of a ton, and is secured by 100 rivets, there will be 30,000 plates and 3,000,000 rivets employed in her construction. At her bottom these plates are an inch thick; in all other parts but three-quarters of an inch. Up to the water-mark she will be constructed with an inner and an outer shell, three feet apart, each of equal firmness and solidity; and between these, at intervals of six feet, will run horizontal webs of iron plate, which will materially increase the powers of resistance both of the inner and outer shell.

The outer shell will hold the ship itself, and when we add that each compartment will be totally distinct, but strongly attached to its neighbor by rivets, we have almost a guarantee against any danger to be apprehended from leaks, or the ship striking on a rock, as in the case of the unfortunate Birkenhead. In fact, any injuries received will be confined to one or more compartments, as the case may be.

By having these detached compartments and the double frame, it is reasonably calculated that the dangers of a collision at sea, such as occurred lately in the case of the Arctic, will be very much lessened—for though the outer shell might be pierced, the inner one remaining intact, as it would, except under most extraordinary circumstances, the safety of the vessel would in no wise be endangered.

Again, should she be short of ballast, the space between the inner and outer shell could be filled with water, and 2,000 tons of ballast in this way be at once obtained.

When full she is expected to draw thirty feet of water—the Duke of Wellington draws twenty-seven feet. Both screw and paddle propellers are to be used—four of the latter and two of the former. The screw engines are being made by Messrs. Boulton & Watt. The paddle engines are 1,000-horse power, and will be fed by forty furnaces. The screw engines are 1500 horse power, and will require sixty furnaces. The paddle-wheels are to be sixty feet in diameter.

To give some idea of the colossal character of the engines that are to propel this mighty fabric, we have only to mention that the four cylinders required for the paddle engines, which were cast by Messrs. J. Scott, Russel & Co., at Millwall, are the largest ever attempted to be made. Each cylinder is 18 feet long, and six feet in diameter, and weighs about 28 tons, or 62,720 pounds. The quantity of metal poured into the mould was 33 tons—the difference being taken off in boring and finishing off. To show the extraordinary size of these cylinders, we may mention that the great bell of St. Pauls, which is nine feet in diameter, weighs about 12,000 pounds.

But the whole ship together and in detail is a phenomenon. The like of it was never seen or designed before.

There are to be three tiers of cabins, and it is calculated that in each compartment 60 feet space will be found for 100 cabins—and these will be unusually high—eight feet. In this manner this monster steamer can carry about 600 first-class and 2000 second and third-class passengers. A few such troop-ships as this would materially lessen the difficulties of landing a large force in an enemy's country. She is to carry coal sufficient for a voyage round the world.

The total cost of the ship will, it is estimated, be \$2,500,000. She is being built for the Eastern Steam Navigation Company.

A GREEK maid being asked what fortune she would bring her husband replied—"I will bring him what gold cannot purchase—a heart unspotted, and virtue without a stain, which is all that descended to me from my parents."

Is a man, while knocking at his door after six glasses of grog, to be considered a spirit rapper?

A LOVER'S eyes will gaze an eagle blind.

**LIFE AND DEATH.**—When we are born we are the same as others; at our decease, we may induce our friends, and oblige our enemies to acknowledge that others are not the same as we. It is folly to say death levels the whole human race—for it is only when he hath stripped men of everything external, that their deformities can be clearly discovered, or their worth correctly ascertained. Gratitude is soon silent; a little while longer and ingratitude is tired, is satisfied, is exhausted, or sleeps: lastly fly off the fumes of party-spirit—the hottest and most putrid ebullition of self-love. We then see before us, and contemplate calmly, the creator of our customs, the ruler of our passions, the arbiter of our pleasures, and, under the gods, the disposer of our destiny. What then, I pray thee, is there dead? Nothing more than that which we can handle, cast down, bury; and surely not he who is yet to progenerate a more numerous and far better race, than during the few years it was permitted us to converse with him.

**CURIOUS POSTHUMOUS OCCURRENCE.**—If the following be true, though in ever so limited a manner, it deserves investigation. Notwithstanding his twenty-three years' experience, the worthy grave-digger must have been mistaken, unless there is something peculiar in the bodies of Bath people. But if the face turns down in any instance, as asserted, it would be right to ascertain the cause, and why this change is not general. It is now about twenty years since the paragraph appeared in the London papers. "A correspondent in the *Bath Herald* states the following singular circumstance: 'Having occasion last week to inspect a grave in one of the parishes of this city, in which two or three members, of a family had been buried some years since, and which lay in very wet ground, I observed that the upper part of the coffin was rotted away, and had left the head and bones of the skull exposed to view. On inquiring of the grave-digger how it came to pass that I did not observe the usual sockets of the eyes in the skull, he replied, that what I saw was the hind part of the head (termed the *occiput*, I believe, by anatomists), and that the face was turned, as usual, to the earth. Not exactly understanding his phrase, "as usual," I inquired if the body had been buried with the face upwards, as in the ordinary way: to which he replied, to my astonishment, in the affirmative, adding, that in the course of decomposition the face of every individual turns to the earth, and that, in the experience of twenty-three years in his situation, he had never known more than one instance to the contrary.'



## A Blow in the Dark.

THE REGENT—we go back to the time of Louis XV., in Paris—was fond of entertaining his friends with brilliant torchlight *fêtes* at Mousseaux, and often in a freak of caprice he would order all the lights to be suddenly extinguished, leaving his gay guests entirely in the dark. Curious and sometimes romantic adventures frequently grew out of these *fêtes*, one of which we purpose to relate.

The Chevalier Viltrac, a courtly but eccentric gentleman, while making his way through the groups of visitors, accidentally trod on a foot. An energetic oath exploding at the same moment, he thought it the property of a man, and, expecting a blow, he struck out at hazard, trusting to fortune that his fist should reach its proper destination. Conceive his surprise, when a soft, lovely shriek, as plaintive as the note of a thrush, reached his ear. Fearing in his wild haste that a lady had received the blow, he fled, after hearing a voice near him exclaim:

"Madame Parabène is ill!"

The chevalier was now in a state of alarm, as Madame Parabène was the favorite of the Regent; and if it was discovered that she had received an insult at his hands, even though it occurred in the dark, his head would expiate the offence.

The chevalier, fearing that she might have recognised his voice, and knowing her temper to be hot and impetuous, cast about him as to what line of conduct to pursue. To fly to England was his first thought. No! he would be discovered before he reached the sea! Commit suicide? No! that was worse than suffering at the Bastille. An expedient presented itself, which, upon brief reflection, he determined to adopt. Disguising himself as a valet—as François, his own valet—he wrote a letter of recommendation from himself, and applied for a situation to a certain Baron Boubon, who did not know him personally.

Thus securely disguised in livery, the startled chevalier waited on the baron—a pompous, conceited man of about fifty, fat, and embowered with the assumed airs of a gallant troubled with obesity. Waving his scented handkerchief, the chevalier stood in his august presence.

"Ah," said the baron, scanning the form of the applicant; "you come well recommended. I have a great respect for your late master, and should like to serve you."

The chevalier turned his head, and inquired, with slight trepidation:

"Do you know him, M. le Baron?"

"Not personally, but by reputation extremely well. As I was saying, I should like to serve you. My establishment is full at present, but I have spoken to my aunt, the Marchioness de l'Espalier, who, understanding you were recommended by the Chevalier Viltrac, consents to engage you!"

The chevalier turned over her name in his memory, but could not recognise it.

"I'm sure I'm much obliged to her," remarked he. "Does she know my late master?"

"I'm not able to say," replied the baron; but added, in a significant tone, "you will clearly understand that you owe your engagement to my influence!"

The chevalier intimated that he was the soul of gratitude.

Again the baron scanned the form of the valet, and his eyes rested on his clear, frank brow and deep, earnest eyes.

"Young man, can I take you into my confidence?" said he, arranging his portly form on a rich ottoman. "You seem an honest fellow!" I like the expression of your face!"

The lacquey bowed.

"Don't blush—I am very sincere! Come, I'll trust you! Remember, what I say is in strict confidence."

Another bow.

"You must know," pursued the baron, in a confidential tone, which betrayed anxiety, "that my uncle, the Marquis de l'Espalier, who was a strange, whimsical being, some years ago had a pretty housekeeper in his service, who was famous for making superb ices and jellies. My uncle was a gourmand as well as a fool; and one day he took it into his head to marry his young housekeeper!"

"Her ices raised a flame in his bosom!" remarked the chevalier, drily. The baron coughed slightly, and proceeded:

"The consequences of this ridiculous marriage were, that my expectations went to the dogs; in other words, my uncle, instead of leaving me his fortune at his death—which occurred about two years ago—had the bad taste to settle it all on his wife."

"Shameful in the extreme!" remarked the chevalier. "It is just the way with these wives!"

"Now comes the great secret of my communication!" said the baron, lowering his voice into a mellow tone of loving confidence. "What I wish now, is to marry the marchioness, who is still blooming!"

"But she is your aunt!" expostulated the valet.

"That goes for nothing. What I most desire is, your assistance: and to begin, I must tell you that she hates the very sight of me." As the baron spoke, he raised himself from the velvet cushion in very mockery of the thought.

"Hates the sight of him!" thought the chevalier—but he was careful not to embody his thoughts in words. "Ah!" she must be a woman of taste, whoever she is!" and, after assuring him that anything in his humble capacity he could do he would embark in willingly, the baron expounded his notions of conquest.

"I fancy," continued he, "despise me, as she thinks she does—but it must be a delusion—a woman's whim—I fancy if I have near her a faithful fellow like yourself, who will perpetually sound my praises, and abuse everybody else in an artful manner, I think much may be done, in time, towards dispelling her indifference!"

The chevalier began to open his eyes, and comprehend the character of his companion.

"Do you comprehend me?" he inquired.

"Perfectly! I am to combine the functions of the spy with the duties of the servant? To lose no opportunity of knocking everybody else down, and helping you up?"

The baron was delighted at his aptitude, and gave him a piece of gold.

"Don't doubt me for a moment!" pursued the chevalier, warming with the prospect of an adventure. "I quite comprehend you—you want a subtle, cunning, ingenious knave!" You want me to keep my ears to the doors and my eyes to the letters—to search, inquire, keep watch, and faithfully report to you everything that occurs with which the marchioness is in any way connected?"

"A master—by heavens, a master at intrigue!" roared the fat baron, in delight, and urging another piece of gold on his confidant; "you will be invaluable—a treasure—a —"

The footstep of the marchioness was heard in the vestibule. The baron hurried the chevalier out of the way, promising to urge on her his immediate engagement. The next moment the marchioness, in an agitated state, flounced into the apartment. Her face was crimsoned, her eyes flashed, and her manner betrayed high nervous irritation. The baron sought shelter from the storm behind a screen for a moment.

"I'd give half I possess in the world to know who it was!" exclaimed she, walking about the room, to the peril of the *Chinoises* scattered on the rich tables. "Whenever I think of it the indignant blood leaps through my veins. I always loved Mousseaux, and after the Regent ordered the lights to be extinguished, I received two declarations, four kisses—and—and a blow!" The declarations and the kisses were all well enough—but the blow——!"

The baron could endure his exile no longer. He crawled rather than walked from the screen, and took up a position that she might see him. As the marchioness glanced in his direction, he drew up his face until it assumed the expression of what he intended as a most fascinating smile.

"Oh, baron, are you here again!" said she, with irritation. "What are you doing? Don't smirk so—it makes you look like a monkey! A smile on your face reminds me of a butterfly on a nutmeg grater!"

Severe as was this rebuke, and although she muttered something to the effect that it was a great bore to have a nephew as old as a grandfather, the imperturbable baron, bent on conquest, and proof against repulse, took no notice of these assaults, but attempted to soften her temper.

"Charming, incomparable aunt!" said he, humbly; "would I could add wife as well!" I wish to speak to you about the new valet!"

"Well, speak away—what have you got to say? Where is the valet? Let me see him immediately! If you would not see me have wrinkles, baron, before I'm five-and-thirty, you'll not distress me at this moment!"

"But the valet?"

"Send him to me at once!"

The baron rang a bell, and going to the door of an ante-room, beckoned in the chevalier, who entered with a timid step. The marchioness, on seeing him, started and betrayed the slightest emotion,

which she quickly suppressed with all the tact of a woman of the world. Then, turning to Viltrac, she said, sharply:

"Come here—come here, I say!" and in the force of her impatience she stamped her foot ill-temperedly.

The chevalier was piqued for an instant, and said:

"Madame, I have not got wings!"

"Who said you had, fool? Speak? what is your name? Don't keep me waiting!"

"François."

"Well, François, I'm in an ill temper!"

"Indeed, madame, I should never have suspected it!" replied the chevalier, with cool self-possession.

The baron applauded this remark in silence. He thought he saw a keen readiness and persuasive sophistry in the remark of his coadjutor.

"Well, François, I take you into my service! You shall have nothing to do and plenty to eat! Will that suit you?"

"At doing nothing I am a master—a valet, I beg madame's pardon; and, in the matter of appetite, from a child my capacity in that respect has been especially remarked!"

The baron thought this another *coup*, and grinned with satisfaction. Whispering to the chevalier to be on the *qui vive* for all that occurred, he made a low bow, and quitted the chamber, unseen by the marchioness, who by this time had found her way into a *fauteuil*, and seemed lost in meditation. Dismissing the new valet, she instructed him to be within the sound of her bell.

"What an astonishing likeness that man bears to his former master, the chevalier Viltrac!" mused she, with a thoughtful earnestness written on her face; "whom I once knew when I was lady's maid to his aunt, the Baroness Brevanne, at St. Germain! Ah! the chevalier has forgotten me! I left his aunt and went as housekeeper to the Marquis d'Espalier, finally became his wife, and so he has lost sight of little Florine, as he once called me! His valet brings back a long train of pleasant recollections, and I am not sure but that I was happier then as Florine than now as the marchioness! I have a strange fancy that this valet looks exceedingly like his master!" and, determining to have another look at him, she rang her bell.

In a moment the chevalier, true to his instructions, was at her side. She regarded him with a scrutiny that made him feel uncomfortable, and she did not fail to observe his embarrassment.

"François!" said she, in her sweetest tones, "I am perishing with *ennui*! I wish to be amused! Suppose you tell me a story!"

Viltrac looked still more confused, and colored deeply, which was not lost on the marchioness.

"What shall I tell, madame?" he at length managed to utter.

"Oh, something I don't know, of course! By the way, can you dress hair?"

"Perfectly well!" replied the chevalier, whose confidence was slowly returning. "And I should rejoice to illustrate my skill on yours!"

The marchioness arose, still watching the expression of his face, and seated herself at her toilette, facing the mirror. The chevalier bent over her, and attempted to put in practice his knowledge of powder and ringlets, but his achievements were so awkward, that he threw the powder in her eyes.

"Bless me!" exclaimed the marchioness, with warmth. "You will blind me!"

"I should be made to suffer ten thousand deaths, did I do anything so cruel!" quickly remarked the chevalier, in a gallant tone; "for madame's eyes are —"

"Do you think them pretty?" interrupted she, casting them up into his face over her beautifully rounded shoulder.

"They brim with sweetness and expression, as my former master would say!"

"Your former master! Come, tell me of him. Has he the same distaste for military life?"

"I believe so."

"They say he is brave-hearted, too!"

"He would go through fire and water to serve a friend. Water I am sure he would—for he can swim!"

The marchioness seemed to gather curiosity as she proceeded.

"They tell me he will not fight a duel. How do you account for that?"

"He has some crotchets on that point. I've often heard him say that duelling is a barbarous custom!"

"Between ourselves, François," retorted she, with an emphasis which made the chevalier wince, "I think him a bit of a coward! What do you think?"

"I do not."

"I'm not at all clear on that point!" and as he proceeded in his toilet labors, she further questioned him.

"Where is he now, I wonder?"

"In Paris, and closely disguised. Now you will not betray him, madame!" And for a moment the chevalier hesitated, fearing he had been imprudent to reveal so much to a woman who was merely inquisitive.

"Do not fear I will betray him—I give you my honor. Come, answer me! Why is he in disguise?"

Re-assured, Vilrac continued.

"He was last night at the *fête* given by the regent at Mousseaux, and in the dark by mistake he struck Madame Parabène, the regent's favorite, a blow."

"How singular!" said the marchioness to herself; "then it was Vilrac's hand who dealt it, and he thinks Madame Parabène suffered! How strange!"

The chevalier did not observe the flush that suffused her face as she inquired what retreat he had chosen.

"I decline to reveal where he is at present," said he; "and you will pardon me, madame, if I ask why you take this interest in him? Do you know him at all?"

Without replying, she sat at her *escretoire*, and wrote these words:

"I hear you are in trouble. I offer you an asylum in my hotel. Do not hesitate to accept my protection."

Folding the slip of pink perfumed paper on which this was hurriedly written, she handed it to Vilrac, and desired that he would address it. He obeyed reluctantly, almost trembling as he wrote. The marchioness watched him narrowly, and carefully examined his handwriting, which, though merely displayed in his own name, she at once recognised, and her suspicions were immediately confirmed. It required some nerve to conceal the agitation caused by this disclosure, but, mastering herself, she said, gaily:

"You'll undertake it, I have no doubt!" And then affecting remissness for a moment, she added:

"What did you say your name was?"

"François!" prompted he.

"Ah, true—true, François! you'll be able to convey this to your master safely?"

"Madame may be as easy as if he had it at this moment!" quoth the chevalier, putting the billet in his pocket with an easy air.

The marchioness could not but admire the sang-froid with which this was said, and her heart, true to its early impulses, revived a thousand recollections of past days. Then he had neither title nor fortune. Then she was obscure and humble. Now she glittered in the splendor of wealth, and boasted a coronet. Her station—to say nothing of the lapse of years—had changed her so much, that he never for a moment suspected the warm-hearted, volatile marchioness he was then addressing to have been the idol of his days of boyhood.

Luncheon ordered, she placed François behind her chair and resumed the conversation.

"By the way," said she, with an affected languor which masked a depth of unsuspected curiosity, "resuming our conversation of Vilrac—is he married?"

"No, madame."

The marchioness received this pleasant intelligence with well-acted indifference, but she could not forbear adding:

"Did you ever hear him say that he had loved?"

Although the chevalier a moment before had inwardly determined to reveal no more of his own affairs to one whom he believed sought a knowledge of them from mere motives of idle curiosity, yet this interrogative fell so artlessly from her lips, and her manner was so irresistible, that his reply seemed to frame itself spontaneously, but not until she softly repeated the question.

"Never, but once!" said he; "and that was some years ago!"

"Who was the object of his adoration? Some opera dancer, I dare say!"

"Nothing of the sort!" pursued he, again led into the snare so artfully laid for him, but which he nowise suspected; "it was a simple lady's maid!"

"And her name was —"

"Florine. She was in the service of his aunt, at St. Germain, I think I have heard him say."

The heart of the marchioness beat at these words. It was a confession sweet and hopeful from the man of all others whose love she coveted.

"If he loved her as you say, why did he not marry her?"

"The truth is, his aunt forced him to leave St. Germain, and she afterwards wrote to him that his Florine had eloped with an officer of dragoons. My poor master—it almost broke his heart!"

The marchioness bit her lip with vexation. The charge was cruel and unfounded, as none than she knew better. Withdrawing from the table, to conceal her rising anger, she desired the chevalier to place a cushion on the floor on which to rest her feet. He did so—kneeling at the same moment, and gazing at them admiringly.

"Pardon, madame!" exclaimed he, with enthusiasm; "but your feet are so tiny and exquisite, I almost wish I was one of the little blue slippers that imprison them!"

"François," said she, with assumed anger, "you are growing presumptuous!"

"That's another habit I got from my master. He never sees a beautiful woman, but he revels in a sea of compliments; and in that respect I am so much like him!"

"But," said she, pointedly, "remember you and he are very different persons!"

"You say I am presumptuous!" exclaimed the chevalier, still on his bended knee, and gazing into her beautiful face; "after all, this livery is only the covering of a man! Is it because you are a marchioness you are pretty? Who knows but that because you are pretty you are a marchioness?"

She trembled with agitation. He seemed on the brink of confessing his real character.

"Marchioness or not," he continued, "I only see in you a woman—a pretty, kind-hearted, coquetish woman! I will confess, then, if I perish for my boldness, I love you with all my soul! You see at your feet not your valet, but your slave!"

At this moment the baron bustled unannounced into the boudoir. He stood aghast at what he saw; a lacquey at the feet of his noble aunt.

"Here, fellow! what is the meaning of all this?" exclaimed he, flourishing his cane. "Do you follow my instructions after this fashion?"

"I was relating a fairy legend to madame!" replied the chevalier, coolly.

"Yes, I know all about your fairy legends, as you call them! Leave the room, sirrah!"

Taking advantage of the mutual confusion, the marchioness suddenly quitted the room, with a plan in her mind to test the doubted courage of her gallant chevalier. When the baron turned round with an appeal to her sense of dignity for permitting a mere valet to kneel at her feet, she was gone.

The chevalier discovered a thousand excuses for remaining where he was. He dusted the portfolios, arranged the ornaments, and settled the toilet appointments.

"Leave the room, knave!" shouted the baron, quivering with anger.

The chevalier hummed one of the daintiest of melodies.

"Stop your singing!"

"With pleasure!" And he whistled a bolero.

"Insult me further, valet, and I'll —"

Ere he could finish the sentence, the chevalier, with chilling audacity, desired him to join him in a minuet.

"I'll minuet my cane about your back!" and in the heat of his anger, he chased Vilrac about the apartment with his cane. Parrying the blows with his arm, which was strong and sinewy, in an unguarded moment he dealt the baron a sound blow on the cheek.

"*Sacre Dieu!*" roared the baron in a tempest of passion. "A blow from a lacquey!" And, going towards the door, he added: "I shall summon the guard!"

Vilrac, now indeed felt a forlorn hope. He had assumed a disguise to evade the ill consequences of one rash blow, and now perilled his safety by committing another. The baron had him in his power, which was evident to the mind of the chevalier. Rather than be dragged ignominiously to prison, he determined at once to assert his rank.

"I'll teach you to assault your superiors!" ejaculated the baron, with a revengeful air.

The chevalier drew himself up proudly, and said: "Baron Boubon, I am your equal—for know that, instead of François the valet, I am the Chevalier Vilrac!"

"Pooh—pooh! a likely story!" returned the baron.

"I tell you I am in disguise!"

"And why in disguise—why dupe me with your mean disguises?"

"I confess to you, then, that at the *fête* at Mous-

seaux, last night, I gave by mistake, in the dark, Madame Parabène a blow!"

"You seem to be apt at that sort of thing!" And the baron rubbed his cheek. "Well, sir, now that I know who you are, we'll arrange the conditions of the combat!"

"Fight a duel!" exclaimed the chevalier, interrogatively.

"Precisely so, unless apologies of the most humble character are offered!" said the baron, in a bluster, striding about in the grandeur of his swollen pomposity. "And, as I do not see a desire on your part to make such an amend, we must fight, sir—fight!"

Had the chevalier been disposed to utter a reply, it must have been a brief one—for at that moment the servant entered, and announced the name of Madame Parabène!

The chevalier's blood ran cold in his veins—for he had just confessed to the baron his participation in the affair at Mousseaux. The thought occurred to him that he might yet effect his escape; but as he reached the door, the graceful figure of a lady interposed in a riding-habit, cap, and feather: her face was concealed by a green velvet mask, beneath which gleamed a pair of lustrous eyes. The baron, forgetting his grievance for a moment, bowed obsequiously as she entered.

"Which of you two is named François?" she said, after glancing at the twain. "It is no matter—I have his description here!" And, consulting a tablet of ivory which was suspended from her finger by a golden ring, quietly remarked, her eyes fixed on the chevalier: "You are Chevalier Vilrac in disguise!"

"It is useless to deny—I am!" quietly returned that gentleman.

"You may be aware that a gentleman has recently very grossly assaulted a lady. You are the gentleman—I am the lady. Had I uttered one syllable to the regent, your head would have paid the forfeit; but that is not my mode of proceeding. I believe it to be useless to confide to others what we can do on ourself!"

"Then, madame," said the chevalier, "you wish—"

"Satisfaction for the outrage you committed last night!" returned the mask, with decision; "a trifle will satisfy me!"

"Name it?" cried the chevalier.

"Your life!" was the prompt reply.

"I have every desire to satisfy you, madame, but what you set so small a value on is highly important to me! I cannot therefore yield it without resistance!"

"Ha—ha!" laughed madame; "I have no desire to tell you with one blow! A duel is the better plan!"

"Fight with a lady!" exclaimed the chevalier, in as gallant a tone as he could summon.

"Do not give yourself concern on that point—you'll find me a match for a man! If it will strengthen your confidence in me, allow me to tell you that I studied under St. George and Madame, Villars, the heroine of the famous duel with the Marchioness of Nesle, is my pupil. I may as well tell you, at the same time, that I have disarmed this morning, Madame Polignac, who has the steadiest nerves and the quickest eye in the kingdom!" And, clapping her hands three times, a servant entered bearing two swords.

"My feelings have undergone a change!" said the chevalier, with an air of embarrassment; "suppose you kill me?"

Flourishing her sword, she blandly replied:

"I confidently count on doing so!"

"But allow me to explain!" cried the chevalier, in alarm.

"Explain!" she repeated the word with a sneer; "I fear I am deceived! Your hesitation shows you to be a lacquey—and not the Chevalier Vilrac!"

These words grated harshly on his ear.

"He tried to persuade me he is that gentleman!" chimed in the baron; "but his spirit proves to the contrary!"

"You are quite right, sir—it does!" And, turning to the chevalier, she added, with contemptuous emphasis; "and I wished to fight this drudge!"

"Ha—ha!" echoed the baron; "a drudge—an impostor!"

Vilrac could endure this no longer. His blood leaped through his veins, as, snatching the remaining sword from the hands of the servant, he placed himself in the attitude of defence, exclaiming:

"Come on, madame—I am neither drudge nor impostor!"

The swords came together in good earnest, and after a few passes Vilrac caused his fair antagonist

to retreat. She paused to rest, but they resumed the fight, and in less than ten minutes she was disarmed, and sank into a chair with exhaustion.

"What strength you possess!" she cried, almost overcome with the abruptness of the conflict.

"A woman cannot put it fairly to the test!" shrieked Viltrac; "the baron, here, shall now develop it still further!" and as he spoke he turned his sword on the baron.

"Eh—fight? No—no!" He had been observing Viltrac's skill with evident symptoms of uneasiness. "I'll be content with an apology!"

"Never!" cried the chevalier; "come, don't lose time!"

"Then I'll make you one."

"I'll not receive it! Defend yourself, or I'll impale you on the spot!"

Raising from the floor the sword which madame had dropped, Viltrac made several lunges at the baron, who, half frightened out of his wits, defended himself most clumsily; and at length bawled out, in a tremulous voice, that he was wounded, though the chevalier had only passed the point of his sword through the sleeve of his coat.

"Enough—enough!" screamed the baron, falling with difficulty on his great knees.

"Then honor is satisfied, and I know you for a miserable coward!" And, throwing himself at the feet of the lady, still enmasked, the chevalier said: "Will you deign, madame, to pardon me for that blow inflicted by mistake?"

A pretty white hand now removed the mask, a merry laugh rang joyously through that gay boudoir, and the marchioness stood disclosed before him.

"You are fully forgiven!" cried she; "but never repeat the offence!"

"The marchioness!" cried the chevalier, standing as if transformed to marble.

"The marchioness now—but who was once that same little Florine of whom you told me to day!"

"Can it be possible that the Marchioness d'Espalier is the same Florine I once loved at St. Germain's?"

"The very same!" And the charming marchioness bestowed on him one of her most fascinating smiles.

"It has all the wildness of a vision!" said the chevalier; but a cloud passed over his fine, manly face, as he inquired: "But how about that elopement with the dragon officer?"

"It was a wicked invention of your aunt to drive me out of your head!"

"Instead of which it drove me almost out of my own! But tell me about that blow last night? I am still in the dark!"

"Strange to say, it was received by me, and not Madame Parabène, as you supposed! To confess the truth—and I hope you will forgive my frankness, though it should wound you—I had some doubts as to your courage, from the grounds you took against duelling! I formed a sudden plan to personate the lady whom you thought you had assaulted, and challenge you to combat! If I had doubts of your valor, they are now for ever removed!"

"And it was you who received the blow that has made so much noise?" the astonished chevalier could not help repeating. A thousand pardons, dearest Florine—for I will still call you so! The baron has been kind enough to take me into his confidence, and tell me the story of your marriage! I know you are now the most charming of widows!"

The baron, piqued and mortified at the part he had enacted in the scene, and hitherto silent, now ventured to remark:

"But she need not be so any longer! I offer her my hand!"

"And take care you do not get this in return!" And the chevalier raised his foot, and threw towards him the gold coins he had intended as bribes, simultaneously. "There are your bribes, old man!"

That the marchioness was really beautiful there could be no doubt; but in Viltrac's eyes she looked an angel, as she timidly desired to know whether he loved the marchioness as he once did Florine.

"With my whole soul!" exclaimed the chevalier, in the most impassioned manner, folding her gently to his breast: "and, singular as it may appear, I am indebted for all this happiness to that blow in the dark. It has enabled me to discover little Florine transformed into one of the most fascinating of marchionesses, and to hope that the Chevalier Viltrac is destined, I trust, to be at no distant day her husband!"

ILL blows the wind that profits nobody.

**MATERIALS IN THEIR INVISIBLE STATE.**—If a piece of silver be put into nitric acid, a clear and colorless liquid, it is rapidly dissolved, and vanishes from the sight. The solution of silver may be mixed with water, and, to appearance, no effect whatever is produced; thus, in a pail of water we dissolve and render invisible more than fifty dollars' worth of silver, not a particle of which can be seen. Not only silver, lead, and iron, but every other metal can be treated in the same way, with similar results. When charcoal is burned, when candles are burned, when paper is burned, these substances all disappear, and become invisible. In fact, every material which is visible can, by certain treatment, be rendered invisible. Matter which in one condition is perfectly opaque, and will not admit the least ray of light to pass through it, will, in another form, become quite transparent. The cause of this wonderful effect of the condition of matter is utterly inexplicable. Philosophers do not even broach theories upon the subject, much less do they endeavor to explain it. The substances dissolved in water or burned in the air are not, however, destroyed or lost; by certain well-known means they can be recovered, and again be rendered visible; some in exactly the same state as they were before their invisibility; others, though not in the same state, can be shown in their elementary condition; and thus it can be proved that matter, having once existed, never ceases to exist, although it can change its condition, like the caterpillar, which becomes a chrysalis, and then a gorgeous butterfly. If a pailful of the solution of silver be cast into the sea, it is apparently lost by its dispersion in the mighty ocean; but it nevertheless continues to exist. So, when a bushel of charcoal is burned in a stove, it disappears, in consequence of the gas produced being mixed with the vast atmosphere; but yet the charcoal is still in the air. On the brightest and sunniest day, when every object can be distinctly seen above the horizon, hundreds of tons of charcoal, in an invisible condition, pervade the air. Glass is a beautiful illustration of the transparency of a compound, which in truth is nothing but a mixture of the rust of three metals. This power of matter to change its conditions from solid opacity to limpid transparency, causes some rather puzzling phenomena. Substances increase in weight without any apparent cause; for instance, a plant goes on increasing in weight a hundred-fold for every atom that is missing from the earth in which it is growing. Now, the simple explanation of this is, that the leaves of plants have the power of withdrawing the invisible charcoal from the atmosphere, and restoring it to its visible state in some shape or other. The lungs of animals and a smokeless furnace change matter from its visible to its invisible state. The gills of fishes and the leaves of plants reverse this operation, rendering invisible or gaseous matter visible. Thus the balance in nature is maintained, although the continual change has been going on long prior to the creation of the "extinct animals."

**A PARTY IN THE DESERT.**—When the country was absolutely arid, we went steadily on in a compact body; but occasionally in the beds of valleys, or in almost imperceptible hollows in the plain, were expanses covered by a growth of dwarf plants, with more weed than leaf, or even by spare thickets of rather lively green. Then the camels stretched down their long necks, now to one side, now to the other, not absolutely stopping, but pausing to snatch mouthfuls, and munched it as they went. It is scarcely necessary to say that the camel carries water for others than itself, and that only at copious wells is it allowed to drink. The donkeys, by their nature, claimed better

treatment, and generally, when we halted about evening time, they had to be satisfied with no more than a draught once in forty-eight hours, and then, poor things, they drooped, and we were obliged to dismount, and walk with their halters round our arms. The rate at which a donkey travels is about four miles to the hour; so that, when our animals were well refreshed, we used to ride on ahead and wait for the slow-moving caravan, enjoying our pipes, and sometimes even making coffee, though rarely could a patch of shade be found.

**WORTH HEEDING.**—If men gave three times as much attention as they now do to ventilation, ablation, and exercise in the open air, and only one-third as much to eating, furnishing, and late hours, the number of doctors, dentists, and apothecaries, and the amount of neuralgia, dyspepsia, gout, fever, and consumption, would be changed in a corresponding ratio. Mankind would rapidly present the aspect, not only of a far healthier and thrifter, but a far more beautiful and more virtuous race.

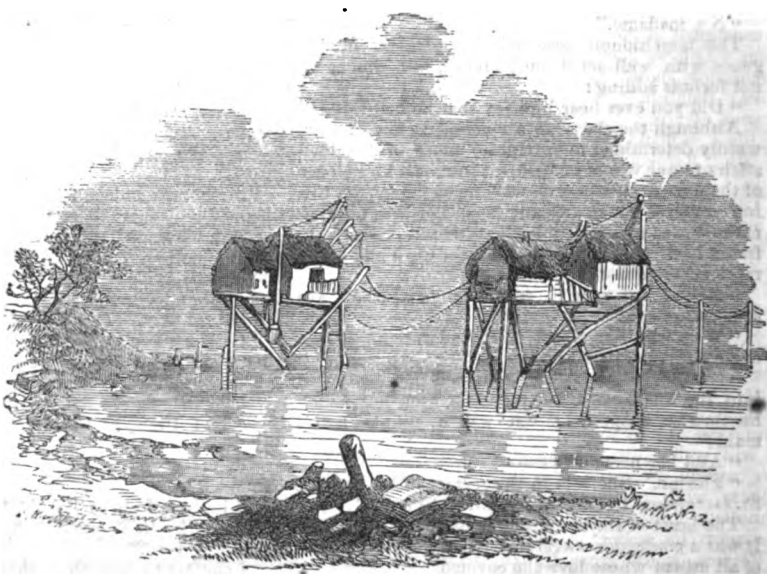
**FANNY KEMBLE SAYS:**—"I firmly believe that we must not look for the real feelings of writers in their works; or rather, that what they give us, and what we take for heart-feeling, is head-wraving—a species of emotion engendered somewhere betwixt the bosom and the brain, and bearing the same proportion of resemblance to reality that a picture does; that is, like feeling, but not feeling; like sadness, but not sadness; like what it appears, but not, indeed, that very thing. And the greater the man's power of thus producing sham realities, the greater his main qualification for being a poet."

**THE PRESS IN AMERICA.**—I should not expect to be credited, (says Mr. W. Chambers in his new book on America,) did I not speak from official authority, when I say that on the 1st of June, 1850, there were in the United States 350 daily newspapers, with an aggregate circulation of 750,000 copies; as many as 2,000 weeklies, circulating in the aggregate 2,875,000 copies; and that altogether, including semi-weekly, tri-weekly, monthly, &c., there were 2,800 prints, with a total aggregate circulation of 6,000,000. The number of newspapers printed during the year which then expired amounted to 422,600,000 copies—a fact which throws more light on the freedom of thought in the States than any other I could advance.

**COWARDS die many times before their deaths; the valiant never taste of death but once.**

#### Fishing Houses on the Bosphorus.

THE crystal clearness of the waters of the Bosphorus is evidenced by the rude and simple apparatus of the Turkish fishermen, of which we present our readers with a sketch. A few poles are driven into the beds of the stream, upon which a hut of the rudest description is constructed. Nets are stretched across the banks of the stream, and such is the transparency of the water, that the fishermen from their huts can see the fish in their nets, and haul them up without any further trouble. By this simple contrivance large captures of the finny tribe are made; the fishermen, with true Eastern gravity, smoking their pipes in the huts above while the nets are filling. The fish, when taken, are immediately sent off for the supply of the faithful at Constantinople.



FISHING HOUSES ON THE BOSPHORUS.





COOLIES MUSTERING FOR WORK IN THE COFFEE-GROUNDS.

## Coffee.

THE lover of the grateful, refreshing beverage prepared from the berry of the Coffee, can form but a very indistinct idea, if he forms any at all, of the labor, anxieties and attention incident upon the production of that seed. He may perchance dream of sun-burnt, lordly planters; Nabobs—of fellows in straw hats and silk jackets; he may picture gorgeous scenery dotted with palaces and tigers, and see dimly in the distance carriages-and-four, and heaps of glittering gold. Having imagined all this, and inspected a few samples of the raw berry exposed to public gaze, in small round bowls, in a grocer's shop-window, he fancies that he understands the whole matter.

The object of the following sketch is to fill in from nature these fancy portraits, which bear no nearer likeness to the original than does the well-known mixture called "*Chicoree*" resemble what it is intended to supplant, even in color.

It may not be uninteresting to the reader, if, before entering upon the subject of the cultivation of Coffee, we place before him a few facts connected with the present position of this important produce. And first, we will observe that the present growth of Coffee throughout the world amounts to about five hundred millions of pounds weight, of which about four hundred and fifty millions of pounds are shipped to the various markets of the world, the remainder being consumed in the countries producing it. Of the above marketable quantities, the world receives from—

Brazil.....	170,000,000 lbs
Java.....	117,000,000 "
Ceylon.....	38,000,000 "
West Indies, &c.....	108,000,000 "
Arabia, and East Indies....	17,000,000 "

It will not be too much to say that the civilized world pays in the shape of prime cost, duties, freights, profits, &c., fully \$90,000,000 annually for this one article.

Such being the production each year, it will not be less interesting to see in what proportion Coffee is consumed in the different countries employing it, from which we have any statistical returns: such a calculation shows that the consumption is as follows: Belgium 9 lbs. for each inhabitant yearly; France 6½ lbs.; United States 5½ lbs.; Denmark 5½ lbs.; Holland 4½ lbs.; Prussia 3½ lbs.; Saxony 3½ lbs.; Bavaria 1 lb.; Great Britain and Ireland 1 lb.

The production of Coffee, as of several other things, takes place by three distinct means: by free labor, as in all British possessions; by slave labor, as in Brazil, and many of the foreign colonies; and by compulsory labor under direction of the government, as in Java, a Dutch colony.

The method adopted in the cultivation of this article varies in detail, although not in principle, just as we find the mode of raising wheat or turnips differs in various European countries. The scenery, the people, the article itself, each will be found varying in every Coffee-producing country. It will suffice our present purpose if we describe the various processes by which, in a free British colony, wild jungle-ground is made to produce abundant crops of this valuable berry. We will transport the reader, in imagination, to the island of Ceylon, in the great Indian Ocean, once famed for its pearls and its spices, but now known to commerce for very different productions—articles, if not as costly, at least of far more general use to mankind;

and amongst these is Coffee, in the growth of which Ceylon now occupies the position, not many years since held by the British West India Islands.

The country from which all the present varieties were derived by Europeans is Arabia, to this day producing coffee the most highly-prized of any—viz., the Mocha. The plant was, however, originally found in Abyssinia, where it may, to the present time, be seen in its wild state. It appears to have been cultivated in Arabia early in the 15th century. It was not until the latter part of the 17th century that the Dutch Governor-General of India introduced a quantity of the seed from an Arabian port to the island of Java, where they were sown, grew rapidly, and bore fruit. From these plants seedlings were raised, one of which was sent to the Botanic Garden at Amsterdam. From this single plant, it would appear that the whole of the British and Foreign West India Islands, as well as Brazil, derived their supply of seed; whilst the East India plantations, including those of Ceylon, have been supposed to receive theirs from Java. The first coffee plantation formed by Europeans was in the Dutch colony of Surinam, in the year 1718; ten years later it was introduced by the English into Jamaica, and into Martinique by the French, whilst the Brazilian estates were not formed until the year 1774.

In Ceylon the coffee-plant has been known to exist for about a century; but during the greater part of that time it was only found in the gardens allotted to the native temples. Hence it became propagated by the inhabitants to larger tracts of land, though still in an uncultivated state; and during the rule of the Dutch in that island it became an article of trade in a small way. It remained in this state until the year 1832, when the Governor, Sir Edward Barnes, planted a small experimental estate on the West Indian plan, and succeeded in producing a good sample of coffee. The example was shortly after followed by private individuals; and so well was this new quality of coffee received at home, that the profit consequent upon the undertaking induced great numbers of capitalists and adventurers to embark in the same direction. The extent of Crown lands sold for planting purposes was in 1835 only 435 acres; in 1838 it rose to 10,400 acres; in 1840 it amounted to 42,840 acres; and in the following year to 78,686 acres. In twelve years upwards of 300,000 acres had been thus disposed of, forming about 320 coffee plantations, varying in size from 80 to 100 acres.

The coffee-plant which yields the article of commerce, is one of a dozen species of the like genus, inhabiting various countries about the Tropics. It is the *Coffea Arabica* of botanists, and belongs to the order of *Rubiaceae*. From the engraving it may be seen that in appearance the coffee-plant closely resembles the Portugal lansel. The flowers assimilate to those of the jasmine, (as well also in fragrance,) while the full-grown fruit has the appearance of a ripe cherry.

The plant, if left uncultivated, grows in a wild, straggling manner, to about the height of ten or twelve feet. In plantations, however, it is as carefully pruned as any currant or gooseberry bush in this country, being kept down or "topped," when from five to seven feet high, and only a certain quantity of the best-bearing wood retained. It grows readily in many soils at various altitudes, from 500 to 4000 feet above the level of the sea in tropical countries, but does not yield abundantly or of fine quality, unless at between 1,700 to 3,500 feet, which on the slope of mountain land, and with good soil, is the favorite altitude.

A few of the earlier plantations in Ceylon were formed on low, flat land, not heavily timbered; but there they soon ceased to be productive. Experience proved that to ensure a lasting and profitable yield, heavy forests, or the upper ranges of mountain land, or along the undulating slope situated between the many lofty ranges of hills, should be selected. It is in such positions that the greater portion of the

good Ceylon coffee is now grown, and which, in commercial language, is called "Plantation," or "Mountain" kind, in contradistinction to the "Native," or inferior sorts gathered by the Singalese villagers from their wild trees, and sent to market with little, if any, care.

Wilder and more beautiful scenes can scarcely be found than those amidst which the coffee estates of Ceylon are formed. Vast tracts of land, cleared from huge forest trees, stretching along the steep sides of mountains, with the unfelled monsters of the jungle, waving their broad branches to the cold north winds, above; while below, miles of green "pattana," or prairie-ground, may be seen winding through the valleys, skirted by low tufts of oriental underwood; and dotted over with herds of wild buffaloes, with here and there the villagers' cattle quietly grazing. A plantation thus situated, when in full bearing, and with all the usual buildings on it, presents a most picturesque appearance, worthy the pencil of any artist. In its earlier stage, however, it wears a totally different aspect, and the life of a coffee planter, under such circumstances, is far from being either easy or agreeable.

Many of the best plantations are situated forty or fifty miles from the only town in the interior of the island, and a dozen miles from the smallest native village, with frequently no other estate for a long distance. To commence operations in felling the forest, under such circumstances, requires a man of some energy and resolution. Instances have not been wanting in which a young planter thus occupied has been deserted by every one of his coolies, from some offence, or through dislike to the spot, and left unaided in a leaf, hut, with nothing but a little dry rice, and no means of cooking it. On first locating in the depths of the jungle, to open a new estate, the care of the superintendent is to run up a small hut about eighty feet by six, of boughs, leaves, and jungle grass, upon the most convenient grassy knoll that can be found: this is to form his own dwelling-place during the first six months' operations, and occupies, perhaps, two hours in erecting. Within call from this leafy residence, a long line of building, of similar residence, is run up before sunset for the coolies and their native overseers, as well as for the planter's single servant. The first care of the planter is then to select a suitable spot for the "nursery" in which to raise a sufficient quantity of young seedlings for planting out at the proper season. This being found, the ground well turned up, and the seed sown, the work of felling the forest commences, with the view of securing as much available land as possible for the plants that will be ready to put out during the ensuing rains. The operation of felling, although apparently a very ordinary affair, is in these places one requiring considerable judgment, with a view to economising time and labor. Much of not only the cost, but of the future success of a coffee estate, will depend upon the judicious "fall" that may be made. Trees here are never cut down singly, neither indeed are they cut until they fall by the stroke of the axe: experience has taught the planter an economical lesson in this respect. It has been already said that these plantations are formed on the slopes of mountain forest-land: it is rare indeed



COFFEE-PLANT AND BERRY.



LINING AND STAKING THE COFFEE-GROUNDS.

that a piece of quite flat ground is met with in these precipitous regions. In placing his party of axe-men to work, the planter commences at the base of the hill, and works gradually upwards in a straight line; two men usually work at each tree, and occasionally when those are of large size, three axes will be placed at one trunk. The rapidity and regularity of stroke of these workmen is truly astonishing; and a prettier sight can hardly be met with than a felling party of sixty or a hundred coolies scattered apparently in disorder, but really in great method, and plying the bright, sharp axes as merrily and untiringly as though they were the merest toys, and had only just commenced. The trees thus attacked are not, however, cut through sufficiently to make them fall; they will be cut about half through, when the axe-men pass to the next, and so on until the party have maimed a whole legion of trees in a straight line from the base to the brow of the hill.

Then comes the interesting sight, and, to a stranger, a rather alarming one. The whole gang of coolies are mustered together in a line across the top of this mountain of wounded forest-kings; two men to a tree, they stand prepared for action, and at a signal, a whistle, or a blast on a huge conch-shell, away fly the bright axes ringing against the stubborn old trees, and this time they ply until the huge things are cut completely through. Then comes the din of destruction; this upper row of wide-spreading trees totter for a moment on the broken pediments, reel to and fro like drunken men, and then, with one long chorus of deep-sounding groans, they topple over on the row beneath, which in their turn, though but half cut through, stagger beneath the pressure from above, and with many a groan and heavy sigh, tumble headlong with their verdant branches, carrying the like destruction as they go, crashing, and splintering, and thundering, as they bend heavily to the earth. And so the deafening work goes on, until, like a mighty tempest, the roar has reached the basement of the mountain side; and all that is left of that once lordly forest is a wild steep of ruined, blighted, splintered stumps, and trunks, and branches.

The next task, and this should be begun at once, is to arrange the scattered wreck by applying the axe here and there, so as to facilitate the passage of the fire when all shall be ready, which it will be in about three months' time. As the rainy, or planting season draws nigh, firing commences. There is not much skill or labor wanting in this operation. The superintendent usually sees the "burn" started, which is, of course, always from the windward side of the dry mass. It is a brilliant and imposing sight towards evening, to watch the many jungle fires throughout one of these coffee districts, especially if you happen to be travelling through some quiet valley, and the "burns" are coming off on the mountain slopes far above you. The effect is then very magnificent, flinging as they do a supernatural glare over sky, and cloud, and forest. And later, too, when these fires have burnt out, and there remain but so many smouldering heaps of red flickering ashes, you may see them peering up amidst the depth of the jungle in the darkness of a thundery night, like the restless winking eyes of some wild, Titan denizens of the forests, disturbed in their mountain solitudes.

These fires sweep away all the small branches and some of the larger, but not all; the huge trunks being only badly singed and blackened. So soon as the embers are cold, a party of "lopers" are placed on the ground with light axes and "catties," or bill-hooks, with which they trim off every remaining branch; these are followed by other coolies, whose duty it is to pile all the lopped wood at certain intervals, where it is left to dry for a time, and, previously to the planting operation, has to be burnt off.

A month or so before the first rains commence, and which are there very regular in their approach, "lining and holing" form the chief work. A stranger to this life, scrambling over the rough ground, bewildered amidst the tangling masses of trunks of trees, rocks, &c., would imagine it impossible to plant a hundred acres of land with young coffee at regular intervals, or with any approach to uniformity of distance. It is done, however, and with marvellous rapidity. "Lining" and "staking" are accomplished quickly enough by means of long cords, having cloth tallies secured to it, at such intervals as the coffee is to be planted at. This line being stretched across the field by two or three coolies, high above all impediments, other men walk along, and drive in the ground sharp sticks immediately beneath each tally on the line. The ground being thus "staked" off, a party of "holers" follow—this is rather tough work, as stems, roots, &c., have to be removed from the spot indicated by the stake, and a hole dug eighteen inches square by the like in depth.

The first burst of thunder-storms over the hill tops is the signal for beginning "planting," and a right busy time it is; the whole force of the plantation is generally placed at this work, it being essential to have the plants in as early as possible. The young seedlings, when first put out from the nursery, are very small and invisible at a little distance, buried as they are amidst such acres of huge blackened trees and blasted rocks. The field appears one black, barren tract, so unlike anything approaching a "plantation," as to puzzle strangers not a little. For some months afterwards the plants are barely visible above the staves and rotting wood; but in twelve months the estate wears a cheerful green look, and busy parties of weedeers are to be seen going over the various fields with their heavy "Dutch hoes" and sharp-edged "coontanies," with which they grub up all obstinate roots.

While these early plants are growing, there is no rest for the superintendent. If there are no more fields to be planted, there are the coolies' lines or sheds to be erected in a permanent way; his own bungalow to be seen to, on some elevated spot, where a good look-out can be obtained over the working parties. Lastly, there are the "works" for securing and preparing the coming crop: a receiving shed, a pulping-house, a stove, and a long range of paved ground for drying the coffee on, occupy many months, and occasion an outlay of a good many hundred pounds. These should be ready for work by the time the plants have reached their third year, for at that time they give a maiden crop. In the hands of an active, clever manager, a coffee plantation in its third year will present one of the most picturesque scenes imaginable. The young bushes are then seen to perfection, before they begin to straggle and need the pruning knife; and if they have been judiciously selected and well planted, they will be as nearly as possible of equal size. Let the reader picture to himself, if he can, an estate of three hundred acres of young coffee, every bush in its proper place, each one tapering beautifully to the top, covered with deep-green leaves, and loaded with jasmine-like blossoms, and this stretching away along the steep-hill sides, up above one's head, almost to the clouds, and down again in the sharp valleys, where the rushing mountain streams tumble over acres of water-cresses. To the right and the left,—before, behind, above, below,—all is one beautifully undulating mass of lovely green and white, looking so green and white, as the sun shines full on it, that one might imagine the little trees to be loaded with emeralds half hidden by a heavy fall of snow. It is difficult to believe this to be the same place as was seen two years since, all black, and cold, and desolate. Away in the distance, just on the brow of a round hill, commanding an extensive view over the estate, stands a neat white-walled bungalow, with a real chimney and real smoke; and in front may be seen a prettily laid-out flower-garden, where, when we are near, we shall find roses, and dahlias, and mignonette, and sweet-peas, all telling so strongly of home, that one might be excused for looking round to see where the hay-rick and the corn-stack are.

Those who have partaken of the coffee-planter's hospitality,—and they are many, for he gives a welcome to all,—will attest how well the inside agrees in character with the exterior. If there are no luxuries to be found within, there are many comforts, and those of a substantial kind. And it had need be so, for the planter has a hard, and, unless married, a lonely life. Besides, he has just passed through two or three years of as great privation as fall to the lot of any man. The bungalow is usually the last matter attended to. Even the housing of the coolies has to be cared for before the superintendent's quarters. Until all this is complete, he has to be content with the stick and leaf hut alluded to in the early portion of this paper. That must be his lone, dark dwelling-place for the best part of two years, unless, as often happens, the heavy rains wash away the frail tenement, when he is fain to borrow shelter in one of the coolies' lines.

Until of late years the coffee-planters of Ceylon enjoyed a notoriety for all kinds of fool-hardiness. To be thought a "fool," or in jungle terms a "brick," was their chief ambition, a pride which cost not a few of them their lives. The fashion, however, has gone out, and at present they are, as a body, as steady and hard-working as any other class of toilers. With the best of them the wild jungle sort of life has proved hardening to the character. It has rendered them but ill adapted to society, and to a certain extent only on selfish pursuits.

The daily routine of a planter's life may be thus briefly summed up:—Day-break sees him up and accoutred; and with a cup of thick-looking, black coffee in his hand, he strolls into the verandah in front of his bungalow, if he happens to have one, where the coolies are mustering, tools in hand, ready for the day's work. All hands being out, the "check list," or muster-roll, is called over, beginning with Mootoo Carpen, and ending with Verasamy. In this process a quick and ready ear is needed, as it not unfrequently happens that those present cry out "all right" on behalf of any absentees, who would otherwise be fined or short paid. Mootoo considers it no offence to respond on the part of Tamby, and *vice versa*. The list being made up, the people are told off in working gangs of thirty or forty, under *canganies* or headmen, who receive from the manager the orders for the day's work. Whilst these several parties, numbering together sometimes as many as three hundred hands, proceed to the fields requiring them, the planter mounts his pony, and gallops to some more remote parts of the estate, to see how the young coffee looks, and if labor is needed elsewhere. Joining the working gangs, he remains amongst them, dismounted, until ten o'clock, having a vigilant eye to the style of their work, especially if it should be planting or pruning, or operations at crop-time. From ten to one the superintendent passes in the stores, and has his breakfast of curry and rice. The work-people return home to their meal at eleven, going into the field again at twelve. At one, the manager remounts, and goes over the same ground as in the morning. Once a month this monotonous life is varied by a trip to Kandy, the capital, and the interior, whence he brings, on the heads of coolies, fresh supplies of provisions, tools, clothing, and cash. In the next chapter I will give the process of securing the ripened crop and preparing it for shipment.

**SINGULAR ANTIPATHIES.**—The antipathies of the human mind are very extraordinary, and their effects are involuntary, irresistible, and unaccountable. Out of the almost innumerable cases of this affection of the nerves on record, we here subjoin a few of the most remarkable. Thus, for example, Uladislau, king of Poland, used to become almost frantic if apples were put in his sight. Henry III. of France, could not stay in a room where there was a cat; yet this king was so absurdly fond of dogs, that he would often walk about his palace with a basket of young puppies dangling by a piece of blue ribbon from his neck. Scaliger could not look at velvet without a violent shaking of the whole body. Marshal d'Albert could not endure the presence of a wild boar or a sucking pig. Boyle used to fall into convulsions at hearing water running from a tap. M. la Motte de Vayer, though he could not bear music, yet he delighted to listen to the roar of thunder. James I. could not bear the sight of a drawn sword; and Sir Knowles Digby narrates that his majesty shook so violently in knighting him, that he would have run the sword into the eyes of the knight elect had not the Duke of Buckingham guided it across his shoulders.

Though we travel the world over to find the beautiful, we must carry it with us, or we find it not.

### The Silkworm.

The internal arrangements of silk-mills have, of course, with the extended knowledge of machinery, and the appliances of steam, &c., been completely changed since Lombe's time; but the general principle upon which the operations are conducted are similar to the original.

Some of the silk-mills are confined entirely to the operation of "throwing," or preparing the silk for the various purposes for which it is required, either for spinning, weaving, or otherwise. There are, however, several large establishments where the whole of the operations are effected under the same roof, from the receiving of bales of raw silk as imported, to the finishing and packing the completed article for the market. To one of these factories the raw silk, as it is termed, is imported in bales, varying in size and weight, according to the custom of the country from which it is received; the bales of Bengal silk, which is mostly used, averaging about 180lbs. in weight, whilst those of China do not usually exceed 130lbs.

The appearance of the bales when opened is extremely beautiful, from the bright color of the silk, and also its glossy appearance. Silk when imported varies much in color, the China silk being of pure white, while the Bengal is of different shades of yellow, some being extremely bright and clear. The form of the hank varies according to the country from which it is received. The China silk is imported in what are technically called "books," of the form shown in the engraving, each "book" averaging in weight 9 lbs., and containing several hanks; this silk is frequently extremely fine, and is generally of a peculiarly even texture throughout. The form of the hanks of the other varieties will be best understood from the accompanying engravings, in which Fig. 1 shows a single hank of China silk, as taken from the "book," ready for manufacture; Fig. 2, a



BOOK OF CHINA SILK.

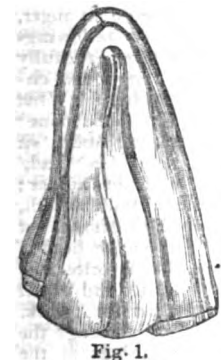


Fig. 1.

will proceed now to trace the silk through the progress of its preparation for the branches of manufacture for which it is intended.

As each part of a factory is connected with the other portions, we may as well just mention that here, as in many other similar establishments, the buildings are ranged on the four sides of a spacious yard; the end adjoining the river in this one being occupied by the steam-engine, the boiler-house, the smiths' and carpenters' shops, and other offices. From the steam-engine shafting is carried to each room in the different mills, to which gearing is attached for the working of the machinery, and pipes are also carried into each room of the factories and warehouse, which are kept heated by the steam-engine; thus, the whole motive power and heating of the various floors and rooms of the entire establishment, as well as some of the operations which we shall describe presently in the preparation of the silk, are produced from a single steam-engine.

People are apt at all times to associate with the very name of "factory" or "mill" extravagant notions of closely packed rooms filled with machinery, so ranged together as hardly to admit of the free passage of the large number of people employed in their care, the air oppressive and vitiated, and the

girls and people employed sickly, weak, and emaciated in the extreme; but if our readers were for a few moments to follow us through the rooms of the silk mill we are describing, or of any other modern structure of the kind, we could promise them that they would leave the place with other notions of the comfort, and cleanliness, and health of the operatives than they had before formed. The greater portion of the "hands" (as the people employed are called) in a silk mill are women and girls, though in some processes boys and men are occupied, and the work is comparatively light to that conducted in the cotton, and some other description of mills.

When the bale of silk is unbound, the hanks are untwisted and opened by women employed for that purpose, and then carried to the boiling house, where they are well soaked in a strong solution of soap, heated to within a few degrees of boiling by the agency of the steam-engine. The operations of soaking is carried on in large zinc-lined vats prepared for the purpose; by it the gummy or glutinous matter which attaches the threads of silk together are removed, and the texture of the silk itself considerably softened. After having remained in soak for several hours, the silk is carefully removed to a powerful machine, called a hydro-extractor, where all the fluid is immediately removed from it; this operation leaves the silk in a fit state for the next process, that of winding.

On being carried up from the boiling house, the hanks of silk are hung on the "silk rails," as long bars of wood pendant from the ceiling, are called, and their appearance, from their brilliancy of the color and the light, soft texture of the material, is extremely beautiful.



Fig. 4.



Fig. 5.

### Perseverance Rewarded.

A young peasant one day on returning to his village from Sion, a heavy fall of snow, about the beginning of October, met him on his toilsome ascent; he reached at length a rock from which he could see his own chalet, but in its stead nothing appeared but a frightful mass of snow heaps, beneath which his house, his wife, and their only child were doubtless engulfed. At first he was overwhelmed with despair, and threw himself on the rocks in a state of stupor; but presently the light of hope broke upon him—he started up, and rushed to the still uninjured cottage of one of his neighbors, whose assistance he entreated; several others joined with them, and together, armed with pickaxes and spades, they set to work with the view of disengaging the devoted family from the overwhelming wreck. It required both strength and resolution, and the friends worked till night with ardor. The young man was then left alone; he continued to labor without ceasing, and at daybreak his companions returned; the second day ended without result, but despair gave the husband fresh vigor, in spite of his fearful disappointment. A third day he toiled on, and at last, to his unspeakable rapture, he discovered the roof of his dwelling, and through an aperture for the smoke he perceived his wife sitting by the light of a lamp watching her infant, who was being at the moment suckled by a goat. His cries of joy were soon responded to, and the story of deliverance was soon told. A large rock behind the chalet had forced the avalanche which had descended, to take another direction, and all beneath the roof, to the last of his flock, were saved. His resolute perseverance was rewarded, and the pair became the objects of congratulation to the whole district. When one sees the position of these villages, one is not astonished at any of these histories, which however have seldom so fortunate an ending as this.

GOETHE has remarked that some books appear to be written for the purpose of showing that the authors know something of the subjects on which they write, rather than for the instruction of the readers.

He who receives a good turn should never forget it; he who does one should never remember it.

**NEW ZEALAND SUPERSTITION.**—To realise a knowledge of these superstitions as they now exist, I went with a New Zealander to a hut inhabited by an old woman celebrated for her intercourse with spirits. This Pythoness, after smoking a short black pipe, removed all the blazing sticks from the fire, so as to obscure the light partially, and then sat quite still. The two slave women, who up to this time had gone on with their work, now ceased to ply their fingers, laid their baskets down quietly, and also sat still without speaking. For a while we all observed a complete silence; but no strange sound was heard. At length, Tuakaraina began to show symptoms of impatience. He quitted his seat by me, and took the opposite side of the fire, near the old lady, where he stretched himself at full length, with his face to the ground, and called on the *Atua* by name. "Why are you so long in coming?" he shouted angrily. "Are you at Wai-kato, or where else at a distance, that you come not quickly?" The flame of the fire had by this time gone out, and the embers alone gave a dim light. It was, however, sufficient to enable me to distinguish the persons in the hut. They all sat except Tuakaraina, who, rolling himself on his belly, ceased not to call on his gods with great energy. The sight was strange and unexpected, and, at the moment, made a great impression on me. In spite of my better judgment, involuntary fancies would intrude on my imagination. Was it only a mere juggler I was about to witness? Might there not be more things in heaven and earth than were dreamt of in man's philosophy? These speculations were suddenly interrupted by a sound, as if something heavy had fallen on the roof of the hut; and then a rustling noise, just as might be made by a rat, crept along the thatch till it stopped just over our heads. The old woman covered her head and face in her blanket, and bent herself up nearly double, her head resting on her knees. And immediately from the spot where the rustling noise had ceased issued sounds imitative of a voice, but whistled instead of being articulated in ordinary tones. The old lady was detected practising a sort of ventriloquism, by uttering a squeak, which seemed to come from a lizard on the roof. But no mystery of Egypt could have been more solemnly enacted.

**A HINDOO.**—Let us take a specimen from this living mass of a hundred millions, and see in what he believes for this world and the next. Stand forth, educated Hindu! This man is of the highest caste—compared with other mortals he is of the finest porcelain, they of the densest brown earthenware. His white muslin robes set off his small figure well—his head-dress, a neat roll of the same material, is becoming and picturesque. Outwardly, there is nothing to complain of; the tint of the skin is pleasing, not too dark, merely a tinge of brown, a slight tinge, that harmonizes well with the glare around, affording an agreeable relief for the vision. Were it paler, like that of the Chinaman or the European, it would appear sickly to the eye accustomed to the darker livery. His small hands and feet might be envied by many a beauty in England; they are delicate, neatly-formed, eminently feminine in their proportions. The English beauty would not envy the color, the light-brown tint, but all the Kalydors and washes of London or Paris will never make her hand of that shape, nor will they give it that delicacy of touch, and smoothness of external surface, which are natural to his. The countenance, too, is rather a pleasing one. Examine each feature in detail, and you will find that they are well put together; that eyes, nose, mouth, and chin, are admirably chiselled, yes, that's the phrase—all the features of a man's face are chiselled now-a-days, not well-formed, or in proportion, but "admirably chiselled."—*Stoffern's "India."*

**THE CROOKED SIXPENCE.**—A bent coin is often given in the West of England for luck. A crooked sixpence is usually selected by careful grandmothers, aunts, and uncles, to bestow as the "hanselling" of a new purse. The following extract, from the Acts and Monuments of John Foxe, illustrates the practice; it occurs in the relation of the martyrdom of Alice Benden at Canterbury, 1527:—"When she was at the stake, she cast her handkerchief unto one John Banks, requiring him to keep the same in memory of her; and from about her middle she took a white lace, which she gave to her keeper, desiring him to give the same to her brother, Roger Hall, and to tell him that it was the last band she was bound with, except the chain. A shilling also, of Phillip and Mary, she took forth, which her father had bowed and sent her when she was first sent to prison," &c.—*Notes and Queries.*

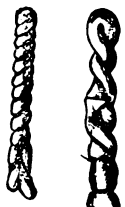


Fig. 2. Fig. 3.



### "Sea Elephants," or Elephant Seals.

THE pair of animals portrayed upon this page were captured on the Island of Desolation, south of the Cape of Good Hope; when caught, they were between four and five weeks old; at thirteen weeks, they weighed nearly three hundred weight each; but the Elephant Seal, when full grown, sometimes weighs five tons, and upwards; hence its name, as well as from the short proboscis with which the full-grown male is provided. Mr. Lizars remarks: "Compared with any ordinary seal three or four feet long, this enormous animal appears like an elephant when compared to a sheep." When a flock repose on the shore, some of them keep watch, and, if alarmed, down to the sea they go. Their gait is very singular; their motion being a kind of crawling, during which their body trembles, like a great bag of jelly. At the end of the third year, they are stated to attain a length of from 18 to 25 feet, and upwards, when they increase principally in fatness.

Weddell, in his "Voyage towards the South Pole," says: "It is curious to remark that the Sea Elephant, when lying on the shore, and threatened with death, will often make no effort to escape into the water, but lie still and shed tears, only raising its head to look at the assailants; and tho' very timid, will wait with composure the club or the lance which takes its life. In close contact, every human effort would be of little avail for the destruction of this animal, unwieldy as it is, were it to rush forward and exert the power of its jaws; for this is so enormous, that, in the agonies of death, stones are ground to powder in its teeth."

The Elephant Seals are, however, a harmless race, never attacking man unless in defence of themselves and their young. One of Anson's sailors lost his life by exasperating a mother, in whose presence he skinned her young one. But their disposition is affectionate and gentle; and a young one, petted by an English seaman, became so attached to his master from kind treatment for a few months, that it would come to his call, allow him to mount upon its back, and put his hands into its mouth.

The specimens, during the passage to England, recognised such persons as were kind to them; they did not eat throughout the voyage.

### Extraordinary Dental Operation.

PERHAPS few animals in the vast creation of God manifest more remarkable attachment to man than does the mighty elephant; its sagacity is wonderful,

take an interest in the zoology of different latitudes will be glad to discover a fresh instance of the marvellous instinct with which those gigantic animals are endowed. "Major ——— had a splendid elephant, of a most extraordinary temper; no one save its keeper and the Major's little boy, of six years old, could approach it with impunity. The keeper one day remarked that the poor creature looked ill,

beat its head against its house, and refused food. A skilful surgeon, belonging to the Major's regiment, being asked to look at the suffering creature, did so, and pronounced that a decayed tooth was the origin of its suffering; then came the question how it could be extracted? We think Cartwright himself would have been puzzled, had such a case come under his cognizance. At last it was suggested that a sharp instrument, like a carpenter's chisel, must be obtained; the elephant was made to lie down, and a firm mallet, wielded by a strong hand, urged the chisel under the root of the tooth, and thus split it out. The sagacious creature was soon laid down, but at the first blow of the mallet on the chisel it arose in anger, its bellows ringing fearfully through the enclosure. What was to be done? 'Little Massa' sit upon his head,' said the keeper; and, nothing loth, 'little Massa' got upon the head of his favorite, the mallet and chisel went to work, and, although the groanings of the poor fellow were touching to hear, at the end of a quarter of an hour the huge tooth yielded to the stalwart efforts of the operator. Little Massa dismounted from his throne, and the elephant, freed from its agonising tormentor, evinced his joy by taking up his little favorite and placing him on his back." For aught we know to the contrary, the sagacious creature is still alive; and the little boy, who



and a tendency to strong likings, and contrariwise antipathies, is a striking feature in the history of this noble animal. An anecdote of a very fine elephant, in the possession of an English officer at Calcutta, was related to us on perfectly credible authority, and we give it to our readers nearly verbatim as it was told us, in the belief that those who

sat switch in hand to chastise the slightest movement of the head, while the surgical operation was going on, still possesses the offending ivory so cleverly extracted.

THOUGH authority be a stubborn bear, yet he is oft led by the nose with gold.



### Pendulum Experiments in a Coal-Mine

WHILE all the world is being agitated and shaken to its centre by the fury of war, philosophy, it would appear, invariably pursues the even tenor of its way—ever advancing, seldom retrograding. And it is singular to have to remark, that in modern times the greatest practical discoveries or developments in science were made in periods of turbulence and commotion.

Electricity, as an all-pervading element, was defined and subjected to the manipulation of rules during a period of intense political excitement. The Marquis of Worcester devoted himself to the application of steam, as a motive power, during the horrors of the great civil war; and it is well known that steam navigation was first introduced conspicuously to the notice of civilized mankind just as England was commencing that grand struggle with France which, after fifteen years' almost incessant warfare, resulted in the dethronement and exile of the Colossus of Europe. It would therefore seem that when the human passions were at the highest point of anger, philosophy was in the greatest state of activity. Perhaps, inspired by the prevailing enthusiasm, it became more prolific in suggestions, and pursued them with greater avidity.

Be this as it may, periods of war have, within the past three centuries, been distinguished for discoveries and improvements in art and science; and after having had lately to hear so much about the war in the East, it is refreshing to have our attention directed to a series of experiments of the utmost importance to astronomy and science in general.

Professor Airey, the Astronomer Royal, undisturbed by the grand attempt to drive back the Great Bear, of the North to his native fastnesses, determined some weeks ago to pursue an inquiry on which he had been engaged for many years. That was no less than to ascertain, by means of observation and calculations, the weight of the earth—the weight of the very globe on which we live, and on which we are annually carried round the sun.

For this purpose he descended Harton Pit—a coal mine in the neighborhood of South Shields—which is 1260 feet deep, and has underground passages of more than 100 miles in extent. The apparatus he employed consisted of two astronomical clocks, with compensation pendulums, two invariable pendulums—Kater's—suspended on strong tripod iron stands, immediately in front of the clock pendulums. An astronomical clock and an invariable pendulum were placed at each station, with barometer and thermometer attached, which were regularly observed—so that the necessary corrections might be made for atmospheric resistance, variations of temperature, &c. There was also at each station a *galvanic signal needle*—and these, connected by means of insulated wires, placed the observers in electric communication. The upper and lower stations at Harton Pit were exactly in a vertical line, and distant nearly a quarter of a mile; and at each station the instruments were carefully inclosed, to prevent the vibrations of the pendulums being affected by currents of air.

The inclosure was effected by the construction of what, for the moment, were called pendulum rooms. One was at the top of the pit—the other at the bottom. We give an illustration of the Pendulum Room at the bottom of the pit. The mode in which the experiments were conducted may thus briefly be explained:

The instruments in the upper and lower rooms were *fac-similes* of each other; and at certain intervals, to correct any irregularity, those at the top were placed below, and those below, above—changing places. The upper and lower astronomical clocks, exactly regulated to each other, had each on the balls of their pendulums an illuminated disc, about the size of an eagle. Exactly in front, and within a few inches, hung a free—Kater's—pendulum, suspended on very hard steel, shaped to an obtuse angle, moving on an agate plain. The number of vibrations of the clocks within any given time were of course registered by the clocks themselves. The number of the vibrations of the free pendulums, produced exclusively by gravitation, were ascertained exactly by their proportionate number to those of the clocks. At intervals each free pendulum—which moves more quickly than the clock pendulum—passed and re-passed in front of the latter, exposing, first on the right and then on the left, the illuminated disc on the clock pendulum. When a certain series had been gone through, the illuminated disc was covered for a second or two by the free pendulum in front; and this obscuration or coincidence marked exactly the proportionate numbers of vibrations due to each. The exact time was then noted, the temperature, the barometric pressure, the relative time of the clocks above and below, by the *galvanic signal needle*; and then

the observation was complete, both in the mine and at the surface.

Professor Airey has not yet published any of his calculations and deductions, but he has given to the public a brief summary of the results of his experiments. From that we gather that the great difficulty to be overcome was to ascertain the character of the mass of matter in the centre of the globe.

A little reflection is sufficient to show that, if the mean density of the earth be from *five to six* times that of water, as indicated by previous experiments, the interior of the earth must be considerably heavier than its superstratum, which, so far as we have been able to penetrate, we know to be little less than one half that weight. Now the question arose—how was this to be determined? How were we to ascertain whether the centre of the globe was a mass of matter, probably as dense as gold or platinum? Mr. Airey directly saw that if this was the case, it would be most easily settled by observing the number of vibrations made by a pendulum swung at the surface of the earth and at the bottom of the deepest mine. The number of vibrations of the pendulum is a correct measure of the power of gravitation; and as we penetrate the comparatively light superstrata or crust of the globe, and approach the much denser and heavier mass forming the interior, the attraction of gravitation will be considerably increased, and the effect will be to accelerate the vibration of the pendulum—i. e., to make it go quicker. This principle forms the basis of the Harton Pit experiments.

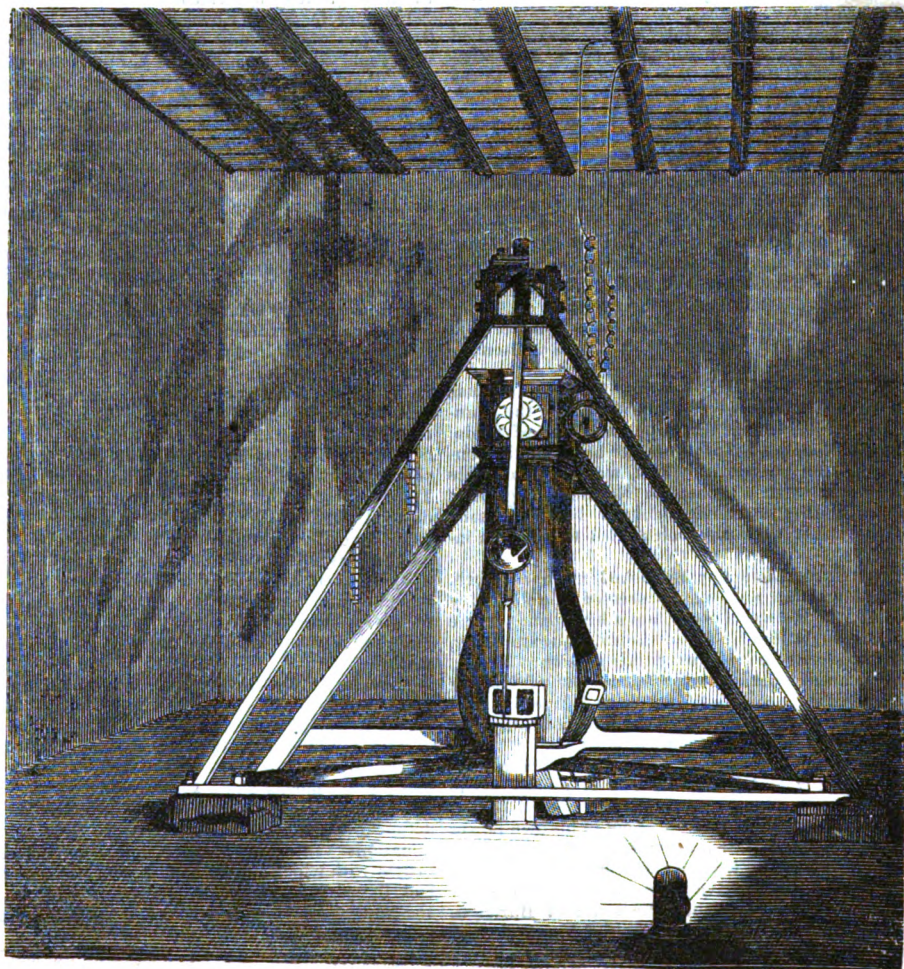
Professor Airey states that he and Dr. Whewell attempted the experiment at the Dolcoath mines in Cornwall, in the year 1828, but were completely defeated. One principal difficulty was the comparison of the clocks at the top and bottom of the mine, which at that time could only be managed by conveying a chronometer, in the most inconvenient manner, down a series of ladders, altogether different from being lowered *direct* to the bottom, in the cage at Harton Colliery. In spite of this difficulty they persevered until, from some serious accident, the mine was inundated with water, and they were "drowned out." Mr. Airey remarks, that as it was necessary in these cases to combine philosophy with pertinacity, he had resolved to renew the attempt, but with the new element before mentioned—viz., the Electric Signal. This enabled the two observers to know the exact instant at which the clock time was to be noted at both stations—which was done

every four hours, night and day, for four or five days; when the invariable pendulums were changed—the pendulum which had been swinging at the upper station was taken down the pit and hung up in front of the clock at the lower station, and that which had been down the previous five days was brought to the station at the surface, and a new series of observations commenced: in this way any difference in the length of the pendulums was got rid of. Mr. Airey thinks that, with care, the final error of the pendulums would not exceed *one-tenth of a second per day*. The necessary elements or data for the calculation of the mean density of the earth by this method are—first, the difference in the number of the vibrations at the top and bottom of the mine; and, secondly, *the thickness and mean density, or specific gravity, of the outer shell of the globe—which could be pretty easily arrived at.*

The experiments were interesting but intricate, and their results will require many tests before any true data on the subject can be accepted by the philosophical world. This is self evident, when it is requisite that every description of stratum lying between the upper and lower pendulums, for the 1260 feet of the Harton Pit, should have its weight exactly found, as well as its thickness measured. In some places, near the surface, there are clay and earth; in others, as you descend, sandstone, limestone, shale, and then seams of coal. Some of the strata are saturated with water—others are quite dry. All these varieties of deposits in their respective conditions must be distinctly examined and weighed. Difficult, however, as it may appear, all this may be done, and the genius that has hitherto arranged and developed this important experiment, will doubtless find means to complete the operation.

**A COMMON ERROR.**—The vulgar are apt to conclude, that where a great deal is said, *something* must be true; and adopting that lazy contrivance for saving the trouble of thinking, splitting the difference, imagine that they show a laudable caution in believing only *part* of what is said. This is to be as simple as the clown who thinks he has bought a great bargain of a Jew, because he has beat down the price from five dollars to one for some article that is not really worth a shilling.

**JUSTIFIABLE ANGER.**—Wise anger is like fire from a flint; there is great ado to get it out; and when it does come, it is out again immediately.



PENDULUM EXPERIMENTS IN A COAL-MINE.



## Lives of the Queens of England.

BY J. F. SMITH, ESQ., AUTHOR OF

"AMY LAWRENCE," "ROBIN GOODFELLOW," ETC.

## ELIZABETH,

QUEEN REGNANT OF ENGLAND.

Continued from page 211.

## CHAPTER XLIX.

The statesman's cunning beats not woman's wit.  
SPANISH PROVERB.

WHETHER the reluctance of Elizabeth to a wedded life in her youth was real or affected, one thing at least is certain—that she was sincere in her wish to espouse, at the age of thirty-nine, the Duke D'Anjou, who was reported to be one of the handsomest men of the age. Perhaps she was led to this desire from a threefold motive; first, a personal predilection—as she had expressed herself exceedingly satisfied with his portrait; next, a desire of having issue of her own—which would put an end to all dispute touching the succession to her crown—a continual source of uneasiness and annoyance to her; and, lastly, the desire of mortifying and humbling the captive Queen of Scots, to whom the young prince had offered his hand. Such an union would have deprived Mary of her best friend—for the interests of the French and English courts would then have been one.

The great difficulty appears to have been in granting to the intended husband the exercise of his religion—which he obstinately persisted in demanding, contrary to the advice of his mother, Catherine de Medicis, who repeatedly urged him to waive his scruples, and exchange the mass for the crown matrimonial of England. But the temptation was by no means strong enough, and so the negotiations flagged. But, on the Emperor of Germany, Maximilian, offering his eldest son as a suitor for the hand of the virgin queen, and a favorable answer being returned, all that intrigue or ambition could devise was put in practice by the court of France, to renew the half broken treaty.

In the midst of these intrigues, the Duke of Norfolk had secretly resumed his treaty with the captive queen of Scots—who, naturally impatient of the restraint in which she had so long been treacherously detained, lent a willing ear to any scheme which promised liberty.

In an evil hour, both Mary and the duke listened to the suggestion of one Rodolfi, a Florentine banker, whom they commissioned to apply to the Duke of Alva, in the Low Countries, for assistance in effecting the restoration of the former to her kingdom. The minister of Spain lent a willing ear to the proposal, and promised to send ten thousand men in the ensuing spring. This correspondence was intercepted by the agents of Elizabeth, who immediately ordered the arrest of the Duke of Norfolk, and the application of the torture to his two servants, Barker and Bannister, who were made prisoners with him, in order to extort from their agencies something to criminate their master.

The order, with detailed directions how the rack should be applied, we regret to say, was written by the queen's own hand.

When the cunning Florentine—the original cause of so much mischief—was brought before the council, he confessed that the Pope, the King of Spain, and the Bishop of Ross were the heads of the conspiracy—the purport of which was to assassinate Elizabeth: which accusation Norfolk indignantly denied, stating that he would have died a thousand deaths rather than have consented to such an infamy.

This declaration may be looked upon as truth. The unfortunate nobleman possessed more chivalry than wit. He was a weak, not a bad man. There is little doubt that he loved the unfortunate Mary, who appears to have returned his passion.

It is an illustration to the whole line of Norfolk for one of its members to have been beloved by such a woman, and partially redeemed the nonentity and ridicule into which it has since fallen.

The Duke of Norfolk was at last condemned, but for once Elizabeth showed signs of mercy. The unfortunate nobleman was so nearly related to her, that, had he consented to put it out of his own power to fulfil the engagement of marriage between himself and Mary, by wedding another, his life, in all probability, would have been spared. The party selected was no other than the sister of Burleigh, who by this means would have allied his own blood indirectly with the crown. It was, however, firmly declined; and from that hour the minister became his deadliest enemy.

## CHAPTER L.

Murder—not justice—is their secret aim.—CREON.

LEICESTER and Burleigh, the undisguised enemies of the unfortunate Duke of Norfolk, were determined upon his destruction; and Elizabeth, who was well aware of their vindictive feelings, used them as blinds in the eyes of the world, for her cruelty in consenting to the death of so near a relative. At their instigation, parliament voted an address to the queen, praying her to consider the state of the nation, whose welfare was inseparable from personal safety, and demanding that justice might be dealt upon the mighty traitor, as they affected to call him.

After this address we hear of no more coquetting—no more hesitations: the order for the duke's death was signed, and the execution took place on the 2d of June, 1572.

At the same time the obsequious parliament voted the address which consigned the premier peer of England to the block, it passed two bills: the first inflicted the punishment of death upon the unfortunate Mary, for her supposed share in the plot of Rodolfi; the second made it high treason in any one to assert the rights of the captive princess to succeed to the crown of England.

Elizabeth, who at that time was plotting the assassination of Mary, refused her assent.

The negotiations for her marriage with the Duc D'Alençon were still going on, when an event occurred which rendered the match decidedly unpopular in England: this was the massacre of St. Bartholomew, which aimed at nothing less than the destruction of the Protestants throughout the entire kingdom of France.

In England the intelligence was received with astonishment and horror: so much so, that the very name of a Frenchman was held in execration by the people. At the first audience which Elizabeth granted the ambassador, La Motte, after the perpetration of the disgraceful tragedy, she appeared in the deepest mourning, surrounded by her council, the highest nobility of her realm, and the ladies of her court. In a stern voice, she demanded if the horrible intelligence she had heard was true.

The ambassador endeavored to vindicate the honor of his master, by stating that he had been driven to the course he had pursued by the treasonable conspiracies of the Protestants throughout his kingdom; but that his orders had been misunderstood and exceeded, and that no one more than the King of France regretted the accident.

In order to divert Elizabeth from dwelling upon the subject, the cunning Frenchman, who knew her vanity and weakness, presented her with a love-letter from the Duc D'Alençon, which, he states, in his despatches to his own court, her majesty received and read with infinite satisfaction and contentment.

But the lords of her council were far more difficult to be convinced that the massacre had, in fact, been the result of accident: they declared it to be the most enormous crime which had been perpetrated since the death of the Saviour of the world.

It is sickening to think that the manœuvring and conduct of Elizabeth on this occasion was but the result of refined hypocrisy. The great Protestant queen, at the very time she publicly expressed her horror and indignation at the court of France, was in friendly correspondence with the infamous Catherine de Medicis, who planned the massacre of St. Bartholomew: the subject being neither more nor less than the means of eradicating from the features the scars left by the ravages of the small-pox.

It has frequently been observed that one crime serves as the excuse and justification of another. The Protestants of England, who were naturally indignant at the fate of their brethren in France, began to call for the blood of the Queen of Scots; and Sandys, Bishop of London, drew eternal infamy upon himself, by writing a memorial to Burleigh, which commenced with the following horrible piece of advice—horrible from any man, but most especially so coming from the minister of the God of mercy.

It began: "Forthwith cut off the Scottish queen's head!" The entire epistle will be found in "Ellis's Royal Letters," second series, vol. iii.

As yet, Elizabeth shrank from shedding the blood of her royal kinswoman, who was fully justified in using every means short of assassination to effect her escape from the hard captivity in which she was detained. That this hesitation arose from no compunctious visitings of conscience, the inveterate malice with which she pursued her unfortunate rival, and the judicial murder of her, sufficiently proves she sought to effect her purpose by ways equally infamous and cruel.

She proposed to deliver Mary into the hands of the Earl of Morton and the Scottish Regent, Mar, to be dealt with for her crimes—stipulating that she

should be put to death within a few hours after trial; that, whether they tried her or not, she should die; and, as a guarantee for the murder which she feared to commit herself, the children of the Scottish lords should be placed in her hands.

This treaty failed through the avarice of the queen, who declined paying the yearly pensions which the northern lords demanded as the price of their compliance.

Burleigh and Leicester, the prime agents in this horrible scheme, were shortly afterwards exposed to the greatest alarm. Elizabeth caught the small-pox, and for some days her life was considered in danger. Had the sceptre passed from her hand to that of Mary, how different a page would have been written in the annals of England; but it was not to be: the queen slowly recovered, and the captive Mary, instead of ascending a throne, was reserved by her persecutors to mount a scaffold.

Shortly after her recovery, the treaty of marriage with the Duc D'Alençon was resumed. So perfect was her reconciliation with Catherine De Medicis and the French king, that she sent the Earl of Worcester as her ambassador to Paris, to represent her at the christening of the French princess, and refused all further assistance to the Protestants who still held out in Rochelle.

There is little doubt that the only real obstacle to her marriage was her fondness for Leicester, although she repeatedly declared to the ambassador of France that she would never bestow her hand upon one of her own subjects. This fondness was so apparent, and displayed in so public and indelicate a manner, that the scandalous chronicles of the time—even the diplomatic letters—are full of it. Certain it is that history has very grave reasons to doubt the purity of the maiden queen.

Although Elizabeth was avaricious in the extreme, yet in one year she bestowed upon her favorite gifts to the amount of fifty thousand pounds: the earl, in return, invited her majesty to his splendid Castle of Kenilworth, where she was lodged, together with forty earls, seventy noblemen of inferior degree, as well as the principal ladies of her court.

The admirable description which Sir Walter Scott has given us, in his fascinating novel of "Kenilworth," would render it presumptuous to attempt a description by an inferior hand. It is sufficient to state, that mythology was ransacked for devices in her honor—the elements were made to offer her tribute—and her majesty was further amused with bear-baiting, and equally barbarous sports.

From the revels and delights of Kenilworth, Elizabeth was soon compelled to return to London, by the state of her affairs. The Netherlands—or at least a portion of them—had succeeded in throwing off the yoke of Spain. But, alarmed at the cruelties of Alva, they sent a deputation to England, to offer the sovereignty of their country to the great Protestant queen, whom they looked up to as their natural protectress. Elizabeth, although she prudently declined the offer, concluded a treaty with them, by which she bound herself to assist them by a loan of one hundred thousand pounds—besides a body of six thousand men.

Thus were the seeds of war sown between England and the then powerful monarchy of Spain.

In this treaty, Elizabeth not only acted prudently, but nobly. The persecutions of Alva, in the Low Countries—the horrible cruelties he inflicted on the people, for presuming to worship God after the dictates of their own hearts—must call forth the reprobation of every honest and enlightened mind, no matter of what creed or country. In supporting the Protestants abroad, she strengthened the reformed church at home, and carried division and civil war into the dominions of her enemies. Well would it have been for her reputation as a politician, if all the foreign wars and intrigues she entered into had been based on motives equally honorable and just.

In her progress to Norwich, Elizabeth was received by a splendid array of Suffolk gentlemen, to the number of many hundreds—all clad in white velvet, out of compliment to their maiden sovereign—who conducted her through their county with great honor—her majesty reposing on the way at the seats of Sir Thomas Cullum, and others of the nobility and gentry, where she passed several days.

Wearied by her procrastination, the French court, through its ambassador, at last demanded a formal reply to the offer of the hand of the Duc D'Alençon, who had now taken the title of the Duc D'Anjou, in consequence of his brother, Elizabeth's refractory suitor, having succeeded to the crown.

Her majesty replied, that she could never decide on marrying one whom she had never seen. Upon this hint the royal wooer came to England, in order to urge his suit in person; and, although little and not handsome, his graceful address and gallantry

made such an impression on the susceptible heart of the royal spinster, that she at once made up her mind to the match, and referred the subject to her council.

The debates which ensued were long and stormy: some advocated the marriage, out of compliance to the well-known wish of the queen—amongst others, Burleigh and Leicester; others contended that her majesty was too old to have any reasonable hope of issue.

After seven days spent in deliberation, they proceeded to Hampton Court, to wait upon their sovereign, and receive her commands upon the matter.

Elizabeth, who heard the results of their deliberation with anger and impatience, burst into a flood of tears. She had expected a petition from the lords of her council to marry, and so end all dispute as to the succession. The form of respect under which they conveyed to her the judgment they had come to on the subject, humbled and mortified her exceedingly.

"What!" she exclaimed; "is this your loyalty and faith! Would it not be better for my kingdom that I should have issue to succeed me? I was a fool," she added, for trusting to such men! Henceforth I'll take the affair into my own hands, and decide without you!"

It was in vain that Burleigh and Leicester tried to soothe her into a more gracious mood. The disappointed spinster was not to be consoled. The latter, since his marriage with the Countess of Essex, had lost much of his influence. His royal mistress, on the discovery of the alliance he had entered into, was so enraged, that it was with the greatest difficulty she could be persuaded not to send him a prisoner to the Tower.

Although she issued a proclamation, commanding that the subject of her marriage should neither be preached nor commented upon by her subjects, yet the impression the rumor made was highly unfavorable to the popularity which Elizabeth had hitherto enjoyed. Her cruel persecution of Mary was used as an argument against her.

"What!" men argued, "shall the heiress of the crown be held a prisoner, and declared incapable of ascending, because she is Catholic; and yet the queen wed with one of the French princes—the persecutors of our faith?"

In this dilemma, the gallant Sir Philip Sidney wrote a letter, at the request of his royal mistress, who desired his opinion on the subject of her people's discontent. The reply was worthy his high and noble character, as well as the confidence reposed in him:

"Think, madam," he says, "how the hearts of your people will be galled, if not alienated, when they shall see you take a husband—a Frenchman and a Papist—in whom the very common people know this, that he is the son of the Jezebel of our age—that his brother made oblation of his own sister's marriage, the easier to make massacre of our brethren in religion! As long as he is Monsieur in might, and a Papist in profession, he neither can nor will greatly shield you; and if he grow to be king, his defence will be like Ajax's shield, which rather weighed down than defended those that bare it!"

Although the maiden majesty of England respected the honest candor of the writer, who was one of the most accomplished gentlemen of his time, her anger knew no bounds when a bencher of Lincoln's Inn presumed to publish a book against the marriage. It bore the following title:

"The Discovery of a Gaping Gulf; wherein England is likely to be Swallowed by another French Marriage, if the Lord Forbid not the Banns."

The luckless writer was condemned to lose his right hand, which was struck off with a butcher's cleaver, at Westminster. As it fell, he raised his hat with his left, and cried:

"God save Queen Elizabeth!"

The next moment he fainted.

#### CHAPTER LI.

And yet this tough, impracticable heart  
Is governed like a dainty-angred girl's;  
Such flaws are found in the most worthy natures.  
OLD PLAY.

In the midst of her graver occupations of governing the kingdom, Elizabeth displayed a childish tenacity regarding everything which affected her own royal person. Dress, with her, was a matter of state. In imitation of the sovereign, the wives not only of the nobility, but the richer class of citizens, disfigured themselves by the immense ruff which gives so peculiar a character to the portraits of the time. This was a liberty which the maiden queen resented, and parliament, at her desire, passed

a law, appointing officers, named for that purpose, to stand at the corners of the streets, armed with shears, to cut down all ruffs to the prescribed standard, as well as to clip the swords of the gentry, which began to be worn of a preposterous length.

This law occasioned much discontent amongst the citizens and their wives; as for the nobility, they generally contrived to escape it; but the chief obloquy fell upon those who were charged with its execution. One of their principal stations in the City was at the Bars of Smithfield, which presented a very different appearance from the Smithfield of the present day: it being frequented by the higher classes, for the purpose of exercise. Solemn occasions and tournaments were held there, also bull and bear baiting, for the amusement of the people.

At the bars—a sort of moveable barricade at the entrance to Smithfield—sat Jasper Kevering and Anthony Frimby, the two officers charged with the execution of her Majesty's new law; one held in his hand a measure something like an ell wand, upon which was marked the prescribed length of the gentlemen's rapiers; the other, an instrument made of iron, with a fork at the end—which said fork was intended to fix upon the shoulders of the ladies; the handle, or piece rising from the centre, indicated the height of ruff which it was permitted to wear. Each had an enormous pair of iron shears dangling by a chain from his side.

As it was the first day of the new law coming into operation, a crowd of idlers, consisting of City 'prentices—at all times a troublesome class—scrivener's clerks, serving-men, and petty traders—had assembled at the barriers to witness the sport, and jeer at or condole with the victims, as caprice or sympathy inclined them. This mob—for such it speedily became—was augmented by the number of those who had already suffered, most of whom thought fit to remain, and assure themselves that the officials executed justice impartially.

"Well," observed an old woman, whose ruff of Flanders lace had been unmercifully reduced, "this is a new thing in England! What shall we have next, I wonder?"

"A law, mother," replied a pert apprentice, "to measure the women's tongues as well as their ruffs; and those which are found too long will be clipped!"

A hearty laugh followed this sally.

"Stay!" cried the female; "here comes the rich clothier, Alderman Parley, and his daughter Rebecca. Now we shall see whether there is one law for the poor and another for the rich!"

"Now then, Master Frimby," shouted the mob, "do your duty!"

"No favor, Jasper Kevering!"

As the City functionary and his daughter, who were both mounted on a dark roan-colored Flemish horse, the lady on a pillion behind her father, as was the fashion in those days, approached the bars, the two officers advanced, and in the queen's name commanded them to halt.

"And what," said the alderman—a bustling, important-looking personage—"does her Majesty want with us? Do you not see?" he added, touching his gold chain, "who I am?"

"The law," replied the two officers, "knows no distinction; so please you, worthy sir, and my young mistress, to descend!"

"We are very well where we are," said the wealthy dealer in broad-cloth. "Tut, tut, man—the law was never intended to apply to the mayor and alderman of the City, who are in some sort sovereigns within their own bounds! You should use more discretion in your office!"

The two men hesitated, for the speaker was a most important personage in the City. The crowd, seeing that they were disposed to show him and his daughter favor, began to hoot and hiss. Some cried shame—amongst the latter the City 'prentices were the most vociferous: many of them had frequently experienced the severity of the alderman, when brought before him by their masters for ill-doing.

This ebullition of popular feeling decided the two men to perform their duty: firmly, but respectfully, they called upon the recusants once more to dismount; adding, that in case of further resistance, they should be compelled to call the City guard—a party of whom, leaning upon their partisans, were looking on, amused spectators of the scene.

With an ill grace, the alderman dismounted from his steed, and assisted his daughter to alight. This act of submission was followed by a clapping of hands, and repeated shouts of "Bravo Kevering!" "Bravo Master Frimby!"

"Your sword, worthy sir!" said the former, whose peculiar duty it was to measure the rapiers.

Alderman Parley presented it, muttering at the same time something about the privileges of the City.

"Too long by four inches," said the officer, after carefully measuring the weapon, "according to the standard."

And without a word he broke it off to the required length.

"Now, my young mistress!" began his colleague, advancing to the lady, with his iron instrument, which he attempted to place upon her shoulder; "I am fearful that Mechlin ruff must fall under my shears!"

Mechlin! what female, however loyally disposed, could have endured patiently the destruction of a real Mechlin ruff? And, judging from appearances, Miss Rebecca Parley was not the Griselda of her sex. She screamed and resisted, daring the fellow to lay a hand upon her person, and calling lustily upon her father to commit the fellow to prison. The worthy clothier, however, was too prudent to venture on such a step with two of the queen's officers, even if he could have prevailed upon the City guard to have obeyed him—a circumstance exceedingly doubtful.

"Never mind, child!" exclaimed her parent. "Thou shalt have the best old Goodman's shop will afford! We must e'en submit; but the affair will not end here!"

"There!" said the girl, tearing the ruff from her neck, and tossing it, with an indignant air, to the officer; "measure, and cut, and clip it as ye will; but no lewd, filthy fellow, were he twenty times the queen's officer, shall lay a finger on the person of Rebecca Parley! Her majesty should be ashamed," she added, "and so she ought, to permit such an outrage upon the modesty of her own sex! A pretty recompense this for all the city has done to support and pleasure her!"

As there was no further question of dispute between the alderman and the officers, the former, after assisting his daughter to her pillion, mounted his horse, and rode off, amid the jeers of the mob—most of whom were rejoiced to see his well-known pride and arrogance thus humbled.

What would her virgin majesty say, could she step out of her tomb at Westminster, and take a bird's-eye view of London now.

#### CHAPTER LII.

In the midst of her courtships and ridiculous sumptuary laws, the great effects of which were to cripple trade, and render the higher classes dissatisfied, Elizabeth never lost sight of the true policy of an English sovereign, which was and is, to maintain the naval supremacy of the kingdom. She not only encouraged ship-building, by wise and just laws, but maintained her own navy in a state of efficiency; no pleasures, no coquetries, appear for an instant to divert her from this great purpose.

Amongst those who most distinguished themselves in the naval annals of her reign, was Sir Francis Drake, whose name was so long the terror of Spain. This gallant officer, born of an obscure family, had been apprenticed, when a boy, to a pilot at Upnor, who at his death left him the vessel in which they had been accustomed to navigate the seas together.

This enabled the yet undistinguished adventurer to accomplish a purpose on which he had long meditated—namely, a voyage round the world. The discovery of unknown countries was not the only object of Drake's voyage. He attacked and plundered many of the Spanish colonies, then gorged with the wealth of the New World, and accumulated an immense booty, with which he returned to England, not over satisfied in his own mind, perhaps, as to how he should be received. In order to conciliate the queen and make friends, he distributed a great portion of the wealth he had acquired amongst the ministers and the principal nobility; some of whom, however, declined receiving his gifts, affecting to condemn the manner in which he had obtained them. Elizabeth, however, was not so scrupulous: she not only accepted the gold and silver plate which the enterprising navigator offered her, but publicly displayed her favor towards him, by visiting him on board his ship at Deptford, where she was entertained with great magnificence.

As soon as the maiden monarch had set foot on the deck of his little vessel, its commander bent the knee, thanked her majesty for the great honor she had done him, and prayed that she would condescend to accept of a poor collation which he had prepared.

"Willingly, Master Drake!" replied the politic queen, who foresaw, perhaps, even at that period, the time must arrive when the services of the bold buccaneer might be necessary for the security of her throne and life: "and, God willing, before we depart, we will do you yet greater honor!"

Continued on page 286.



### Perkins's Steam Gun.

THE British government worships the doctrine that "sufficient for the day is the evil thereof"—for in periods of peace it neglects—nay, austere retracts—all improvements and suggestions that might be of eminent service to the commonwealth in a state of war.

It is now twenty-nine years since Perkins's steam-gun was first introduced to the public, and its destructive capabilities universally acknowledged; yet it is still only appreciated and known at the Polytechnic and other exhibitions. Like a multitude of other inventions, it was consigned by its own generation to an inglorious desuetude; but now that war has once more raised its "horrid front," the *Solons* of the "governing circles" have just begun to think that, after all, there was something worthy of consideration in the principle, at least, of Perkins's steam-gun.

We give an engraving of the one produced by Mr. A. M. Perkins, of London, and subjoin a brief historical account of this wonderful engine of war.

The expansive power of steam had often been proposed as a substitute for gunpowder, for discharging balls and other projectiles. The great danger, however, which was thought to be inseparably connected with the generation and use of steam, at so extraordinary a pressure as appeared necessary to produce an effect approximating to that of gunpowder, prevented scientific men from testing the power of this new agent by experiment. It was also apparent that the apparatus which was ordinarily used for generating steam for steam-engines, was wholly inadequate to sustain the necessary pressure, and that one of a totally different character must be contrived before steam could be sufficiently confined to come into competition with its powerful rival.

In the year 1824, Mr. Jacob Perkins succeeded in constructing a generator of such form and strength as allowed him to carry on his experiments with highly elastic steam without danger, although subjected to a pressure of one hundred atmospheres. The principle of its safety consisted in subdividing the vessel containing the water and steam into chambers or compartments so small that the bursting of one of them was perfectly harmless in its effects, and only served as an outlet or safety-valve to relieve the rest.

Although Mr. Perkins's generator was originally intended for working steam-engines—it having long been evident to him that highly elastic steam used expansively would be attended with considerable economy—it occurred to him, in the course of his experiments, that he had already solved the problem of safely generating steam of sufficient power for the purposes of steam gunnery; and that the steam which daily worked his engine possessed an elastic force quite adequate to the projection of musket-balls. He therefore caused a gun to be immediately constructed and connected by a pipe to the generator, the first trial of which fully realised his most sanguine anticipations. Its performance, indeed, was so extraordinary and unexpected, that it gave rise to a paradox which was difficult of explanation—namely, that steam at a pressure of only forty atmospheres produced an effect equal to gunpowder; whereas it was known that the combustion of gunpowder was attended with a pressure of from 500 to 1,000 atmospheres.

Mr. Perkins gave the following explanation of this apparent discrepancy, by referring to the small effect produced by fulminating powder compared with gunpowder, although many times more powerful: he supposed that the action of fulminating powder, however intense, does not continue sufficiently long to impart to the ball its full power. The explosion of gunpowder, although not so powerful at the instant of ignition, is nevertheless, in the aggregate, productive of greater effect than that of fulminating powder—because the subsequent expansion continues in action upon the ball—but with decreasing effect—until it has left the barrel. The action of steam differs from either of these agents, inasmuch as it continues in full force until the ball has left the barrel; and to this is assigned the cause of its superiority.

In the year 1826, Mr. Perkins had so perfected the mechanism of the gun and generator, that, at an exhibition and trial of its power, in the presence of the Duke of Wellington and other distinguished officers of the Ordnance Department, balls of an ounce were propelled, at the distance of thirty-five yards, through an iron plate one-fourth of an inch in thickness; also through eleven hard planks, one inch in thickness, placed at distances of an inch from each

other. Continuous showers of balls was also projected with such rapidity, that, when the barrel of the gun was slowly swept round in a horizontal direction, a plank twelve feet in length was so completely perforated, that the line of holes nearly resembled a groove cut from one of its ends to the other.

As the perfection and introduction of the steam-gun was not a field for private enterprise, and the British government having declined to institute experiments at its own expense, Mr. Perkins was reluctantly compelled to leave the project, and to engage in others of a more lucrative, although perhaps of a less important nature. He did not suspend his operations, however, until he had constructed for the French government a piece of artillery which discharged balls weighing five pounds at the rate of sixty per minute.

His successor, Mr. A. M. Perkins, energetically followed up the idea, and introduced numerous improvements upon the original invention. The chief of these was an entirely new method of generating steam, at once so simple, safe, and economical, as to leave little doubt that with its aid, the steam-gun will ere long rank amongst the first instruments of warfare.

The novelty which distinguishes the generator from all others, consists in the manner of conveying the heat from the fire to the water, without exposing the generator to the action of the fire. This is accomplished by means of the circulation, in iron tubes, of a current of hot water, which is entirely separate from and independent of that to be evaporated in the generator.

The following are the principal advantages which this generator possesses over all others: Freedom from all wear and deterioration consequent upon exposure to the fire—an important quality in a generator that is to be subjected to great pressure, inasmuch as its original strength remains unim-

paired; no accident can arise from want of water in the generator, and the precautions indispensably requisite when a generator is in contact with the fire are quite unnecessary, as the water may be drawn off with impunity, without producing the least injurious effect, and the grossest neglect is followed by no worse consequences than an inefficient supply of steam. An explosion of the generator is impossible, as the temperature of the furnace will always exceed that of any other part of the apparatus—and consequently, being the weakest part, is invariably the first to yield when the pressure is carried beyond the strength of the pipes. Economy of fuel is also obtained with a small amount of fire surface.

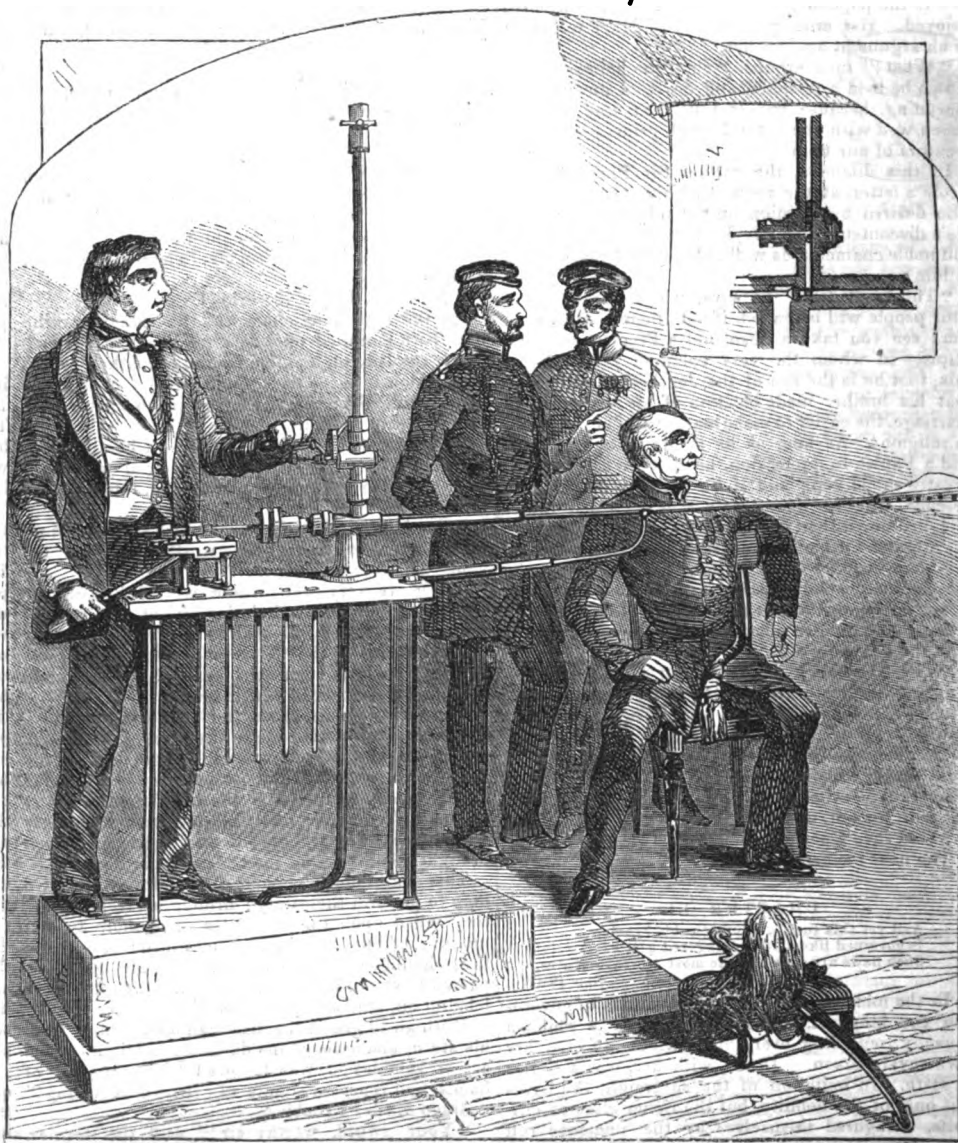
It has been found, by experiments with this gun, that the generator is capable of furnishing a supply of steam for the constant discharge of sixty balls per minute.

The steam has often been raised to a pressure of 700 lbs. on the square inch, but one-third of that pressure is sufficient to completely flatten the balls when discharged against an iron target, 100 feet distant from the gun; and a pressure of 400 lbs. per square inch, at the same distance, shivers the balls to atoms.

Steam-guns may be, and have been generally, mounted upon a ball and socket joint, which allows the barrel to move freely in every direction.

In the field, ten guns of the kind constructed and exhibited by Mr. A. M. Perkins, would discharge 36,000 balls in an hour.

But all such instruments of destruction, revolting as they may appear to the higher feelings and principles of our nature, are really powerful promoters of peace—for, the more refined and certain the art of war is rendered, the more will the necessity for its employment diminish. Besides, the deadlier and surer war is rendered by science, the nearer will nations approach to an harmonious equality.



THE STEAM-GUN INVENTED BY MR. PERKINS.

# Practical Instructions in the Art of Photography.

## CHAPTER V.

23. WHEN a ray of light passes from one medium into another of a different density, it is turned out of its original course, and is then said to be *refracted* the amount of refraction being proportional to the density of the medium.\* In passing from a rarer into a denser medium, it is refracted or bent towards the perpendicular; but when it passes from a denser into a rarer medium, it is refracted from the perpendicular.

24. We will now try some simple experiments to prove the refraction of light. [Experiment 3.] Here is an empty jar (A B C D in Fig. 8.) We will now place a shilling at the bottom of the jar, and you must direct your eye (E) in such a manner as just to see the edge of the shilling, while the rest of it is hidden by the rim of the jar (as at O G E). If water be now poured into the jar so gently as not to disturb the shilling, you will observe the money will appear to rise gradually until the water is level with the edge of the jar.

[The water is poured upon the money, which then appears to lie at K, in the line E L K.]

The phenomenon you have just witnessed is thus explained: when the water was poured into the jar (to the height F G), refraction took place (at L), from the perpendicular (P Q), and therefore the ray of light thus diverted from its original course (O G E), took another direction (O L E), and entering the eye (at E), the money appeared to be in another place (at K, in the line E L K).

[Experiment 4.] Here is a tumbler of water (a, Fig. 9), and you will see that when this paper-knife (bd) is placed in it, that it will immediately appear to be bent (from e, as seen in Fig. 9, b e c).

[The experiment is performed, and the refraction of light takes place as it emerges from the water, so that the paper-knife appears as if it were broken at e.]

25. The angles of refraction are the angles of incidence, and the angle of refraction.

26. The angle of incidence, in refraction as in reflection, is the angle which the incident ray (Fig. 10, a s) makes with the perpendicular (p e), which cuts the point of incidence (i).

27. The angle of refraction is the angle made by the refracted ray (i r), with the remaining portion of the perpendicular (i e) at the point of incidence (i).

28. The plane of refraction is that which passes through the refracted ray (i r), and above the perpendicular (p e).

29. The plane of incidence is that which passes through the incident ray (a s), and the perpendicular (p e) at the point of incidence.

30. The amateur photographer, who does not comprehend the terms used in Trigonometry, will not feel interested in our giving the relations existing between the angle of incidence and the angle of refraction, and it would be equally useless to mention to the scientific reader the relation in which the sine of the angle of refraction stands to the sine of the angle of incidence in different substances; it would be like teaching a philosopher his alphabet. We make these remarks, because some of our readers may consider that we have not entered sufficiently into the subject of refraction; and as we know that many others are anxiously awaiting the period when our manipulations will commence, we shall therefore devote a greater space in each number to the consideration of the elementary portion of Photography, so as to place our amateur readers in possession of the necessary scientific portion of the subject as early as possible.



Fig. 12.

31. Some important optical effects may be demonstrated by refracting light with a prism,\* as we have already seen (§ 10). In order to prosecute these experiments with advantage, we have the prism fastened to a brass stand (b, Fig. 12, and s, Fig. 13), fitted with a ball-and-socket-

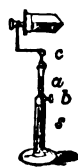


Fig. 13.

et-joint (c, Figs. 12 and 13), so that it can be turned in any direction. By pushing the rod (a, Fig. 13) up or down the tubular stand (s, Fig. 13) into which it is inserted, it may be raised to any height, and retained in the required position by means of a screw (b, Fig. 13), and, at the same time, the ball-and-socket-joint (c, Figs. 12 and 13) will allow it to be inclined to any degree.

32. If the prism is placed in such a manner that the refracting edge is directed upwards, on looking through it you will observe two remarkable phenomena—all objects appearing to be raised from their proper position. But let us examine for ourselves. [Experiment 5.] Here is the prism (b, Fig. 14),

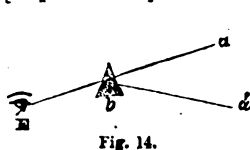


Fig. 14.

and on bringing the eye (E) into the proper position, and looking at the silver spoon placed below (a), it will appear to be raised considerably above (a). You also observe that it has colored edges, so have all objects seen in this manner (§ 10, 11, and 12). Now, if the refracting edge had been directed downwards, the spoon would have appeared to be removed still further downwards; and had the prism been placed vertically, the spoon would have been displaced to the left or right, just as we directed the refracting edge towards the object observed.

33. From what we have seen (§ 32), it appears that all objects observed through a prism appear to be removed towards the direction of the refractive edge.

34. If a prism is made of a strongly refracting substance, it will cause the rays of light to deviate much more than if the same shaped prism was constructed of a substance possessing less refractory power.

35. The rays of light will be refracted more or less according to the difference of the refracting angle of the prism. For example, if its angle be 60°, the deviation of the rays of light will be greater than if the angle were only 30°, and so on.

In Siberia, the greatest luxuries are raw cats served up in Bear's oil; while in Japan a stewed crocodile flanked with monkey's feet is the height of epicureanism.

CUTTY-PIPES.—Probably not many know that "Cutty is a corruption of *Kutaich*, a city of Asia Minor, where a species of soft white stone is found, which is exported by the Turks to Germany, for the manufacture of tobacco pipes.

WANTED immediately, for government purposes, twelve Octogenarians. Vigor indispensable.

WANTED TO KNOW.—When the magistrates bind a man over, does the process make him last any the longer.

A SLOW MAN.—A knight of the yard measure heads his advertisement:—"Impossibility of self measurement." What instruction does this convey? That there is nothing so difficult as to know one's self.

LOGICAL.—A man in the act of running away may be said to be ridiculing himself, because he is unquestionably taking himself off.

\* A simple kind of prism may be constructed by any person, by providing two slips of common window glass, (a & b, Fig. 11), and affixing them to a lump of soft bees-wax (c), so that the necessary angle is formed, and the ends of the strips are held together by a similar piece of wax at either end; after which some pure water (d) is poured into the trough thus formed. By this means, some of the most beautiful experiments in connection with light may be illustrated and tested by the most juvenile of our readers.

The different parts of a prism may be thus explained. The base is any one of its surfaces opposite to one of its refracting edges, whether real or imaginary; its refracting angle is the angle made by any two surfaces of its body; its edge is the line in which its surfaces intersect, or would intersect each other, if their boundary lines were prolonged.



Fig. 11.

NATURE'S SANITARY LESSONS.—All the invaluable laws and methods of sanitary reform, at best are but clumsy imitations of the unseen wonders which every animalcule and leaf have been working since the world's foundation, with this slight difference between them and us—that they fulfil their appointed task and we do not. The sickly geranium which spreads its blanched leaves against the cellar panes, and peers up, as if imploringly, to the narrow slip of sunlight at the top of the narrow wynd, had it a voice, could tell more truly than any doctor in the town, why little Maggie sickened of the scarletina, and little Jocky of the whooping-cough, till the toddling wee things who used to pet and water it were carried off, each and all of them, one by one, to the kirk-yard sleep, while the father and mother sat at home, trying to supply by whiskey the very vital energy which fresh air and pure water, and the balmy breath of woods and heaths, were made by God to give; and how the little geranium did its best, like a heaven-sent angel to right the wrong which man's ignorance had begotten, and drank in, day by day, the poisoned atmosphere, and formed it into fair green leaves, and breathed into the children's faces, from every pore, whenever they bent over it, the life-giving oxygen for which their dull blood and festered lungs were craving but in vain! fulfilling God's will itself, though man would not, and was too careless or too covetous to see, after six thousand years of boasted progress, why God had covered the earth with grass, herb, and tree, a living and life-giving garment of perpetual health and youth.

QUANTITY OF FOOD.—The following quantities of food will be found those which best conduce to the preservation of health, and prolongation of life, in the weakly, the sedentary, the invalid and the aged:—

BREAKFAST.	OUNCES.
Bread and butter, or biscuit and butter, &c.	4
Tea, &c. in dilution	8
DINNER.	
Bread, or other vegetables	2
Meat	7
Light wine, or malt liquor	6
Water	2
TEA.	
Bread and butter, or biscuit, &c.	3
Tea, or other liquid	8
Total during the day, sixteen ounces of solid, and twenty-four ounces of liquid food.	

In the case of any severe chronic disease, a strict adherence to these quantities will be found of striking advantage in aiding the powers of exercise and medicine to overcome the complaint. Those who are in perfect health, and such as take much exercise, or hard labor, will require a larger portion of food; and the solids may be increased to twenty ounces, and the liquids to forty ounces, but hardly beyond that with safety.

TWO OF A TRADE NEVER AGREE.—We understand that the difficulty which certain political chiefs have recently experienced in obtaining joiners was the main cause of their signal failure as cabinet makers.

GUNPOWDER.—The circumstances of the discovery are these:—Berthold Schwarz, a native of Freiburg, in the grand duchy of Baden, during his relaxation from monastic duties, occupied much of his time in the enticing and absorbing pursuit of chemistry. During some of his manipulations, having pounded in a mortar an accidental mixture of charcoal, sulphur, and nitre, he was amazed and wildly astounded by its sudden and fearful explosion on the hap-hazard application of a spark of fire. This terrible, but still more novel, exhibition of power in a simple compound like this, very naturally aroused in the mind of the zealous student a spirit of investigation, and the result of further experiment was the discovery of that still mysterious composition known as gunpowder; a discovery that has not only immortalized the otherwise obscure monk, but, since its general introduction and application to the use of firearms, has actually given rise to a new era in the workings of man: in fact, it has been the chief and all-powerful instrument of not only shaping the mighty affairs of great nations, but at the same time governing, and will ever continue to control, the more extended destinies of a vast and ever-changing world. All this happened about the year 1340, and the city of Freiburg has lately very properly commemorated the wonderful event by a handsome fountain, emblazoned with suitable inscriptions, and surmounted by a statue of the eminent discoverer.

WHEN persons are in doubt as to the nature of a transaction, they frequently inquire, "What's in the wind?" Pursuing the meteorological trope, we wish to ask the snow, "What's your drift?"

\* A medium is any transparent space through which light passes, such as water, air, glass, or even empty space. Density signifies the quantity of matter which a body contains, and is associated with weight; for example, a cubic inch of lead is more dense than the same quantity of wood. A rarer medium naturally explains itself, signifying a thinner, or not so dense a medium.



Lives of the Queens of England.  
Continued from page 283.

Descending to the cabin, the royal visitor not only partook of the collation offered, but promised Drake her royal commission to explore the coasts of the New World: in other words, to plunder the infant colonies of Spain.

There was a condition, however, annexed: it was, that she should share in the booty.

Many of the nobility who had declined receiving Drake's presents, began to repent their squeamishness, and would willingly have recalled their ungracious refusals; but the great navigator had no longer need of their influence or intercession. He had found a protectress more powerful than them all, and wisely kept what remained of the treasure he had accumulated to himself.

"What will Spain say to this public honor conferred upon the man who has so notoriously robbed her?" demanded the Earl of Leicester of Lord Burleigh—not that he had been one amongst the squeamish nobles—"it may lead to war!"

"Not yet!" replied the astute minister; "although eventually it must come to that. Philip has too much upon his hands in the Low Countries at present, and my royal mistress is right to enfeeble him as much as possible by diminishing his resources from the New World. I did not think so at first," he added; "but reflection has convinced me that she has acted wisely."

The favorite smiled: perhaps he knew or guessed what additional reasons the wily minister had received, to induced him to change his opinions.

The yards of the ship were manned, and, amid the booming of the cannon and the cheers of the crew, the queen prepared to quit the vessel, at whose mast-head the royal standard was still flying.

Drake knelt upon the deck, and once more thanked her majesty for the honor of her visit.

"Thanks to you, Master Drake," replied Elizabeth, "for your cheer and good service! We told you, when we set foot upon your quarter-deck, that we intended you greater honor than our poor presence could confer: we are not ungrateful! Leicester," she added, turning towards the earl, "lend me your sword!"

The favorite drew his weapon from its scabbard, and, kneeling, presented it to his sovereign—who, in the name of God and St. George, thrice struck the adventurous navigator upon the shoulder.

"Arise," she said, "Sir Francis Drake!"

Three hearty cheers were given by the crew, to testify their joy at the honor thus publicly conferred upon their commander; an honor which, in the reign of Elizabeth, was considered no mean recompense even for years of distinguished service—for the maiden monarch was exceedingly chary of such favors. At the present day the dignity of knighthood has been so frequently prostituted by being conferred on sheriffs, mayors, quacks, and speculators, that it has fallen into ridicule; the only class excluded from it by the governments of late years have been the scholar and the poet. But why complain? The exception is in itself a distinction, when Jews, Hindoos, and railway speculators are found eligible.

The keen perception of Elizabeth in selecting her ministers and servants, was one of the principal causes of her successful reign.

It is recorded, that on one occasion she happened to be in court, when Sir Thomas Egerton, a distinguished lawyer, pleaded against the crown on a civil action, and obtained a verdict in favor of his client.

"He shall never plead against me again!" she exclaimed, with her usual decision; and she kept her word, by immediately appointing him a queen's counsel.

That which Elizabeth had once decided upon, she adhered to firmly, as in the instance of Drake. Although the Spanish ambassador made strong and even menacing remonstrances, and demanded restitution of the treasure taken by the pirate, as he termed him the queen turned a deaf ear—not a single ingot was given up: this circumstance tended still further to increase the ill feeling already existing between the two courts.

CHAPTER LIII.

That very time I saw (but thou couldst not),  
Flying between the cold moon and the earth,  
Cupid all armed! A certain aim he took  
At a fair vestal, throned by the west;  
And loosed his love-shaft smartly from his bow,  
As it should pierce a hundred thousand hearts;  
But I might see young Cupid's fiery shaft  
Quenched in the chaste beams of the watery moon,  
And the imperial votress passed on,  
In maiden meditation, fancy free.

SHAKESPEARE.

It must always remain a matter of doubt whether

Elizabeth, in her so often renewed negotiations of marriage with the heir of the French crown, the Duc D'Anjou, had, up to the present moment, entertained serious thoughts of having him. Many suppose it to have been only a ruse to preserve the Low Countries from the mad vengeance of Philip; for, while the least hope of such an union remained, the King of France showed himself, with the Queen of England, joint protector of that oppressed and unhappy country.

But so seriously did the states, as well as most of the courts of Europe, regard the young prince as the future husband of Elizabeth, that, without even consulting her upon so important a measure, they at once elected him as their sovereign: a step which excited the displeasure of her majesty; nor was she less angry with her suitor, for presuming to accept the honor without her concurrence.

The anger of the queen was, however, speedily appeased, as she accorded to her royal lover a subsidy of one hundred thousand crowns—a large sum in those days—and caused it to be intimated to him that she was not ill-disposed to consider his suit more favorably than she had hitherto done.

Upon this hint, the court of France dispatched a magnificent embassy, headed by the Prince Dauphin of Auvergne, to London, to thank her majesty for the great kindness she had shown to the Duc D'Anjou.

They were received with great honor, and conducted to Westminster, where the maiden queen held her court, by the Earl of Arundel, Sir Philip Sidney, and Lord Windsor. So dissatisfied were her subjects generally, with the prospect of a foreign alliance, that the queen was compelled, as a matter of precaution, to issue a proclamation forbidding any one, no matter of what degree, to strike a blow or draw a sword within four miles of London.

After many delays, it was at last agreed that the duke, together with his officers and servants, should have the free enjoyment of the Catholic religion, in private. That, directly on his marriage, he should assume the title of king, and the pleasure of parliament be taken as to his being crowned or not.

But the most singular clause in this extraordinary treaty was, that, in the event of issue—Elizabeth was then in her fiftieth year—her eldest son should, in the event of her husband succeeding to the crown of France, inherit that kingdom, and the second son the dominions of his mother.

The character of the Duc D'Anjou appears to have been most contemptible. Young, and probable heir to one of the most magnificent thrones in Europe, he affected an ardent passion for a woman who was old enough to be his mother. Hitherto he had been content to woo by deputy—he now resolved to try his fortune in person; and, shortly after the siege of Cambray, where he had defeated the Prince of Parma, attended by a gallant train, he set out for England, where he arrived in November, 1582.

In person he was small and decrepid, but his gallantries so won upon the affections of the queen, that he inspired her with an ardent, childish passion, which so blinded her better judgment, that, for the first time in her life—or at least since her accession to the crown—Elizabeth appears to have seriously entertained thoughts of marriage.

The whole court of England were assembled in the great hall at Hampton, on the anniversary of her coronation, and the mature majesty of England—surrounded by a bevy of beautiful women—appeared, dressed with more than her usual pomp. Leicester, who had so long aspired to her hand—Hatton, who had danced himself into her favor—Burleigh and Walsingham, were standing at a distance from the dais, watching with uneasy look every word which fell from the lips of their mistress.

"Caught at last!" muttered the favorite, with a dissatisfied air. "We shall have a master now!"

"Never!" replied Burleigh, with his usual confidence.

"You do not know!" observed Walsingham, despondingly; "you have studied only the queen—Leicester, the woman; the natural obstinacy of her nature will overcome every obstacle. She is fascinated with this imp of France!"

"I know the temper of the nation," answered the wily minister, "and how dear popularity and power are to the heart of Elizabeth. She will never risk both by a marriage which her subjects will look upon with abhorrence."

And again the clique whispered their plans and hopes.

"Well, beausire," demanded her majesty, who was in one of her most joyous moods, "what have you seen in our poor realm most worthy of note? Alack! it must appear dull, after the gay and gallant court of France!"

This was too good an opportunity for the courtly wooer not to profit by.

"England," he exclaimed, with well-affected enthusiasm, "is the paradise of men!"

"And why of men?" said the queen.

"Because," replied the prince, "the women are so fair, and their sovereign fairer than her subjects! Should heaven deprive me of my brother, the only consolation I should know would be in having it in my power to lay an additional crown at the feet of her who already wears the proudest in the universe!"

Elizabeth affected to blush and look confused; the gross flattery of a boy pleased her coquettish fancy. Drawing a ring of great price from her hand, she placed it upon his finger, at the same time telling him that he was to consider it as her betrothal. The royal wooer bent the knee and passionately kissed her hand.

This scene took place in the presence of the whole court, as well as of the foreign ministers, who looked upon the marriage as a settled thing. Not so Burleigh: he had long since made up his mind that his sovereign should never marry. The action, therefore, although it surprised, did not dismay him.

"Where are your hopes now?" whispered Walsingham.

"As firm as ever," answered the minister. "The queen, unfortunately, possesses a most impressionable nature. In the affairs of the heart," he added, glancing at the same time towards Leicester, who stood mute and desponding, "they are not lasting. Now is the time, my lord," he continued, addressing the mortified favorite, "to exert your influence!"

"I have none!" answered the earl, moodily; "since my marriage, Elizabeth no longer regards me with her former favor!"

"True!" replied Hatton, who had a deeper insight into Burleigh's plans than the rest of his colleagues; "but your influence with her ladies of honor—those who share her confidence—is unlimited. Their agency must be used with effect; the blow must be struck at once, or it will be too late!"

"See!" exclaimed Walsingham, angrily, "how the French and Dutch ministers are congratulating each other! Too late, my lords—too late!"

Burleigh still continued in his first opinion. The experienced diplomat knew that the Prince of Orange, who had merely used the Duc D'Anjou as a stepping-stone to the sovereignty of the Low Countries, had a shrewd guess how much sincerity there was in the rejoicings of the representative of the United Provinces, who was devoted to his interests.

"Follow Hatton's advice!" he said; "give the women their cue, and leave the rest to me!"

So saying, he mingled with the crowd of courtiers, in order to avoid the eagle glance of Elizabeth, which was fixed upon him with no very amiable expression. She divined his aversion to the match, and it already gave her cause of uneasiness.

From that evening, according to Camden, the court looked upon the queen's marriage with the French prince as a settled thing: since her majesty, it was whispered, in addition to the ring which she had bestowed on her royal suitor, had commanded the very men who were conspiring against her union, to draw the articles which were to regulate the form and ceremonies to be used on the occasion. The order was received with the greatest apparent submission and respect by those who were determined on disobeying it.

It was not till a late hour that the unmarried coquette could tear herself away from her youthful wooer—whose task must have been painful and distasteful in the extreme: so much so, that none but a Frenchman could have gone through it with such well-affected ardor and grace.

When the prince reached his chamber, the ambassador of France, who attended him, offered his congratulations, observing, that his highness had won the prize at last.

"Why, ay!" replied the duke, with an air of fatigue, "Elizabeth is not the first woman who has been caught under a mask! With all her experience, she knows but little of the world!"

So saying, he dismissed his attendants for the night, confident that the crown matrimonial of England was within his grasp.

CHAPTER LIV

'Twixt the cup and lip  
There's many a slip.—OLD PROVERB.

No sooner had Elizabeth retired to her private chamber, in high spirits at the prospect of her marriage, than she was surrounded by her ladies, who, with much weeping, threw themselves at her feet.

They had received their instructions from Leicester, who, if he no longer possessed unbounded influence over the affections of his royal mistress, at least retained that which he had so long exercised over her immediate attendants.

"What!" exclaimed the queen, who was far from guessing the scene which was about to follow; "do you think me so changeable that marriage will rob you of my favor? God's death! but it shall rather increase than diminish it! for what says the proverb? 'The happiness of princes makes the welfare of those who serve them.' How gallant," she added, with an air of affectation, "the duke is—there are few amongst ye could resist him! Of all my suitors, he has proved himself the most constant and loving: others sought my hand by proxy—but he, like a true knight, woos in person!"

"It is not that!" sobbed the Countess of Nottingham, with well-affected sorrow; "it is not that!"

"Not that!" repeated her majesty, sharply; "what is it, then?"

"Our loyalty and love for your grace!" exclaimed the bevy of ladies; "our anxiety for your happiness. Alas! how wretched was your sister Mary with her foreign husband—and she was many years younger than your majesty when the King of Spain wedded her! Yet he despised and neglected her! Alas! the sufferings, the jealousies, and heart-burnings of poor Queen Mary!"

"And what has her jealousy, heartburnings, and sufferings to do with our marriage!" demanded Elizabeth, at the same time glancing at her person in a large Venetian mirror, with an air of considerable satisfaction. "Ye take a strange method, methinks, of showing your joy at the happiness of your mistress! Is this your love? Fie on it! Let me hear no more of such unseemly folly!"

Positive as the command was, and implicitly as, on any other occasion, it would have been obeyed, the fair intriguers were not on the present occasion to be repulsed: they had all, more or less, been indebted to Leicester and the anti-matrimonial party of the council—and on this occasion they served them faithfully. Instead of silencing their grief, they redoubled their lamentations.

"What can ye urge against the match?" inquired her majesty, sharply; "is not Monsieur of the royal house of France?"

"True!" replied Lady Howard; "but he is a Frenchman and a Catholic!"

"So very young, too!" added the Countess of Nottingham; "and youth is always fickle. The nation hate him!"

"It will learn to love him," coolly observed the queen, "when they see that he makes their sovereign happy!"

"Will he make your majesty happy?" said another of her attendants. "No!" As a Frenchman, he is the natural enemy of England; as a Catholic, distasteful to your people. Had your majesty," she added, "wedded him twenty years since, when you were in the full bloom of womanhood and beauty, I will not say but he might have done so: it is the queen the ambitious wooer seeks, and not the woman!"

This was a bold truth, but Elizabeth felt that it was one; and although her brow became knit, and her eyes flashed angrily upon the speaker, in her heart she secretly acknowledged the truth of her words.

"He accepted the sovereignty of the Low Countries without your consent or knowledge!" observed the Countess of Nottingham, who fancied that she read in the countenance of her royal mistress that her resolution already wavered. "Was not that ambition?"

"He has mistresses in France!" exclaimed a second.

"Is wholly unworthy of you," added a third; "seeing that his highness is ill-favored both in mind and body. Indeed, I am credibly informed that, in consequence of his deformity, he is obliged to wear irons on his feet. If your majesty observes, he never dances!"

At each fresh objection, the queen turned towards the speaker with passionate impatience; but the reproach was frozen on her lips, with the bitter conviction that for once her flatterers had spoken the truth. Her gaiety was gone, and, bursting into tears, she sank upon a chair.

"Thus it is," she murmured, "to govern an ungrateful people! I have sacrificed myself for their welfare! When I first succeeded to the crown, the entire nation worried me with prayers and entreaties that I would choose a husband; and now that I have chosen one, they seek by every means to thwart me!"

"There were hopes of your majesty having issue then!" observed Lady Howard, who, being related to the queen by blood, ventured to speak more plainly than the rest.

Elizabeth turned deadly pale at the truth her words conveyed.

"Enough!" she said. "Leave me! This night I will be my own tirewoman! Leave me!" she repeated, sternly, as the ladies pressed officiously round her, to accompany her to her chamber. "If too old to wed, I am not too old to see that my orders are obeyed! It is not my custom to speak twice! I will bethink me of this matter, and how to requite such devotion in my friends!"

With this implied menace—for from her lips it was such—the maiden monarch passed from her closet to the retirement of her sleeping-chamber, leaving the fair conspirators overwhelmed with consternation. They feared that in their zeal they had gone too far.

"She will resent this bitterly!" observed Lady Howard.

"If we have shaken her resolution, we need fear little for her anger!" replied the more wily Countess of Nottingham. "The breaking off of this marriage will confirm the influence of the council, under whose direction we have acted! For their own sakes they must support us with their mistress!"

"And do you count upon the gratitude of statesmen?" demanded one of the ladies of honor.

"No; but much upon their prudence!" was the reply.

"Their prudence?" repeated the rest.

"Yes!" continued the speaker. "Were Elizabeth only told that we had acted the part we have done at the solicitation of Lords Burleigh, Leicester, Walsingham, and the rest, her indignation would know no bounds! In her wrath she would brave not only the advice of her ministers, but the anger of her people! She may be led—nay, driven—to do what is right; but the rein must be of silk, and the hand which guides it unseen and unsuspected!"

A page entered the apartment, and informed the speaker that the Earl of Leicester, Sir Christopher Hatton, and Lord Burleigh were desirous of speaking with her. Feeling well assured that the queen would not again quit her chamber, the lady directed the three statesmen to be admitted.

"Well," demanded the earl, impatiently, "have you kept your promise?"

"Faithfully!" answered the countess; "as these ladies can witness for me! Not one of us but has proved her devotion to the interests of the council!"

"And the kingdom!" observed Burleigh. "Every good Protestant," he added, "will have cause to bless you, if the queen, by your instrumentality, should be saved from an union which will prove the tomb both of her happiness and glory! The hand of the defender of the reformed faith must never be given to the son of the infamous Catherine De Medicis—the plotter of the massacre of St. Bartholomew!"

"The persecutor of the Huguenots!" added Sir Christopher Hatton.

Had Elizabeth heard the conversation of her ministers, she would not have been at a loss to understand the source of the complainings of her subjects. There were these very outcries against the match, coupled with most uncourtly observations on the French prince, her wooer.

"One more task remains," said Lord Burleigh, after a pause, "to complete the good work!"

"Name it!" exclaimed all the ladies.

"This memorial, which, by the advice and with the consent of the council, I have drawn up, must be laid before the queen to-night. The impression must be struck whilst the iron is hot. It may cool anon, and then it will be too late!"

The maids of honor and ladies of the bed-chamber drew back. Not one of them would receive the paper—remembering her majesty's stern prohibition for them to appear again that night in her presence.

"Why do you hesitate?" impatiently demanded the Earl of Leicester; "you have placed your hand to the plough, and cannot draw back from the good work!"

"She hath forbidden us the presence," said the ladies, "and we must not enter the privy chamber."

"In that case," observed Lord Burleigh, with an air of resolution, "I will myself present it! My services entitle me to some consideration at her hands. She must learn the truth!"

And that truth was indeed a bitter one to the fierce spirit and weak heart of his royal mistress; for the memorial, or remonstrance, pointed out the inconsistency of her marrying a Catholic prince, and at the same time keeping the heiress of the crown a

prisoner, because she was Catholic. It implored her to reflect, before she sacrificed her place in history, and the glories of her reign, by yielding to a passion which would loosen, if not sever, the ties of love and obedience existing between herself and the people.

The paper had been drawn up with consummate ability—the dangers were clearly pointed out—but not a word that could rouse the pride of Elizabeth. At the very time the council dictated to their sovereign, they veiled the act under the appearance of supplication and advice.

"Nay," said the Lady Howard, "since it is so pressing, my lord, I will undertake to lay the paper before her majesty. I am of her own blood," she added, "and a frown will not wither me!"

So saying, she took it from the hand of the minister, and entered the chamber of the queen, whom she found seated, in great despondency, at the foot of her unpressed couch.

Elizabeth glanced like a roused lioness upon her, at seeing her commands thus daringly broken.

"From the council, please your majesty!" faltered the young lady, kneeling before her; "and oh, my royal mistress," she added, "listen to their prayer, even though the life of your poor kinswoman pays the price of her rashness!"

"Go!" exclaimed the maiden monarch, sharply; "we forgive not a second fault—intrude no more!"

The idea of Elizabeth's marriage with a Catholic and a foreigner was so distasteful in the City, that serious apprehensions were entertained that the peace would be broken. The wives and daughters of the rich citizens made themselves particularly conspicuous by their clamor; many of them even went so far as to pray in the churches publicly, that the queen and the church might be saved from the danger of such an alliance. Her majesty avenged her mortification more like a woman than a sovereign. She issued strict orders to the officers who were charged with the execution of her sumptuary laws against ruffs to use increased vigilance. The consequence was, that on leaving the sacred edifices, many a fair puritan had to submit her high, starched ruff to the relentless shears.

#### CHAPTER LV.

A lady so fair to be partnered  
With tomboys! Be revenged,  
Or she that bore you was no queen,  
And you recoil from your great stock.

SHAKESPEARE.

At an early hour the following morning Elizabeth sent one of her ladies of honor to request the presence of the Duke D'Anjou in her chamber—who, deeming that it was to receive some fresh token of the enamored queen's ridiculous passion for him, attired himself in all haste, and waited on her grace, as he had been desired.

To his astonishment he found the royal coquette drowned in tears, and looking most disconsolate. Her ladies were weeping beside her, for company or from sympathy; and Sir Christopher Hatton, the Lord Keeper, was standing behind her majesty's chair, wearing that cold, official expression of countenance beneath which statesmen mask the real feelings of their hearts—if, indeed, they are troubled with such useless appendages.

"My sovereign idol—*ma belle*!" exclaimed the French prince, gallantly kneeling and kissing the hand of his fiancée. "Why these tears? Does the prospect of your faithful Anjou's happiness—the greatest heaven has yet bestowed on mortal—affect your tender soul, or has some demon, envious of our joys, thrown the hot brand of discord 'twixt our loves?"

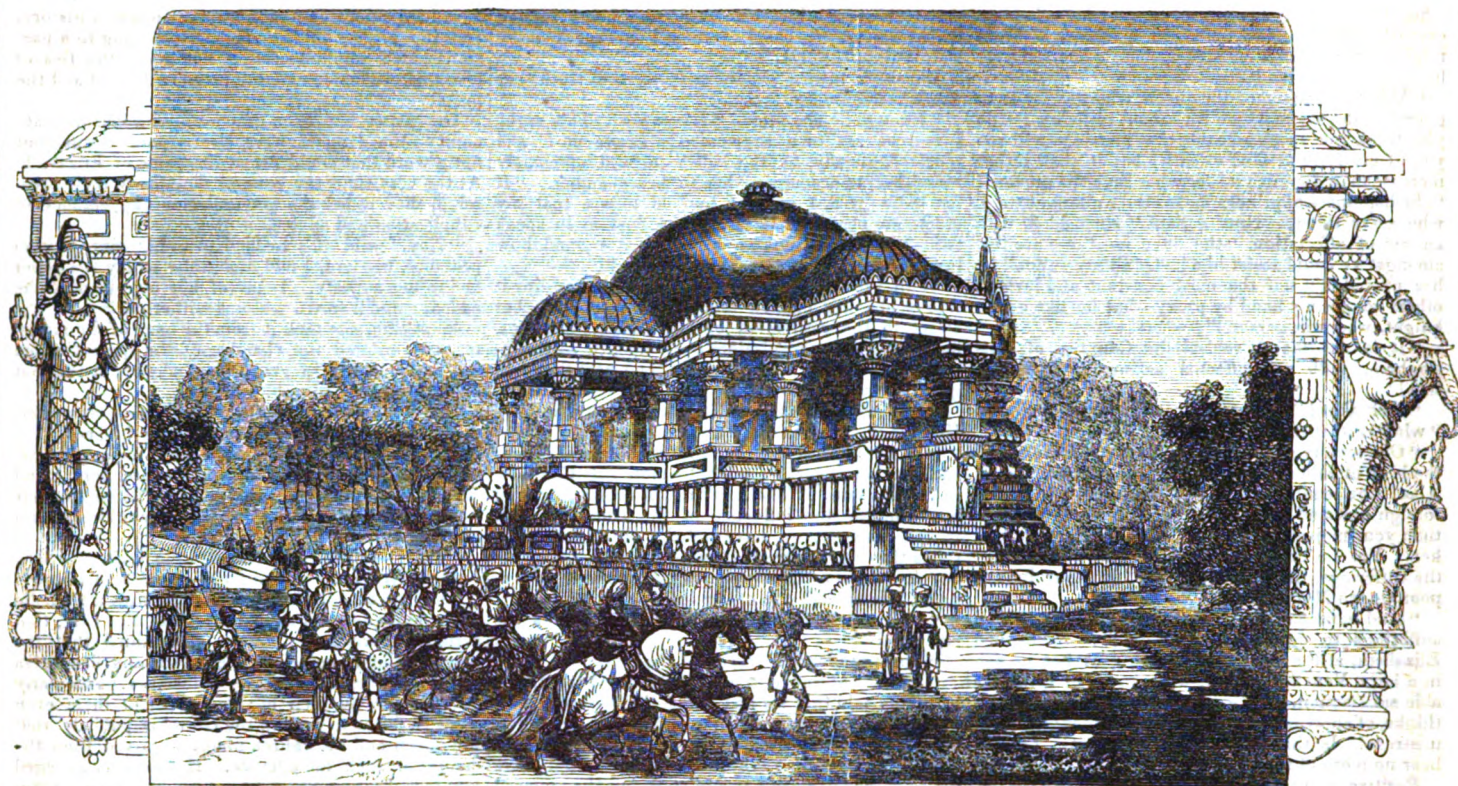
From the naturally masculine mind of Elizabeth, one would have imagined that the ridiculously high-strained flight would have provoked her risibility; on the contrary, it only increased her sorrow at the prospect of losing so charming a suitor—and she replied to him by a fresh flood of tears. The ladies secretly smiled, and even the veteran Hatton had some difficulty in preserving the official gravity of his countenance at the weakness his royal mistress was guilty of.

"Anjou," sighed the antiquated queen, "your tenderness has divined the truth: our love is doomed to be unhappy! My insolent subjects will not hear of my bestowing my hand and crown upon a foreigner and a Catholic; parliament is prepared to oppose my wishes! I must therefore resign the hope of being your bride; but let this satisfy you," she added, "that I will never be another's: my heart is too faithful, too constant for that! It can love but once!"

"Madam," interrupted the prince, with a look of disappointment, "remember you have pledged your faith to me!"

[To be continued.]





HINDOO TEMPLE, HALWAD.

#### Hindoo Temple, Halwad.

Our illustration this month, of ancient Indian architecture, is that of a Hindoo temple, situated at Halwad, a city in the province of Gujarat, now a heap of ruins. It stands on a bed of granite, watered by numerous streams, clear as crystal, which nourish a luxuriant vegetation. But the hand of time has fallen heavily upon it. The walls of the town, like its palaces, are mouldering to decay. Along the banks of the moat are the tombs of many a Moslem warrior. But the palace, the walls of which once resounded with the voices of ambitious courtiers, is tenantless, and the durbar, supported by massy pillars, is as silent as the grave. Many of the mausoleums in the cemetery are costly temples, composed of hewn stone, with statues of gods and heroes in battle.

Halwad, however, although formerly a place of great importance, both in Hindoo and Mohammedan history, is now a heap of mouldering ruins, a refuge for bats and owls, and the haunt of the wild beast of the desert. Its aspect strikingly corresponds to the prophetic denunciation respecting Babylon "Wild beasts of the desert shall lie there, and their houses shall be full of doleful creatures, and owls shall dwell there, and satyrs (apes) shall dance there, and the wild beasts of the islands shall cry in their houses, and dragons (alligators) in their pleasant places."

The ancient Hindoo temple is by far the most picturesque and interesting object in the place. Our artist has depicted it as a proud monument in the midst of a deserted city, and from the figures in the foreground would carry the mind back to the period when the processions of the Moorish squadrons, with their crowded spears and glittering sabres, matchlock-men in groups over the gateways and on the city walls, and a turbaned throng covering the space below, appeared on the scene, and showed what Halwad was in the sixteenth century. All this rude grandeur has now vanished, but a temple of very ancient but uncertain date remains, as if in scorn of all the revolutions and changes of which it has been the dumb witness.

The temple dedicated to Mahadeo forms a square, and a succession of domes of different dimensions, supported by pillars, compose a grand colonnade round the interior area. Its appearance is grand and massive, but evidently a copy of one of the temples in the celebrated caves of Salsette and Elephanta. Its cavern-like aspect is indisputable.

From the frequency of the emblem of Buddha—a human figure with uplifted hands—and the artistic display of elephant heads—importing that the temple, following out the Hindoo idea of the world, is supported on the backs of those monarchs of the jungle—we should incline to the opinion that it was

founded by the Hindoo sect called Jains. Most certainly they abound more in the province of Gujarat than in any other part of India, and that gives a color to our suggestion.

The Jain theology is unquestionably a remnant of Buddhism, the ancient religion of India, grafted on the Hindoo mythology. It is a pure theism, strangely blended with Hindooism; and of all the religions in the world, in its practices and discipline presents the nearest approach to some of the forms and ceremonies of the Roman Catholic Church. The idols are intended to represent saints and martyrs. The system, no doubt, was originally pure enough—if a mixture of truth and error can ever be said to be pure—but now it is disgraced by scandalous idolatry. Their altar-pieces are generally bas-reliefs in marble, containing sometimes twenty-five figures, all of men sitting cross-legged. Sometimes there is one considerably larger than the rest, and represented as a negro. This the priests look upon as an emblem of the divinity, and consider the rest as the different bodies he had assumed at different epochs, when he had become incarnate to instruct mankind. But on the Jain altars in Gujarat are four statues of sitting men. They are of white marble, with eyes of silver, which gleam in a very dismal and ghostly manner, in the light of the solitary lamp which burns before them, aided by yet dimmer rays which penetrate through narrow apertures in the vaulting. The worshippers, chiefly women, fall down before these idols, and offer them flowers and sugar-candy. But in India, the different worshipers of the sun (Surya), of Buddha, of Krishna and Bala Rama, the Hercules of the Greeks, form a medley more discordant, and classes of beliefs in the aggregate more obnoxious to moral and mental improvement, than is presented by any other countries, whether ancient or modern.

**EXCITING INCIDENT AMONG THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS.**—On one occasion while an artist, with a few of his companions, were stopping in the rear of their main company for the purpose of daguerreotyping for his pantoscope some remarkably strange rocks, a party of warlike Indians suddenly sprang from behind the rocks, and, giving a frightful yell, advanced with lances poised, ready for battle; when the artist, with great coolness, turned upon them his camera, and somewhat mystically waving over the instrument the black cloths in which his pictures were wrapped, held his lighted cigar in somewhat frightful proximity to the instrument. The savages having heard strange stories of "thunder on wheels," which had in one terrific burst swept away whole parties of red skins, panic-stricken, paused a moment, and then veered to the right with eyes fixed upon the dreaded in-

strument. But the strange mortar followed them, its dangerous point ever keeping them in direct line. Pop! pop! pop! went a revolver from beneath the instrument. This, they imagined, was but the prelude to the death-waging storm about to burst upon them! They could no longer stand this, but with a simultaneous yell broke away towards the rocks. Bang! Bang! went the artist's guns after them. Strange sounds were reverberated through the mountain gorges, and echoed back by the cavernous rocks—yells, and shrieks, and rumbling thunders. The smoke cleared away, and the artists were alone. No time was lost in rejoining the caravan; and the danger being over, it became often the subject of merriment among the camp-fires—the artist's charge upon the Indians with the daguerreotype instrument.—*Boston Transcript.*

**SAM SLICK HOOKING LUCY'S GOWN.**—Well, just as I was ready to start away, down comes Lucy to the keepin' room, with both arms behind her head, a fixin' of the hooks and eyes. "Man alive," says she, "are you here yet—I thought you was off gunnin' an hour ago; who'd a thought you was here?" "Gunnin'?" says I, "Lucy, my gunnin' is over; I shan't go no more now—I shall go home; I agree with you; shiverin' alone under a wet bush for hours is no fun; but if Lucy was there—" "Get out!" says she, "don't talk nonsense, Sam, and just fasten the other hook and eye of my frock, will you?" She turned round her back to me. Well, I took the hook in one hand and the eye in the other; but arth and seas, my eyes fairly snapped again; I never see such a neck since I was raised. It sprung right out of the breast and shoulders, full, round, and then tapered up to the head like a swan's, and the complexion would beat the most delicate white and red rose that ever was seen. Lick, it made me all eyes! I jist stood stock still—I couldn't move a finger if I was to die for it. "What ails you, Sam," says she, "that you don't hook it?" "Why," says I, "Lucy, dear, my fingers is all thumbs, that's a fact; I can't handle such little things as fast as you can." "Well, come," says she, "make haste, that's a dear—mother will be a comin' directly;" and at last I shut too both my eyes, and fastened it: and when I had done, says I, "There is one thing I must say, Lucy." "What's that?" says she. "That you may stump all Connecticut to show such an angellious neck as you have—I never saw the beat of it in all my born days—it's the most—" "And you may stump the state, too," says she, "to produce such another bold, forrard, impudent, onmannerly tongue as you have! So there now—so get along with you!"

**THE TEACHING OF NECESSITY.**—A grand necessity elevates man; a small one degrades him.





ALEXANDER II., THE NEW EMPEROR OF RUSSIA



### The present Emperor of Russia.

THE new Sovereign of Russia, Alexander Nicolaievitch, is the eldest son of the late Emperor, and was born 29th (17th) of April, 1818, and has, therefore, very nearly completed his 37th year. Previous to his accession he held the posts of Commander-in-Chief of the Corps de la Garde, and of the Grenadiers; presided over the Military School, and was Curator-in-Chief of the Military Hospital of Tobolsk; and holds the command of the Lancers, the Carabiniers of Erivan, &c. The Emperor married, in 1841, Marie-Alexandrowna, daughter of Louis II., Grand Duke of Hesse.

M. de Castine, in his popular work on Russia, has given the following sketch of the then Grand Duke Alexander, as he appeared in 1839. The author writes from Ems:—

"The Hereditary Grand Duke has arrived at Ems, preceded by ten or twelve carriages, and followed by a numerous court.

"I found myself at the side of the Grand Duke, among the curious crowd, as he alighted from his carriage. Before entering the house, he stood for a long time at the door of the baths in conversation with a Russian lady, so that I had time to examine him. He looks his exact age, which is twenty. His person is tall, but a little too stout for so young a man. His features would be fine, were it not for a puffiness that impairs his physiognomy. His face is round, but rather German than Russian, and suggests what the Emperor Alexander must have been at the same age, without, however, in any way recalling the Kalmuck type.

"The look has many phases to pass through ere it will assume its definitive character. The habitual humor it now denotes is mild and benevolent. Between the ready smile of the eyes, and the constant contraction of the mouth, there is, however, a discrepancy that bespeaks very moderate frankness, and perhaps some internal grief. The chagrin of youth, the age when happiness is man's natural due, is a secret always the better kept, that it is a mystery inexplicable even to the sufferer. The Prince's expression is one of kindness: his step is light and gracefully noble—truly that of a Prince. His air is modest, without timidity, which is a great point for all about him, since the embarrassment of the great is really an annoyance to the rest of the world. If they fancy themselves demigods, they are incommode by the opinion they have of themselves, and which they despair of making others partake.

"This silly disquietude never afflicts the Grand Duke. His whole bearing wears the impress of perfect good-breeding. If he should ever reign, he will make himself obeyed, not by terror, but by the attraction of his inherent grace; unless the necessities that cling to a Russian Emperor's destiny should alter his character as well as his position.

"I have again seen the Hereditary Grand Duke, and have had a long and close examination of him. He was not dressed in uniform, which gives him a stiff and swollen look. The ordinary costume suits him much better. His manner is agreeable, his gait noble, and without the stiffness of the soldier; and the peculiar grace that distinguishes him recalls the singular charm belonging to the Slave race. There is not the vivacious passion of the warm countries, nor the imperturbable coldness of the North; but a mixture of Southern simplicity and adaptability with Scandinavian melancholy. The Slaves are white Arabs. The Grand Duke is more than half German; but there are German Slaves in Mecklenburg, as well as in some parts of Holstein and Prussia.

"Notwithstanding his youth, the Prince's face is not so agreeable as his figure. His complexion has lost its freshness: it is visible that he is a sufferer. The eyelid droops over the outer corner of the eye with a melancholy betraying already the cares of a more advanced age. His pleasing mouth is not without sweetness, and his Grecian profile recalls the medals of the antique, or the portraits of the Empress Catherine; but beneath that air of kindness, almost always conferred by beauty, youth, and German blood, it is impossible not to recognise a force of dissimulation that terrifies one in so young a man. This trait is, doubtless, the seal of destiny, and makes me believe that the Prince is fated to ascend the throne. His voice has a melodious tone, a thing rare in his family, and a gift he has received from his mother.

"He stands out among the younger men of his suite without anything to stamp the distance observable between them, unless it be the perfect grace of his whole person. Grace always denotes an amiable turn of mind; so much of the soul enters

into the gait, the expression of the physiognomy, and the attitudes of the man. The one under examination is at once imposing and agreeable. Russian travellers had spoken to me of his beauty as a phenomenon: and it would have struck me more but for this exaggeration. Such as he is, the Grand Duke of Russia still seemed to me one of the finest models of a Prince that I had ever met."

The new Sovereign of Russia is said to have been initiated at an early age into the affairs of the empire by the Emperor his father; he was present at all the councils; he was invested with situations which gave him frequent opportunities of rendering himself useful to the army, and pleasing to the youth of the schools. Whenever the Emperor Nicholas quitted the capital, he left the supreme direction of the Government to his son; in short, he had taken the utmost pains to prepare him to become his successor. The new Emperor is stated to be very popular in Russia—he is beloved and esteemed by the people. He will not exercise the great authority of his father, for he does not inherit his hauteur or his inflexibility. He will rather please, as the Emperor Alexander I. did, by his mildness and his affability, and between the uncle and the nephew there is a very great similarity of character in numerous ways. The new Empress is also highly spoken of, and her elevated judgment and her conciliating manners are much extolled. It is thought that she will exercise a salutary influence over the Emperor.

### Speak of a Man as you find Him.

BY F. G. LEE, ESQ.

If Rumor has scattered his statements untrue,  
Belying some friend, never mind him;  
Take "Truth" for your motto, whatever you do,  
And speak of a man as you find him.

Of those who have large faults never utter loud cries,  
So step in the proper direction;  
Of silence is welcome, and oftentimes she's wise:  
No woman or man is perfection.

If Poverty's frowned on a man well-to-do,  
With icy like mantle enshroud him,  
Remember that Fortune may deal thus with you,  
So speak of the man as you found him.

There are who would point at the wretched in scorn—  
Religion, they say, bids them do it;  
I'll warrant, if ever they pass through life's morn  
Unremorse, that in even they'll rue it.

To purveyors of scandal who deem themselves wise,  
Of a snow-ball in winter remind them,  
Which, being rolled onward, increaseth in size;  
Bid them speak of all men as they find them.

So, if Rumor scatters his statements untrue,  
Of friend undeserving, ne'er mind it;  
There are some who'll add to the tale beside you;  
So let it alone as you find it!

A HARD DRINKER.—"I understand," said a deacon to his neighbor, "that you are becoming a hard drinker." "That is a slander," replied the neighbor; "for no man can drink easier."

PROMPTING THE PROMPTER.—One of the principal actors, at the Comedie Française, stopped short in a tragedy at this passage: "I was at Rome——." It was in vain that he began the passage several times—he never could get farther than Rome. At last, seeing that there was no help for it, and that the prompter, as embarrassed as himself, was unable to find the place, or to give him any assistance, he turned his eyes coolly upon him, and said, with an air of dignity: "Well, sir, what was I doing in Rome?"

WRITTEN after going to law:

The law, they say, great Nature's chain connects,  
That *causes* ever must produce effects—  
In me behold reversed great Nature's laws,  
All my *effects* lost by a single *cause*.

THE WIFE.—A wife should be a crown to her husband—her children its jewels. Her virtue should be his pride and pleasure, not his pain and punishment; for virtue in a wife is not the only thing necessary to make a husband happy; there are other qualities—temper, cheerfulness, patience, forbearance—all essential. Her nature should soften the sternness of his, where it is stern—not stubbornly resist where it is gentle. Her hand should gently detain him, when he would take the wrong path—not rudely pull him back when he has made choice of the right. Her children should be as the apples of his eyes, the wine and honey of his heart, the grace and ornament of his house. They should be to him as the second spring of his own youth—the pride of his summer, the fruitfulness of his autumn—and the light and warmth of the winter of his manhood. Such should be the virtues of a wife.

LIGHT INFANTRY.—The itinerant venders of lucifer matches.

"The True and False Heiress," commenced in our last number, was taken from a London Journal, where it was advertised as original with a good deal of *clat*. Having only the first portion before us, we commenced publishing it in good faith. Had the whole work been placed in our hands at once, we should have discovered that it was a novel by Mrs. Southworth, with the names and titles changed to suit the English market—an American work with the name of the author suppressed, the names of places changed to English localities, and the whole thing not only grossly pirated, but grossly garbled also: in short, a literary forgery of the worst kind. Deceived by these English titles and English names, we commenced what we supposed the first chapter of an English novel; but now find that "The True and False Heiress" is, substantially, nothing more than "The Lost Heiress," a novel by Mrs. Emma D. E. N. Southworth, now copyrighted and published in book form by T. B. Peterson, Chesnut st., Philadelphia, an enterprising publisher, whose rights we had invaded but for a timely discovery of the fraud. We regret that a mistake of this kind should have happened; but from absolute frauds like this no man can be expected to protect himself or his readers. For the credit of English publishers it is to be regretted that a wrong of this kind can be perpetrated upon an English public and against an American authoress; but it is not the first of the kind by any means. "Fashion and Famine," by Mrs. Ann S. Stephens, notwithstanding three important houses have issued editions under her name, has been sent back to America, garbled in the same fashion, from half a dozen sources, with new titles, new names, and new illustrations, till that lady has been more than once accused of stealing her own work from the English. Even now, one of her magazine stories, of which 100,000 copies have been sold within four months, is openly advertised as a copyrighted book, while a portion of the manuscript lies unprinted in her desk.

BIRDS AND SNAKES.—It is not only in devices of this kind that partridges display a strong and lively affection for their young; but, when there appears a probability of success, they will not hesitate to attack an enemy that assails them; and it is no uncommon thing for the old ones to be seen flying up at hawks, or other birds of prey, screaming and fighting with all vigor to defend their helpless offspring. Several years ago we witnessed a desperate battle between a cock partridge and a black snake, which rather singular combat would, however, have soon proved fatal to the former, if we had not so opportunely come to his rescue, as the serpent had already caught the exhausted bird by the wing, and so deadly was the grasp that he even held on to his affrighted, but nevertheless courageous victim, after we had broken his back with a blow from a large stick. On searching around in the grass, we discovered two very young partridges, somewhat mutilated and nearly dead, both of which, no doubt, had been seized by his snakeship as a dainty meal, which, however, he was not permitted to enjoy, owing to the bold attack of the parent bird. Such encounters between birds and serpents we are convinced are not uncommon, but of daily occurrence, as few of us at all familiar with country life but have witnessed like incidents in our rambles over the fields. We also believe that similar conflicts between the parent birds and these ruthless desecrators of their nests have given rise to the popular fallacy that snakes possess the power of *charming birds*, or, in other words, transfixing or drawing them within their reach by the use of certain mesmeric manipulations of their tongue and eyes. We give no credit whatever to this boasted power of fascination on the part of snakes, but regard it as one of those vulgar errors that spring up in the minds of the ignorant, from their inability to explain or investigate many of the every day phenomena of nature.—*Am. Magazine.*

THE SPIRIT OF RUSSIAN PROPHECY.—It is said that Prince Meitschikoff, in a letter to the Czar last autumn, predicted that he would easily be able to "throw the allies into the sea," within a very few hours of their landing. As, however, more than five months have elapsed already without our seeing a fulfillment of this prophecy, we cannot resist thinking that the spirit in which it was uttered must have been very considerably above proof: enabling the speaker as it did to estimate its capabilities at so far more than double.

OFFICERS UP TO THEIR BUSINESS.—In General Wolle's favorite song, soldiers are described as men "Whose business is to die." That may be; but it does not follow that it is advisable to select for generals those officers who have so far got on in the business of dying as to have one foot in the grave.

To be slow in words is woman's only virtue.

## Route of the Overland Mail to India.

Arrix passing Algiers, the Maltese islands are soon sighted. They are Malta, Gozo, Comino, and Filifa. At Malta, the principal isle, the outward bound, coming free from the imputations of plague, which cover the homeward passengers, are at liberty at once to go on shore, and see the "lions" of the place.

Malta is a small island, not more than forty-four miles in circuit. From being literally an immense magnesian limestone rock, without any trees of large size, and a part of the year without any verdure whatever, its natural aspect is dreary and barren. The whole of the southern coast is precipitous and inaccessible, the rocks rising perpendicularly from the sea to the height of 500 or 600 feet. The island slopes from the southern to the northern side. There are no streams, and but few springs. The rain water is collected in tanks, which are carefully excavated in the rock, and lined with cement. The inhabitants of Valetta and the shipping are supplied with water by means of a magnificent aqueduct, which conveys it from springs in the southern part of the island. Although Malta seems by nature to have been condemned to barrenness from its rocky character, yet the skill and industry of its people have converted many parts into fertile fields. The produce is cotton (which is its staple), wheat, barley, pulse, potatoes, &c. The Malta orange is superior to all others, and melons, figs, and grapes are of a particularly fine flavor. The vegetables are excellent. There are no wild animals or venomous reptiles; but to compensate in some degree for this, the whole island swarms with mosquitos. We think that we do not err in stating that we have seen, on the walls of a single room, not less than ten thousand at the same moment. On account of the scarcity of pasture, few cattle are bred. Meat is principally imported from Barbary. The salubrity of the climate may be judged of from the fact of the range of the thermometer being remarkably equal: seldom falling below fifty degrees in January, or rising above eighty-eight degrees during the summer months. From June to September, the common people often sleep all night in the streets. We have had occasionally to pick our way very carefully round a man, his wife, and half a dozen urchins, lest we should stumble over them in the dark, and disturb the slumbers of an entire family. On these occasions they draw a mattress to the door of their house, but the children generally enjoy the luxury of the stones. In the day-time, from twelve to two, the *faccini* (the lazzaroni of Malta), barefooted, with sleeves rolled up, long red or blue woollen caps, light shirts, vests, and pantaloons, generally working as porters, take a comfortable siesta in the open street. They usually lay themselves down after dining, perhaps on bread, oil, and luscious grapes, draw the long dangling end of their cap over their face, as a protection both from sun and mosquitos, and thus enjoy their repose as calmly as though on a couch of down.

Malta contains two principal ports on the south-east side, which are separated by a tongue of land a mile and a half long, on which are built the Castle of St. Elmo and a lighthouse, commanding the entrance to both ports. This tongue of land is two hundred feet above the level of the sea, but lowers towards the point, and is almost flat at the part where it joins the mainland. On this advantageous position is built the city of Valetta, which is the seat of government and the citadel of the island. It is defended on all sides by the most stupendous fortifications, constructed chiefly by the soldier-monks of St. John of Jerusalem. Other works situate on the opposite side of the great harbor are of nearly equal strength, amongst which is the powerful castle of St. Angelo, that rakes the entrance of the harbor, with four tiers of guns, and completely forbidding every approach. Altogether, the place is considered impregnable.

When the British troops took possession of the place, after the capitulation of 1800, there were upwards of 800 pieces of ordnance mounted on the fortifications. The land front of Valetta is defended by a strong line of works, which stretch across from one port to the other, having within them two very high "cavaliers," which command the town and country, and look into the works on the opposite sides of each harbor. This front is strengthened by a dry ditch running its whole length, excavated in the rock to a depth varying from 90 to 140 feet. Outside the works of Valetta there is a suburb called Floriana, and beyond this is another series of fortifications. The total number of embrasures in the defences of Valetta and its ports, including the three cities of Borgo, Barmola, and Isola, is 947.

The great harbor, which is to the eastward of

Valetta, is about 3,400 yards in length, with an entrance 450 yards wide, defended by a strong fort. The harbor varies in width from 700 to 450 yards, without including three inlets, which are of themselves ports, and capable of containing many ships of war. In one of these is situate the naval arsenal. On the opposite side of the same inlet are handsome residences for the superintendent and officers of the arsenal, and spacious stores for the victualling department. Here also are three immense arches of masonry, under which the galleys of the order were built, and drawn up for repair and for protection from the weather. All these buildings were constructed by the order, and they have been greatly improved by the British government. On a prominent point opposite Valetta stands the naval hospital, built in 1830; it is one of the many striking objects which surround this beautiful harbor. The entrance of the port has no bar or other impediment, and the water is so deep that the largest ships can sail in, close under the bastions of Valetta, direct to their anchorage. In the great harbor and its inlets twenty-five sail of the line have been known to lie during the last war without inconvenience, besides 300 or 400 merchantmen.

The harbor to the westward has, at its entrance, opposite to and besides the castle of St. Elmo, a small but powerful fort. It is principally appropriated to vessels arriving from the Levant or countries infected with the plague, and it is therefore commonly called the Quarantine Harbor. Here is the lazaretto, a suite of extensive buildings, erected on an island in the centre of the harbor. In addition to its former accommodations, a new plague hospital has been recently built; but no case of plague has occurred in the island since the memorable plague of 1813-14, though many infected ships and crews have been received in this lazaretto.

The chief ornament of Valetta is the governor's palace. This splendid erection was built for the grand masters about 250 years ago, and within its immense quadrangle there is a magnificent armory, containing a stand of 10,000 muskets, together with the armor of the knights, and some interesting trophies. Another object of interest is the church of St. John (built 1580), a large and sightless structure externally, but enriched within by some most costly marble monuments and altars. The late Queen Adelaide caused a very handsome Protestant church to be erected, which bears an imposing and elegant appearance from the sea. Valetta is a dull, handsome town, peopled, it would appear, by beggars from the Bastin Promenade to the Nix Mangiare Stairs, where the sympathies of the tender-hearted are kept ever alive by awful tales of stout-looking fellows who have eaten nothing for forty days! Next in number to the mendicant herd are soldiers and guides; and if there are any other classes of inhabitants, the stranger can seldom get a glimpse of them. They remain unobtrusively at home, or glide unnoticed along the shady sides of the streets, whilst the beggars and guides surround one with almost menacing vociferation at every step.

The ancient capital of Malta—Citta Vecchia—is situate on a rising ground in the interior of the island, about six miles from Valetta. It is walled, but is of no importance as a fortification. It contains many good and even magnificent buildings, but, with the exception of two large convents, the population is very trifling. Here are the celebrated catacombs, that appear to have anciently served as subterranean abodes or cemeteries, or both; but their use is problematical.

Too small to defend its existence as an independent government, Malta has in nearly all ages formed a portion of some of the mighty empires of the world. It has successively belonged to the Phœnicians, Greeks, Romans, French, and English, besides some of lesser note. It was during the Roman occupation of the island (then called Melita), and in the reign of Tiberius, that St. Paul was cast upon these rocky shores, and the creek off which he was stranded retains to this day the name of *La Baia de San Paolo*—the Bay of St. Paul. By that apostle a church was planted on this interesting rock of "the great sea" and a building stands at Floriana, which still bears the name of San Publio, in honor of the "chief man of the island," converted to the faith while Paul remained there.

In the year 1530, Charles V. granted Malta and the neighboring isles to the grand master and religious fraternity of St. John, who had been recently expelled from Rhodes by the Turks. The sovereignty of Malta was by this grant in effect surrendered to the vagrant knights, though the form of tenure from the crown of Sicily was maintained by the reservation of the annual payment of a falcon by the knights to the King of Sicily or his

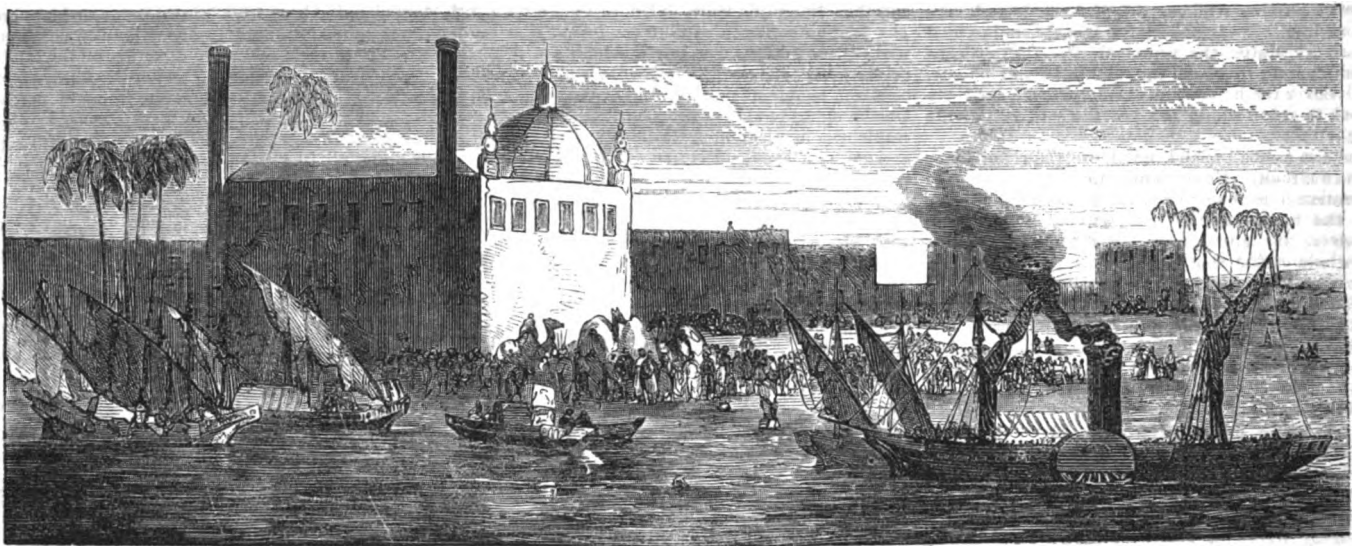
viceroy. At the time of the cession Malta contained only about 12,000 inhabitants, who were in a miserable condition. The island was almost a shelterless rock, and the cultivation of the land had been nearly abandoned, owing to the wretched system of administration and the frequent predatory visits to which the people were exposed. Under the order, Malta soon began to wear a better aspect. The first object was to protect the island against the incursions of its piratical enemies; and with this view the knights commenced those works which remain to this day, monuments of their perseverance and military power. But it was not long before internal dissensions threatened the extinction of the order. A private quarrel arose between a Florentine and a French knight of the "language" of Provence; in a duel, to which it led, the Italian killed the Frenchman, upon which the French knights, pretending the Florentine had used foul play, fell upon him and his friends sword in hand. Retreating before superior numbers, the Italians took refuge in the palace of the Prior of Rome, but before they reached that place of safety, several of them were severely wounded. Maddened by this outrage, more than sixty Italian knights rushed out from the prior's residence, attacked the knights of Provence, and soon provoked a general engagement with all the French "languages." To make the struggle about equal, the knights of Arragon and Castile joined the Italians. Night fell on a scene of carnage, and the darkness of it was horribly illuminated by flashes of artillery and musketry. It was not without the greatest difficulty that the grand master, L'Isle Adam, put down this civil war. The vengeance he afterwards took of the leaders in this mad affray was severe, for twelve knights were degraded and expelled, and many others were put in sacks and thrown into the sea.

In 1565, the Turks, under Mustapha Pacha, to the number of 30,000 choice troops, landed on the island, where they encountered a desperate resistance from the knights. Scenes occurred during this memorable siege that were perfectly diabolical. The gunners of the order invented a kind of fire-work, which had a frightful effect. Hoops of the lightest wood were dipped into brandy, rubbed with boiling oil, then covered with wool and cotton, soaked in other combustible liquors, and mixed with saltpetre and gunpowder. On an assault fire was set to these hoops, which were then taken up with tongs and thrown down into the midst of the assailants, who, crowded and driven together, had no means of escape. Such as got entangled in them almost inevitably perished, and not unfrequently two or three Turks were involved in the fiery embrace of one hoop, and burnt alive together. The cries, the shrieks of these poor wretches, the groans of the wounded, the long rattling of the musketry, and then the roar of the artillery, made a very Pandemonium upon earth. Finally, the Turks were compelled to quit Malta, with the loss of 25,000 men. Upon the death of Sultan Solymán in 1566, shortly after the defeat of his troops, the grand master, John de Valetta, who had successfully defended Malta against this formidable invasion, determined on the foundation of a new city, in a favorable position for the protection of the island, and as a residence of the convent of the order. He laid the first stone of the city of Valetta, which bore the name of its founder, on the 28th March, 1566. The knights, now secure in their possession of Malta, continued to cruise against the Ottomans, whom they greatly annoyed. But the discipline relaxed as the objects of their original institution gradually became of secondary importance, and Malta, which was safe from all outward attacks, became the scene of the grossest debauchery and luxury.

It is not our purpose to trace the history of Malta between this time and its surrender to Bonaparte in 1798. The surrender of the island was entirely owing to the pusillanimity of the grand master, and to the treachery of the French knights, who, foreseeing the decline of the order and the probability of Malta being placed under Russian influence, preferred its surrender to France. When the French general entered the gates of Valetta, he made a personal inspection of the fortifications. "It is well, general," said Caffarelli, one of the officers of his suite, as he accompanied him, "it is well some one was within to open the gates for us. We should have had some difficulty in entering had the place been altogether empty."

Short was the reign of France in Malta. In 1800 it passed under the powerful sceptre of Great Britain; for in that year the native inclination and "the voice of Europe" confirmed to that country the possession of this celebrated rock. The treaty of peace, concluded at Paris between France and





BOULAC, THE PORT OF CAIRO. .

the allied powers on the 30th of May, 1814, finally recognised the union of Malta with Great Britain.

Five plagues have visited Malta, namely, in 1592, 1623, 1633, 1660, and 1813. We will mention a few interesting facts relating only to the last awful calamity. On the 28th of March, 1813, the *San Nicola*, a mercantile craft from Alexandria, furled her pest-laden sails in the waters of Malta. From this vessel the almost resistless epidemic was introduced into Valetta, in consequence of some leather having been furtively conveyed to the abode of a native calzolaio, or shoemaker. Soon the plague worked its way so extensively into all parts of the city that government deemed it expedient to make some uncommon regulations. Under penalty of death, every head of a family was enjoined to make to a board of health, then established, a veracious report of the slightest symptoms of plague, and of all suspicious ailments in their respective households. A lady once showed us a door, close by fort St. Elmo, perforated with bullets, and gave us the following explanation:

"During the plague certain carts perambulated the city every day, distributing bread to the several houses. The inmates let down from their upper windows a bucket, and into this the loaves were placed and drawn up, to avoid all contact with individuals who were at large. Near this door was a man, erect in a bread-cart, and in the act of distributing; when he was observed to move his shoulders convulsively—an indication well understood that plague was upon him. By a sentinel, or some other official near, the poor fellow was ordered to stand still, when he was immediately shot dead on the spot, and this door was perforated by the balls."

The dead-carts perambulated the city daily, to receive the remnants of mortality from each afflicted house, and these, "unknelled—uncoffined," were all cast into a common grave. Over the bodies was strewed a quantity of lime, to accelerate their decomposition. The dead-carts were served by *forzati*—persons condemned for various crimes to wear a chain and sweep the city daily. On condition that these unfortunates would run all the hazard of daily contact with the dead and infected, they were promised liberty when the plague should cease. These men were dressed in long loose canvass frocks, thoroughly saturated with oil; and to cast the body into and from the carts, made use of pitchforks. Many of these men subsequently left Malta for Barbary and Egypt with thousands of dollars, gold and silver vessels, trinkets, and precious stones, amassed by them during their frightful service, in houses which had been completely untenanted by the pest, or in the rooms of others where death had so far removed observers as to favor nefarious acts. An assassin's hand occasionally dispatched the remaining member of a family, defenceless by disease. One of these *forzati* was detected in the act of stabbing a patient. This patient was a young English merchant, who was greatly beloved on account of his integrity. He had just lost his wife and two sons, and was then himself seized with the distemper. He was murdered almost in the presence of his friend, Captain Richardson, who was in an adjoining room.

Hearing the door open, he hastened to his friend, saw the villain stab his victim to the heart, rushed

on him, and threw him on the ground after a desperate struggle.

"Sir," cried the wretch, finding himself overpowered, "surely you will not kill me?"

"Villain! what have you done?"

"But he was so ill!"

"And those things which you had already stolen?"

"I thought everybody was dead. Give me my life, and I will make you a rich man."

"Dare you offer me your blood stained gold?"

"Sir, be without fear; I possess several remedies against the plague." I will give you as many dollars as you can carry."

"Were you to offer me ten thousand —"

"You shall have a hundred thousand," said the murderer, and received the captain's sword through his heart.

The magistrates seized the dead body, and had it hung at the corner of the street where the crime was committed. His effects were sold for the benefit of the poor. From inquiries which were then made, it was discovered that, when he entered infected houses, he possessed himself of whatever he found, seized on the most valuable utensils, and tore the jewels from the bodies of the dead. Several instances were proved in which he, or some other of the *forzati*, hastened the effects of the pestilence, and gave the death-blow to those whose cries would have interrupted him perpetrating his robberies.

Between Malta and Alexandria there is no point of interest worthy of notice; in fact, land is seldom sighted during the four days' trip.

The illustrious city of Alexandria was founded by the great conqueror after whom it received its name, and, because of its capability of becoming the emporium of the trade of the East, it was for a long time the centre of commerce, the abode of learning, the headquarters of civilization. The ancient historians gave extraordinary notices of this city. The circumference of ancient Alexandria is said by Pliny to have been fifteen miles. Its population amounted to more than 300,000 free inhabitants, besides, at least, an equal number of slaves; and we may judge of its magnificence from the fact, that the Romans themselves considered it inferior only to their own capital. Nor were the greatness and flourishing condition of Alexandria of short duration; and even as late as the year 640 A.D., when taken by the Arabs, it was remarkable for its wealth and splendor. "I have taken," says Amer in his letter to the Caliph, "the great city of the West. It is impossible for me to enumerate the variety of its riches and beauty, and I shall content myself with observing, that it contains 4,000 palaces, 4,000 baths, 400 theatres or places of amusement, 12,000 shops for the sale of vegetables, and 40,000 tributary Jews."

History confers a deep interest on this city. Besides having been the theatre of many wars and bloody tragedies, the birthplace and residence of many of the most eminent fathers of the church, and the hot-bed of schisms and heresies—the Septuagint here translated into Greek the Hebrew version of the Scriptures; here St. Mark preached the gospel, and suffered martyrdom; here Antony lost the world in the arms of Cleopatra; and here Sir Ralph Abercrombie gained the splendid victories which drove the French from Egypt.

In later ages, sharing in the fluctuations to which the mightiest cities of the earth have been exposed, Alexandria degenerated into a small fishing village—the abode of pirates and the haunt of freebooters. But, through the indefatigable exertions of Mehemet Ali, the "fallen city" has, of late years, been made, in some degree, to occupy its old position of importance. Here he established his arsenal, his army, and his fleet. It is well known that the great Pacha, till a short time before his death, was building a new Alexandria on and out of the ruins of the old. The various improvements are said to have cost seven millions and a half of dollars. Portions of the new city are built some twenty or thirty feet above the old. In one of the excavations attending the new construction the workmen came upon the ruins of the church which is supposed to have been founded by St. Mark, at Alexandria, in which was found a curious resemblance of the Bible.

In the neighborhood of Alexandria is the beautiful obelisk commonly denominated Cleopatra's Needle. It is of the red granite of Syene, about 68 feet high, and 7½ feet wide at the base, covered with hieroglyphics. Time has dealt lightly with it; on one side the characters stand bold and clear as when it came from the hands of the sculptor; although on the other, the dread sirocco, blowing upon it from the desert some 2,000 years, has effaced the sculptor's marks, and worn away the almost impenetrable granite. By its side, half buried in the sand, lies a fallen brother of the same size, and about the same age. These obelisks stood originally at Heliopolis, and were brought to Alexandria by one of the Cæsar's, though fame has attached to them the title of Cleopatra's Needles.

The celebrated Pompey's Pillar is also composed of red granite, from Upper Egypt. The shaft and upper portion of the base are one piece. The single shaft rises nearly 70 feet, and 9 feet in diameter, surmounted by a Corinthian capital 10 feet high. The whole column is said to be nearly 100 feet. There is majesty about this monument—full of grace and beauty, yet built with extraordinary simplicity—well worthy of Alexandria's proudest days. It was erected by Publius, the prefect of Egypt, in honor of Diocletian. We may briefly notice the Arab tradition respecting the burning of the Alexandrian library, which took place in the time of Omar, as it is connected with this pillar. Some native historians affirm that this column originally belonged to a magnificent building, containing a library, which Amer, the Arab general, burned by the command of Omar. Amer, having taken Alexandria, was solicited by one Johannes, surnamed "the Grammarian," to spare the library, and to suffer it to remain in the possession of its former owners. Amer, willing to oblige the philosopher, wrote to his sovereign, desiring to know his pleasure respecting these books, and received the following answer: "As to the books which you have mentioned, if they contain what is agreeable with the book of God, the book of God is sufficient without them; and if they contain what is contrary to the book of God, there is no need of them. So give orders for their destruction." They were accordingly distributed about the city, to be used for heating the baths, and in the space of six months they were consumed.

It is to be regretted that the protection of the

Egyptian government has not been exerted in preserving this interesting relic of ancient Alexandria as it should have been, so as to prevent its pedestal and shaft from being defaced by the names of persons who have visited, or of ships that have anchored, in the port, some of which are painted in black letters of monstrous height.

The catacombs of Alexandria—famed repositories of the dead—are about three miles from the city. The entrance to them is close to a spot once covered with the habitations and gardens of the town or suburb of the city, which, from the neighboring tombs, was called the Necropolis. The extent of these catacombs is remarkable.

Proceeding from Alexandria up the Mahmoudie Canal, the passengers, mails, and cargo of the steamer are conveyed to Atf6. This place is reached in about ten hours.

The Mahmoudie Canal is nearly fifty English miles in length, ninety feet in breadth, and eighteen in depth. It is the grandest example in the world of what has been termed "a barbarian struggling into civilisation." The canal was begun in 1819, and opened on the 24th of January, 1820. It is said that 250,000 workmen were employed in the excavation, of whom at least 20,000 perished in the course of ten months, in consequence either of ill-treatment, excessive labor, the want of wholesome nourishment, or the plague. Their only implements in this work were the hoes which are commonly used in Egyptian agriculture: when the soil was moist, they scraped it up with their hands, and then removed it in baskets. The name of Mahmoudie was given to it in honor of Mahmoud, the reigning sultan. On the banks of the canal are to be seen some handsome villas, with beautifully laid-out gardens attached to them.

At Atf6 the passengers are trans-shipped to the Nile steamers, and perform the trip to Cairo, 120 miles, in sixteen or twenty hours, according to the depth of water in the Nile. When the first steamship was placed on the Nile, an Arab chieftain, one of the most powerful of the princes of the desert, came to behold it. Much attention was paid to him, and every facility afforded for his inspection of every part of the vessel. What impression the sight made on him it was impossible to judge. No indication of surprise escaped him; every muscle preserved its wonted calmness of expression; and, on quitting, he merely observed: "It is well; but you have not brought a man to life yet."

The scenery on the banks of the "Nile's famous flood" is, in itself, not particularly interesting; yet it is sometimes pleasing and picturesque, frequently cultivated to the water's edge—cotton and tobacco making a portion of the produce. Water-melons are to be seen in abundance. The Persian wheels form an interesting feature in the scene—continually turning and supplying the earth with fresh water. The borders of the river are seen to the greatest advantage about a month after the decrease of the water, which has left its fertilising soil for a considerable space on either side, when its banks seem covered with a carpet of the brightest emerald green, and its little islands are crowned with the most brilliant verdure. The water of the Nile, as a beverage, is considered the purest known.

During the voyage on the Nile instances of mirage (called by the Arabs *serab*) are likely to be observed;

but the apparent clearness of the mock water destroys the illusion, for the Nile is generally turbid, and it is scarcely possible to strain the imagination so far as to conceive that the *clear* lake should exist near the banks of the river. Yet it is a curious phenomenon, and rendered painfully interesting by the knowledge that many a perishing wanderer in the desert has bitterly tasted the disappointment its mimicry occasions.

The steamer stops at Boulac, about three miles distant from Cairo.

Boulac, the port of Cairo, was founded in the year of the Flight 713 (A.D. 1313-14.) The town is about a mile in length, and half a mile in the measure of its greatest breadth. It contains 10,000 inhabitants. The principal manufactories are those of cotton and linen cloths, and of striped silks of the same kind as the Syrian and Indian. Many Franks find employment in them. Mehemet Ali established a printing office at Boulac, whence many works on military and naval tactics, and others on Arabic grammar, poetry, astronomy, surgery, &c., have issued. The office contains several lithographic presses, which are used for printing proclamations, and for other purposes. At Boulac the duties on exports and imports to and from Alexandria are levied.

Boulac formerly stood on an island where sugarcane was cultivated; and the old channel, which passed between it and Cairo, may still be traced in parts. The filling up of this channel has removed Cairo farther from the Nile, and has given to Boulac the rank and advantages of a port.

At Boulac is the palace of Ismael Pacha, who was killed in the province of Shendy, in the year 1823. He had ventured with a small suite of about fifty persons into the heart of the country, and had ordered a considerable number of blacks to be levied by the chief, Melek Nimr, for the service of his father, Mehemet Ali, within the short space of three days; and on the Ethiopian requesting a longer period, he struck him on the mouth with his pipe, adding insult to the blow. The wily Nimr dissembled his feelings, and by pretended respect and concern for the comfort of so distinguished a guest, engaged the young Pacha to pass the night on shore; when preparations were speedily made for satiating his revenge. A large quantity of reeds were collected about the house on pretence of feeding the camels; and in the dead of the night, surrounded by flames and a countless host of furious Ethiopians, the Pacha and his party were overwhelmed without the possibility of resistance or escape.

In the neighborhood of Boulac is also the palace of the late Desterdar Bey, son-in-law to Mehemet Ali. Desterdar Bey was so much feared for his savage disposition, that his death in 1833 was hailed with universal satisfaction. He was a man of some talent, and was more accomplished than the generality of the Turks; but this superiority only served to add to his condemnation for the cruelties he delighted in perpetrating, which could not be palliated by the excuse of ignorance. On one occasion a black slave of his had bought some milk from a poor woman, and, after drinking it, had refused the payment of five paras, which was the price of the quantity he had taken. The woman, finding who he was, complained to his master. The boy was sent for, but denied the accusation. The Desterdar in-

quired of the woman if she was positive he had drunk the milk; and on her answering in the affirmative, he said, "I will soon discover the truth; but if you have accused him falsely, I will treat you in the same manner I now treat him." Upon this he ordered his stomach to be cut open, and on discovering the milk, threw her the five paras, with the exulting feeling that no one should dare to deceive him or forget his power.

There are but two more buildings in or near Boulac that deserve mention—the mosque called the Siananeeych, remarkable for its size, and that of Abdul-Ele, celebrated for the beauty of its minaret. In the neighborhood of the latter occurred a singular incident shortly after the terrible plague of 1835, which, as it is illustrative of the manners of the people, and of their faith in dreams, as being warnings or indications of future events, we here record. A tradesman, living in the quarter of El-Hanasee, dreamed, during the plague, that eleven persons were carried out from his house to be buried, victims of the disease. He awoke in a state of the greatest distress and alarm, reflecting that eleven was the total number of the inhabitants of his house, including himself, and that it would be vain in him to attempt, by adding one or more members to his household, to elude the decree of God, and give himself a chance of escape: so, calling together his neighbors, he informed them of his dream, and was counselled to submit with resignation to a fate so plainly fore-shown, and to be thankful to God for the timely notice with which he had been mercifully favored.

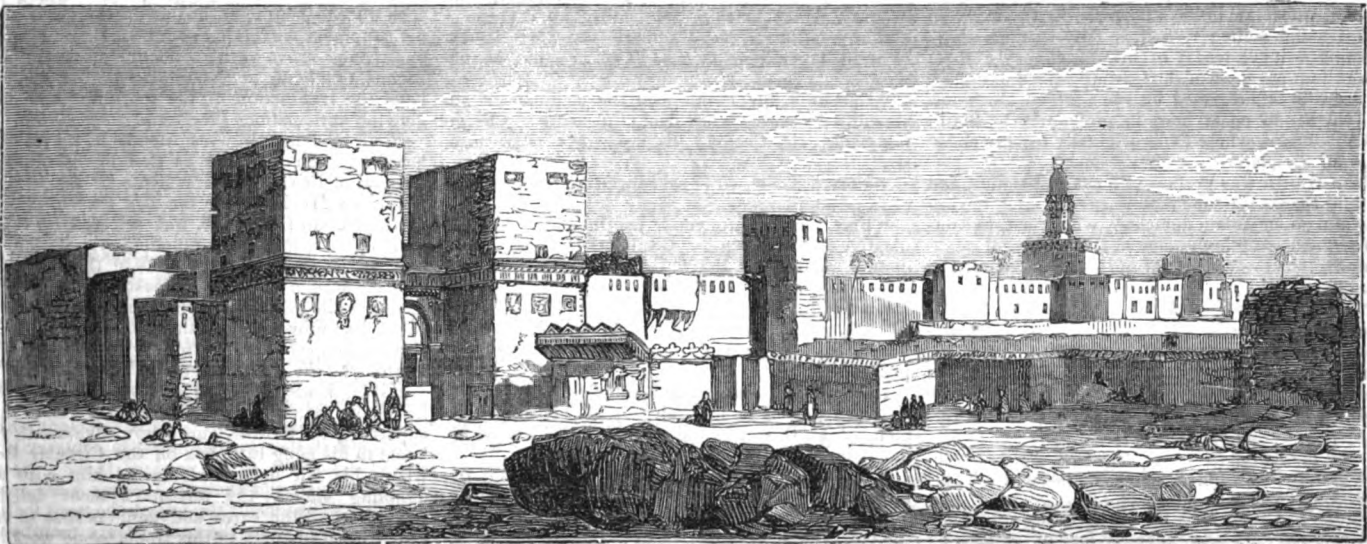
On the following day, one of his children died; a day or two after a wife; and the pestilence continued its ravages among his family until he remained in his house alone. It was impossible for him now to entertain the slightest doubt of the accomplishment of the warning. Immediately, therefore, after the last death that had taken place in his household, he repaired to a friend at a neighboring shop, and calling to him several other persons from the adjoining and opposite shops, he reminded them of his dream, acquainted them with its almost complete fulfilment, and expressed his conviction that he, the eleventh, should very soon die.

"Perhaps," said he, "I shall die this next night; I beg of you, therefore, for God's sake, to come to my house early to-morrow morning, and the next morning, and the next, if necessary, and to see if I be dead, and when dead, that I am properly buried; for I have no one with me to wash and shroud me. Fail not to do me this service, which will procure you a recompense in heaven. I have bought my grave linen; you will find it in a corner of the room in which I sleep. If you find the door of the house latched, and I do not answer to your knocking, break it open."

[To be continued.]

SUPPOSING a blacksmith, who is generally regarded as a legitimate forger, were to forge a bank note, would such an act be construed into a criminal one in the eye of the law?

NOT A LEG TO STAND UPON.—The proprietor of an exhibition assigns as a reason for wishing to dispose of it, that he has "lost the use of his legs." This is nothing new in the exhibition and theatrical line, for many a manager and showman is knocked off his legs by ill fortune.



CAIRO.



## Done Brown.

BY CAPTAIN RAFTER.

Soon after peace had begun to shed her benign influence over the European world, and the British lion reposed in glorious ease after the toils of a thousand battles, the principal cities of the empire—especially London, Dublin, and Edinburgh—swarmed with military men of all ranks, either retired from the service, or taking their *placere* on leave of absence. Great numbers of these exhibited incontestable proofs of hard service, in the loss of legs, arms, or eyes, left on the different battle-fields which have crowned the English annals with such imperishable glory; but it must be confessed that here and there these honorable souvenirs were counterfeited by persons unconnected with the army, to gratify some childish vanity, or to serve some base and dishonest purpose.

Dublin was at that time, comparatively speaking, a flourishing city; for the Union was only fifteen years old, and its peculiar advantages had not yet fully developed themselves. Sackville street was then a brilliant and a fashionable promenade; and there, in a particularly handsome store, Mr. John Brown had recently established himself as jeweller and silversmith: a smart little talkative man, very anxious to pick up customers amongst the aristocracy, and to scrape an acquaintance, even for acquaintance sake, with everything *distingué*, especially in the military world.

One fine summer morning a very elegant-looking person entered Mr. Brown's store, attended by a footman in splendid livery, who displayed all that graceful tact and self-possession peculiar to the domestics of very great people. The master was a very martial-looking figure, attired in the very quintessence of military *mufsti*; his deep-blue surtout braided and frogged with exquisite taste; while his snow-white trousers, highly-polished boots, and cavalry spurs, gave a finish to the *tout ensemble* which was altogether irresistible.

So, at least, thought John Brown; for he danced up to the stranger in one of those graceful steps which he had studied under M. Petipas, when qualifying himself to pop the question to the accomplished young lady who afterwards became Mrs. Brown. With his most elaborate bow, the little jeweller offered a chair to his anticipated customer—who, he then first perceived, had lost both his arms, apparently on service, his coat sleeves being empty, and looped up in front to one of his buttons: a circumstance that made him infinitely more interesting than he otherwise would have been in the opinion of John Brown.

"Mr.—aw—Brown," said the stranger, sinking with graceful lassitude into the proffered chair, "I am desirous of looking at some plate—a small service, sufficient to dine a dozen or so—but of the most *recherché* pattern, if you please—aw—Mr. Brown!"

"Certainly, sir—with a great deal of pleasure, sir!" said the delighted silversmith, as he directed two of his smartest shopmen to display the required articles on his highly-polished mahogany counter, descending eloquently on the taste, fashion, and workmanship of each, as he gracefully held forth its elegant form to his admiring customer.

"This, sir," said John Brown, holding up a richly chased epergne of elaborate design and faultless execution; "this is the identical pattern selected by the Lord Lieutenant—"

"Ah, true!" said the stranger, interrupting him with a bland smile; "so it is, Mr.—aw—Brown! I remarked it yesterday at his Excellency's table; and on inquiry some of the Castle people did, in fact, tell me it was furnished by you: which—aw—has induced me to come here, in preference to Smith and Bradford's, where I was originally recommended to go for my plate."

John Brown was profuse in bows and smiles, and grateful thanks to the "Castle people," for having sent him so amiable a customer, who must, he conceived, hold some high office in the vice-regal establishment: he even ventured to throw out a hint to that effect.

"Ah—oh—yes!" said the stranger, in a tone of happy indifference. "The Castle Staff—Comptroller-General of Private Disbursements!"

John Brown had never heard of this title before; but the daily creation of new places was then so notorious in Ireland, that the circumstance created no surprise in his unsuspecting mind.

"Quite a new office, sir!" observed John Brown, smirking and rubbing his hands, with a smile intensely obsequious.

"Just so, Mr.—aw—Brown!" coldly responded the stranger. "Made expressly for me, in fact, by my friend, the Home Secretary!"

Fervently did John Brown bless his stars for having sent him a customer of so exalted a station as to be entrusted with the control of those private disbursements, a fair portion of which he himself might henceforward look upon as his own. He therefore exerted himself so effectually to gratify the wishes of the distinguished stranger, that he finally succeeded in selling him a very handsome service of plate, sufficient to dine a dozen or so, and precisely of his excellency's pattern.

The bill having been made out, and a liberal discount deducted for prompt payment—such being the declared intention of the purchaser—the latter desired his footman to put his hand into his side-pocket, and draw from thence his pocket-book, which contained, he said, notes for considerably more than the amount required.

The footman accordingly searched his master's side-pocket; but the book was not there.

"Try my other pockets, Richard!" said the stranger. "It must, of course, be in one of them!"

"No, Sir John," replied the footman, after trying all the pockets; "I can't find it anywhere!"

"Deuce take it!" exclaimed Sir John, with an air of amiable *insouciance*; "I must, then, have left it on his excellency's library table—for I came here direct from the Castle!"

"Pray, Sir John," briskly interposed the silversmith, with his most insinuating smile, "pray don't trouble yourself any further on the subject! I shall do myself the honor of sending the plate to the messenger; or indeed to-morrow, or some other day, as it may suit your convenience!"

"No, no, Mr.—aw—Brown!" said the stranger, with a look of intense dignity; "I cannot think of commencing with you in that manner! Let me see! Oh!—ah!—Richard you shall go home for the money, and I'll wait here till your return!"

"I beg a thousand pardons, Sir John!" cried Brown, in a bustle, shocked at being the innocent cause of so much inconvenience.

"Make no apology, my dear sir," returned the stranger, with a winning smile. "My time is not very valuable to-day! Besides, Mr. Brown, I dare say you can give me some useful hints on a variety of subjects connected with this country, and of which, as a stranger, I am necessarily ignorant."

The delighted John Brown expressed his readiness to serve his new customer in any way; was highly honored with the confidence thus reposed in him; would do his best possible, &c., &c.

"Now Mr. Brown," said the stranger, graciously acknowledging these proffered services, "in the first place you will be good enough to write a note for me!" adding, with a melancholy smile, "unfortunately, as you see, I cannot do it for myself!"

"Certainly, sir—with a great deal of pleasure, Sir John!" returned the loquacious silversmith. "I am sorry to perceive, sir, as you say; but you have been in some hot work, sir! I'll engage you have seen some wigs on the green!"

"Wigs on the green!" exclaimed the elegant stranger, with a very cold, aristocratical stare.

"Beg pardon, sir!" said Mr. Brown, when he became conscious of his vulgarity. "'Tis our Irish mode of expression, sir, when we speak of a row or a skrimmage! I dare say you have been in many a skrimmage, Sir John! May I make so bold as to ask—ahem—where you lost—hem—ahem—"

"One at Salamanca," replied the stranger, with military nonchalance; "the other at Waterloo; and now for business. Do me the favor Mr. Brown, to write me a note to Lady Cecilia—that is, my wife!"

"Certainly, Sir John," said the complaisant silversmith; "with a great deal of pleasure! Charming name, sir, Cecilia; 'tis my wife's name also, sir."

"Very possible, sir!" said the stranger, in a tone of frigid indifference.

"Fact, sir, I assure you!" continued the communicative John Brown. "Cecilia O'Driscoll, sir—a distant relation of the O'Driscolls of Fermanagh, sir—a very ancient family, sir, descended from the old Kings of Ulster!"

"Oh, true!" observed the stranger, with a smile.

"You Irish gentlemen are so fond of quoting your pedigrees!"

Inexpressibly flattered at being classed by so *distingué* a person in the category of "Irish gentlemen," John Brown bowed, chuckled, and rubbed his hands in high glee.

"Now then, begin, sir, if you please," said the stranger. "My dear Cecy!"

"Just so!" soliloquised John Brown, as he wrote the words—"short for Cecilia; I generally do so myself!"

"My dear Cecy," continued the stranger, as Mr. Brown wrote from his dictation; "'I have pressing occasion for some cash; therefore send me by the bearer, without delay, the money box from the cabinet in the back parlor.'"

"Yours, ever, "J. B." "Just so!" said the silversmith, as he finished writing; "those are my initials, also. John Brown is my name, sir, as you will perceive by the brass window-plates!"

"And mine," responded the stranger, drawing himself up with aristocratical hauteur, "is De Beauvoir—Sir John De Beauvoir, of the Life Guards!"

This announcement finally completed the rapture of the silversmith, in whose sanguine imagination now floated visionary orders, *ad infinitum*, for vice-regal services, and mess-plate for Life Guards and Lancers, through the kind intervention of his new friend, the Comptroller-General of Private Disbursements. With a joyfully-agitated hand he folded the letter, and, in the confusion of the moment, sealed it with his own seal, as he begged to know how he should address it.

"You need not give yourself that trouble!" said Sir John; "it is quite unnecessary, as it goes by hand! Richard, take that note to your mistress at the Castle, and bring me the money-box with as little delay as possible!"

The footman accordingly departed with the note, and Sir John entered into friendly chat with Mr. Brown in the interim, on all the ordinary topics of the day: the recent war, the last Curragh meeting, the forthcoming vice-regal ball, the approaching general election, the state of parties, &c., until, all these fruitful topics being exhausted, Sir John began to yawn, and to wonder what could detain his servant. Then he began to "pish," and fidget, and grow testy.

"Lady Cecilia must certainly have gone out with the vice-regal party to the Phoenix Park!" observed Sir John; "but Richard! deuce take the booby! He should have come back and told me so; particularly as he knows I have an appointment with the Lord Lieutenant, which I cannot conveniently break!"

John Brown said and did all he could to soothe the impatience of his new patron; and in this he succeeded for some time, by those great conversational powers on which he particularly prided himself; descending, with great taste and delicacy, on the private histories of the Castle, the Four Courts, and the Fifteen Acres, and luxuriating on the ancient glories of the O'Driscolls, in a strain of eloquence that raised him fifty per cent, at least in his own estimation.

At length, however, the Comptroller-General of Private Disbursements declared he could not in common decency keep his excellency waiting any longer. He therefore wished Mr. Brown a good morning; assuring him, with a sweetly-patronising smile, that he would not only send him the money for the plate as soon as he got to the Castle, but he would also recommend him warmly to his numerous friends, civil and military, both in England and Ireland.

From Cape Clear to the Giant's Causeway, Ireland did not contain a happier man than John Brown, after his morning's work—which he ungratefully ascribed less to his good fortune than to his own tact and *savoir faire*. For an hour or two he strutted backwards and forwards in his store, rubbing his hands in high glee, and cracking jokes with his shopmen; but, unable any longer to confine his happiness within his own breast, he ordered his buggy, and drove to the residence of several of his friends, to whom, in the fulness of his joy, he related the transaction of the morning, and all his glowing anticipations therefrom.

None of John Brown's friends had ever before heard of such an office as that of "Comptroller-General of Private Disbursements." But this only confirmed Mr. Brown in the idea that he alone, of all the Dublin tradesmen, was selected for especial patronage by that high functionary. Some, it is true, advised him to be cautious in the matter, and to make sure of payment, at least for the first instalment; while one, who aspired to peculiar sagacity, sneered so provokingly at the whole affair, that John Brown dropped a hint of trotting him out some fine morning to the "Fifteen Acres."

Having made his round of visits, and created, as he plainly perceived, a great deal of envy at his superior good fortune, our happy silversmith drove home to his snug little box on the Circular Road; where his fair helpmate received him with those dimpling smiles—the husband's most delightful reward for all the cares and dangers that so incessantly beset his path in this troublesome world.

As the fair hand of Mrs. Brown poured out for

her *caro sposo* that "cup which cheers, but not inebriates," and loaded his plate with some delicious muffins—toasted and buttered by her own delicate fingers—he gladdened her heart by a relation of his morning's adventure; in which he was never tired of singing, nor she of echoing, the praises of the "Comptroller-General of Private Disbursements."

"Who knows, my dear," said John, "to what the friendship of this great man may lead!"

"Yes, indeed, John," added his wife, "you may get some government place yourself—"

"Fiddle-de-dee!" interrupted Mr. Brown, snapping his fingers. "That for your government place! I look for much higher things, I can assure you! What think you now?"—here he smiled and winked very mysteriously—"what think you of being jeweller to the crown?"

"Oh, John!" cried Mrs. Brown, gasping; "you take my breath away, so you do!"

"I'm for going it!" cried John. "I always was a go-ahead fellow! I'll cut the silver, altogether, after a few more good bargains, and stick to the jewellery!"

"That will be much genteeler," said his wife, "and more becoming to the O'Driscolls!"

"To be sure it will!" responded Brown. "Only think now, my dear Cecy, when I'm knighted by the Lord Lieutenant!"

"Oh dear, John!" exclaimed his delighted spouse; "do you really think it ever will be?"

"Why not?" cried John. "Didn't his Grace the Duke of Rutland knight that fellow Baxter, merely for administering—hem—ahem—"

"And Lady Baxter is such a vulgar woman, too!" observed Cecilia.

"Ah!" said John, "you'll take the shine out of her, when you drive up to the Lady Lieutenant's drawing-room in your handsome, elegant new coach!"

"Not the buggy, John!" said Cecilia, with a look of determination.

"Fiddlestick buggy!" exclaimed John. "You shall have the handsomest carriage in Long Acre; for I am determined to have everything from London!"

"Irish carriages are low, vulgar things!" said Mrs. Brown. "I hate jingles and jaunting-cars, both inside and out!"

"And then," continued John, in the pride of his heart, "when the Castle porters shout out, 'Sir John Brown's carriage stops the way!'"

"Won't it be delightful!" cried the happy wife, clapping her hands.

"And you, my dear," continued John, "are announced by a long file of footmen, with swords and bag-wigs, as Lady Brown—"

"Dear John," interrupted his wife, "couldn't we make it Lady O'Driscoll Brown, or Lady Brown O'Driscoll? 'Twould sound so much better, you know!"

"Well, my dear," replied John, who was all compliance at this climax of imaginary happiness, "I'll consult the herald-at-arms on the subject; and if it can be done for love or money, you shall be gratified." Here the uxorious silversmith gallantly kissed his wife's hand, while she threw herself into his arms in the exuberance of her joy.

"And when you are introduced to her ladyship, resumed Mr. Brown, working out his picture of vice-regal felicity, "with all your jewels sparkling about you—"

"But no Irish diamonds, if you please!" said the lady, with a warning shake of her forefinger; "mind that, Sir John!"

"They shall be all of the purest water and the finest carat!" said the embryo knight. "Indeed, I have already made a large purchase—"

"Oh, then," said the lady, smiling sweetly on her considerate spouse, "that is why you sent to me in such a hurry to-day for the money-box?"

"What do you say?" cried John Brown, with a yell like a war-whoop, and jumping up from his chair as if the tea-urn had been upset in his lap.

"Good heavens, my dear!" exclaimed Mrs. Brown, in a fright; "what's the matter? Are you scalded?"

"Scalded be —!" said Brown. "What's that you say about money?"

"The money you wrote for, my dear!" replied Mrs. Brown, trembling; for she had never seen her husband in such a taking before, and began to think that, as the weather was intensely hot, he might have had a stroke of the sun, or been bitten by a mad dog.

"Money that I wrote for!" screamed John Brown.

"Certainly, my dear!" replied his agitated wife. "Here is your note, beginning, as usual, 'My dear Cecy!'"

"Oh!" groaned the distracted silversmith, who now began to see the abyss into which he had so heedlessly plunged.

"Your own handwriting and initials!" continued Mrs. Brown.

"Oh! oh!" sobbed her unhappy husband.

"And though you forgot in your hurry to address the note," said Mrs. Brown, "it is sealed with your own crest—a bantam rooster proper, with your motto, 'Celer et audax!'"

"Oh! oh! oh!" groaned the frantic silversmith; "Audax with a vengeance; but *celer* now no more!"

"And you direct me," continued Mrs. Brown, "to send you the money-box from the cabinet in the back parlor!"

"And did you do so?" shouted John Brown.

"Certainly!" replied his terrified wife.

"Then I'm dished, by heavens!" exclaimed Mr. Brown, flinging himself at full length upon the carpet. "Three hundred and fifty guineas gone, slapdash, as I'm a miserable sinner!"

It was some time before Mrs. Brown could be made to comprehend the nature of this dreadful business; and many weeks before her poor husband could leave his chamber, so seriously was his health affected by his heavy loss, and his still heavier mortification. He did, however, in time regain something like his former equanimity, but not before he had been quizzed by his "good-natured" friends to the verge of insanity; and to his dying day he went by the nickname of—"The Comptroller-General."

**FRESH AIR.**—Man acts strangely. Although a current of fresh air is the life of his very lungs, he seems indefatigable in the exercise of his inventive powers to deprive himself of this heavenly blessing. Thus, he carefully closes every cranny of his bed-chamber against its entrance, and he prefers that his lungs should receive the mixed effluvium from his cellar and larder, and from a patent little modern aquarius in lieu of it. Why should man be so terrified at the admission of night air into any of his apartments? It is nature's overflowing current, and never carries the destroying angel with it. See how soundly the delicate little wren and tender robin sleep under its full and immediate influence, and how fresh, vigorous, and joyous they rise amid the surrounding dew-drops of the morning. Although exposed all night to the air of heaven, their lungs are never out of order, and this we know by the daily repetition of their songs. Look at the newly born hare, without any nest to go to. It lives and thrives, and becomes strong and playful under the unmitigated inclemency of the falling dews of night. I have a fine male turkey, full eight years old, and he has not passed a single night in shelter. He roosts in a cherry tree, and always is in the prime health throughout the year. Three dung-hill fowl, preferring the cherry tree to the warm perches in the hen-house, took up their airy quarters with him early in October, and have never gone to any other roosting place. The cow and the horse sleep safely on the cold damp ground, and the roebuck lies down to rest in the heather, on the dewy mountain's top. I can myself sleep all night long, bare-headed, under the full moon's watery beams, without any fear of danger, and pass the day in wet shoes without taking cold. Coughs and colds are generally caught in the transition from an overheated room to a cold apartment; but there would be no danger in this movement if ventilation were properly attended to, a precaution little thought of now-a-days.

**THE SENSE OF SMELL.**—M. Orfila gives an account of a celebrated painter of Paris, of the name of Vincent, who cannot remain in any room where there are roses without being in a short time attacked by a violent headache, which is succeeded by fainting. M. Marrignes informs us that he once knew a surgeon who could not smell at a rose without a sense of suffocation, which subsided as soon as the rose was removed from him; the same author also knew a lady who lost her voice whenever an odorous nosegay was applied to her nostrils.

**PRUSSIAN MAXIMS.**—Delays are anything but dangerous. Never do to-day what can be done as well to-morrow. The kettle that's boiled too quickly boils over. The line of beauty is a corkscrew. Distance lends enchantment to the view—especially of a field of battle. The man who does not fight, has his hands free to hold the coats of those who do—and to run away with them if he pleases. If your neighbor's house on each side of you is on fire—what matter?—it's all the easier for you to make the pot boil. Anything for a life of peace and quietness!

**BEAUTIFUL SCENE IN THE ARCTIC REGIONS.**—It was a dead calm, and the very cliffs in shore were seen mirrored on the water, the glassy smoothness of which was unbroken except by the plashing of the oars of a long line of boats ahead of each of the ships. The transparency of the atmosphere was such as can only be conceived by those who have visited arctic countries, and the whole scene was one that will be difficult to forget, the more so since it was here we saw one of the most beautiful icebergs of the many it was our fortune to observe during the voyage. It was of immense size. The south side, on which we advanced towards it, was almost perpendicular, as if a recent split had taken place; but on rounding the corner and coming abreast of the west side, which we did almost within arm's length, we found it to be curiously wrought like ledges—ledge above ledge, each festooned with a fringe of crystal icicles, which here and there reaching the ledge beneath, formed columns slender as those of a Saracenic mosque; within them ran a gallery green as an emerald. Two or three tiny cascades were tinkling from ledge to ledge, and fell with a soft splash into the water beneath, sending the pearl-like bubbles dancing from them over the smooth surface. All was glancing and glittering beneath the bright sun, and if I had had it in my power I could have stood for hours to gaze at it. Passing the corner the north side was seen to be cut into two deep little bays with sloping shores, a long point running out between them. The lowest ledge of the west side rounded the corner and inclined down towards the nearest bay, if so it may be called, and ending in a broad platform. This little bay seemed so snug, and lay so beautifully to the sun, that, unnatural as it may appear, one could not help fancying it, as a fit sight for a pretty cottage.

**THE LARK.**—No bird is so easily nettled as the lark; he generally starts from the ground just before the lower edge of the net touches him, and invariably mounts perpendicularly. This characteristic propensity to ascend at once may be observed by any person who "treads up" a lark in a field, and satisfactorily illustrated by releasing, at the same moment, a newly-captured lark and a sparrow from a cage or hat within the precincts of a room. While the sparrow will fly off horizontally, dash himself against the window, and lie almost stunned from the shock, the lark will almost always mount upwards to the ceiling, and flutter there for a time, in vain efforts to reach the sky, before he attempts any other mode of exit; but this habit is fatal to him in the netting season; he might generally escape, as indeed the bunting or clod-bird, the sparrow, and the linnet constantly do, by flying straight forward; but ascending as he does, directly from the ground, the moment his wings have touched the upper part of the net, it is suffered to drop suddenly, and his capture is inevitable.

**LYING ON A BED OF THORNS.**—The Philadelphia court has decided that a landlady has a right to get rid of a boarder who does not pay, by covering the sheets of his bed with thistles. "We should fancy that there will be scarcely a landlady in the civilized world, but will seize on this *coup de main* with avidity, when troubled with lodgers who have a felicitous knack of promising "to see to it." Our recollections of boyhood serve to recall with a shudder the terrible sensations of hips-and-haws crawling down our backs, and when one has breakfasted in bed, and the people of the house happen to forget to make it, the irritation imparted by crisp and angular crumbs is remarkably unpleasant. Thistles, however, we never yet slept on, or even dreamt of. We have read of donkeys regarding them as a delicious vegetable, but have not been asses enough to try them ourselves; and we have heard healing properties ascribed to them, although not certainly as applied to the cure of bad pay. We expect, however, now that the secret is out, that the lodging-house keepers of the metropolis will at once lay in a stock of thistles; and we may imagine some such injunction being imposed on the maid of all work, as, "Mary, Mr. Soft-soap owed a month last Monday—begin the thistles to-night." This may not inaptly be regarded as poetical justice, showing that where there is no relying on a lodger's word, there will be no relying on the unpaid-for bed.

A very pretty young woman went to the post-office lately, with a letter and no direction, and said to the postmaster: "Send that to my sweetheart!" The postmaster took it, looked at it, and said: "What is his name, and where does he live?" The girl replied: "Ah, that is the very thing I don't want any one to know!"

If you wish to make yourself agreeable to any one, talk as much as you please about his or her affairs, and as little as possible about your own.



### The Pool of Siloam.

The fountain which bore the name of Siloam, or Siloah, is described as being situated between "the stairs that go down from the city of David, and the king's garden." Two pools are now pointed out at the north side of the valley of Hinnom, near its junction with the valley of Jehoshaphat, the position of which answers this description. The inner pool, which lies about a hundred paces from the other, is described by Pococke to be 20 feet wide, 55 feet long, and 10 feet deep from the lowest step of the stairs leading down to it. The water runs into it from an artificial conduit under the rock, and is said to have been impure, as being a drain from the Temple washings. In the application of the name to this pool Maundrel seems to coincide. By Dr. Richardson, however, this is termed the King's Pool; and, in common with the later travellers, he considers the so-called Fountain of the Blessed Virgin, nearer the entrance of the valley, to be the real Siloam. "A flight of 16 steps leads down to a platform, and another flight of 13 steps to the water, which is fresh and good. The passage by which the water comes out has obviously been formed by art, and is so large, that a person, by stooping a little, may walk along it under the mountain. The water is about three feet deep, and seems to be stagnant; but there is a considerable stream constantly flowing from it, by a passage which is also cut in the rock, for a good way down, and goes to water the gardens on the lower slopes of Mount Zion. It receives a strong current of water by a subterraneous passage cut in the north side of Mount Zion, which seems as if it came by a conduit cut through the rock from the Pool of Hezekiah, on the west side of the city."

The nature of the water of this sacred spring is variously estimated. Some, as above, describe it fresh and good, deliciously cool, and clear as crystal. Chateaubriand, on the other hand, characterises it as brackish, and very disagreeable to the taste. Perhaps the difference may be found in the fact stated by the latter traveller, that it has a species of ebb and flow, sometimes discharging its current like the fountain of Vaucluse, and again retaining and scarcely allowing it to run.

Some consider the Fuller's Fountain, or Enrogel, to be the same as the Pool of Siloam; but Chateaubriand places it at the foot of the village of Siloa, which, though once adorned with the palace of Pharaoh's daughter and of Solomon's queen, is now composed of low dilapidated stone huts and excavations. In fact, this portion of the valley seems to abound in wells, the well of Nehemiah being in this direction—all probably fed by the same spring.

The waters of this spring still answer the description of Isaiah: "They go softly." "They have," says Mr. Jowett, "a current, but it is almost imperceptible." From this the Jews are said to have drawn water in a golden pitcher, at the Feast of Tabernacles, and, bearing it through the Water-gate, chaunting the 12th chapter of Isaiah, with great rejoicings, to pour it as a libation upon the sacrifice, as it lay on the altar. It was upon this occasion that "Jesus stood and cried, If any man thirst, let him come unto me and drink." (John, vii. 37, 38.) The time is yet to come when the words shall be applicable to Israel: "O Lord, though thou wast angry with me, thine anger is turned away, and

thou comfortedst me. Therefore with joy will we draw water out of the wells of salvation." (Is. xii. 1, 3.)

The Pool of Siloam is connected with one of the most remarkable miracles of our Lord. The hatred of the Pharisees had been wound up to its greatest height by a discourse of the Saviour's, when, to avoid their persecution, he left the Temple and city, and met a blind man, to whom his disciples directed his attention, by a question founded on their Jewish prejudices. Our Lord, having replied, "spat on the ground, and made clay of the spittle, and anointed the eyes of the blind man with the clay, and said unto him, *Go, wash in the Pool of Siloam*. He went his way, therefore, and washed, and came seeing."

The waters of Siloam, after passing under ground two or three hundred feet, re-appear on the other side of the projecting hill, and are drawn off to irrigate a lovely spot, consisting of gardens and small

causing benevolent institutions, open and expansive, to spring up as with the wand of enchantment? What sort of a book is this, that even the winds and waves of human passions obey it? What other engine of social improvement has operated so long, and yet lost none of its virtue? Since it appeared, many boasted plans of amelioration have been tried and failed, many codes of jurisprudence have arisen, and run their course, and expired. Empire after empire has been launched upon the tide of time, and gone down, leaving no trace upon the waters. But this book is still going about doing good, leavening society with its holy principles—cheering the sorrowful with its consolation—strengthening the tempted—encouraging the penitent—calming the troubled spirit—and smoothing the pillow of death. Can such a book be the offspring of human genius? Does not the vastness of its effects demonstrate the excellency of the power to be of God?

### SET A GOOD EXAMPLE.—

Nothing is so easy as to write, and preach, and talk of the obligations we are under to "do justly and walk humbly;" but it is altogether a different matter to write, and talk simply by example. And yet, though the former be useful, how much more valuable and effective is the latter! What are the most beautiful essays on the cardinal virtues compared with the excellency of a life in which these virtues have a living, vital existence? It was not alone the doctrines advanced with such dignified and persuasive eloquence by our Saviour Jesus Christ, nor the wonderful miracles performed by him, which made the hearts of men follow after him; these were rendered doubly effectual by the example which he set at all times, even under the most trying circumstances. And so it is now, in a humble sense, by mere human hopes. Men may preach, and the world will listen; but profit comes by example. A parent, for instance, inculcates gentleness to his children by many sound precepts; but they see him treat his beast in a rude and angry manner, and, in consequence, his instructions are worse than lost, for they are neither heeded nor respected. His example, as a gentle and humane man, would have been sufficient for his children, without one word or command.

**FIX YOUR MIND.**—Lay it down as a sound maxim, Nothing can be accomplished without a fixed purpose—a concentration of mind and energy. Whatever you attempt to do, whether it be the writing of an essay, or whittling of a stick, let it be done as well as you can do it. It was this habit that made Franklin and Newton, and hundreds whose labors have been of incalculable service to mankind. Fix your mind closely and intently on what you undertake—in no other way can you have a reasonable hope of success. An energy that dies in a day is good for nothing—an hour's fixed attention will never avail. The heavens were not measured in a day. The inventions that bless mankind were not the result of a few moments' thought and investigation. A lifetime has often been given to a single object. If you, then, have a desire to bless your species, or to get to yourself a glorious name, fix your mind upon something, and let it remain fixed.

It is to be presumed, that a man of common sense, who does not desire to please, desires nothing at all; since he must know that he cannot obtain anything without it.



THE POOL OF SILOAM.

fields, reaching from this point of the acclivity down to the dell beneath where the brook Cedron from the north, and the valley of Hinnom from the south, unite in one, forming from thence the valley of Jehoshaphat

**THE BIBLE.**—How comes it that this little volume, composed by humble men, in a rude age, when art and science were but in their childhood, has exerted more influence on the human mind and on the social system than all the other books put together? Whence comes it that this book has achieved such marvellous changes in the opinion of mankind—has banished idol worship—has abolished infanticide—has put down polygamy and divorce—exalted the condition of woman—raised the standard of public morality—created for families that blessed thing, a Christian home—and secured further triumphs by



## Mounts Horeb and Sinai.

THE mountain on which Jehovah appeared to Moses, is first brought to our notice in Scripture under the term Horeb. This word Horeb, or Choreb, signifies *desert* or *desolation*, and was probably applied to the whole Desert of Sinai, which Burckhardt describes as "a rocky wilderness of an irregular form, from 30 to 40 miles in diameter, composed almost entirely of granite, and intersected by numerous ravines." To a region of so wild and desolate a character no name could be more appropriate. The word Sinai, from *sene*, a *bush*, was evidently given by the Israelites in commemoration of the manner in which Jehovah manifested himself upon Horeb in the burning bush, from which event the mountain was also called *the Mount of God*. Tho' the names seem to have been specifically applied to two separate mountains, the scene of the bush being termed Horeb, and that of the delivery of the law, Sinai, yet we find the names frequently used indiscriminately. In the present day the names are given to two hills on the north side of the plain of Sinai, Horeb forming a kind of breast from which Sinai rises, and as the latter is the more elevated, and lies eastward, it throws, at sunrise, the former completely into shade. Upon the lower mountain it is commonly supposed that God appeared to Moses in the burning bush; hither also fled Elijah; and while he stood upon Horeb, the Mount of God, the majestic scenery around was the theatre on which Jehovah manifested his power—by the tempest rending the mountains, and breaking in pieces the rocks before the Lord, by the earthquake and the fire, and by the still small voice. The cave in which Elijah was secreted is still professedly shown. At its foot was the rock from whence water gushed out. On the summit of this hill are many fine springs, and an abundance of fruit trees. Sinai, on the other hand, is a mass of rock of red granite, devoid of spring water and vegetation. The summit of this mountain is supposed to have been the spot chosen by Jehovah for those awful exhibitions of the Divine power, designed to enforce upon the Israelites the purity and holiness of his law, the inflexibility of his justice, and the solemn character of that compact, into which they voluntarily entered, to keep his commands undefiled, that they might live.

The station of the Israelites had been removed from Rephidim to the desert of Sinai, and there Israel camped before the mount. This position, however, not being sufficiently near to enable the people to witness the solemn manifestations above spoken of, Moses, it is said, "brought forth the people out of the camp to meet with God, and they

stood at the nether part of the mount." It has been a subject of wonder to some travellers, "from the scarcity of plains and open places," where the Israelites could have conveniently stood to behold the glory on the mount. "One generally places in imagination," says Carne, "around Sinai extensive plains or sandy deserts, where the camp of the host was placed, where the families of Israel stood at the doors of their tents. But it is not thus: save the valley by which we approached Sinai, about half a mile wide, and a few miles in length, and a small plain we afterwards passed through, there appear to be few open places about the mount." The idea,

tents and equipage; and in the parts around the base, many points of view might be doubtless chosen for the concourse of spectators; so that probably the answer of the superior of the convent to Mr. Carne, when he inquired where the Israelites could have stood, was not far wrong—"everywhere," he replied, waving his hand about, "in the ravines, the valleys, and the plains," or whatever may bear the name, at the nether part of the mount.

Although this mountain, called by the Arabs Djebel Mousa, or El Tor, *the mountain*, by way of eminence, is generally considered the Mount Sinai of Scripture, the palm is not yielded to it without

contention. Some have imagined that Mount Saint Catherine, the more elevated and picturesque peak of the two, was the scene. It stands nearly in the centre of the desert of Sinai, and is much more difficult of ascent than the *Djebel Mousa*; but a mountain of equal if not greater height, presents far stronger claims of rivalry with the latter. "*Djebel Serbal* is separated," says Mr. Burckhardt, "from the Upper Sinai by some valleys, especially *Wady Hebran*, and forms with several neighboring mountains a separate cluster, terminating in peaks, the highest of which seems to be as high as Mount Saint Catherine." It stands considerably to the north-west. Upon the rocks of this cluster are discerned several small stone huts, probably hermits' cells; and at a point where the *Wady Feiran* is joined by the *Wady Alezat*, in the small plain there formed, and upon the mountains contiguous, stand the ruins of an ancient city. Ruins, and remains of art, are discerned about this mountain; and Burckhardt, who ascended the eastern peak, which he describes as consisting of one enormous mass of granite, broken by only a few fissures, and not unlike the ice-covered peaks of the Alps, noticed near the top steps formed of large loose stones, evidently brought from below, and judiciously arranged along the declivity. These, he was told, were the continuation of a regular path from the bottom of the mountain. This peak has a platform on its summit of about 50 paces in circumference. Just below the top he found "numerous inscriptions, most of them illegible, written

THE APPROACH OF THE ISRAELITES TO MOUNT SINAI.



that the children of Israel beheld the Divine glory from the doors of their tents, is but an imagination unauthorised by Scripture; for, as we have just seen, the people were led forth from the tents, and brought to the base of the mountain. That there is ample accommodation for a camp as extensive as the Israelites, Dr. Shaw fully confirms, when he says, "that, beside the immense plain on which in all probability they were encamped, the south part is divided by a ridge into two valleys, each of them capacious enough to receive the whole encampment of the Israelites." Comparatively small room would be requisite for the people disencumbered of their

from right to left, resembling those in the *Wady Mokatteb*; and from these and other similar circumstances, he draws the inference—no inscriptions being found on either the *Djebel Mousa* or Saint Catherine—that Mount Serbal was at an early period considered the mountain on which Moses received the law, and as such was the great object of pilgrimage. At the same time he adds his conviction, "from a perusal of the Scriptures, that the Israelites encamped in the Upper Sinai, and that either *Djebel Mousa* or Saint Catherine is the real Horeb."



## THE LAPLAND WIZARD.

## CHAPTER I

## THE YOUNG BARON AND THE ROYAL LETTER.

NORWAY is the wildest country in the world, but its sea-coasts are animated by infinite multitudes of the finny tribes, and on its deserts of ice and snow is found the reindeer, without whose help no human being could live there. Yet what a clime of horror and silence is Norway! With what awe trembles the heart of the solitary traveller among the desert fiords and sounds, where the sea in labyrinthine folds loses itself between gloomy, snow-crowned rocks, inaccessible gulfs and caverns. With what astonishment he beholds his ship gliding through this immensity of cliffs and black granite walls, which wind as a girdle for more than three hundred miles around the stony breast of Norway.

Man is but sparingly distributed over this dreary land. Over rocks and swamps must he wander, eternally roving with the reindeer which nourishes him; in caves and inlets on the sea-shore he lives, solitary and secluded, and, with extreme toil and trouble, supplies himself with fish. The land, however, can never become the fixed abode of any one. Deep lies it under swamp and ice, buried in cloud and darkness, without trees or fields, the hut of the peasant, or the lowing of cattle, and the genial blessings which spring from the industry of man and social intercourse.

Such is the aspect that this region presents when a ship leaves the harbor of Trondheim, and, steering northwardly, passes through the fiords and sounds. Behind the coast rises in bold precipices; the fertile spots gradually disappear, and wilder, more naked rocks stretch to the desolate wastes, until the insurmountable glaciers of Helgeland mark the limits of human habitations. Human life withdraws into the bays and inlets. There dwells the merchant and fisherman of Norman blood, and near them Danes and Laplanders are settled. The Laplander drives his antlered milch cow over the snowy mountains, and the report of his gun, as he hunts the bear and the wolf, is echoed back from the dark sea caverns. Wilder and more desolate grows the scene with every new morning. For miles no house is to be seen, and no sail or fishing boat breaks the dismal monotony. Dolphins sportively gambol round the bows of the ship, and the whale spouts the water into the air; flocks of sea-gulls hover over, and dive upon the moving shoals of herrings; divers and auks spring from the rocks, the eider-duck flutters over the foaming billows, and high in the sharp, clear air, the eagle pair circle round their rocky nest.

At last, winding around a thousand rocky capes, in the midst of this ocean labyrinth, you see the house of a trader upon the declivity of a birch-wooded promontory. There are his warehouses, his vessels, and his boats; there rises the smoke of ten scattered fishermen's huts among the cliffs, and between them a narrow strip of green meadow, through which a brawling brook rushes to the sea. A few minutes more, and all has disappeared. Again the rocky desert meets the eye, again the same sounds surround the ship, and the same deep and unruffled mirror of water reflects the passing sail, and from the deep ravines the wind rushes out with the fury of a wild beast.

It was along this rugged but romantic coast that a Norwegian craft of the stoutest build was steering on her homeward voyage from Bergen. A stout, well-made young man stood at the helm of this vessel, whose clear blue eyes were anxiously scanning the reefs and rocks through the windings of which the ship urged her way. As he was humming a song, another tenant of the vessel stepped out upon the deck. His appearance was widely different from that of the helmsman. Instead of a dark fisherman's jacket or a rough sou'wester, he wore a long, many buttoned coat. His hair was combed back and bound with a ribbon; slender and tall of stature, he appeared in his manners and figure to be a man of the world, and to belong to the privileged class who lay claim to the productions of the earth as their exclusive property. Such he was, in fact. He was the young lord of Marstrand, the scion of a noble house; the estate of which had been sadly impaired by the lavish expense and liberal hospitality of his father and grandfather at the court in Copenhagen. His father—the chamberlain—died in debt, and here his son—gentleman of the bedchamber and lieutenant of the Guards—was voyaging through the wild Polar Sea in the yacht of a trader, who lived upon the extreme limits of Finnmark, and whose heir—Bjornarne Helgestad—was standing at the helm. The young baron carried in his pocket a donation-deed of the king, conferring upon him a

broad tract of land, extending into the boundless desert to the northernmost confines of Europe, where there is neither lord nor serf.

It was with no friendly glance that John of Marstrand looked upon the savage coasts and foaming sea as he stepped out of the cabin. Even the enthusiastic praises of the helmsman could not dissipate his dissatisfaction. He turned to the south, and, with a suppressed sigh, said:

"No tree, no bush, no flower, no green leaf, no singing-bird, nor blade of grass waving to the breeze; nothing but horror, darkness, fog, storms, rocks, and the raging sea!"

When the vessel arrived off the Loffoden Islands, the young baron came upon a very stirring scene.

Five or six hundred boats, with three or four thousand fishermen, were there engaged in fishing. The nets were incessantly cast and drawn, with song and shout—for all were overlaid with fish, and great care was observed in extricating them from the meshes to prevent the laceration of the threads. At many other spots there were immense cables, to which more than a thousand angling rods were fastened—for the angle was more in use then than at present. The fishermen next hurried with their full boats into the bay, where, upon the rocks, scaffolds of poles, and tables for the disembowelling of the fish, and huts for shelter and rest were erected. The fish were brought hither from the boats, seized by blood-red hands, and thrown upon the tables. Sharp knives opened the body, with a grip of the finger the entrails were extracted, and, with a second cut, the head flew off into one tub, and the oily liver into another. The other parts were cast upon a nauseous heap of blood and viscera, and what a moment before was a living creature, hung, severed and shaking in the wind, upon the drying-stand. The men pursued their murderous occupation with incredible dexterity and quickness. The lust of slaughter glowed in their eyes. They held the blood-stained knife between the teeth, whilst their hands were plunged in the belly of the dying creature, and in their enthusiasm they bit the unctiously fat livers, when they appeared unusually white and dainty. With naked arms, and broad, open bosoms, spattered with blood, they looked like cannibals celebrating a horrid feast of triumph. They greedily sought for the largest and stoutest victims, exercised upon them their executioner's office with double zest, and made merry with the sufferings and violent struggles of the unfortunate wretches.

Marstrand soon felt a disgust for this monotonous slaughter. He turned away, saying to himself:

"It is a cruel, cowardly torture—I will see no more of it! For this twenty thousand men are attracted to these naked rocks—for this they shout and yell like persons possessed, despite the storms of the Polar Sea! What a rude, coarse people—what an absence of humane sensations?"

Presently a boat boarded the vessel, and the helmsman's father and sister stepped on board. The former was a robust man in the costume of the country, with a brown, lean, sinister face.

The daughter was a tall, stout damsel, of the true Norman stock, with a strong resemblance to her brother. She had the same strongly-marked features, the same broad brow, and clear, beaming eyes, but all was so firmly stamped and so fully formed, that the absence of soft feminine traits could not easily offend a fastidious eye.

"A beauty born under the sixty-ninth degree of north latitude, among whales, cod-fish, and reindeer, can indeed vary a little from our standard!" said he, in an undertone; "but this one here, in her neat's-leather shoes, her green, red-trimmed frieze gown, her fur jacket and leathern apron, with white woollen gloves on her coarse hands, appears too bear-like and polar proportioned!"

It was not many months before he formed quite a different opinion of this Norwegian beauty.

He had a letter of introduction to the old trader, who had no sooner perused the king's patent than he seemed to take a lively interest in the young man's affairs, and offered him every assistance in his power. The baron gratefully accepted the offer, and, by the advice of his new friend, invested all his ready money in a fish speculation. He was afterwards informed that the disinterested trader received the money the next instant in exchange for some of the salt with which his vessel was deeply laden.

His next good deed was to obtain a recognition of the donation-deed from the voight, or chief magistrate and judge of the district. He then invited the young adventurer to his house until he had, like the ancient patriarch, pitched his own tent in the wilderness, and also promised to advance him money to start with.

The house of the trader lay behind some store-houses, upon rising ground, between a birch wood and the mountain which formed a crescent around it. Painted red, with white windows, a dozen small birchen and clay huts alongside, and in front a great warehouse, it made quite an imposing appearance. From its birchwood roof a large flag waved in welcome of the lord of the house; and, as the yacht drew near to the pile wharf, a loud hurrah arose from the ships and boats. All the inhabitants and dependents of the Gaard threw themselves into boats, and rowed to meet the long-wished-for, home-returning vessel. In a few minutes more, a dozen women and children clambered up the sides on deck; and Marstrand thought he had never seen such extraordinary human figures as these, which, like so many demons, overran the ship.

They were the families of the fishermen who had gone to Loffoden, and who now, with riotous shouts, hailed the return of their fathers and husbands. Long, yellow, and shaggy hair almost covered over their strong, bony faces; fur jackets and coats enveloped their bodies. The men of Gaard, in their leathern capes and fur caps, and the sailors, in their huge caps and brown jackets, made up a variegated maze of figures, which did not settle into order until the yacht was brought to at the pile-work, and all had time tranquilly to recount their adventures. Helgestad had enough to do in giving the necessary orders and in listening to the reports of his steward, who was the most important person in the crowd. Miss Ilda was greeted and occupied by others, and Marstrand followed their steps in silence. Inquiring, curious glances fastened upon the stranger, but no one troubled himself further about him; and the deep, guttural tones of this wild population, almost incomprehensible to him, completed the sense of abandonment which he felt. Near to the house, his roving eyes directed themselves upon an object which aroused his interest. Ilda's loud voice was heard above the din, calling to a young girl, who hurriedly ran down the steep ground, threw her arms about Ilda's neck, and covered her with kisses and embraces.

"God's peace be with you, Gula!" said the daughter of the trader, as the first storm of caresses was over. "How have you been?"

"Very well, my beloved sister!" she responded, with renewed tenderness; "and are you all well, and Bjornarne?"

"All well, Gula! Bjornarne comes with the yacht! There was a great catch, Gula, and we have had much pleasure! No cask is empty! I do not come alone, also!" she continued, as she turned her regards to Marstrand, by her side. "We bring a guest—a Danish gentleman, who has come to take up his abode among us!"

Gula observed the stranger with a scrutinising stare. Her large black eyes glowed with surprise until she modestly withdrew them, and her face became suffused with a deep blush.

Marstrand himself was not a little astounded: he had formed an entirely different idea of the Lapland maiden from the reports of others. The Normans gave such frightful accounts of all that bore the name of Lapps, that it was almost impossible to conceive a member of this unhappy race to be anything else than a forlorn, monkey-like creature, whose ugliness was calculated to excite the most profound disgust.

Gula gave the lie to all these prejudicial accounts. She was small, yet uncommonly elegant in shape, and of perfect proportions. Her dark robe fitted tightly around the waist, where it joined the bodice, which in plaits rose up high on the neck. Over it she wore a jacket of fine otter-skin, which was trimmed with the white feathery skin of Norwegian strand-birds. A chain of medals encircled her neck, and her shining black tresses, bound round with dark red ribbon, floated loosely over her shoulders. Such was the pleasing picture of a beautiful young girl, upon whom one gazed with delight, and whose small, fine face, with sparkling eyes, was, in spite of a yellowish skin, so well formed and so admirably proportioned in all its features, that no one could refrain from regarding her as a most lovely and fascinating person.

They proceeded to the house, and entered the hall which divided the rooms on either side. The one side was the shop of the trader, which was filled with a great variety of stores. Helgestad introduced Marstrand within it, and showed him the angling-rods and fishing-tackle, together with the clothing and utensils used by fishermen and hunters. The large chests were filled with flour and vegetables; iron-ware, cups, pots, and the most diverse kinds of things were huddled together on the shelves; hemp-lines, table and bed linen, thread,



ribbon, and female finery were heaped up with furs, skins, scissors, hatchets, and arms; and, in short, there was nothing of utility in the country that was not to be found in this motley collection.

"It is such a shop as ought to be," said the trader, "and you can take a lesson from it! We will take care that you have such an assortment in your house!"

Marstrand smiled doubtfully. He could not yet conceive that he would wait on Lapps and fishermen—but he suppressed all scruples. Helgestad carried him further through the side rooms, and showed him even the great brown-stained walnut bureau which he had brought with him two years previously from Bergen, and gave an insight into the drawers, where a large quantity of money was kept. At last, after making the round of the building—in which Helgestad led the way without a light, and steering through a maze of chests, sacks, and barrels—they returned to the sitting room. This was exceedingly snug and comfortable. The beams were covered over with laths, painted in blue and white stripes; the floor of Norwegian pine-wood was perfectly white and clean. A sort of carpet of reindeer-skin lay near the fireplace, where stood chairs and tables. Around the walls ran ledges, upon which an array of tin vessels, burnished bright as silver, were arranged in long rows, and under this border verses and extracts from Scripture were painted by an artistic hand. A pair of party-colored bureaus and large chests, bound with brass, in which the women bring their dowry in marriage, a Holland looking-glass, in gilt frame, and an old English clock, together with a huge brick stove, made up the furniture of the side-wall.

Many visitors came, but the most important was Paul Peterson, the nephew of the Voight, and, as secretary of the district, probably considered the more important personage of the two, especially as he was learned and had a ready tongue. His appearance was not flattering. His face was pale, yellowish, and pock-marked, a forest of dark red hair covered his head, and his large, protruding eyes glittered under long, red lashes.

This repulsive being was engaged to be married to the buxom but earnest and deep-thinking Ida. Her father had so willed it, and in Norway a father's authority in such matters is absolute—no maiden ever dreams of disputing it. This information gave Marstrand intense disgust—for the more he saw of Ida the more her sterling qualities developed themselves, and of course the more he admired them.

With Gula his intercourse was more unrestrained. He rambled with her over the rocks and among the glens, and as the Laplanders were considered by the traders and fishermen as beings beneath the dignity of human nature, the naturally warm-hearted Dane championed their cause. This gained him no popularity, but rather served to deepen the jealousy with which he was universally regarded into hatred. The secretary soon conceived for him a mortal dislike.

One Sunday, after the return of Helgestad, his family, and guests from worship, Marstrand was witness to a scene which terribly shocked his senses of right. Gula did not come forth to meet them.

"She has a visitor!" said the steward.

"Who?" asked Ida.

"There he sits at the door!" he replied. "You will no doubt recognise him, Miss Ida!"

"Afraja!" exclaimed Helgestad. "What is the old rascal after! I could smell him, if I did not see him!"

"It is curious, so early in the season," said Ida. "What can it mean?"

"I do not know!" said Helgestad, frowning, and quickening his pace; "but may I be hanged if the old vermin brings anything good!"

As they drew near to the house, Marstrand observed, with much interest, the man whose name he had so often heard. Bent double, and his head bowed deep, the old shepherd sat on a bench by the door. A brown robe of coarse woollen stuff covered his apparently decrepid body, over which he wore an open fur cloak of reindeer-skin, and his cap, of like material, he had taken off and laid upon his knee. His two meagre, sinewy hands clasped a long stick, the sharp iron point of which glistened on the ground. At his feet lay two yellow, shaggy-haired dogs, whose watchful eyes were fastened now upon their motionless master and then upon the approaching strangers, whom they received with a low growl.

When Helgestad stood close by him, the old Lapp lifted up his head, and a humble friendliness beamed in his weather-beaten face, which was covered with wrinkles and furrowed lines. Half-grown grey hair overspread his low forehead, his nose was of a Mongolian flatness, his teeth unusually long, sharp, and

white, like those of a wolf. From beneath the grey mass of hair which the wind blew about his face, his small eyes flashed like the sun setting in a blood-red glow, but there was something uncommonly artful and lurking expression.

The old man rose from his seat, and made a profound bow to the trader. "May peace ever accompany you!" said he, in the corrupt Danish of the coast language; "and your days be as joyous as the snow-flakes!"

"I accept it!" answered Helgestad. "Every Christian man needs your greeting, and you have indeed brought it from afar. Your girdle is shrunk from the dampness, and your kommagers have been hardly used!" He pointed to the half-boots of reindeer-skin, which Afraja, after the custom of the Finns, had tightly laced around his thin legs. "I have not seen you since the autumn," he continued; "I supposed you to be far in the Jauern!"

"You are right, father!" returned the Lapp, with an assenting nod. "My cattle have pastured in the Tana, and beyond to the great sea."

"And what, by St. Olaf's beard, has driven you through the winter's snow to Lyngenford?" exclaimed the astonished merchant. "You must have had a fearful journey! Where are your sleighs and your Pulks?"

Afraja looked up to the mountains, and with a certain pride and dignity stroked back the thick hair from his face, and replied:

"You know that I own many cattle! My nephew, Mortuno, rests with a herd at the spring of Setzjok, which you call Old River! I came to him to look after my property, and to fix his summer pasturage. From thence it was not very far to you, father; yet how could you wonder that I have come here, when the bear and the wolf go out in quest of their young? My child lives in your house! I am old and infirm, and my heart yearns after her!"

"Your heart?" said Helgestad, laughing. "Have you also a heart, old knave?"

"My heart," replied Afraja, with a stern look, "longs after my child, who is my greatest treasure."

"Nuh!" said the trader, "look after your treasure, then; no harm has happened to her! Stay until to-morrow, if you choose!"

Afraja shook his head.

"My time is short," said he. "Before it is night I must be far away! Gula shall go with me—I ask her back from you, herr!"

Helgestad regarded the Finn with a fixed and astonished look, for he had formed his resolution.

"I see now what you have come for!" he angrily answered; "and I anticipated nothing good from your visit! But it cannot be! You have a bad memory, Afraja! You gave me the maiden for a pound of tobacco and three pints of brandy!"

"You are a Christian!" said the old man, after a moment's pause, supporting himself on his staff. "God sees and hears all things! He knows that I did not sell my child; I let you have her because you desired it! My *gamme* is desolate," he continued, beseechingly; "my eye is growing dark! I ask you, Father Niels, what would you do, if your child were taken away from you?"

The Lapp was ultimately driven from the door.

"The Lapps are beasts, and the most ungrateful rubbish God ever created!" growled the trader, as he sat down to a bountiful dinner.

The trader performed his promise to the baron, and as soon as, by his advice, a tract of land had been selected, he advanced him sufficient money to build him a wooden house and lay in a stock of stores, with which he was to commence a flourishing trade with the Laplanders, and dispose of at an enormous profit to the fishermen he was to engage in the ensuing season.

The taking possession was an important ceremony. The trader, the secretary, and several others accompanied the new proprietor in his fatiguing journey to his estate, which was named the Balsford. It was very picturesque, with its broad, open flood and soft shores, which, beautifully covered with grass, stretched into meadows and slopes. Dazzling and foaming brooks plunged in milk white streams from the cliffs, and over projecting rocks down upon the greensward. Tall trees skirted the southern edge of the inlet, at the end of which the Balsford noisily poured out of its valley. Here the eye roamed over many little dells and hollows, there over an extensive wood, through which were occasionally to be seen the stream and its falls, and far in the east and north the boundless ranges of the Lapland Alps, with their heads of snow stretched out, and seemed to mingle in the distance with the clouds.

After the house and its appurtenances had been approved of, and the guests had been well enter-

tained, they took their departure, the old trader prophesying that Marstrand, with care, would soon be a thriving man.

But he could not go on without money—and that Helgestad willingly proffered. The Dane, already deeply in his debt, hesitated. He could not understand why a stranger should have such confidence in him. The trader must have a very powerful motive for such conduct.

One evening he stood on the shore of the fiord, meditating.

With one hand Helgestad offered him the means of winning riches; and with the other he thrust him from the door if he refused his money. The advantages which he had presented to him were real. He perfectly understood what this property was worth; and yet a voice within admonished him that all right-thinking men would condemn him. Another voice chased away his distrust, and impelled him at last to exclaim, half aloud:

"He deceives me! It cannot be otherwise! That is his purpose!"

He suddenly heard a response to his remark.

"Rest assured, young man, that you speak the truth!" said some one, firmly and clearly, behind him; and a few steps further he perceived a human figure, sitting on a stone, dimly obscured by the mist and darkness.

For some minutes both regarded each other in silence. Marstrand had no doubts as to who the venerable individual might be, who, fixedly leaning on a staff, appeared like a statue. The night-wind agitated his long hair, and he slowly repeated, with emphatic solemnity, these words:

"Rest assured that you speak the truth—for no one can boast of not having been deceived by Niels Helgestad!"

"Afraja," replied Marstrand, "I thank you for my life to-day! You it was who killed the bear! Your ball penetrated him, when I had only wounded the beast! I came here for the purpose of appropriating this land to myself; but I will not do it! I will not invade your rights; but I will protect you to the utmost of my ability!"

The old man made a gentle inclination, and waved his hand, as if to prevent the expression of thanks.

"As far as you may be able," he said; "but you have no power! Your heart is tender, as I have already experienced! You despise not the children of Jubinal! I knew that Helgestad would bring you to Balsford, and I determined to await you here! I was near you and defended your life when assailed by the bear, and I will be with you and protect you against your enemies! Live here in peace, because it is a pleasant spot! If you did not take it, a worse person would—for the thirst of gain is aroused among these hard-hearted men! The Voigt of Tromsøe, his wicked nephew, and Niels Helgestad, have already devised another plan, if you would seek to escape from them!"

Afraja spoke composedly; and, to the surprise of Marstrand, expressed himself perfectly well in the Danish-Norwegian tongue.

"What plan have you devised for me?" he asked.

"Your royal patent," replied the old man, "is too precious a property not to excite the avarice of Helgestad and his companions. For many years he has known that Balsford abounds in wood, fish, and fruitful valleys! He has taken you into his house, treated you well, and will help you further, until the time has arrived to chase you naked away, and to take from you all that you call your own!"

"You hate him!" cried Marstrand.

"I hate him!" answered the Lapp; "yet I see through his eyes into his wicked heart! He will give you his money, with which you will fell the wood; yet you are inexperienced, will lose it, and fall into want! This is the time for which he is waiting! Then you will find his hand firmly closed up! He will show you your indebtedness, and will expel you, with the help of the voigt, with whom he will divide the booty!"

"Is it indeed so?" cried the young man, in agitation; "is this his way, to cunningly proffer his aid for my ruin! It is possible, Afraja; indeed, I have already had suspicions of it; but Helgestad is esteemed as the first in the land!"

"Do you think," asked the Lapp, "he will be less esteemed after rendering you a beggar! His fame will increase; he will be more highly regarded; his consideration will increase with his wealth; and no one will pity you! They will laugh at you—for, according to their view of right, you will have been justly treated!"

"Ha!" murmured Marstrand, as he clenched his fist and vehemently raised his arm; "they shall not laugh!"



He thought of Ilda, and it seemed as if the old sorcerer read his thoughts.

"Do not dream that Helgestad's children could protect you! They would say to you, 'You had eyes and ears; you heard many a word, and saw many a sign: wherefore were you not, then, a firm-footed man?' Bjornarne is a simpleton, and blindly obedient to his father. The maiden is of a better sort, but proud of disposition; and will, agreeably to the intention of her father, become the wife of the secretary, who at last will pocket what Helgestad has taken from you!"

"He shall take nothing from me—by heavens, he shall not!" said Marstrand. "I will have none of his help!"

"Accept it!" whispered the Lapp.

"And his money?" said Marstrand. "It cannot be!"

"Let him, young man, give as much as he will!"

"How can you give me such advice?" asked Marstrand, indignantly, "when you yourself show me to what he seeks to bring me!"

Afraja was silent for a moment. His form was barely visible among the dark rocks, and his hoarse laugh penetrated the Dane like that of a spectre, when, on wildly looking around him, he heard Helgestad's voice calling upon him from the distance.

"Take the money of the avaricious man," whispered the Lapp, "and make use of it without apprehension! What can he give that Afraja cannot surpass ten-fold? Go to him, and say, 'I will dwell here, and will do as you recommend!' I see your angry countenance through the darkness! You must not be angry, young man! Afraja is your friend! Should you need silver thalers, you shall have them! Call upon me in the name of Jubinal, and I will attend you! The hour will come when I will conduct you—your eyes shall see what has never been seen by a man of your race! Deceive the deceiver, and be bold! My gods, which are more powerful than your unrighteous God, will help you!"

"Blaspheme not, old man—blaspheme not!" cried Marstrand. "Where are you! Answer me!" He groped around, but the Lapp had disappeared. "When shall I see you again?" he exclaimed, in a loud tone. He received no answer.

A gust of wind plunged down from the high fjellan, shook the bushes, and resounded over the waters of the fiord. At the same moment, Helgestad's iron-shod shoes clattered upon the stones.

## CHAPTER II.

### THE MORTGAGE AND THE REDEMPTION.

The Dane soon began to tire of the solitary life he led at his new settlement. He was not deficient in energy, but the loneliness of his situation preyed upon his elasticity of spirit. It is not very wonderful, then, that he was a frequent visitor at the residence of Helgestad.

One of the last of his visits occurred just previous to the establishment of new relations between him and the trader. The latter had not returned from his voyage to Bergen, and Bjornarne, and the rest of the men were away at the fishing stations. What delightful days Marstrand passed in the mansion alone with his female friend—for there was only Ilda with whom he could converse; Gula had unaccountably disappeared.

One morning when he awoke the sun was shining in his chamber, and as he looked through the little window, how beautifully green lay the grass-plot before him, with its fringe of birch bushes. He remained standing for a long while at the little window, and never had this retired settlement appeared to him so fair. Suddenly he saw Ilda leave the house, and at the same moment the golden day-star rose over the rugged rocks on the Kaanfiord, and threw its rays upon the little garden, its flowers, and the young maiden, who, with folded hands, gazed around upon the beautiful picture. A light glimmer played round her long brown tresses; the slender form in dark attire stood reverentially still, until her serious countenance broke into a smile as she plucked some flowers, and arranged them in a bouquet. After a few minutes she disappeared again in the house, and then Marstrand heard her light tread on the steps and in the next chamber. When he opened the door, he found a glass on the table, from which the varied-colored flowers welcomed him with their perfume.

He regarded them with deep emotion. They were pinks and mignonettes, dark-red gillflowers, and in the middle a bunch of bright forget-me-nots. He bent down to them, pressed them to his lips, and then looked around to see if no one was ob-

serving him. A strong excitement agitated his heart; he was several times on the point of fastening one of the flowers in his coat, but he replaced it. As he descended the stairs he was met by Ilda, who chided him for his long sleep.

August had arrived. The weather was that of fair summer, and when the darkness with soft shadows overspread the fiord, and the highest mountain summits alone wore their roseate crowns, the moon rose over the dark horn of the Kilpis, and, wonderfully clear and gleaming, scattered its mysterious beams over the dark waters of the fiord and bays and inlets.

When evening came on, Marstrand walked with Ilda over the rocks to the fiord, or he took the oar and rowed the little boat over the mirror-like gulf to a picturesque waterfall, or to a promontory upon which stood a solitary tree.

Late one evening, he went alone with Ilda—for in these excursions she was usually accompanied by a female domestic—to visit a curious chasm, where the water formed a whirlpool, which lost itself in the deep recesses of the rock.

The moon illuminated the tranquil sea, and its fine, clear light glimmered in the dark cleft, where the waves dashed themselves into feathery surf. A heavy sound burst from the cavern, now swelling into thunder, and then subsiding into a soft, plaintive moan. Without all was silent; only the blue, mysterious light of the night hovered over the eternal, gigantic mountains, guardians of this wild coast.

The boat had for some time floated around the chasm upon the surface of the gently-heaving sea. Marstrand had laid the oar aside, and sat by Ilda. Both listened to the wondrous sounds which issued from the dark ocean caves.

"I remember," said John, at length, "that a sage relates a curious history of this cavern! Is it not an unhappy sea-nymph which weeps and sighs there beneath the water?"

"A poor, beautiful fairy, whom a giant holds in chains that cannot be broken!" replied Ilda.

"Now I know it! The grant has carried off the fairy, and compelled her to become his wife! He was a wild, malicious fellow; but he was great and powerful, and a king in the watery dominions there beneath! Sometimes he permitted her to leave the cavern, which formed the entrance to his crystal and golden palace, and then she sat in moonlight upon the peak of the rock, twining wreaths of grass and flowers, and singing songs, and enjoying herself in the earthly air, until her gloomy husband sounded his horn to recall her to her sea home? It happened that a young fisherman met her, and every night when the sweet queen ascended the rock, he sat by her side! Then he gazed in her soft, clear eyes, smoothed her golden hair, smiled, and fondled with her little white hands! He said not a word of that of which his heart was full; but she was conscious of it all; and when the sullen horn sounded, and she sadly rose to depart, he knew that she also loved him!"

While Marstrand thus spoke, he had taken Ilda's hand, which he held fast in his own, and leaned towards her.

"It happened that once she did not hear the horn as they sat together!" said Ilda, softly.

"Because," continued Marstrand, "the fair water-witch had lain her head on the bosom of the young man who embraced her with both arms!"

"After the horn had sounded a third time, so that the mountains shook to their foundations, an arm was extended from the cavern, followed by a monstrous head! The giant raised himself up, reached round over all the rocks, and with a finger he crushed the poor fisherman, and with a grasp drew the unfaithful one into the dark abyss!"

"It happened so," said Marstrand, "because the fairy could not resolve to be free and happy! I love you! had the youth whispered to her; come, accompany me! Do you see the grey streak in the east? It will soon be red there, and the sun will come; the children of night have then no more power over you! Trust me—my arm is strong, and I will bear you away! Let us live to be happy! She thought of the oath she had taken; she removed the dark hand that clasped her waist; and now lies she there in white, glowing chains, weeping and moaning, and the fiendish giant laughs at her misery!"

With a gentle exertion, Ilda loosened John's hand from her waist—for he held her in his arms.

"She did right," said she; "and her punishment was not undeserved! Ply your oar, or we shall be drawn into the abyss and be swallowed up!"

"In death with you, Ilda!" he hastily exclaimed.

"Shall that be your end, John?" she replied. "Have you nothing more to hope and desire—and do you not believe God has yet much to require of you?"

"You will live!" he bitterly exclaimed, aloud.

"Yes!" she responded; "I will live, because it is my duty—because I have received life to do good, and cannot commit sin!"

He gazed in her eyes, upon which the moonlight was shining. She tenderly responded to his glance. Suddenly a loud laugh was heard above their heads, and a voice began to speak which penetrated to Marstrand's core.

"By heavens and the holy Olaf!" shouted a man from the summit of the rock, "it is Ilda, hovering around the witch's cave! Here, Bjornarne—come up hither; it is your sister who is praying to the Nornes for us! And who is that? Herr Marstrand, as sure as I live! Good luck to your house, Herr—or rather to your hand! Bring your little boat out from among the eddies and rocks, and keep my dear treasure until I can kiss her fresh lips!"

"Is it you, Paul?" exclaimed Ilda to him. "Where do you come from? Where is the sloop?"

"If she is not here yet, she will come! We landed in Maursound, because a vessel without wind is like a wife without a heart—cold and monotonous! I beg you, Herr, come to there in the cleft, and take me on board! Bjornarne has run on—but I am tired with this breakneck tramp over the rocks!"

With an inward regret Marstrand directed the skiff to the designated spot, to which only a sure-footed and light-limbed man like Paul could descend and jump into the boat.

Paul threw his gun and leather pouch aside, and took the seat alongside of Ilda, which Marstrand had left to ply the oar. He unceremoniously clasped his arms round his betrothed and kissed her, amid all kinds of jests and tender oaths, and shook Marstrand by the hand, all the while inquiring after the cause of this unlooked-for visit.

When Bjornarne returned and heard of the disappearance of Gula, he seemed to have taken leave of his senses. He repulsed his sister, and took the artful Petersen into his confidence, who soon led him to believe that if the Dane had not himself abducted the Laplander, he had been instrumental in placing her in the hands of her father. From that moment the young man conceived a bitter hatred for Marstrand.

When the trader returned, the hitherto quietgaard put on quite a new face. There was no more sitting at ease in the garden. All was occupied in something; Helgestad could not bear to see any one idle, and his presence seemed of itself to excite every one to activity. A glance of his long, sharp eyes, or a grin of his leather-like face, was sufficient to stimulate the most flagging.

With the baron his manner was less cordial, and when the former solicited a fresh supply of money, he hesitated, and promised to inspect the condition of Balsfiord himself in a few days, when he would see what could be done.

On the morrow Marstrand departed from the gaard with a heavy heart. Ilda had not afforded him a single moment of confidential leave-taking, and if she had, what wish or request had he to leave behind him? Was she not betrothed to another?

As he was journeying moodily along a mountain path, a man overtook him, and, thrusting into his hand a piece of paper folded as a letter, immediately bounded away.

For some moments Marstrand stared at the paper, which was without superscription. As he opened it, he recognised the handwriting of Ilda. He lifted up his eyes and looked after the pastor, who was already concealed in the dark mass of fog. Alone in this dreary waste, he began to read the writing, while he held his cloak over it, to shelter it from the driving rain and the wind, which threatened to tear it out of his hands.

"John Marstrand," he read, "suffer me to say a few words to you, which you may keep, if you choose—for they are farewell words, although I hope soon and often to see you again! You are a strange man, with strange customs; but you understand me, nevertheless—for God has created a keen and lively sympathy between us as universal as human nature itself, and unaffected by distance of separation or the lapse of time! We have both felt it! You have wished to give it speech; but I prevented it, because I dared not listen to it! I have perceived your bitter pain, the reproachful expression of your eyes, and your anger! Had I turned my ear to you, or proffered my hand, a voice of cursing and infamy would have pursued you and me! Therefore I freed myself from you! Know that I

have eradicated from my heart all that should not be there, and it would be a criminal act of folly if you do not the same! I earnestly implore you to it, as I wish you happiness and peace! Do not suppose that I could think you would ever forget me, or that I shall ever cease to be your friend! My marriage will be celebrated on St. Michael's Day! Come and be the most welcome guest at it! I shall see you on my wedding-day, and do you be kind towards my husband, to whom I belong, and whom I wish to honor! Be cautious and prudent in your transactions with my father—for you have, indeed, need of it! Rest assured from me that I gladly look forward to my future destiny in Paul Petersen's house! And now may God's blessing always rest upon you!"

Marstrand held the letter a long while in his hand, as his horse moved along, contemplating its firm-set characters. No tremor of the hand had betrayed her feelings; no word was badly written, and no sentence was out of order. The whole of this letter of adieu was as composed and cool as if it were an affair of perfect indifference.

"There is no warm pulsation of the heart in it!" he said, as he folded it up; and, moved by a sudden impulse, he tore it to pieces, and scattered the fragments to the wind. "No! I have done right!" he exclaimed, drowning the voice of self-reproof; "let the wind carry away these pieces, and the rain destroy them: so will I rid myself of this folly! She has driven me from her heart, as if I never had a place there! She joyfully looks forward to her future! She dissembles; she will soothe my wounded feelings, while she deceives me!" He laughed aloud, and wrapped his cloak more closely around him. The fog gathered so dense and heavy about him, that he could not distinguish twenty steps ahead. "Yes!" he exclaimed, in the wild roar of the elements; "I will dance at your wedding! Paul Petersen shall have joy in me!"

Marstrand had on the next day abundance to do, again to accustom himself to his solitary yet active life. The warehouse was finished, the dwelling was put in order and completed within, and furnished with all kinds of domestic articles; and the wares and stores were properly arranged. Marstrand proceeded to examine his works, the success of which had indeed not been promoted by his absence. The saw-mill was not yet ready, and his directions had not been properly carried out. His plans of improvement had been frustrated by the opposition of the mechanics, who would not deviate from their ancient habits—and these were inapplicable to the present case. The young proprietor endeavored, by greater exertions and more persevering patience, to accomplish his plans; and it was only when he himself set to work, and was actively engaged from morning till night, that he succeeded in giving the right direction to his plans. He had found the means, by his knowledge of mechanics, to erect his mills in a better manner than was the custom; and in the ship-yards and wood-yards of his native country he had also obtained an acquaintance with timber, and the mode of handling it, that was of material assistance to him now. The Norwegian workman had derided the Dane, who seemed to think that he had all the wisdom in his own pocket; but they now saw, with half-credulous astonishment, that a well-arranged pulley could raise more than twelve men, that everything could be better secured by pegs and screws, and that much manual labor might be obviated by the ingenious appliances of art.

Marstrand now looked upon his labors with the most confident hope. All his experiments succeeded; he had his head full of plans, and he wished that Helgestad were on the spot to witness the progress he had made. But little more was necessary to crown his labors with triumph, and to put to the blush his enemies and revilers. As he contemplated his works, he could imagine how much better they would appear in another year; and as he walked through the little valleys which belonged to him, he proudly thought of what they might be made to produce when occupied by industrious colonists. At that time, also, many Finlanders emigrated from the east into the unsettled country, where they gave full scope to their indomitable activity and love of agriculture.

With such hopes the young settler, after a week's absence, returned from his excursion; his heart beat stronger as, in the distance, before his door, he discerned a little caravan which had just arrived. He perceived Helgestad and Paul Petersen standing by the horses, and waving their hats, with a loud hurrah, as a sign of greeting. Marstrand hurried on to his guests, to all of whom he

gave a hearty welcome, not even excepting the secretary himself.

"I thank you heartily, Herr Helgestad, for having so promptly performed your promise to visit me at Balsford! Seat yourselves, while I see what I have in the house. It is some time past noon; but whatever I have shall be set before you!"

During the meal, one of the party, a hot-headed Norwegian, began to quarrel with Marstrand for having interfered to save the life of a Laplander. The Dane replied with warmth.

"Should I have suffered a man to be murdered before my eyes? Ought I to have taken, and helped to bind and deliver to his enemies, a man who received me when I had lost my way and was in danger? Never will I raise my hand for such a purpose! You complain that the Lapps are hostile to you: treat them with humanity, and they will be conciliated. The Voigt of Tromsø will make an example; but it will only be a new inhumanity. I cannot change this cruel system of treatment—alas! I cannot; but I will not aid in its maintenance!"

"But you will rave against your own friends!" said the secretary.

"Revile as much as you please, Herr Petersen," rejoined Marstrand, with increasing warmth; "I can bear it! I have become acquainted, among these persecuted Lapps, with better men than —"

"Than we are!" interrupted Paul, striking his breast.

Marstrand made a repelling, contemptuous gesture.

"Cursed be he who can be the friend of a Lapp!" exclaimed Olaf, with a tremendous blow of his fist on the table.

Helgestad rose and requested peace.

"Young blood always runs too fast, and never knows discretion! Let Herr Marstrand do what he deems best! The people in the south think differently from us in the north! We will go, Herr Marstrand, and look at your operations! As you have taken but little care of your house and table, your external industry must probably be so much the greater!"

Marstrand followed him, and he summoned up all his self-possession to overcome his anxiety of mind and his angry feelings.

"I must be cautious!" he whispered to himself; "and remember that this man has my fate in his hands! I will not forget the admonitions that I have received! He can hardly be well disposed, or he would not have brought the secretary with him! Yet I hope to reconcile him! He must, when he sees it, commend what I have accomplished at Balsford, and what I shall offer him will gratify his thirst for gain!"

He smiled as Helgestad looked into the great shop, which seemed tolerably bare, and grumblingly shook his head at the confused mass of goods.

"You have forgotten my instructions, herr!" he said, as they walked on. "A trading-post is the true foundation of every establishment in Finnmark! If this is not conducted with order and attention, there can be no prosperity! You have done nothing which shows you to be a practical man! You have no account-book, no fishing-grounds, no drying-stands; you have instituted no system of barter, and made no provision of cattle; nor have you procured any colonists."

"Only be patient, and all will come, Herr Helgestad!" answered the gaard-proprietor. "What you have mentioned shall be my next care! Already I have made preparations thereto, I pledge my word! In another year more you will be satisfied with it! Think only that I am alone, and that I have not a thousand hands! I have attacked the greatest difficulties first, and I have succeeded! See what I have accomplished! Observe the troublesome road hewn out of the rock; look at those bridges, the dam which I have made, the sawing machines, and what exertions I have made to render the wood-slide serviceable for the next spring!"

He conducted Helgestad further on, and with eloquent words explained to him his difficult labors, and the advantages he expected to derive from them.

The countenance of the crafty old speculator gradually brightened up, and his increasing satisfaction was manifested by a prolonged "Nuh!" from the depths of his throat. The new structures for the saw mills received his special approbation. He suffered Marstrand to explain his improvements and inventions, and with much satisfaction witnessed the easy process of cutting the blocks, exclaiming it was the best he had ever seen.

"So I trust," said Marstrand, "that your confidence in me will not be shaken, and that your own hopes will be realised!"

"God grant it! I think so!" answered Helges-

tad. "I have always said you have a head which can effect something!"

"And I will!" rejoined Marstrand. "I am inexperienced in shopkeeping, and in many other matters which appertain to a trading post; but I will learn, and shall be as grateful to you for your good advice and just censure as for your assistance! This help I cannot dispense with! I ask for additional aid! Will you listen to what I offer you in compensation?"

"Nuh!" answered Helgestad. "I have two ears: go on!"

They had arrived at the brink of the wooded chasm, where the Balsford, with a bold leap from the rocky basin in which it has gathered its foaming waters, plunges into the fiord. Here Helgestad halted, and surveyed the bright sunny shore of the gulf, which, covered with trees and green strips of meadow, stretched to the red porphyry rocks which formed a precipitous wall behind Marstrand's peaceful gaard. The little valleys, opening on all sides, revealed their glittering brooks and waterfalls; the mill-wheels, lashed by the stream, scattered drops of spray and mist about; the woods rang with the cries of the workmen and woodcutters and the echoing blows of the axe. Everywhere were activity and industry, and the whole evening looked so beautiful, that Helgestad himself regarded it with pleasure. His imagination, which was not remarkably sensible to the charms of nature, was incited by this prospect to another course of reflection. He calculated, and his eyes, as Marstrand spoke to him, assumed a penetrating expression. He nodded and grinned as if he were wondrously pleased, turning his attention every now then below, where Paul Petersen ascended the rocky hill, between the trees, and approached them, while engaged in animated conversation.

"What I offer you," Herr Helgestad, said Marstrand, "is, in return for your generous aid, to divide with you the profit which may flow from this undertaking! You have hitherto advised me; you have perceived the treasure which is here, and through your influence it has fallen into my hands! Without your powerful support it would not have been possible for me to gain it, and as I have further need of your assistance, it is but proper that I should offer you the half of the profit!"

"The half!" exclaimed Helgestad, leaning on his stick; "I have no wish for the half! I am also not magnanimous! I set but little value upon a thing which seems as full of holes as a barrel!"

"Give it whatever name you please!" continued John, with a smile. "Say that you laid your plan to obtain a real profit, and that you knew that I would succeed as I have!"

"You have guessed it to a hair!" replied Helgestad.

"You also knew that I would gratefully divide the profits with you!"

"Maybe?" answered Helgestad; "but it is an old saying—he who takes a pleasure in dividing, will also to deceive! I will therefore neither share nor be deceived, Herr Marstrand; I will have what is mine—and, in a word, I tell you I am come here to look after my rights!"

"What do you mean, Herr Helgestad?" asked Marstrand, astounded. "What do you call your rights?"

The trader grinned at him, took off his hat, and smoothed back his tangled, pale-yellowish hair.

"Nuh!" said he, "we must look things in the face! I have become acquainted with your house-keeping, Herr Marstrand, and I calculate matters cannot go on much longer in this way! Experience is another thing than the will and love of labor! You have wasted your provisions, squandered your money, and neglected my counsel! There are eight thousand *species* to pay in Bergen, eight thousand in Orenæs, and you will borrow more; but it will go the same way! As I look at the gaard there, I expect that it will have to be sold at Tromsø, with all its dependencies, woods, mills, and the costly dam upon which you have lavished my money! I should like to see the man who will lay the twelve thousand *species* on the table! I calculate, also, it need not be sold unless you insist upon it!"

"I—Herr Helgestad—I!" exclaimed Marstrand, in amazement, casting a rapid glance on the secretary, who had come up at that moment, and then staring at the old speculator, as if he did not understand him.

"You!" resumed Herr Helgestad, with a nod; "for if you do not accept my proposition, it must be sold to the highest bidder. It will then be seen what is left, and it depends upon me to decide what proceedings shall be resorted to if the proceeds do



not cover your debt! I can imprison you, compel you to labor, and hold on to what you have; but I hope we shall settle matters amicably! I am not a man of cruel and despotic temper, and will let you off as easily as I can!"

"If I understand you rightly," said Marstrand, who had become deadly pale, "you will refuse me any further assistance?"

"Nuh!" replied the old man, with a grinning laugh; "my skull must be as flat as the head of a Lapp, if I give you a penny!"

"Then I must see where I can find another man who has more confidence in me!"

"Do so!" said Helgestad; "but procure my money—I must have it back!"

"You shall have it?" responded Marstrand.

But from whence? Eight thousand silver coins must be paid on the following day, or all his fine prospects would melt into air. He would be a beggar—for the trader in the fish speculation had beguiled him of his little stock of ready money.

The more he reflected on his position, the more intense grew his anxiety to frustrate the plans of Helgestad. He felt that he could even sell himself to the arch-fiend to be delivered from his difficulties. All his thoughts were now directed to one point—the finding of the only man who could assist him—Afraja.

Soon after his unwelcome guests had retired to rest, Marstrand threw himself in the chair where Helgestad had sat, and waited an hour without moving; but this hour seemed an eternity. He constantly muttered to himself the words which Afraja had spoken to him:

"Go to the hillock under which the wicked voigt lies whom Jubinal crushed; ascend the stone, and softly pronounce my name, as when Syda, the Wind God dances over the surface of the young grass. Wherever Afraja may be, he will hear you!"

He had originally secretly made light of this solemn injunction of the sorcerer; but now, with all his heart, he wished Afraja might listen to his summons, and lead him to some divinity who protected the oppressed in their darkest hour of need. His faith was weak and distracted by a thousand doubts, notwithstanding his proudly-spoken words to Helgestad. How could Afraja know that Helgestad was at Balsford? And if he should appear, how could this old man immediately procure such a quantity of money? Probably he possessed it, and possibly it was his wish, out of hatred to Helgestad and good-will to the man who had rendered him a service, to give it to him. Afraja's silver must certainly be buried in the far wilderness; and before it could be dug out of the rock and swamp, all would be over. And what danger was connected with Afraja's money gift? No one durst know that a free man—a Christian—a person of pure blood—had borrowed of a Lapp. Marstrand himself, pressing as was his need, felt that now in particular, when the animosity against the Lapps was greater than ever, it would be impossible openly to acknowledge the aid of the sorcerer without being regarded as a plague-contaminated person.

Engrossed in these reflections, he quietly slipped out of the house, and descended to the fiord to seek his last helper. It was deep night; heavy, leaden clouds hung over the *Wasserspatt*, which lay dark and motionless in its rocky bed. No fish leaped—not a star was to be seen—no sound to be heard; and it required no little caution to be able to walk without a light on the pathless edge of the fiord, among the rocks and broken stones. Marstrand's eyes were, however, excellent, and as much accustomed to darkness as his flexible body to great exertions. After an hour, he stood on the *bucht*, into which the rock-strewn bottom opened, in which Paul Petersen's grandfather had met his fate. After climbing over the wall of rock which closed up the entrance of the valley, he found himself at the hillock of huge stones composing the grave of the cruel voigt. The tall fir which had grown upon it hung down with their dark branches to the earth, and with the bushes and briars canopied over this chamber of the dead. Their gnarled labyrinth made an impenetrable darkness; and as Marstrand, with beating heart, entered this mysterious inclosure, he heard the hollow sigh and moaning of the wind through the top of the trees.

With firm steps he wound his way through these obstacles, gliding over the smooth moss, and climbing from stone to stone, until he at last attained the summit of this mass of rubbish, capped by a huge rock. Here he breathed alone in the midst of the wildest solitude, separated from all living things; under him were the shattered remains of the dead, which would repose there to the last day, while his wandering spirit affrighted the fisherman of the fiord.

A deep depression of spirits came over the young adventurer.

"It is not the dead that I fear!" said he to himself; "it is the living, who drive me to madness! Who would wait for me here, in such a night? But even a wise man, hanging over an abyss, grasps after his amulet, and pronounces a witch-spell! What avails the wisdom of the wise, when it cannot procure help? Either God's angel or the devil's comrade will appear to me? Let us see, old sorcerer, what you can do! Afraja! I call you!" he said, in a slightly contemptuous tone, twice repeating the name.

"Here am I!" responded a voice from the other side of the valley, followed by a rush of stones from the mountain side. It seemed as if a figure arose from the earth, through a fissure in the granite rock.

Courageous as Marstrand was, he could not resist the impression of this overpowering, mysterious vision. A shudder came over him, his hair stood on end, his tongue cleaved to the roof of his mouth, and his eyes glared wildly. He thought of the ghost of the voigt. It seemed to him that lightning flashed through the trees, that the earth shook under him, and that a strange breathing issued from its depths.

"You called me!" resumed the voice. "Are you afraid?"

"No!" answered Marstrand; "are you Afraja?"

"I am!" said the Lapp. "Sit down by me—give me your hand!"

Cold, slender fingers grasped Marstrand's right hand. He heard the hoarse laugh, which he knew, close by his ear; he thought he perceived the bright little eyes of the sorcerer, glittering through the deep darkness.

"Tell me, what drives you to me?" spoke Afraja; "I was far off when you called! I came, because Jubinal willed it!"

"If you have such power, you will also know why I am here!"

"You say it!" was Afraja's answer, after a long pause. "In this darkness I see into your heart, I know your thoughts—nothing is concealed from me! A wolf sleeps in your gamme, who digs his teeth in your flesh, and has driven you out in the night! When the day dawns to-morrow, he will tear you to pieces!"

"I am come that he may not succeed!" replied Marstrand. "I seek your help, Afraja! If it be true that you are willing to protect me, prove it now! Procure me money, that I may satisfy Helgestad! Upon my honor, by all that is holy I will give it back to you!"

Afraja suffered some time to elapse before he inquiringly answered:

"How much do you want?"

"A large sum!" exclaimed the younger; "but I know that you can give it, if you choose! Helgestad requires sixteen thousand species of me; but I have a credit in my favor, for the fish which he sold on my account in Bergen, and his present demand is for eight thousand species!"

"Eight thousand!" muttered the old man. "It is a great deal of money! Eight thousand! If I give it to you, what will you promise?"

"You require a high interest, I believe! Eight per cent. is the customary rate; yet ask what you please: as true as God helps me, I will pay it!"

"I want no interest!" exclaimed Afraja, in a hoarse laugh. "I am not a Lyngenfiord trader, an usurer, or a voigt!"

"If you will take no interest," asked Marstrand, "what will you have, then? Mortgage-bond on the gaard?"

"Your bond is of no use to me, and I do not want your gaard! No one must know of my silver and your word; but you must pledge it to me! Will you?"

"What security is my word?"

"But little, young man—but little! Promise me that you will come when I call you!"

"Whither?" asked Marstrand.

"You will learn!"

"And then—what more do you ask?"

"Nothing further!" said Afraja, as he appeared to meditate for a minute. "Give me your hand; Swear to me that you will come when I send for you!"

"I swear it!"

"In Jubinal's name!" murmured the Lapp. "Call upon him!"

The Christian young man hesitated to call on the pagan divinity; but he overcame his reluctance.

"Good!" he said; "if you believe that you are thereby better secured—in Jubinal's name, then!"

"He will help you, young man! He is mighty, as you will learn!"

"But say, now," said Marstrand, in an urgent tone. "How shall I obtain the money? You know that I must pay it at break of day! Have you it here?"

"No!" was the answer.

"No! Where, then? Speak, Afraja! where is it?"

The Lapp stirred not. The stars which broke through the clouds revealed the outlines of his bent form. Marstrand extended his hand to him, and, in an anxious tone, said:

"You cannot deceive me—so come, then, and show me the place where I shall find you?"

"Listen to me, young man!" muttered the sorcerer; "listen and trust! Return to your house; look neither to the right or left; sleep quietly till morning: Jubinal will stand by you! When Helgestad requests his money, go with him to your writing-desk; yet do not open this before—mark it well—before the insatiable man stands by you! Then say to him: 'You shall have what you desire!' grasp within, in Jubinal's name, and you will find what you want! Now go, and think on your promise!"

"How?" exclaimed Marstrand, in angry surprise; "must I believe this? Is this your help? Do not trifle with me, old man; no juggling tricks! Where is the money? You have buried it in this mound; but, wherever it may be, you shall not go until you confess the truth!"

He grasped anew at the place where Afraja was sitting, but he seized only the hard stone.

"Where are you?" he shouted, in desperation; "answer, deceiver, liar! You mock me! Oh, fool that I was to believe you!"

"Trust!" whispered a hollow voice, which appeared to issue from the tomb behind him.

A gust of wind swept through the darkness of the fir; a light glimmer, as a flash of lightning, broke over the solitary hillock; and above, upon the peak of the rocks, Marstrand thought he discerned a tall and powerful figure, enveloped in a great coat, with a Danish hat on the head.

An insupportable terror seized him. The night, the solitude, hell with its kobolds and demons, set his hair on end, and bewildered his brain. He jumped down over the rocks and ruins, pursued by a loud shout of echoing laughter.

It was an anxious, sad night for the abandoned man. When the morning dawned, he was sitting sleepless and motionless in a chair by the table, staring at the writing desk in the corner. He had returned without being observed; but ten times at least in every hour had he jumped up, seized the key, and laid his hand on the writing-desk; and yet he had not opened it. He did not believe in Afraja's witchcraft, yet he dared not despise it. The superstitious credulity by which even fearless men and heroes in danger were attacked, excited his imagination.

His ruin or salvation depended upon the question whether the writing-desk contained the money or not; and around this point revolved all his speculations and doubts. Now it seemed to him a perfect folly for him to entertain any hope whatever; and then, again, he deemed it improbable that Afraja would so shamefully deceive him.

"What hinders me from opening the desk, and ascertaining if I am deceived? Why should I wait for the sneering laugh of the miserable secretary? If the heavy, hard silver is indeed there, it will not disappear; if it is as empty as I think it is, nothing will certainly enter it before morning!"

The more his judgment attempted to assert its rights, the stronger were his secret fears and hopes. The old man, with great knowledge of human nature, had fixed his conditions and injunctions; and at last the morning came without any attempt on the part of Marstrand to violate them.

In the morning, Helgestad repeated his offer to purchase the estate, but Marstrand was inflexible.

"And if I pay you the sum which I owe you, what further have you to ask?" said Marstrand.

"Nuh!" said Helgestad; "I prefer my money as I have given it! I have nothing to say to the contrary, if you can pay it!"

"You shall have then what you desire!" said Marstrand; and, with the key in his hand, he went up to the desk. His heart beat violently, and his limbs trembled. "Help me, mighty Jubinal!" he ejaculated to himself, and his trouble instantly changed to joy.

As a dreamer who suddenly finds a great treasure, he beheld, in the deep chest, a row of tolerably large bags, standing close together. They were made of reindeer leather, appeared to be quite new, and were bound round with thongs. On every bag the number one thousand was distinctly written.

He hardly knew at first whether it was truth and

reality, or a trick and delusion. He was agitated by contending emotions of doubt and hope, joy and fear. He clutched the first bag with his hand, as if he feared he might lose it; he then took it out and threw it on the table, so that the silver rang again. When he heard this sound, his nerves shook; and when he looked on Helgestad and the secretary, his heart swelled with unwonted delight—for both these persons, struck with surprise, gazed at the treasure in speechless amazement.

"Take your money, Herr Helgestad!" said Marstrand, with as much composure as he could muster; "here it is! Eight bags, each containing a thousand species, all counted!"

"A knife here!" cried Helgestad, tearing the cord.

Marstrand cut through the knot, the bag opened, and the silver thalers lay there, as smooth and bright as if they had just issued from the mint.

Helgestad seized some of them, and let them fall. "It is all right," said he; "it is silver, beyond a doubt."

"They are made of reindeer skin!" added Petersen, as he examined the bags. "This is the best specimen of Lappish workmanship that I have ever seen! Princess Gula cannot sew more elegantly!"

"It is not my business to ask from whence you obtained it!" said the trader. "Count them, and take the bond!"

This operation was soon performed, and all was found to be correct. Helgestad touched thousand after thousand, and no one said a word more. Every one seemed to be occupied with his reflections—and these all concurred in the certainty of the fact which Petersen had maliciously suggested.

As the party ascended the heights that overlooked the valley, the trader looked down with a countenance full of hate.

"My efforts ought not to have been in vain!" he muttered; "and I must yet have the Balsford! What will the fool do with it? But I will sing another song with him that will suit him better!"

The caravan reached the Lyngenford by evening. Helgestad had had an understanding with his intended stepson and Olaf, to pass over in silence these events, as not suitable for human ears. It was also suggested that the Danish young man was much to sweet a little heart not to have left behind him a sympathising remembrance.

"You know well how maidens are!" said he; "they love a smooth face and a lisping speech. He who can the most politely address them is the surest to win! You must admit that the Dane understands such like things better than I or you, Olaf, as well as Paul himself, refined and well-bred as he may be!"

The secretary merely smiled, and said:

"The end praises the master: practical success, the man. I shall trouble myself but little about the sighing and lisping of the Danish young man. In a few weeks my marriage takes place, and my house in Tromsøe is in order; but he shall be driven from the land, and if he falls into my hands, as I hope he will, he will have no reason to complain of a want of politeness on my part!"

"Have you prepared a plan?" asked Niels, as they rode together.

"More than one!" answered Paul; "and" he continued, with an expressive look, "it is precisely the same as your own!"

"So," said Helgestad, with a grumble, do you also know my thoughts?"

"Exactly!" said his companion; "hold on to the security—it will be useful to us. I think it will not be long before we have brought the young man, whom we both love so tenderly, to a place where no sorcerer can help him!"

"Will you do him bodily injury?"

"By no means!" said the secretary, laughing; "I will defend his body and immortal soul from all harm! He shall, moreover, remain near his friends, from whom I do not wish to separate him!"

"Nuh!" murmured Helgestad; look well to it! You are upon the road, the end of which is not very clear to me!"

"The end must be as we fashion it!" said Paul. "I have already made an agreement with my uncle in advance. We must take the birds as they are fledged. Let the Lapps carry out their intentions; disturb them not—do not threaten them more, but be as friendly as you can. In three weeks the great market begins, when they descend from their rock and deserts to buy winter provisions. On that occasion we can seek out the rams which we desire to get possession of!"

"You will not take Afraja so easily!" responded Niels.

"No!" said the secretary; "we must fetch the

cunning old rascal! We have no soldiers, but we do not want in strong arms and legs! I have already quietly spoken with a number of resolute men, who are ready to assist us, and we can reckon on several more!"

Helgestad, with an approving smile, replied:

"Look well to what you do!"

"Certainly!" said Paul; "I have my own spies among the Lapps. I know a fellow who will give me accurate information of the hiding-place of the wolf; and I hope soon to make him a proper visit. A hunting-party!" he exclaimed, laughing, "with Bjornarne and Olaf, the discarded suitor of Ida, upon the Kilpis! There he lies concealed. We will track him to his game, and I hope to manage it so that he will not escape!"

Niels nodded approvingly:

"And then the young man," he said; "you will have them both at one haul!"

"The fire which burns the sorcerer will at least," said Paul, "sing his skin and hair!"

Helgestad grew serious at these words.

"Do not drive matters too far! A Lapp is a creature which may be whipped to death, or be thrown into the fiord with a stone around his neck, without creating much sympathy for his fate. The young man, however, has a voice which reaches far over the water. He may be driven out of the land by the jeers of his equals; but friends will arise to shield him from harm!"

"Have no fears," said the secretary: "where are they who could help him? Who assisted the fool who boarded your ship around the rocks of Silden?—and yet he was a young man!"

"Hush!" said Helgestad, morosely; I preserved my life and property from a robber!"

"It is a question if that will be believed if an accuser proceeds against you. I would not like to be in your position if they bring you before the criminal court of Copenhagen. You are, however, four hundred miles distant, and no accusation could be made here, but by this Marstrand; and we must, on that account, deprive him of the power of working mischief!"

"What will you do with him?" asked Helgestad.

"With him? What is done with a traitor?"

"Nuh!" exclaimed the trader, in astonishment.

"This is the way," softly continued the secretary, "to securely place the Balsford in your hands, and to free us from all apprehension. The impudent young man must be condemned as an arch-traitor, and then we will send him to Trondheim in chains, with all the proceedings pertaining to the case, or not, as we please. You must come forward with your security claim. No one will come to dispute the property and rights of Paul Petersen's father-in-law. Say nothing of it. The matter is well considered, and I will bet my neck that you have calculated in a like manner!"

"You have an eye," replied Helgestad, amid the laughter of his companion, "which penetrates the inmost secrets of my heart! I have thought of it, and must say that we are of the same way of thinking. Seize the accursed sorcerer, and force a confession from him that we can make use of!"

"I verily believe," said Paul, "my uncle has already, for this purpose, set up the old thumb-screw again, and has had it repainted and repaired!"

"He does well!" continued Niels; and Afraja will open his mouth and become communicative touching his silver treasures in the wilderness. You have to-day seen a specimen of the riches of the old villain!"

Paul Petersen's eyes sparkled with mirth as he said:

"It is curious how closely we agree in our views and thoughts!"

Helgestad offered his hand, which the secretary grasped in return. They said nothing more, but regarded each other with a friendly expression—and yet there was no love or truth between them in the depths of their hearts.

To be continued.

#### An Evening with a Woman who has Travelled round the World.

I HAD the good fortune to pass an evening in company with the celebrated female traveller, Madame Ida Pfeiffer. She interested me exceedingly, not only because she is the first woman who has had the courage to travel over the whole world, alone, unattended, and unprotected, but because her character of itself is a powerful and remarkable one. In person she is slightly and delicately formed, of scarcely the middle height. Her features are quite small and regular, her complexion darkened by exposure, apparently, and her expression worn and

aged by fatigue. And here allow me to remark, how strange it is that different individuals see the same objects with such different appreciative vision. Madame Pfeiffer has been called plain. I do not understand how one who has ever seen her smile could say so. Her smile is wonderful and extremely fascinating. Her soul beams out of her face with amazing brilliancy and sweetness. I could compare it to nothing but the genial sunshine breaking out from among dark clouds on a dull day. My friend said, when a brilliant thought excited her, her eyes were like stars, and with a smile playing over her face it was like a meteor passing athwart an evening sky.

She is very unpretending in her manners, affable and easy in conversation, although speaking English imperfectly. Of course she talked of her travels, and her thoughts often passed in a moment from one part of the world to the other, in illustrating a story, or in comparing traits of character. She has been where a white man has never dared to penetrate, in the interior among cannibals, in both hemispheres; and I placed my three fingers within a wound—now cicatrised—on the upper part of her left arm, made by a huge negro and cannibal in Patagonia; I said, "How did you escape the perils of such an expedition?"—but I need not have asked—the regard of her eye was so calm, strong, and resolute, her smile so sweet and winning, that I saw how she overawed those wild, untutored savages.

"Yes!" said she, laughing; "when they threatened to kill and eat me, I patted them on the shoulder, and told them I was old and tough."

In the course of conversation she spoke of Russia, of its nobles and officers: "They are all," she said, "incapable of truth; they know not honor in its high and chivalrous sense! Ah," she continued, "the black slaves at the south, in the United States, are not so unfortunate, nor so cruelly abused, as the serfs in Russia—the 'white slaves'!"

She paid a warm tribute to the followers of Mahomet, their noble hospitality and truth. Travelling among them—that is, the Turks, Arabs, &c.—she said:

"I was apparently poor, but the women treated me like a mother; the men with honor and honesty; but in the same circumstances and condition among Christians, quite different—quite different!" with a good deal of emphasis.

"Of all the countries I have ever visited," said Madame Pfeiffer; "of all the vile, immoral places I have ever seen or heard of in savage or civilised lands, the gambling saloons in California are the worst. I went there in company with friends; the doors were open—everything invited entrance. Splendor in every form, temptation most subtle and powerful, combined to lure the soul and body to destruction: splendid curtains, carpets, exquisitely painted pictures, whose subjects were so impure that I involuntarily placed my hands over my eyes; wines, liquors of all kinds, free, and to be had for the asking, all combined to lure the poor mortal to sin and death. Yet all was so voluptuously respectable, so perfect in good taste, so refined in appearance, so beautiful to the eye, that its influence stole into the soul like the deadly poison of the upas-tree. What wonder if, with awakened passions, and brain made insane by liquor, allured by lovely young women, who preside at the table and overlook the game, with gold around and on every side of him, the poor victim rushed to the gaming-table for a new excitement and a new phase of stimulation?"

I asked Madame Pfeiffer of all the countries she had seen which she should prefer as a residence, quite aside from her love of her native land—which is, I think, Prussia.

She said: "Ceylon—the Island of Ceylon! The climate is so fine, the country so beautiful, the people so kind, hospitable, and courteous!"

Madame Pfeiffer is a genius, and of course a wonderful woman; she is a rare combination of delicacy and strength, not only mentally but physically.

"My nerves and muscles are like cords!" she said; and they must be. But these could not have carried her through the fatigue and perils of her travels, had not her resolution been invincible—her determination indomitable. She is not unsexed by her intercourse with the world; she is still sweet-voiced, subdued, and quiet. She needs no protector: the strength within her own soul is a panoply and shield.

May she ever find hearty friends, and a home warm with hospitable cares for her comfort, wherever her wandering feet may lead her, and in whatever land she may find a temporary or permanent abode.





TRANSPORT OF GUNS FROM BALAKLAVA TO SEBASTOPOL.

#### Reinforcements to the Crimea

WHATEVER may be the ultimate result of the war with Russia, it is quite evident that after the immense exertions in the cause of order and national morality, a guarantee for peace in the future has become a vital necessity. Public opinion in both France and England demands that some well defined limit should be assigned to the aggressive tendencies of a power which, since its foundation, has thriven on the weakness of its neighbors.

In this great war, neither England nor France aim at conquest. Their position is wholly and naturally defensive; and when the antecedents of Russia are dispassionately considered, the wildest advocate for peace must acknowledge that concession on any one point would not only be a weakness, but a criminal submission to that old principle of conquest which, in one age, raises up a Mahomedan despotism in the fairest regions of Europe, and in another erects an equally gloomy barbarism on the frontiers of western civilization.

A mere recapitulation of the aggressions of Russia is sufficient to stimulate their national energies to renewed efforts to restrain the unprincipled ambition of a monarchy governed by impulses as ferocious as any that impelled the Huns and Vandals of the last days of Rome on the classic lands watered by the Rhine, the Danube, and the Mediterranean.

During the last two centuries Russia has doubled her territory, and during the last hundred years has doubled her population; her conquests during sixty years are equal to all she possessed in Europe before that period; her conquests from Sweden are greater than what remain of that kingdom; she has taken from the Tartars an extent equal to that of Turkey in Europe, with Greece, Italy, and Spain; her conquests from Turkey in Europe are more in extent than the kingdom of Prussia, without the Rhenish provinces; she has taken from Turkey in Asia an extent of territory equal to all the small states of Germany, from Persia, equal to the whole of Great Britain and Ireland; and from Poland, equal to the whole Austrian Empire.

The dates of all these conquests bear eloquent testimony to the rapidity of the march of this Colossus of the north. After the dukedom of Muscovy had finally given place to the empire of Russia, we find that in about a century and a half the following conquests were effected. We give the summary and the dates, because they will be useful for reference hereafter.

St. Petersburg, founded by Peter the Great,	Year.
when Russia conquered Sweden.	1703
Cronstadt Town, founded 1703. Harbor built.	1710

Finland, Principality of (Population, in 1846, 1,411,952.)	1809
The Aland Islands, (Population 15,000)	1809
Poland, (part annexed to Russia, Population, in 1847, 4,857,700.) first dismembered in 1773 secondly in 1793, thirdly in 1795, and next in 1831 and	1832
Poland, part of, near Bessarabia and Galicia, in 1792, 1793 and	1795
Country North from the Crimea.	1774
The Crimea.	1783
Country between the Sea of Azof and Caspian Sea, and North and East from Independent Circassia.	1783
Mingrelia, on Black Sea (Population 61,000.)	1802
Odessa (Population, in 1845, 70,877,) country seized in 1791, and Town founded.	1792
Ganja, South from Georgia.	1803
Imeretia annexed.	1804
Sheki, East from Georgia.	1805
Shirvan, East from Sheki, on Caspian Sea	1806
Talish, next Persia, and along part of the shore of Caspian Sea.	1812
Bessarabia.	1812
Georgia.	1814
Erivan, Nakshivan, Karabagh, East from Kars, and next to Persia, in 1805.	1828
Guruli, South from Mingrelia.	1829
Country at the Mouths of the Danube.	1829
Country between Circassia and the Crimea.	1829
Abaltzik, South from Imeretia, 1829.	1833
The Ports on the Coast of the Black Sea, in Independent Circassia, at various periods.	

The aggregate population of Russia is sixty millions—so that a dread of her preponderance in the European confederation is no dream, and when it is considered that she evidently desires to extend her sway to the shores of the Mediterranean, and spread her barbaric influence even to the white cliffs of Britain, there is surely presented to the mind every justification for a persistence in a war suggested by stern necessity, and originally undertaken with reluctance.

Our present illustration presents us with an animated view of the transport of artillery from Balaklava to the trenches before Sebastopol. And here we are glad to be able to do justice to Lord Raglan. It is well known that the siege of Sebastopol was partially interrupted for some weeks by the difficulty experienced in bringing up heavy guns from the sea-side to the scene of operations. The available roads were impassable, and the detractors of Lord Raglan, greedy for anything of a libellous nature, immediately charged his lordship with neglecting to

maintain proper communications between Balaklava and the batteries before Sebastopol. The facts are simply these.

Ever since the 25th of October, the Russians had retained possession of the redoubts taken from the Turks, and had kept a considerable force in the neighborhood of the village of Kamara. It would be most unjust not to admit that this position was admirably chosen for the purpose of harassing and impeding the allies, without allowing them any favorable opportunity of turning upon their disagreeable neighbors their formidable powers of offence. In the early period of the siege the cavalry was encamped on the grassy plain, and could visit at pleasure the banks of the Tchernaya. But when the Russians had occupied the redoubts, it was necessary to remove the cavalry to the barren plateau, which is guarded on all sides by the sea or by the lines of the besiegers. A far greater injury, however, was sustained in the loss of the principal road from Balaklava to Sebastopol, by which the guns for the English batteries and provisions for the men had been up to that time, generally conveyed. This route, which is called the Lower, and also Prince Woronzow's Road, was intended to be the chief means of communication between Balaklava, Sebastopol, and Baktischiseraï, and if it possesses the usual excellence of the principal Russian roads, it must be capable of greatly facilitating transport of every kind.

The Woronzow Road, constructed but a few years ago, furnished the shortest and easiest access to the English lines; and so long as it remained open there was no necessity to divert the labors of the soldiers from other pressing objects to the business of road-making. But the position taken up by the Russian army on the 25th of October closed this route against the English, and compelled Lord Raglan either to fight a battle for its recovery, or to send all his guns, ammunition, and supplies, by a mere track, three miles longer, which was speedily rendered impassable by the weather. The great inconvenience and delay sustained by their forces through the loss of their principal communication proves the skill with which the enemy chose their position to annoy the Allies, but does not convict Raglan of any want of prudence in his arrangements. Some people talk of these things as the possibility of a powerful Russian army appearing upon the scene at any moment might be altogether disregarded in their calculations; again, one might suppose, from some suggestions that are made, that the allied troops intended to pass the remainder of their days in the Chersonese.

THERE's many a man hath more hair than wit.





A STREET SCENE IN SEBASTOPOL.

#### A Street Scene in Sebastopol.

Our engraving, graphic as it is, conveys but a faint idea of the havoc and destruction produced by the long-continued cannonade amongst the people and upon some of the streets of Sebastopol. It is not to be supposed that some thousands of balls and shells thrown from the cannon's mouth into the city, and against the private houses, of which streets are usually composed, would effect no change in their appearance. It is natural for Mentschikoff, in his despatches to his sovereign, to make all that the allies have done to the city appear as light as possible, but it requires no very great effort of reason, with our knowledge of the general effects of a cannonade, to enable us to arrive at a very different conclusion. The stone works of a fort may be so massive as to resist a strong battering for some time, but sooner or later, even they, before a well-directed fire, must crumble into dust. A city, however, is not a fort, and the slender structures of which it is usually composed, must at once fall to pieces when assailed by the full force of the projectiles of modern warfare.

In reference to the attack upon Sebastopol, however, the English seem to have greatly under-rated its capabilities of resistance. One of the most important requirements in war is an accurate knowledge of all the local causes which might have a tendency to impede its operations in an enemy's country. For this reason, every great nation has organised a special branch of service for its military system; such a branch as is intrusted with the collecting, arranging, and preservation of every species of technical information. This information is gathered from every available source, but mostly from literary works and the missions of officers into foreign countries. Even the newspapers help to swell its amount—for whatever intelligence they may supply, if bearing upon the matter, it is appropriated and duly registered. In Russia this duty devolves upon the Scientific Committee of War and the Chancery of Operations. In Austria it belongs to the office of the commander-in-chief—especially the second section of it. In Prussia, special chiefs are appointed to form heads for these foreign topical and military statistics; and, for the most part, these consist of highly-educated staff officers of great acquirements, with several clerks under them. In France, the depot of war collects this mass of information. In Britain, where the high military authorities are not centralised, and where a very scanty exchange of ideas, views, and the like takes place, the organic requirements of such a branch of the service seem to be almost entirely defective—perhaps owing to the relatively small number of troops

they have at their disposal for carrying on a continental war by land.

In the present war, then, it might have been expected that France would have supplied this defect. Her war depot has rich stores of this military literature—for Napoleon I. admirably organised this branch of the service. His ambassadors at Constantinople were invariably distinguished generals, and had in their suite several officers whose duty it was to study the state of Southern Russia in a military point of view.

The celebrated French Marshal Marmont made a tour at a later period through these countries, and published some very instructive memoirs upon them. The last French ambassador but one in Constantinople—the present Marshal Baraguay d'Hilliers, under whose eyes the drama of the war germinated, as it were—may have, in a like manner, furnished important intelligence, or have rectified what already existed. Nevertheless the war, as it has been hitherto conducted by the Western Powers against Russia has not evidenced in the course of its progress the fact of any attempt having been made to complete their scientific resources, or derive much advantage from those they already possess. A number of theories, good, bad, and indifferent, have been written on the art of waging war; but no commander could implicitly follow any of these in real warfare. No intelligent theorist will ever be guilty of such ridiculous presumption as to prescribe to generals what their mode of conducting operations is to be. These must be guided by the circumstances in which they find themselves placed. Still the careful and cautious working out of details in various branches of the land service will always be of high practical value, provided the working military authority makes itself thoroughly acquainted with them. Such an authority is the staff. Its military experience is, or ought to be, called into play before the declaration of war; and before the troops take the field, the different plans of operation must be already discussed to such an extent, that a satisfactory account of the local obstacles to the field duties can at all events be given, in order that preparations may be made for overcoming them. Even should the preparations be of long standing, they are always better than those made from dire necessity on the spur of the moment.

In the case of the attack upon Sebastopol, it is admitted that the English were deplorably ignorant of its real strength, and, we fear, even of the character of the soil upon which they took up their positions. This is a subject, now, however, rather to be deplored than censured. But if the city be taken, it now has become a matter of speculation whether it will be easily kept.

"It cannot be concealed for a moment," says a contemporary "that on the most favorable supposition, the capture of the city, the dockyard, arsenal, and the Quarantine Fort, would only commence another phase of the difficulty. They would still have to take the northern forts, to hold Balaklava, or effect without loss their retreat from it, and to be besieged in their turn. We may be sure that no effort would be spared on the part of the Russians to make Sebastopol as hard to hold as to get; and in the situation that would arise out of this new state of affairs, there would be quite as great demands for good generalship as there have been in the operations of the siege. Yet the change of relations, in the event of a successful assault, will not be simply that the allies and the Russians have exchanged positions. They will not be the besieged, and the Russians the besiegers in precisely the same sense as besiegers and besieged stand at present. The English will have the entire command of the sea, and the Russians will be entirely excluded from it.

"The heavy material of the siege, which the English have carried by the easiest, the cheapest, and the quickest of all conveyances—in ships—the Russians will have to drag through the mud, many hundred miles, by means of transport that will continually perish in the using, even more than the English ships—that is, the rude arabas and oxen of the country. With this city in possession of the English, and their fleet hovering along the whole coast of the Euxine, it certainly will not be easy for the Russians to keep an army in the field near Sebastopol; yet such a position is the boldest ever attempted in the history of war. The occupation of the Russian capital itself, the conversion of its palaces into barracks, and the retribution upon Russia of the numerous insults it has heaped in its day upon all the cities that have fallen within its power, could not be a more irritating spectacle than the occupation or destruction by the allies of those gigantic batteries raised with such labor and cost for the conquest of the East. The whole military population of Russia would be turned southward in one vast current, to overthrow and swallow up the comparatively small armies of the allies. New levies would be extorted, as long as there remained a man who could stand under arms. No expense would be spared so long as there remained a noble who possessed the wherewithal for a forced contribution.

"There is nothing the Emperor would not do to exterminate from the soil the invaders who insulted even more than they damaged his power. To be the subject of an aggression, to feel the pangs of lost territory and the shame of discomfiture, cer-



tainly would be new to Russia; and we may be sure she would resent it to the uttermost of her power. In spite, therefore, of the palpable advantage we should derive at once from the possession of Sebastopol, and the change from misery to comfort, and from constant jeopardy to something like security, the new holders of the city would find their berth a warm one, and would hardly have time to turn round before they found the Russians once more upon them."

Let us hope that these speculations will have no realisation, but that the capture of Sebastopol will put an end to the war, and throw the shores of the Euxine open to the commerce of the world.

#### Jones's Shower-Bath.

FRANK, who had been several times to the Gardens, undertook to introduce us to the "lions" and other celebrities of the place, and to describe their habits and peculiarities; which, I must say, he did in a very fluent manner, although I rather suspect his facts in natural history were, in a great measure, supplied by his own fertile and lively imagination.

"This year animal," said he,—"assuming the tone and manner of the gentleman who travels about to country fairs with a "spotted Hinjun, a boa constricture, and two himant halligators," in a caravan,—*"This year animal, ladies and gentlemen,"* pointing to a white bear enclosed in a deep den with a strong iron gate, "is called the Polar Bear because he was originally discovered a sittin', like the lord chancellor, on the top of the North Pole by that gallant navigator John Parry, who sings those funny songs that perhaps you haven't heard,—for which reason I pity you. The Eskimoo Hinjins hunts the Polar Bear by the light of the *roaring borealis*."

"The what, sir?" inquired a simple-looking old gentleman, in top-boots and a wide-brimmed hat, who had been listening attentively to him.

"The *roaring borealis*, sir," said Frank, with a sly wink at me; "tis a sort of candle, sir, very much used at the North Pole."

"A candle?"

"Yes, sir; the magnetic *dip*, they call it: they're going to light the House of Commons and the Thames Tunnel with it next week."

"Bless my soul! What will they do next? I shall certainly stop in town to see it."

We were now opposite the cages of the large feline animals. The old gentleman gazed through his green spectacles in fearful admiration at the old lion, who was looking with good-humored ferocity through the bars of his prison at the crowd outside.

"Perhaps you're not aware, sir," said Frank, "that noble animal is the original old British lion brought over by William the Conqueror, and who has for several centuries been fighting the unicorn for the British crown? He is now retired on a pension for long service from the Horse Guards, and has his statue erected over the gate of Northumberland House at Charing Cross, where you may see it any time you pass that way. That's the magnificent Bengal tiger, sir; and that's the beautiful leopard. It's a curious fact, there are exactly as many stripes on the tiger as there are spots on the leopard; and what makes it more remarkable is, that nobody has ever yet been able to count the one or the other."

"Dear me! really! Very extraordinary! But I'm rather anxious to see the elephant, which I'm given to understand is a very intelligent animal."

"Oh! a regular topper, sir—especially in gymnastics and rope-dancing; we'll go directly to him, if you like."

As we approached the domicile of the elephant, we perceived that he was in the enclosure at the back of his habitation, where he had just been enjoying the luxury of a cool bath, and was now carefully rubbing himself dry with a wisp of straw which he held in his trunk.

"So that is the elephant," said Mr. Sam Jones, fixing his spectacles to have a clear view of him. "Wonderful animal! Never saw anything in my life like it."

The sagacious creature having completed his toilet, advanced to the barrier, outside which a crowd of curious admirers had collected, who amused themselves by treating him to biscuits and apples, which he dexterously seized and transferred to his mouth by means of his long, flexible trunk—a feat that, on each repetition, was warmly applauded by the spectators.

I must, however, relate a remarkable circumstance, that gave me a very high opinion of the elephant's sagacity. Frank had been for some time offering it apples, and when it used to thrust its long trunk through the railings to receive the proffered fruit, he would suddenly withdraw it. At last the mis-

chievous boy thought it would be a capital joke to give the simple beast a marble—of which he had a handful in his pocket—instead of a nut. Our new companion, Jones, who mightily enjoyed the philosophic stoicism of the elephant under his repeated disappointments, volunteered to try this ingenious trick upon him. The creature took the marble gently with his nasal finger, turned it round once or twice, and then dropped it contemptuously on the ground as a thing not worth regarding; but I noticed a nervous sort of flapping of his huge ears, and I thought his little eyes twinkled with anything but friendly expression towards the old gentleman, who was laughing heartily at the success of his hoax.

From the elephant enclosure we sautered on to the giraffes—those really genteel-looking creatures,—and then looked in at the beautiful deer, antelopes, and gnus, in this quarter of the garden; after which we retraced our steps, intending to visit the monkey-house, where Frank promised us plenty of fun. Well, we had got as far as the elephant-house, when the sagacious animal, who had been apparently watching for our return, suddenly discharged at least a bucketful of muddy water from his trunk upon the head of old Jones, who had stopped a moment behind us. If I were to live a thousand years I don't think I should ever forget the ridiculous figure the poor man cut, with the water dripping in a circular shower from the edges of his broad-brimmed hat.

Having somewhat recovered his breath, which had been completely taken away by his unexpected shower-bath, and dashing the water from his eyes, the astounded Jones glared around with a comic sort of amazement, until, gradually comprehending what had happened, he started suddenly off at the top of his speed, shouting murder with all the force of his lungs, and was soon out of sight; though we could trace the path he had taken by the trail of water dripping from his clothes. I confess I could not myself avoid joining in the laugh, when I saw the poor man scudding desperately down the long walk, to the inexpressible terror of several respectable old ladies and quiet parties, who trampled over flower-borders and broke into forbidden places to escape him. One solemn gentleman, of the *paterfamilias* pattern, who carried a short fat wife under one arm and a cotton umbrella under the other, with six chubby children in his wake, perceiving the strange figure of Jones rushing towards them, and imagining him to be a lunatic broken loose, endeavored to avoid him by plunging down the precipitous bank which overlooked the canal, dragging with him his terrified partner and shrieking little ones, one over the other, to the bottom.

There they lay higgledy-piggledy, an undistinguishable mass of legs and arms, bonnets, hats, and parasols, amongst which I could distinguish the great cotton umbrella in a state of violent excitement, and a pair of very remarkable legs, that, by their proportions, could only have belonged to the stout mother, kicking, with astonishing energy, at nothing in particular, while a general cheer from the juvenile spectators testified to the delight with which they regarded the ludicrous situation of the family.—*Pippins and Pies.*

#### History of the Marseillaise.

THE Marseillaise presents notes of the song of glory and the shriek of death; glorious as the one, funeral like the other, it assures the country, while it makes the citizen turn pale. This is its history:

There was then—at the time of the French Revolution—a young officer of the artillery in the garrison of Strasburg, named Rouget de Lisle. He was born at Louis Le Sannier, in the Jura, that city of revelry and energy, as mountainous countries always are. He charmed with his music and verses the slow, dull garrison life. Much in request, from his two-fold talent as musician and poet, he visited the house of Dietrick, an Alsatian patriot, on intimate terms. In the winter of 1792, there was a scarcity in Strasburg. The house of Dietrick was poor, and the table humble, but there was always a welcome for Rouget de Lisle. Once, when there was only some coarse bread and ham on the table, Dietrick looked with calm sadness, and said to them:

"Plenty is not seen at our feasts; but what matter, if enthusiasm is not wanting at our *fêtes*, and courage in our soldiers' hearts! I have still a bottle of wine in my cellar. Bring it," said he to his daughter, "and we will drink to liberty and our country! Strasburg is soon to have a patriotic ceremony, and De Lisle must be inspired to produce one of those hymns which convey to the souls of the people the enthusiasm which suggested it!"

They drank. De Lisle was a dreamer; his heart was moved, his head was heated. He went staggering to his chamber, endeavoring by degrees to find inspiration in the palpitations of his citizen heart; and on his small harpsichord, now composing the air before the words, now the words before the air, combining them so intimately in his mind that he could never tell which was the first produced, the air or words—so impossible did he find it to separate the music from the poetry, and the feeling from the impression. He sang everything—wrote nothing. Overcome by the divine inspiration, his head fell sleeping on his instrument, and he did not awake till daylight. The song of the over-night returned to his memory with difficulty, like the recollection of a dream. He wrote it down, and gave it to Dietrick, who called together some musicians who were capable of executing De Lisle's composition. De Lisle sang. At the first verse all countenances turned pale—at the second, tears flowed; at the last, enthusiasm burst forth. The hymn of the country was found. Alas! it was destined to be the hymn of terror. The unfortunate Dietrick went a few months afterwards to the scaffold, to the sound of the notes first produced at his fire-side, and from the heart of his friend.

The new song, some weeks after, was sung at Strasburg. It flew from city to city. Marseilles adopted it, to be sung at the opening and close of its clubs. The people of Marseilles spread it all over France—hence the name of Marseillaise.

De Lisle heard it, and shuddered at its sound on his ears, while escaping by the wild passes of the Alps as a proscribed Royalist.

"What do they call that hymn?" he inquired of his guide.

"The Marseillaise! answered the peasant.

It was thus he learned the name of his own work: the arm was turned against the hand that forged it.—*LAMARTINE.*

SELECTING A WIFE.—In the selection of a wife, a man is generally guided, either by a personal attraction, mental acquisitions, or—it must be said—the three per cents and influential connections; while the liability to disease, individual or hereditary, of the mother of his children is overlooked or never thought of. The want of this foresight, in some instances, may be of fatal consequence, particularly when the two parties possess the same predisposition to the same disease; as, for example, scrofula or the king's evil; in which case the offspring of this union, acquiring from both parents the germ of the malady, would in all probability suffer from this scourge in all its virulence. In union with that plan of wisdom and goodness which directs the whole universe, our sympathies are made subservient to our health; and that sweet voice—unaccountable and unconquerable—which harmonises the most opposite extremes, more frequently attracts and binds those of different temperaments than those of the same constitutional peculiarities: thus, a tall man prefers his wife for her small stature, a short man aspires to a lofty spouse, a dark man will delight in Circassian beauty, while one of a fair complexion owns allegiance to a *brunette*.

GETTING ON IN THE WORLD.—There are different ways of getting on in the world. It does not always mean making a deal of money, or being a great man for people to look up to with wonder. Leaving off a bad habit for a good one is getting on in the world; to be clean and tidy, instead of dirty and disorderly, is getting on; to be careful and saving, instead of thoughtless and wasteful, is getting on; to be active and industrious, instead of idle and lazy, is getting on; to be kind and forbearing, instead of ill-natured and quarrelsome, is getting on; to work as diligently in the master's absence as in his presence, is getting on; in short, when we see any one properly attentive to his duties, persevering through difficulties, to gain such knowledge as shall be of use to himself and to others, offering a good example to his relatives and acquaintances, we may be sure that he is getting on in the world. Money is a very useful article in its way, but it is possible to get on with but small means; for it is a mistake to suppose that we must wait for a great deal of money before we can do anything. Perseverance is often better than a full purse. Many people lag behind, or miss the way altogether, because they do not see the simple and abundant means which surround them on all sides; and it so happens that these means are aids which cannot be bought with money. Those who wish to get on in the world must have a stock of patience and perseverance, of hopeful confidence—a willingness to learn, and a disposition not easily cast down by difficulties and disappointments.



**Angling for a Husband.**

MADAME D——, who resided at Chaton, was a lady of the strictest character, and of a heart proof against allurements. She prided herself upon her great insensibility, and her profound indifference had repulsed all those gallants who had volunteered to offer their addresses. The country was for her a veritable retreat; she shunned reunions, and was only happy in solitude. The charms of a chosen circle, the pleasures of the world had for her no attraction; and her favorite recreation was that of angling—an amusement worthy of an unfeeling woman.

She was accustomed every pleasant day to station herself at the extremity of the lonely Island of Chaton, and there, with a book in one hand and her line in the other, her time was passed in fishing, reading, or dreaming.

A lover, who had always been intimidated by her coolness, and who had never ventured on a spoken or written declaration, surprised her at her favorite pursuit one day, when he came to the island for the purpose of enjoying a swimming bath.

He observed her for a long time without discovery, and busied himself with thinking how he might turn to his advantage this lonely amusement of angling. His reveries were so deep and so fortunate that he at last hit upon the desired plan—a novel expedient indeed—yet they are always most successful with such women as pretend to be invulnerable.

The next day our amorous hero returned to the island, studied the ground, made his arrangements, and when Madame D—— had resumed her accustomed place, he slipped away to a remote and retired shelter, and, after divesting himself of his clothing, he entered the stream. An excellent swimmer and skilful driver, he trusted to his aquatic talents for the success of his enterprise. He swam to the end of the island with the greatest precaution, favored by the chances of the banks and bushes, which hung their dense foliage above the waters. In his lips was a note folded and sealed, and on arriving near the spot where Madame D—— was sitting, he made a dive, and, lightly seizing the hook, he attached it to his letter.

Madame D—— perceiving the movement of her line supposed that a fish was biting.

The young man had retired as he came; he had doubled the cape which extended out into the water, separating them from each other, and had regained his post without the least noise in his passage under the willows. The deed was done.

Madame D—— pulled in her line, and what was her surprise to observe dangling upon the barb of her hook, not the expected shiner, but an unexpected letter.

This was, however, trifling, and her surprise became stupefaction when, on detaching the transfigured billet, she read upon the envelope—her name! So then, this letter which she had fished up was addressed to her!

This was somewhat miraculous. She was afraid. Her troubled glance scrutinized the surrounding space, but there was nothing to be seen or heard: all was still and lonely both on land and water.

She quitted her seat, but took away the letter. As soon as she was alone, and closeted with herself, and as soon as the paper was dry—a paper perfectly water-proof and written upon with indelible ink—she unsealed the letter and commenced its perusal.

"A declaration of love!" cried she at the first words. "What insolence!"

Still the insolence had come to her in such an extraordinary manner that her curiosity would not suffer her to treat this letter as she had so many others—pitilessly burn it without a reading.

No—she read it quite through. The lover who dated his letter from the bottom of the river—had skilfully adopted the allegory, and introduced himself as a grotesque inhabitant of the waters. The fable was gracefully managed, and with the jesting tone which he had adopted was mingled to a true, serious, ardent sentiment, expressed with beauty and eloquence.

The next day Madame D—— returned to the island, not without emotion and some trace of fear. She threw her line with a trembling hand, and shuddered as, a moment after, she perceived the movement of the hook.

"Is it a fish? Is it a letter?"

It was a letter.

Madame D—— was no believer in magic—still there was something strange and supernatural in all this.

She had an idea of throwing back the letter into the stream, but relinquished it. The most stub-

born and haughty woman is always disarmed in face of the mystery which captivates her imagination.

This second letter was more tender, more passionate, more charming than the first. Madame D—— read it several times, and could not help thinking about the delightful merman who wrote such bewitching letters.

On the subsequent day she attached her line to the bank, and left it swimming in the stream, while she withdrew to a landing-place upon the extremity of the island. She watched for a long time, but saw nothing. She returned to the place, withdrew the line—and there was the letter.

This time an answer was requested. It was perhaps premature; yet the audacious request obtained a full success. The reply was written after some hesitation, and the hook dropped into the stream, charged with a letter which was intended to say nothing, and affected a sort of badinage—which was nevertheless a bulletin of a victory gained over the hard severity of a woman until then unapproachable.

Madame D—— had too much shrewdness not to guess that her mysterious correspondent employed, instead of magic, the art of a skilful diver. Scruples easily understood restrained her from that portion of the bank where she was sure that the diver would emerge from the water.

But this game of letters amused her. First, it pleased her intellect, and her curiosity became so lively that she wrote:

"Let us give up this jesting, which has pleased me for the moment, but which should continue no longer, and come with your apologies to Chaton."

The lover answered:

"Yes, if you will add 'Hope.'"

The inexorable lady replied:

"If only a word is necessary to decide you, be it so."

And the word was written.

The young man appeared, and was not a loser. The gift of pleasing belonged to his person as much as to his style, and he had made such rapid progress under water, that it was easy to complete his conquest on land.

Thus Madame D—— caught a husband without wishing it, and in spite of the vow which she had taken never to marry. Holding the line she had been caught by the fish.

**Terrific Balloon Adventure.**

"You are about to witness Monsieur G.'s ascension," said a gentleman to me, as I entered the enclosure devoted to the aeronautic display. He was an entire stranger to me; but not being superstitious in matters of etiquette, as we might suppose "a gentleman of distinction" to be, I did not object to this brusque mode of introduction, and so civilly answered "Yes."

"But I shall go farther to see it than you will," continued the gentleman; "I intend to ascend with Monsieur G."

"You may go farther and fare worse," said I.

"You are pleased to be witty," said he; "but I intend to make some examinations of those upper regions for myself—to ascertain whether the stars celestial are on duty during the day, or whether theirs is as much a sinecure as the office of our 'stars' terrestrial. Would you like to ascend with us?"

"No, thank you kindly," said I; "In getting into the clouds one might lose oneself—the way is likely to be mist! Every one to his taste; the earth has such charms for me that I would not change a spadeful of it for cubic miles of the blue empyrean. I'm no poet."

Vain declaration! How little did I imagine the horrors which awaited me! How little did I foresee my dreadful fate in hanging between the heavens and the earth, a spectacle to laughing men, giggling women, and insensate hooting boys!

We entered the enclosure. There was the vast silken bubble, puffing out its hollow cheeks like the face of a fat clown when laughing, and rising and tugging away at the ropes, as if impatient to leave our society.

"You will not accompany me?" said my friend; to which I replied in the negative.

"Perhaps the gentleman would assist in cutting the ropes," said the aeronaut, in French, which, singularly enough, I understood at that moment, though I never before or since ventured to exhibit my knowledge.

"Certainly," said I, "with pleasure."

"Thank you," said the aeronaut; "please take your station."

He and my friend entered the car. I grasped one of the ropes and awaited the order. In a moment more it came.

"Cut!" said one voice. "No, hold on," said another.

I was bewildered, and did both. When the others cut, I did the same, and with the direction to hold on, I grasped the end of the rope still near me, and "held on." In a moment more I was fifty feet from the ground.

Imagine my suspense! There was I, like a freshly caught fish, dangling at the end of a line, with the balloon representing the float. I cried out to my friend and the aeronaut, but in vain. The spectators below, thinking I was some aerial acrobat, who was about to turn fifty double somersets, and then alight upon his feet before them cheered sufficiently to drown my voice. The parties in the car could not see me. But, by the hat, swung occasionally over the side, I knew they were bowing to the crowd below. Meanwhile, I was swinging like a pendulum below them, with only ten fingers to sustain the weight of one hundred and eighty pounds (I'm rather stout,) and to preserve me from being thinly spread over the ground beneath, from "larding the lean earth" with my human form divine. What an age of terror! The dome of St. Paul's became a parasol; men became nine-pins; and fine gothic churches began to look like so many chicken-coops.

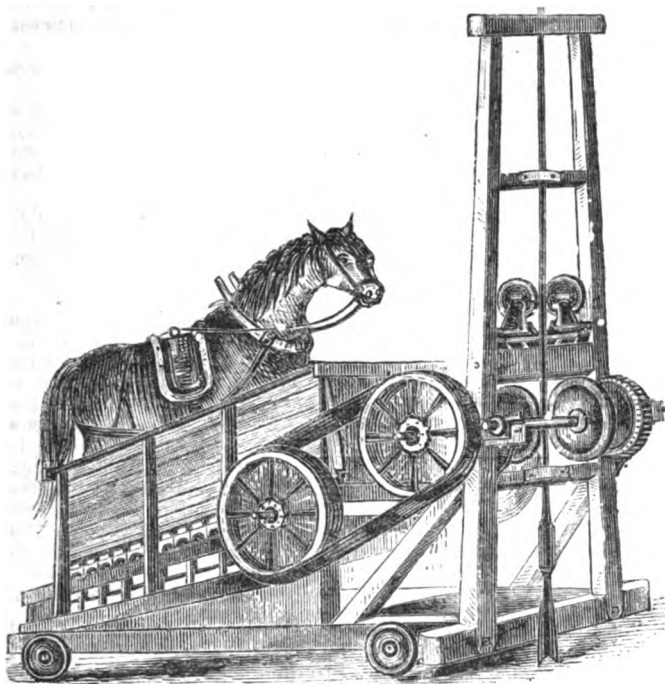
In the meantime my fingers stiffened, but I clutched the rope with the energy of despair. I had long ceased calling; I had exhausted myself. Suddenly a cold perspiration broke out upon me; I knew my hour had come. My fingers were slowly slipping down the rope! Oh! those agonizing moments! Inch by inch I approached my doom. First the left hand lost its hold; and then, as I felt the end slipping by the little finger of the right, I gave one brief prayer and fell—OUT OF BED!

Being, as I before observed, a corpulent man, my fall had shaken the whole house, and the alarmed inmates, aroused from "sweet slumbers," were knocking violently at the door, which had the effect of restoring me to consciousness, when I discovered that my "terrific balloon ascent" was nothing more than a nightmare, superinduced I am led to believe by the festivities usual on — day, in which I may say I indulged somewhat on Monday last, in— No! I will not betray my friends; but allow me to tell you, dear reader, that such a Shanghai dinner as they gave is not to be sneezed at.

**INDESTRUCTIBILITY.**—We can alter the combinations and form of matter, but we can in no way destroy it; and though we may avail ourselves of its properties, in order to obtain an enormous force to do our bidding, and so make ourselves independent of the wind and tide, and even anticipate the flight of time, we can create no new property.

"One of the most obvious cases," says Sir J. Herschel, "of apparent destruction is, when anything is ground to dust and scattered to the winds. But it is one thing to grind a fabric to powder, and another to annihilate its materials: scattered as they may be, they must fall somewhere, and continue, if only as ingredients of the soil, to perform their humble but useful part in the economy of nature. The destruction produced by fire is more striking. In many cases, as in the burning of a piece of charcoal or a taper, there is no smoke—nothing visibly dissipated and carried away; the burning body wastes and disappears, while nothing seems to be produced but warmth and light, which we are not in the habit of considering as substances; and when all has disappeared, except perhaps some trifling ashes we naturally enough suppose it is gone, lost, destroyed. But when the question is examined more exactly, we detect, in the invisible stream of heated air which ascends from the glowing coal or flaming wax, the whole ponderable matter, only united in a new combination with the air, and dissolved in it. Yet, so far from being thereby destroyed, it is only become again what it was before it existed in the form of charcoal or wax,—an active agent in the business of the world, and a main support of vegetable and animal life, and is still susceptible of running again and again the same round, as circumstances may determine; so that for aught we can see to the contrary, the same identical atom may lie concealed for a thousand of centuries in a limestone rock; may at length be quarried, set free in the lime kilns, mix with the air, be absorbed from it by plants, and in succession become a part of the frames of myriads of living beings, till some concurrence of events consign it once more to a long repose, which however no way unfits it from again resuming its former activity."





NORTH AMERICAN ROCK DRILLING MACHINE.

Our engraving illustrates a very useful improvement, designed for the purpose of assisting those who have occasion to delve in the bowels of the earth, whether in search of mineralogic treasures or opening rocky paths for swift-speeding locomotives. The old-fashioned mode of drilling is nearly done with, for in lieu of the two inch hole, sunk by hand three feet deep, and charged with a couple pounds of powder, it is now quite common to call in the aid of machinery, drill a six-inch hole twenty feet deep, and load it with one hundred pounds of powder. The effect of one such explosion is nearly equal to fifty conducted on the old plan. Several different patents have been taken out for mechanism for drilling rocks, one of which, Gardiner's steam drill, was illustrated on page 52 of our work. We now present another machine for this purpose, which is worked by horse-power, though it is equally well adapted for driving by steam. This patent is owned by the North American Rock Drilling Company of Boston.

This machine is one of the simplest possible for the work to be done, being merely a drill-spindle rolled up between two grooved wheels, and allowed to drop when at the proper elevation; the drill being turned as it falls by the action of two other grooved wheels, set at an angle, and opening also as a guide to the spindle. Consequently, the machine will need very little repairs, and these can be done by almost any common blacksmith. This machine can be run by hand, steam, or horse-power. The latter is recommended as the cheapest, both in first cost and running expenses. When run by horses it can drill a six-inch hole in granite rock, twenty feet per day, of ten hours run; and in other rocks in proportion to their hardness. The advantages of large and deep holes are well known to those acquainted with rock drilling.

#### Combined Seed, Manure, and Liquid Distributor.

This invention relates to the combination of a liquid supplier, with a seed box and manure drill, so that seed, manure, and water may enter the soil in close proximity with each other.

Our engraving represents the apparatus employed, in vertical section. A is the water-tank, composed partly of wood and partly of iron; it is supported on the stud centres B, which rest in suitable fork bearings C, bolted to the shafts D, of the drill. E, E, are a series of valves, which are fitted inside the tank, serving to shut off the communications between the several compartments, such communications being opened, however, during the filling of the tank, in order that each of the compartments may be filled simultaneously. The whole of the valves are opened by the

transverse rod F, worked by a handle outside the cart. A blade-spring is fitted to each valve, to keep it shut when the whole of the compartments are full. A series of cocks G, are fitted to the bottom of the tank, each cock opening into a set of ordinary pipes or cans H, which receive also the manure from the manure-box I, and the seeds from the seed-box J, such seeds being conducted therefrom by the inclined conductors K, which open at their lower extremities into the pipes or cans H. A perforated plate G' prevents the entrance of dirt into the cocks, which might otherwise become clogged up. The cocks G, are opened or shut by means of the small spur pinions, K, K, fitted to a transverse shaft L. These pinions gear with similar pinions attached to the plugs of the cocks. The whole of the cocks may be opened or shut by means of the rod M, which is connected to a lever attached to the shaft L, the movement being transmitted by a pair of bevel pinions O, to the spindle P, which is fitted with an index to show the position of the cocks to the drill-man in attendance; or the covers may be opened or shut by the lever Q, also attached to the end of the shaft L, and connected to the rod R, formed with a handle S, for inverting the lever. The body of the drill is adjusted or turned on its centres B, by the handle T, and rack and pinion U, in the ordinary manner. The arrangement described is obviously applicable to drills with any number of coalters, and the water-tank may be used either in conjunction with a seed-drill alone, or with a manure distributor, or simply as a water cart.

IMPROVEMENTS IN STEAM-BOILERS.—Messrs. William Weatherley and William Jordan, of Canterbury, have patented some improvements in steam-boilers, which invention has for its object improvements in applying tubes within a flue, which passes through a steam-boiler, in order to get more extensive heating surfaces. For this purpose, a steam-boiler is constructed with a flue, which passes through it, as is the case with Cornish and some other boilers. Within this flue, and over the fire-place or furnace—which, as usual, is constructed within the tubular flue—is arranged an arch of tubes, which, at their front ends, are connected with a water-space, which by a tube is connected with

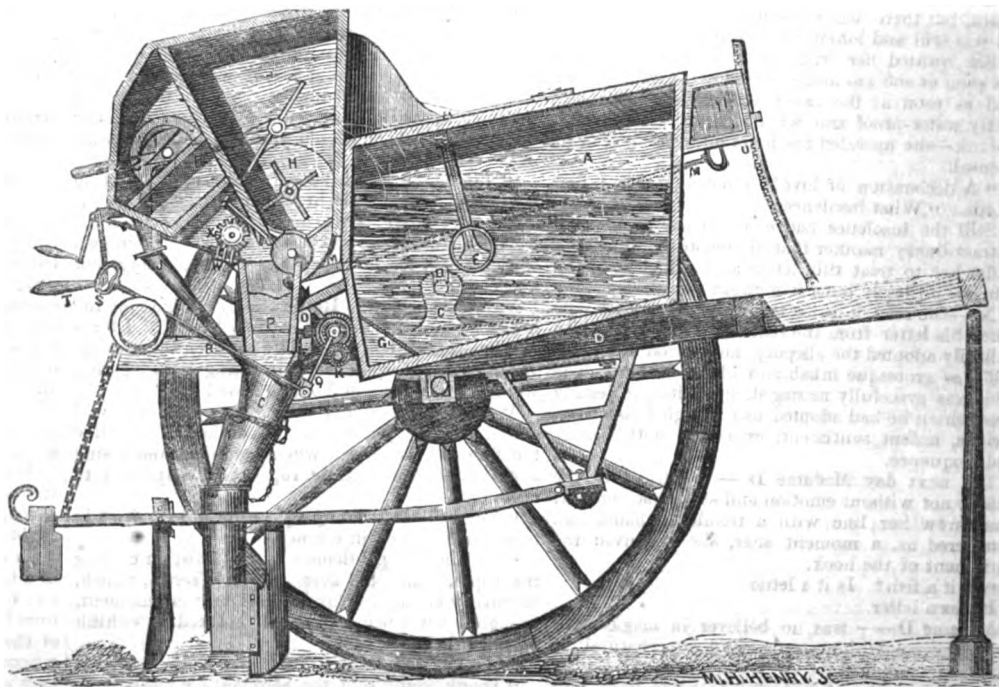
the main boiler. The back ends of the tubes are connected with a water-space moveable within the flue, and connected by a tube with the main. To the back of this second water-space are affixed numerous tubes, which at their back ends are fixed to another water-space, also moveable in the interior of the flue, and so on, according to the length of the boiler flue. The water-spaces are so arranged as to form partitions transversely across the upper part of the boiler flue, leaving a space below for the passing away of the heat and products of combustion to act on the next series of tubes and the main boiler, and, lastly, to the chimney or shaft. The last water-space is connected with the feed-pump: hence the water is fed, first through the tubes most distant from the fire, and then through the hotter and hotter tubes, and the water ultimately passes into the main boiler.

NEW PROPERTY OF PLATINUM.—In a late communication to the Academy of Sciences at Paris, on the principles which govern the disengagement of electricity in chemical actions, M. Becquerel announces the discovery that platinum exhibits different thermoelectrical properties at different temperatures—a property which disqualifies this metal for employment in researches connected with the electricity of flames. This physicist also states that, during combustion, the combustible body disengages negative, the burning body positive electricity; and also that there is no evolution of electricity during chemical action, unless the bodies giving rise to the action are themselves conductors of electricity.

MALAY TREATMENT OF CHOLERA.—Travelers who have arrived from Spain report that most extraordinary cures of the cholera have been made by some Malay seamen at Cadiz. There have been more cures by the Malays than by all the Spanish doctors. The Malay method of treating cholera is most peculiar. They pinch up the skin in round balls, and then rub the surrounding parts where the skin is stretched to its utmost tension.

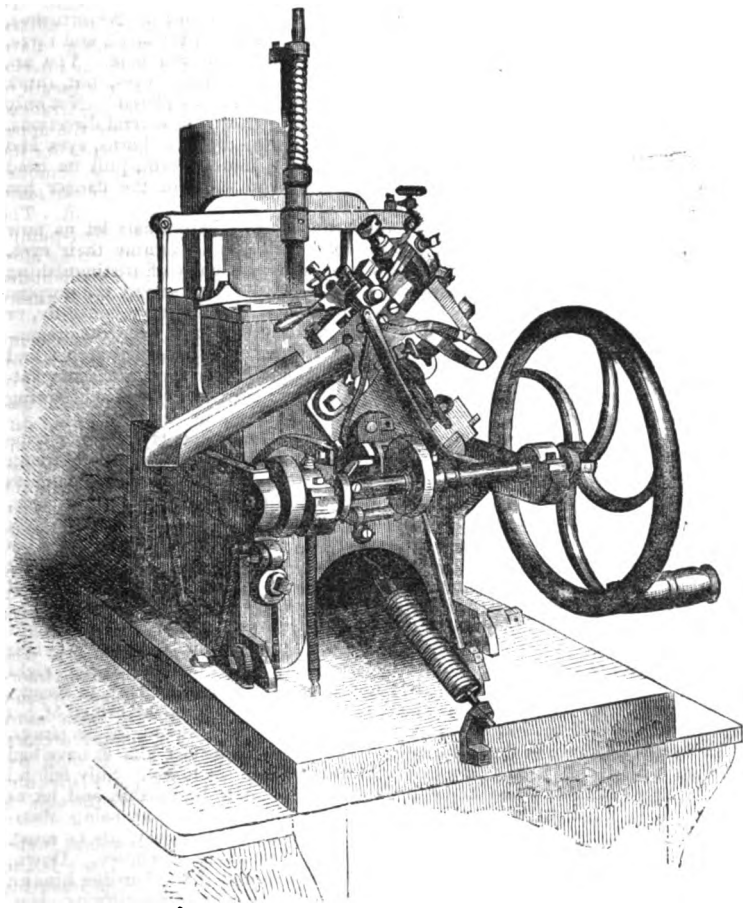
COAL IN THE ARCTIC REGIONS.—Captain Inglefield, of the *Phanix*, has found coal in Disco Island and Ritenbenk Rullud. The engineer, in reporting on its quality, says: "We have had an opportunity of testing its capabilities for marine purposes, and we are of opinion it will, in well-proportioned boilers, when mixed equally with Welsh coal or patent fuel, meet all the demands of the marine steam-engine. Further, from the slight trials we have made of burning it alone, we believe it to be in every respect a most useful fuel, and capable of generating sufficient steam for at least a middle degree of expansion. The proportion of ash and clinker is greater than in Scotch coals generally, but produces less smoke."

PYTHAGORAS is said to have invented harmonic strings, in consequence of hearing four blacksmiths working with hammers in harmony, whose weights he found to be 6, 8, 9, and 12, or rather by squares, as 36, 64, 81, and 144.



COMBINED SEED, MANURE, AND LIQUID DISTRIBUTOR.





TYPE-CASTING MACHINE.

**Type-Founding.**

THE peculiar merit of this type-casting machine, of which we here give an engraving, is that it produces solid and substantial type with the utmost rapidity, the only limit being in the time required for the metal to solidify after entering the mould. Some of the smaller sizes of type are fabricated at the rate of from 120 to 150 per minute. The force with which the liquid metal is injected into the mould is so great, that the proportion of defective letters is much smaller than in hand-casting. The fine lines of the matrix are brought out sharp and unbroken.

The space occupied by the machine is about 14 by 20 inches, and, including the wooden frame on which it rests, it is three feet high. A pot filled with type-metal occupies the hinder part, and a small furnace, fed with fine anthracite coal, is placed beneath it. A cylindrical tube or pump stands vertically in the metal, and has a spout projecting from the front side of the pot. A piston-rod, worked by a revolving crank, moves up and down in the pump, and at every revolution injects a small quantity of the metal into the mould, which at the proper moment comes closely up to the spout to receive it. After the metal has been received and is hardened, which is done almost instantly, the mould recedes a few inches, its upper half rises, and the type is thrown out into a gutter leading to the receiving-box. The power required for the various movements is communicated by cams arranged along an axle, whose crank is turned by the right hand of the caster. All types, whether cast by the hand or the machine mould, afterwards undergo five or six operations before they are fit for the use of the printer.

**Loomis's Patent Bellows.**

THIS is a very valuable combination of black-smiths' bellows, so arranged that one man can blow from one to twenty-five fires with them, giving to each fire any required force, and producing a continuous blast of wind. They are extremely easy of operation. We have seen testimonials in regard to the use of this patent, which speak very highly as to its utility.

Mr. Hanson Wright, of Decatur, Otsego county, New York, is the manufacturer and agent for the United States, from whom any further information can be obtained.

**The Gun.**

**How to TEST A GUN BARREL.**—Require the gun-maker to stain the barrel under examination with the *smoke-brown*, and he will not be able to accomplish it, if it be really made of stubs twisted. The matter may be thus explained: hydrogen gas acts only on iron—steel resists its action: so that, when a barrel is properly finished, the steel remains quite bright, while the iron has become a beautiful jet-black, which will be easily recognised by attention to the appearance.

A gun being a valuable instrument, easily damaged by carelessness, it should be kept clean and in working order; and the sportsman should do this himself, and not depend upon others, especially upon servants.

**DIRECTIONS FOR CLEANING GUNS.**—“Always clean those parts of the barrels and locks that the detonating powder acts upon with a wet rag, then rub them dry, and leave them in oil, to prevent rust. The pegs should not be taken out too often.

Before you take out the barrels, bring the locks to half-cock. The locks do not require to be taken off every time the gun is used; once a fortnight is quite sufficient. Put a little fine oil to the parts where there is friction; but if the gun has been used on a wet day, the locks should be taken off, to be cleaned and oiled immediately.”

“The following, among many other methods, is chosen, because we have found it always to answer the desired end. Provide some boiling water, and an empty pail; detach the barrel from the stock, and with a clearing-rod furnished with tow, we begin to pour the hot water down each barrel. We scour it well with the clearing rod, and discharge the

foul water. Place hot water in it a second time, and wipe out the barrels with fresh tow until they are completely dry, both without and within. Should there be any moisture lurking within the screw joints of the breech and touching-hole, it is a good plan to let down an iron plug of red heat, which, being moved up and down the barrel or barrels for half a minute, will effectually absorb every particle of moisture or damp. All this should be done by the sportsman's own hand, and not, if it can be avoided, left to another person to do.”

A barrel should be cleaned, as a general rule, after twenty shots.

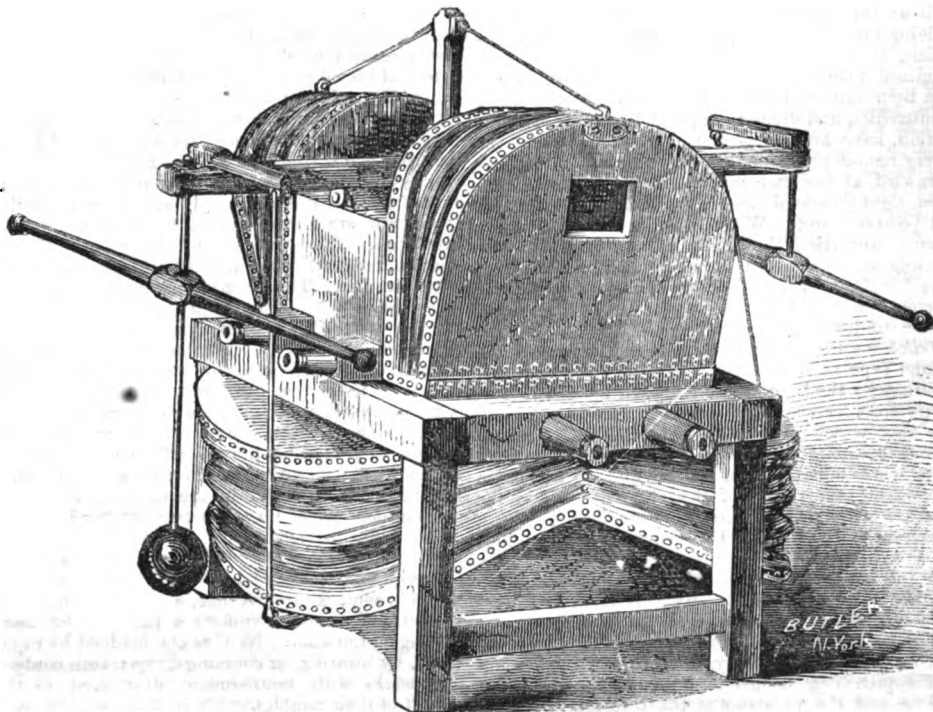
**DEPTH OF THE OCEAN.**—Captain Denham, R. N., now prosecuting a scientific voyage, recently read a paper at the Royal Society, in which the deepest sounding of the ocean ever made was recorded. On the passage from Rio de Janeiro to the Cape of Good Hope, in 36 deg. 49 min. south latitude, and 37 deg. 6 min. west longitude, on a calm day, the ocean was ascertained to be 7706 fathoms deep—7.7 geographical miles. The weight of the superincumbent water was so excessive, that a bottle of fresh water being lowered to a great depth in the sea, the pressure drove in the cork, and expelled the contents, the sea-water taking the place of the fresh.

**TO MAKE RAISIN WINE EQUAL TO SHERRY.**—Let the raisins be well washed and picked from the stalks; to every pound thus prepared and chopped, add one quart of water, which has been boiled and has stood till it is cold. Let the whole stand in the vessel for a month, being frequently stirred. Now let the raisins be taken from the cask, and let the liquor be closely stopped in the vessel. In the course of a month let it be racked into another vessel, leaving all the sediment behind, which must be repeated till it becomes fine, when add to every ten gallons, six pounds of fine sugar, and one dozen of Seville oranges, the rinds being pared very thin, and infused in two quarts of brandy, which should be added to the liquor at its last racking. Let the whole stand three months in the cask, when it will be fit for bottling; it should remain in the bottle for a twelvemonth. To give it the flavor of Madeira, when it is in the cask, put in a couple of green citrons, and let them remain till the wine is bottled.

**POWER OF SIGHT IN BIRDS.**—The swallow, while flying at the rate of three miles a minute, is yet employed in looking up and down, right and left, for the minute insects on which it feeds, and which it captures and swallows without any diminution of the prodigious speed at which it is travelling.

THE oath of a lover is no stronger than the word of a tapster; they are both the confirmers of false reckonings.

THE web of our life is of a mingled yarn, good and ill together: our virtues would be proud, if our faults whipped them not; and our crimes would despair, if they were not cherished by our virtues.



LOOMIS' PATENT BELLOWS.



## A Chapter on Eyes.

If any young lady or gentleman, influenced by the gentle passion, should chance to begin our "Chapter on Eyes," we beg that young lady or gentleman, as the case may be, at once to shut the book. We do not mean to discuss the subject of eyes sentimentally. We neither mean to grow pathetic over the soft loveliness of blue eyes, nor shall we be incited to deeds of war by thoughts of black ones. Neither shall we approach the delicate subject of awarding the palm of beauty to any color of eye, black, brown, or hazel.

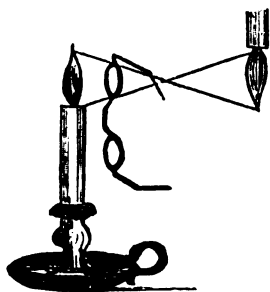
We may entertain opinions on these matters—we may have preferences—but this is no place for making such preferences known. At any rate we do not arbitrarily lay down so narrow a law of ocular beauty, as somebody has incorporated into the following couplets:—

Je n'aime pas les yeux si noir,  
Qui semblent dire, *I will make war*  
Mais j'aime moins les yeux si bleu,  
Qui disent tout doucement, *I love you!*  
Pour moi, ni noir, ni bleu je dis,  
Plutôt le hazel *e. es for me!*  
En them, je trouve assez de noir  
Pour bien suffire in making war;  
En them, je trouve assez de bleu  
Pour dire les mots, *I will love you!*  
Ainsi les hazel eyes qui brillent  
Au front charmant de Mademoiselle.

To the best of our recollection, (many years have rolled away since we considered these things,) certain blue eyes have proved themselves capable of appearing equally warlike with the most piercing black ones; and certain black ones have vied in soft tenderness with the mildest blue. But we do not wish to obtrude our opinions in such a delicate matter, speculations of this sort not being altogether in our way. The theme of this chapter is optical, anatomical—generally philosophical. "Tender sentiments would be out of place. We close our imagination against them; bar them outside the portals of memory—abstract our philosophic minds from wandering on them, so completely, that if all the ladies' eyes, black, brown, blue, or hazel, that ever twinkled from the days of Helen of Troy, to those of our own, were now at this moment concentrating their glances on us, we should not, perhaps, lift pen from paper to look at them, though we assuredly ought, so deeply are we thinking about another sort of eyes, in this our philosophic mood. And the eye, capable of rendering us insensible to the attractions of so much beauty—what does the reader suspect it is? Why the eye of an antediluvian crab!

Many, very many years ago—such an extremely long time, that philosophers are not agreed on the subject—there lived, there must have lived, a very curious fellow, whose bones and whose eyes still remain. Naturalists call this fellow a *Trilobite*; we will call him a sort of a crab. Not that he was exactly like our own crabs; perhaps, indeed, he had no legs; but crawled over the bottom of the sea, by wriggling his skin after the manner of leeches and earthworms. One thing we do know about this creature; he had very curious eyes. Being formed of hard, almost imperishable materials, they still remain. Philosophers have examined them, have proved them to be very similar in their nature to those of our own lobsters, crabs, butterflies, and dragon-flies, and, from this examination, have arrived at the conclusion, that at the very remote period when the *Trilobite* walked, or crawled, as the case may be, at the bottom of the sea, light possessed exactly the same properties that it possesses now. Why should it not possess the same properties, the reader asks? but then why should it, we demand in return? The Creator of light might have willed otherwise, might have determined that light, in the process of time, should have undergone some change. The eye of the *Trilobite* settles this point, being fashioned after the same type as that of the modern crab, lobster, and butterfly; the light which was shed upon this creature must have been the same in quality and nature as that which now gladdens our world. Starting from this point of contemplation, we mean to say a few words about eyes in general, and we will begin by asking the reader of this, to reflect upon the nature of his own. There they are, securely fixed, each in its own little bony cave, not a mere hole dug out of one bone, but a real architectural cave, to the construction of which no less than seven bones have contributed. By this contrivance are the readers two eyes secured against injury on every aspect, except the front, which is left to take care of itself, as well as it may, considering that the sight of approaching danger admonishes the eyelids to close, and the possessor of the threatened eyes to turn away his head.

But where would be the advantage of walling up our two eyes in a bony den, if some machinery did not exist for moving them about? The possessor of such eyes would only be able to see an object accurately when placed exactly in front of him. He would have had the continual trouble of moving his neck, or turning upon his heel, and little comfort for such an unfortunate possessor of eyes would there have been. Accordingly, inside this bony cave there exists a curious arrangement of pulleys, by means of which the eyes are directed to any point at will. Further insight into the construction, reader, of your own eyes we will not give you just now. It was necessary to say thus much by way of comparison with other eyes presently to be described. We will begin with those of the leech. This animal has no less than ten eyes, although we venture to affirm that no ordinary observer ever saw them. They are merely little black dots placed over and around the creature's mouth, and are totally incapable of motion; fortunate is it, then, that the leech can so readily turn his head, that he has no back bone to twist, no heels to tire by continual circumvolutions. So it follows that the bloodthirsty animal, although his eyes are fixed, can manage to see without much trouble in any direction. Yet, after all he does not see much; he may distinguish the colors of objects, but it is scarcely possible that he can distinguish their forms. His eyes may be compared, so far as concerns their effects, to a pair of spectacles with their own glasses taken out and common window glass supplied in their place. We will, however, illustrate our meaning by a simple experiment. Let the reader take a pair of spectacles, such as old people wear; not short-sighted, but long-sighted spectacles; let him hold one glass of the spectacles behind a lighted candle, and between it and a white wall or screen; then an image of the candle flame will be depicted. Now this is just



what takes place in our own eyes. They are supplied with a great many lenses, or spectacle glasses, as we shall content ourselves by calling them just now, the general effect of which is to throw an image of any particular object to which the eyes may happen to be directed upon the optic nerve. By-and-by we shall describe this agency more fully: at present we will leave it for the purpose of directing our attention to the eyes of the leech. Their construction is most simple, being totally without any lenses, by means of which distinct images are formed on the optic nerve, and consisting merely of little transparent globes surrounded behind and on every side with a black curtain, just as our drawing represents. Hence what we have already said about the powers and extent of vision enjoyed by a leech, will be evident. There is no reason why these animals should not be able to distinguish color, but it is most improbable that they can distinguish form. Earthworms are animals which belong to the same division of animals as leeches, and have precisely similar eyes; nor are these animals the only ones thus furnished. There exist many others, but we have selected the earthworm and the leech as being the most familiar. The Creator, ever careful to afford an animal all that it may require, never gives more. Having supplied it with every means adapted to the exigencies of its life, the Creator puts a limit to his endowments. This is an universal rule manifested by every living creature under the sun. Now, what use could a leech or an earthworm have made of eyes like our own? As for the latter, he spends the greater part of his life under the earth, where no light comes, and when emerging from his security, he peeps out to crawl in the morning dew; his observations are of no very extensive kind. If he can distinguish light from darkness, it would seem that he wants no more. Then, again, the leech, although not a dry land burrower, like his earthworm friend, is, nevertheless, a creature which, in the state of nature, manifests a partiality for burrowing in the mud. Neither obtains food by rapid chase, by hunting, or coursing down; both content themselves with nourishment discovered in the circuit of their rambles.

Eyes of this kind are given to snails, and surely

of all the curious places where eyes might be situated, it would be difficult to select more strange localities than at the points of horns. Nevertheless, there are the eyes of our friend the snail, and there, reader, you may see them, if you look. You are amused at the position of those eyes, but, think you, they could have been better placed? Not only can the animal move its horns in several directions, but when desired it can draw its horns, eyes and all, out of harm's way, into a sheath, pull its head back into the shell, and wait till the danger has passed by.

From these dim-sighted individuals let us now turn to the insect tribe, and examine their eyes. Think you that a mere faculty of distinguishing light from darkness would have served the purpose of the ever industrious bee, the wary house-fly, or that destroying Attila of the insect tribe, the dragon-fly? All these require to distinguish forms, and that quickly; to discover their approach from whatever side approaching; nay, to be capable of seeing objects almost directly behind.

All these numerous endowments the insect tribe possesses, even so humble an insect as the common house-fly, which scarcely permits a hostile hand to approach it from behind, much less on either side, so beautifully are its seeing organs arranged. Yet the insect accomplishes all this without turning his head. Then just mark the rapid darting of that fierce dragon-fly! A dragon, indeed, he may well be called—that terror of the insect tribe. There he rushes, like a miniature dragon, as he is, straight into the midst of a family of gnats. They see their enemy; they twist, they turn terror-stricken right and left; they fly in vain, endeavoring to escape. But the dragon-fly is not thus to be balked of his prey; one after another he catches in his fangs. And now, when we may consider him to have had a very good meal, we will catch him. Silly fellow! if he would only consent to be amiable, and let us see his eyes, he should not die; but, being obstinate, trying to elude us in every way, die he must. So after some trouble, we knock him down. Down, motionless; we have him at last. Turning him on his back, we now, by means of a magnifying-glass, proceed to examine that seeing apparatus which has given us so much trouble. It is well worth all the trouble, and more. Starting from the insects' head, two semicircular elevations are now sparkling like thickly studded diamonds. These two elevations are the insect's eyes, compound eyes, as the naturalist terms them, and with great propriety, as we shall recognise by-and-by. Reader, by means of those little ropes and pulleys in the bony cavities filled by your own eyes, the eyes themselves can be moved over a large field of vision.

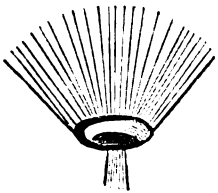
Your drawing master has told you, no doubt, that the human eye by its own motion, without requiring any assistance from neck, back-bone or heels, can take in a field of one-sixth of a circle. But your eyes can only look at one point at one and the same time. See, then, how much, in this respect, the compound eyes of an insect excel your own. Our friend, the dragon-fly, while he lived, could have seen, did see, every moment of his life, (except while he was asleep,) no less than sixty thousand points, it may be more, equally well at one and the same time. How shall we describe his eyes? Well, they are termed compound, as you have already been informed; because those two shining, jewel-like protuberances which we observe one on each side of the head of our dragon-fly, and which we call eyes, are, more correctly speaking, each a bundle of eyes, a bundle of many thousand eyes, each in shape something like a telescope. In fact, these compound seeing organs bear the same relation to our eyes, that marigolds do to flowers. The marigold appears all one flower; but it really consists of many little flowers of this shape, Y. In like manner the compound insect eye is made up of thousands of simple eyes, all tied in one bundle. Fancy a transparent bead of glass, over which is tightly strained a piece of very fine Brussels lace, and a very fair idea will be created of the appearance presented by the eye of an insect when examined under the microscope. There, is however, this difference—the meshes of the finest, most gossamer-like Brussels lace, are infinitely more coarse than the delicate facets of an insect's eye, a section of which is here represented.

Little wonder is it that, supplied with such an organ of vision as this, the house-fly sees the hostile hand approaching from behind; that the butterfly wanders through a labyrinth of roses without turning her head to the right or the left, apparently heedless of stem or thorn, leaving the observer marvelling all the time how she finds her intricate way. No wonder that our dragon-fly committed





such havoc with the gnats! It would have been strange indeed had not one, at least, of his sixty-




housand telescopes gleamed on one of the unfortunates. Well, the process of description brings us back at length to the point from which we started, the eyes of our trilobite. They

are formed after the general model of the insect eye, and the eyes of our crabs and lobsters, that is to say, they are compound eyes, *bundles of eyes*; only the telescopic instruments which compose the bundles are not made to point exactly in the same way. The trilobite, as we observed, lived at the bottom of the sea. He did not want to look up, did not want to look down; but he wanted to look round about, for which purpose he was furnished with two bundles of eyes. Fancy two horns standing up from his head, and round about these horns, the telescope-like eyes to have been arranged; the reader will have a fair notion of the eyes of the trilobite. The tele-copes, however, are deficient in the inner side of each horn; and if you consider, reader, what use would they have been there? Had they been present they could have only seen the eye on the opposite side, not a very interesting sight to a creature, who, not being a philosopher, cared probably very little to look at any other object than his prey. Eyes of this compound description have our own crabs and lobsters, with this difference of arrangement, however; in these animals, the eyes are fixed at the end of finger-like projections, which can be moved about over a large circuit, without giving the animal the trouble to turn his head: rather a difficult matter, by the way, when it is considered that neither crabs or lobsters have necks.

Not only is the insect tribe supplied with those wonderfully compounded mosaic eyes, but several insects have simple eyes as well—eyes very much after the fashion of our own, with the simple difference of their being immovably fixed. A mention of these simple *refracting* eyes, that is to say, eyes supplied with optical lenses, brings us from the consideration of insects to that of spiders.

And are spiders not insects? By no means, What is the difference between them? No matter, at least, no matter in this place, it would be far too long an affair to tell. Take our word, therefore, spiders are not insects. Perhaps, some other time, we may explain the difference between the two.

The only distinction with which we are concerned, just now, is that of the eyes. Spiders, then, do not possess the compound eyes of insects; they have eyes very much like our own, that is to say, consisting of lenses placed one behind the other in such a manner that a concentrated image may result. Spiders, however, have not, like ourselves, two eyes, but many. Hence, their field of vision is very considerable, but by no means so large as that of insects. A spider sitting on his rope ladder, watching for flies, can only see straight before him and a little on each side like ourselves. He cannot see an object near his tail, as our friend the dragon-fly could. Therefore, unlike a fly, a spider may be caught by gradually approaching him from behind. In like manner, when the idea enters the head of one spider to eat another spider (they are sad cannibals), the murderer always approaches stealthily, like a coward, as he is, and makes his attack from behind. One bite usually settles the dispute, for the spider's fang is poisonous. At length, ascending step by step the ladder of creation, we arrive at the consideration of eyes belonging to animals, which are supplied with a backbone. The eyes of all such creatures are constructed on the general principal of our own. That is to say, such eyes are always placed in bony orbits, are capable of motion within that orbit, and are supplied with a combination of lenses; spectacle glasses, as we have before called them, by means of which definite images of bodies are projected upon an expansion of the optic nerve into a net-like form; and, therefore, called retina. Variations, indeed, there are in the eyes of back-boned animals; thus, the cat has the eye-pupil of this shape , while the pupil of our own is circular. Fishes have no eyelids, whereas birds have two to each eye. Fishes, again, and whales, which are no fish, and seals, and amphibious animals generally have no contrivance for brewing tears—no lachrymal gland as the anatomist terms it. Therefore, fishes, whales, and amphibious animals,

cannot shed tears. What, indeed, would be the use of shedding tears in a waste of waters, where no one could have seen them?

**THE AURORA BOREALIS IN THE NORTH.**—Of all the northern lights which I have ever seen at Berezov, the most splendid is the aurora borealis: it occurs so frequently as to be deemed an ordinary phenomenon, and we saw it several times during the autumn. It commonly commences with a red glare on one spot of the sky, gradually extending more or less over the horizon, and encompassing it with its radiance. Frequently the light is distinctly seen moving in different directions, sometimes slowly, while its form and outline constantly change. But of all the auroras I ever saw, none can compare with one I witnessed on the 9th of September, 1840, of which I will attempt a feeble description.

At 10 o'clock at night, a loud crackling noise was heard in the air, as though coming from a distance. The Berezovians were not slow in divining what this uproar in the atmosphere betokened; but almost before they could rush to the windows, the whole of the environs were enveloped in one blaze of illumination. Called by our landlord, we hurried into the courtyard to contemplate the phenomenon, and were enraptured at what we saw; but to describe the spectacle is beyond the power of my feeble pen. The night was frosty and clear. Every object around, the earth, the forest, and the town, were white with snow. Berezov was no longer a miserable collection of huts, but radiant with lights, reflected by its covering of snow, looked like a world of enchantment. The different parts of the strange scenery seemed to form but a single grand and stately structure—a structure with walls of flame, surmounted by a cone-like cupola of fire, which towered over our heads. The light was neither red nor lurid, but beamed with mild, soft, indescribable lustre, unlike anything that can be imagined.

The entire fabric, as it seemed, gradually threw off the cupola, and assumed the form of a sugar-loaf. It was narrow at its base, but the summit or apex of this cone rose to such an immense height as to bewilder the vision. It appeared as though it even penetrated the vault of heaven, and at that hour of extraordinary solemnity, permitted mortals, though but for a moment, to catch from their earthly vale a glimpse of that mysterious region inaccessible but to the spirits of the blessed.

The walls of the wondrous cone were formed by light floating clouds of silvery brightness, which curling upwards like volumes of thin smoke, spread their luminous rays in every direction. These clouds rose like vapors from the base, as if they were engendered in the earth, and rolled rapidly up to the summit, where, after covering the apex, they vanished as quickly as they ascended. Their disappearance, however, did not in the slightest degree interrupt or diminish the splendor of the spectacle, and fresh volumes of smoke continued to roll up in all kinds of fantastic shapes, and with the same brilliant effects.

These floating walls completely blocked out the sky, so that nothing could be seen of the blue vault of heaven or the countless stars. The eye could only behold the wonderful evolutions of masses of light, set in motion by an invisible hand, while the ear was enchained by majestic strains of harmony with which the whole atmosphere resounded.

The aurora was undiminished in splendor for several hours, but afterwards its motions were less rapid, the coruscations of light faded gradually away, and at two o'clock all had vanished. The stars, which up to that time had been obscured, or only partially visible, appeared in all their former glory; the moon shone brightly as it sailed over its azure path, and everything resumed its usual aspect.

Wishing to ascertain what the Berezovians, who have not the slightest knowledge of natural philosophy, thought of the aurora, I made inquiries with this view. The explanation I obtained from the wisest among them was, that the waves of the Arctic ocean, reflecting the light of the moon, threw back a radiance on the sky, whence arose all the effects of the aurora.

**POPULATION OF LONDON.**—Not half of the adult population of London were born in the metropolis. If the recruits were marched back to their native soil, London would be left with less than half the grown-up men and women that are in it. The Irish in London alone were found by the late census to amount to 108,548.

GRATITUDE is the music of the heart, when its chords are swept by the breeze of kindness.

**AMUSING MISAPPREHENSION OF DR. FRANKLIN.**—Franklin spoke French but indifferently, and his pronunciation was defective. He told John Adams that he was wholly inattentive to the grammar. Madame Geoffrin, to whom, in his visit to France, in 1767 or 1769, he brought a letter from David Hume, reported that she could not initiate him into the language. Notwithstanding his advanced age when he established himself at Passy, he lived to make a great improvement in speaking French, and to enjoy it perfectly in the hearing. In the year 1779 he read a paper on the Aurora Borealis to the Royal Academy of Sciences at Paris, in which he traced the phenomenon to electrical agencies. At times he would be led into amusing misapprehensions, through his difficulty in understanding the language when uttered with rapidity. On one occasion, being present at the sitting of the Lyceum or Academy during the delivery of a lecture, and not distinctly understanding the French that was spoken, he thought, in order not to be wanting in politeness, that every time he saw Madame de Boufflers give signs of approbation, he would applaud; but he afterward found that, without knowing it, he had applauded most vigorously those passages which had been complimentary to himself.

**BRIGHT HOURS AND GLOOMY.**—Ah, this beautiful world! Indeed, I know not what to think of it. Sometimes it is all gladness and sunshine, and heaven itself lies not far off; and then it suddenly changes, and is dark and sorrowful, and the clouds shut out the day. In the lives of the saddest of us there are bright days like this, when we feel as if we could take the great world in our arms. Then come gloomy hours, when the fire will not burn on our hearths, and all without and within is dismal, cold and dark. Believe me, every heart has its secret sorrows, which the world knows not; and oftentimes we call a man cold when he is only sad.

**THE WOMEN OF GREAT BRITAIN.**—There are 359,969 old maids (above 40 years of age) in Great Britain. There are 1,407,225 spinsters between 20 and 40, and 1,413,912 bachelors of the same age. In the list of the occupations of women, there are 88 authoresses, 18 editors or public writers, 643 actresses, 135 danseuses, 16 equestrians. Of the female domestics no less than 675,311 are entered under the denomination of "general servants." Of the higher class of servants, the housemaids are more numerous than the cooks, the former being 56,936, and the latter only 48,806, and there are about 50,000 "house-keepers," and nearly 40,000 nurses. The charwomen are no less than 55,423 in number.

**A GRACEFUL COMPLIMENT.**—It was a judicious resolution of a father, when, being asked what he intended to do with his girls, he replied, "I intend to apprentice them all to their excellent mother, that they may learn the art of improving time, and be fitted to become, like her, wives, mothers, and heads of families, and useful members of society."

**CHEAP DINNER IN PARIS.**—A dinner for four cents is decidedly not dear. This luxury is enjoyed by the frequenters of *Halle* (Market) in Paris. The bill of fare is thus composed—

- 1 cent, soup (vegetable.)
- 1 ditto, bread.
- 1 ditto, plate of red beans.
- 1 ditto, cup of sweet coffee.

The meal is served in a very simple style. The table consists of an enormous block of wood, with holes hollowed out to serve as plates and dishes, with metal covers chained to the table. The meal over, a stream of water sluices down the table; and when that is dry the cloth is laid for the next part.

**LAZY BEAVERS.**—It is a curious fact (says a trapper,) that among the beavers there are some that are lazy, and will not work at all, either to assist in building lodges or dams, or to cut down wood for their winter's stock. The industrious ones beat these idle fellows, and drive them away: sometimes cutting off a part of their tail, and otherwise injuring them. The *pareseux* are more easily caught in traps than the others, and the trapper rarely misses one of them. They only dig a hole from the water, running obliquely toward the surface of the ground twenty-five or thirty feet, from which they emerge, when hungry, to obtain food, returning to the same hole with the wood they procure, to eat the bark. They never form dams, and are sometimes to the number of five or seven together; all are males. It is not at all improbable that these unfortunate fellows have, as is the case with males of many species of animals, been engaged in fighting with others of their sex, and after being conquered and driven from the lodge, have become idlers from a kind of necessity. The working beavers on the contrary, associate—males, females, and young—together.

**Braid-Work Sofa Cushion.**

**Materials.**—Emerald green velvet and amber silk braid or cord.

Prepare a pounced pattern, by first copying the design upon thin paper, and perforating the design with a stiletto. Fix the pattern firmly on the velvet, then rub violet powder over the paper; when the design is removed, the design must be traced over, to render it permanent. Sew on the braid by the lines, and make up in the usual manner.

**Anglo-Japanese Work.**

This elegant and most useful work is very easy in its execution, while the means and appliances for its performance are within the reach of every one. The materials are simply yellow withered leaves, a little dissolved gum, black paint, and copal varnish; while the objects to be ornamented may be a box, cupboard, table, &c.; in fact any old furniture that has been rendered unsightly by age or long use. A plain deal box, costing about a shilling, may by this process, so far as the outside goes, be converted into a costly-looking dressing-case. An exquisite chess-board may be made, with very little skill, from a square piece of deal. Flower-pots, pole-screens, folding and hand-screens, may all be decorated in this manner, and from untidy looking lumber may be converted into articles of use, elegance and beauty, and this at a merely nominal expense, *taste* being the chief requisite in the production. The employment forms one of the most agreeable and pleasing amusements for summer days and winter evenings—in the summer giving a purpose and an aim to many a joyous ramble, for in these desultory walks a goodly collection may be made of Nature's ambered jewels, thus leading us to—

Find tongues in trees,  
—And good in everything.

How often in after years will a single dried leaf, carefully cherished, recall the pleasing circum-

stances under which it was gathered—perhaps some single spray was presented by a dear friend, between whom and ourselves, at the present time, oceans may roll. And even a tiny leaflet may have the magic power of conjuring up a host of pleasing memories; it may be the link which suddenly opens to us a flood of kindly sympathies, occasioned by this gentle recollection of the absent one; or it may be, perchance, that some leaves were plucked by loved ones long since departed to a heavenly home—if so, then how fondly do we dwell on these treasured mementos, and our hearts insensibly warm within us at sight of the holy relics of the dead.

Few orators so tenderly can touch  
The feeling heart.

At the spring time of the year many leaves may be found which cannot possibly be procured in the autumn. The ivy is now shedding its sere foliage. The leaves selected from this plant should be of a bright yellow, small, and well-shaped. The small early leaves of the black currant tree have a beautiful red golden tinge; but indeed in almost every plant, yellow leaves may be found. Leaves so thin as the nasturtium and convolvulus should be avoided. The brown leaves of the oak may yet be found lying in the hedge-rows; and the under lemon-colored leaflets of the hemlock will furnish most beautiful sprays. All leaves that are small, of uneven shape, and serrated at the edges, are well adapted for this work. As they are collected they should be placed between sheets of paper, but not close together; then pressed, by placing a board on the top, with a weight upon it, to express any moisture that may be therein, and to render them quite flat. In the autumn the sweet-scented geranium leaves, the maple, thorn, chrysanthemum, wild parsley, fern, and a multitude of others, may be found, including the smaller sycamore and small vine leaves; but they must all have turned of a golden hue, or redish-tinted yellow. Prepare the article to be ornamented thus:—First rub the surface smoothly down with

sandpaper; then coat it over with black paint, which can be procured ready-made at any paint shop; when dry, rub it down smoothly with pumice-stone, and give two more coats. When these are dry, arrange the leaves on the surface in a careless manner, but not in groups, unless preferred. Butterflies, drawn and colored yellow with gamboge, or cut out of prints, and then colored, may be stuck at different spaces with advantage; but there should be no other color than the brown and different tints of yellow in the leaves. Gum the wrong side of the leaf, and press it on in its appointed place with a hard tuft of wadding, fastened tightly up in a piece of silk. Continue this with the whole of the leaves; and when they are all gummed on, dissolve some gelatine, or isinglass, in warm water, and while rather warm, brush it well over every portion of the work, using the brush entirely one way, not forward and back. When dry, give the work three coats of the best copal varnish, letting the article remain a day or two between each coat. This process, though elaborate in detail, is easily and even quickly done, and will well repay any trouble that may be taken, as with a renewed coat of varnish every five or six years, it will remain as long as the wood will hold together, as bright in appearance as when first finished.

**FARMS AND FARMERS.**—Farms occupy two-thirds of the land of England. The number of farms is 225,318, the average size is 111 acres. Two-thirds of the farms are under that size, but there are 771 above 1000 acres. The large holdings abound in the south-eastern and eastern counties, the small farms in the north. There are 2000 English farmers holding nearly 2,000,000 acres; and there are 97,000 English farmers not holding more. There are 40,650 farmers who employ five laborers each; 16,501 have ten or more, and employ together 311,707 laborers; 170 farmers have above sixty laborers each; and together employ 17,000.



BRAID-WORK SOFA CUSHION.





SAC MATHILDE.

**Sac Mathilde.**

**Materials.**—Black velvet, a gilt clasp, and passementerie trimmings, 6 skeins of fine gold thread, and a skein of shaded cerise silk.

The entire design is to be worked in chain stitch on the velvet, and the outer side has then a single row of gold thread laid on. It is to be lined with white silk, a fancy cord covering the seams. This style of bag derives its name from being patronised by the Princess Matilda. In Paris, no toilet is complete without an elegant sac of some recherche form.

**THE COCA LEAF.**—The coca leaves possess two extraordinary qualities not known to coexist in any other substance. These are—First, That when chewed they lessen the desire, and apparently the necessity also, for ordinary food. They not only enable the chewer, as brandy and opium do, to put forth a greater nervous energy for a short time, but actually, with the same amount of food, perseveringly to undergo more laborious fatigue or longer continued labor. With a feeble ration of dried maize, or barley crushed into flour, the Indian, if duly supplied with coca, toils under heavy burdens,

day after day, up the steep slopes of the mountain passes; or digs for years in the subterranean mines, insensible to weariness, to cold, or to hunger. He believes, indeed, that it may be made a substitute for food altogether; and an instance given by Von Tschudi seems almost to justify this opinion. "A Cholo of Huari, named Hatan Huamang, was employed by me in very laborious digging. During the five days and nights he was in my service he never tasted any food, and took only two hours' sleep each night. But at intervals of two-and-a-half or three hours he regularly chewed about half an ounce of coca leaves, and he kept an Acullio continually in his mouth. I was constantly beside him, and therefore I had the opportunity of closely observing him. The work for which I engaged him being finished, he accompanied me on a two days' journey of twenty-three leagues across the level heights. Though on foot, he kept up with the pace of my mule, and halted only for the *chacar*. On leaving me, he declared he would willingly engage himself again for the same amount of work, and that he would go through it without food, if I would but allow him a sufficient supply of coca. The village priest assured me that this man was

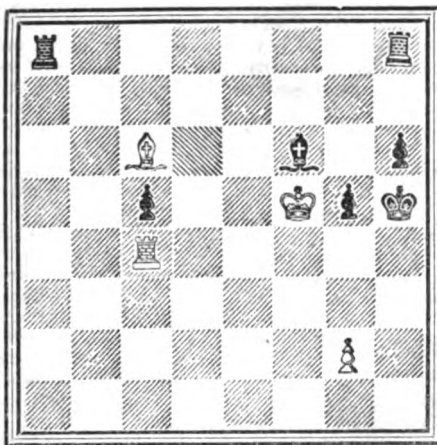
sixty-two years of age, and that he had never known him to be ill in his life." Second, The other extraordinary property of the leaf is, that either when chewed or when taken in the form of infusion, like tea, it prevents the occurrence of that difficulty of respiration which is usually felt in ascending the long and steep slopes of the Cordillera and the Puna. "When I was in the Puna," says Von Tschudi, "at the height of fourteen thousand feet above the level of the sea, I drank always, before going out to hunt, a strong infusion of coca leaves. I could then, during the whole day, climb the heights and follow the swift-footed wild animals, without experiencing any greater difficulty of breathing than I should have felt in similar rapid movements on the coast. Moreover, I did not suffer from the symptoms of cerebral excitement or uneasiness which other travellers have experienced. The reason perhaps is, that I only drank the decoction on the cold Puna, where the nervous system is far less susceptible than in the climate of the forests beneath. However, I always felt a sense of great satiety after making the coca infusion, and I did not feel a desire for my next meal until after the time at which I usually took it."



## CHESS.

PROBLEM No. V.—By W. GRIMSHAW, York.—White playing first to mate in four moves.

Black.



White.

GAME No. V.—Played in 1819, between the AMSTERDAM CHESS CLUB and the LONDON CHESS CLUB. The conditions were, that the one game only should be played; the stakes to consist of \$250 a-side, and one move sent each week. The first move was won by lot for Amsterdam.

Amsterdam.

WHITE.

- 1 Q P 2.
- 2 Q B R 2.
- 3 Q Kt to B 3.
- 4 K P 1.
- 5 K Kt to R 3. (c.)
- 6 K B P 1.
- 7 K Kt to K B 2. (p.)
- 8 Q R P 1.
- 9 K B to K 2.
- 10 Q B P 1. (c.)
- 11 K B P 1. (f.)
- 12 Q Kt P 2.
- 13 Q B to Q Kt 2.
- 14 Q to Q B 2.
- 15 P takes P. (A.)
- 16 Q K to Q B.
- 17 K B takes Kt.
- 18 Q Kt to Q sq. (i.)
- 19 B to Q B 3. (L.)
- 20 Castles.
- 21 R to K sq. (m.)
- 22 Kt to Q Kt 2 (n.)
- 23 B to Q 4.
- 24 P takes P.
- 25 K Kt to Q sq.
- 26 B takes B.
- 27 Kt to K B 2.
- 28 Q to Q B 3.
- 29 R takes Q.
- 30 Q R to Q B 2.
- 31 K R to Q B sq.
- 32 K R P 1.
- 33 K P 1.
- 34 P takes P.
- 35 Q Kt to Q sq.
- 36 R takes R.
- 37 K to K R 2.
- 38 Kt to Q B 3.
- 39 R takes Kt.
- 40 K to K Kt 3.
- 41 K to B 3.
- 42 R to K 3. (ch.) (q.)
- 43 K takes R.
- 44 Kt to Q 3.
- 45 Kt to K 5.
- 46 K R P 1.
- 47 K Kt P 1.
- 48 Kt to Q 7.
- 49 Kt to Q B 5.
- 50 Kt to K 6.

Amsterdam resigns.

London.

BLACK.

- 1 K P 1.
- 2 K B P 3. (a.)
- 3 K Kt to B 3.
- 4 Q P 1. (b.)
- 5 K B to K 2.
- 6 Q B P 1.
- 7 Q P 1.
- 8 Castles.
- 9 K B to Q 3.
- 10 B to B 2.
- 11 Q Kt to Q 2.
- 12 K to R sq. (g.)
- 13 Q B to Q Kt.
- 14 Q Kt P 1.
- 15 Kt takes P.
- 16 Q Kt to Q B 5.
- 17 P takes B.
- 18 B to Q R 3.
- 19 Kt to Q 4.
- 20 B to Q Kt 4. (L.)
- 21 Q R P 2.
- 22 K B to Q 3.
- 23 P takes P.
- 24 B takes P.
- 25 Q to Q R 4.
- 26 Q takes B.
- 27 Kt to Q Kt 2.
- 28 Q takes Q.
- 29 Q R to R sq.
- 30 Q R to R 7. (o.)
- 31 K R to Q R sq.
- 32 K R to Q R 6.
- 33 K R to K 6.
- 34 P takes P.
- 35 R takes R.
- 36 R to K 8. (ch.)
- 37 Kt to Q 4.
- 38 Kt takes Kt. (p.)
- 39 K to Kt sq.
- 40 K to K R 2.
- 41 K to K 3.
- 42 R takes R. (ch.)
- 43 P to Q B 6. (r.)
- 44 K to Q 4.
- 45 K R P 2.
- 46 B to Q B 3.
- 47 B to Q Kt 4.
- 48 K to Q B 5.
- 49 K to Q Kt 5.
- 50 K to Q R 6.

Solution to Problem IV.

WHITE.

- 1 Kt to K B 7. (ch.)
- 2 Q takes K P. (ch.)
- 3 Kt to K Kt 5. (ch.)
- 4 B to K B 3. (ch.)
- 5 Kt to K 2. (ch.)
- 6 Castles. Mate.

BLACK.

- 1 K to Q 2.
- 2 K takes Q.
- 3 K to Q 4. (A.)
- 4 K to Q 5.
- 5 K to Q 6.
- (A.) 3 K to Q 2.
- 4 K to Q sq.
- (B.) 3 K to B 4.

NOTES TO GAME NO. V. BETWEEN AMSTERDAM AND LONDON.

- (a.) Irregular; the correct move would have been Q P 2.
- (b.) Feeble, shutting in their K B; Q P 2 would be more to the purpose.
- (c.) Very weak move; this Kt to B 3, or K B to Q 3, would have been preferable, we think.
- (d.) The last three moves of White were made with the intention of advancing their K P, which being easily prevented by Black in one move, they have lost time, and placed their K Kt into an unusually harmless position.
- (e.) Injudicious; this P thus advanced is very weak, and serves as a target.

- (f.) To prevent the advance of adverse K P.
- (g.) Preparatory to throwing up K Kt P 2, in case of White's casting.
- (h.) They break their line of pawns, which gives Black a splendid opening.
- (i.) To B 4 and afterwards to B 5, would, we believe have won the double P, but we doubt whether it would have improved White's position.
- (k.) To enable them to castle, which, if done at once, would have cost them the exchange.
- (l.) From this point to the end Black plays with great energy and every move tells.
- (m.) Pushing R P on the B would have involved the loss of their Q Kt P.
- (n.) P takes P, would, we think, have been better.
- (o.) Threatening to advance double P, which would win a piece.
- (p.) Better than taking K B P, which would have prolonged the fight.
- (q.) The only way to save their Q P.
- (r.) After this move White may surrender.

## Recreations in Science.

*The Silver Tree, in a Glass Frame.*—Dissolve silver in aqua-fortis. Put a few drops thereof in a square of glass, and lay thereon a small wire of copper or brass, previously formed into the shape of a tree with its branches. After lying an hour or two, a beautiful white vegetation will be perceptible round the wire, which will be partly covered therewith. Then wash it carefully with water, put over another square of glass, apply a frame deep enough to take the thickness of both, and you will thus have a pleasing ornament for a sitting room.

## Enigmas.

1. I am a fluid looking-glass; a looking-glass, but I cannot be seen; I am all important; a witness to almost everything done upon earth. My age is unknown, as well as my height or breadth; it is only known that the latter is greater than the former. I am often represented as a god, having for my wife a lovely planet, and for my daughter an agent indispensable with in nature, who is, however, indebted to me for her existence, as most children are to their parents; but it is only fair to add, that this duty is shared by some one else beside myself.

2. If you, gentle reader, will listen awhile, I will ask an enigma your time to beguile,— And shall feel quite repaid, if you guess it or no, If it only amuse for an hour or so.
- 1 I'm of different colors, of elegant mien.
- 2 And of various sizes and heights I am seen,
- 3 In a part of the shoe and the hat I am found;
- 4 And in service to angler and sailor abound.
- 5 I'm in beautiful ornaments, charming the sight;
- 6 And important when ladies to gay fites invite.
- 7 At table as delicate morsel I'm served;
- 8 And important when illness a patient's unnerved.
- 9 I the farmer assist his land to prepare.
- 10 Am made into sweetmeats to quiet the heir.
- 11 In the hands of the juggler I often have been;
- 12 On the back of the poor man as frequently seen.
- 13 When asleep is required I'm anxiously sought;
- 14 And behead with the poor little bird, when it's caught.
- 15 I admit light and air,—(16) to some sole food and drink;
- 17 And could rescue the drowning if likely to sink.
- 18 I assist the musician the senses to warm;
- 19 All-in-all to the watchman when giving alarm.
- 20 With water I aid distant fountains to fill;
- 21 And am useful with maxims the young to instill.
- 22 I benefit man, also earth, air, and sea,
- 23 Thus, reader, in all you will fully agree.

3. I am constantly in the midst of money (1); I am continually putting people in possession of property (2); and I increase the number of most things that come in my way (3). I am no friend to the distressed needlewomen, for I render needles unnecessary (4); yet whenever I undertake a dress I infallibly make it sit (5). I am quarrelsome, for a word and a blow is my maxim—in fact with me a word becomes a weapon (6); and merriment slaughter (7). In the time of Henry IV. I was much addicted to hanging on the great (8). It is commonly remarked that drink converts men into swine, but I transform wine itself into the same animals (9). Deprived of me certain railway speculations come out in their true character (10). A team can draw a wagon well without me, still when I am in front the speed is wonderfully increased (11). It seems that marvellous products may be obtained from peat, but when I am extracted from earth pure oil alone remains (12). Let me go before and a story is sure to be stale (13); and if I am left out it will be political (14). Whether you consider me a friend or a foe to the church, I must confess that I am strongly attached to pluralities (15). With respect to free trade, I turn corn itself into contempt (16). I am met with in the midst of Russia (17), and Prussia (18), and am also abundant among the Swiss (19). Were I withdrawn from that unhappy country Spain, nothing would be left but grief (20). After sport, when I take my departure, the evening is often finished with what remains (21). At a *marée* I am always in good time (22). In person I am much bent (23); although I occasionally stand upright (24). As to my education I was always at the head of the school (25), although invariably at the bottom of my class (26). With me age looks wise (27), but a gentleman is better without me, as accompanied by me he appears feminine (28). On the contrary, a lady ought not to part with me, for if she loses me she seems masculine (29). I must be an unwelcome visitor, for with me sorrow (30) and happiness ends (31); sadness commences (32), and bliss terminates (33);—yet it is in my power to transform cares into what is delightful (34).

## Charades.

1. I'll employ my first in praise of my second, if you will give me my third.

2. What I do, what I do not, and what you are.

3. My first acknowledges you may My proposition grant. My second does the fact deny Or partly says, you shan't, And if my third you do not guess, You must at least that third confess.

4. If I obtain my first I shall be happy, if I obtain my second rich, but the union of both (in my third) would render me unhappy.

5. When my first arrives (which it frequently does,) my second is employed, and few old persons can rest without my third.

6. No rose can boast a lovelier hue Than I can, when my birth is new; Of short r date even than that flower, I bloom and fade within an hour. Though some in me their honor place, I bear the token of disgrace, Like *Marplot* eager to reveal The secrets I would fain conceal. Fools, coxcombs, wits, agree in this, They equally destroy my peace; Though 'gainst my will to stoop so low, At their command I come or go.

## Rebus.

1. A land of chivalry's romance; A knight who fear'd nor sword nor lance; A king who sought his people's weal; Then he whose heart was hard as steel; One who was nee r prepared for fight; And then a valiant peerless knight; The scene of fierce and deadly strife; What you must be e'er ou're a wife. One who disgraced his laurel crown; And then a poet of renown. If these initials you combine, You'll find a monster, I opine, Which no man ever yet did see, And must all sham most surely be.

2. One hundred placed before a timber tree, Will show what's prized by men of each degree.

3. One hundred and fifty, and what you possess, Will name you a man known by his address.

## Transpositions.

1. For what the mariners do sigh, When tempests roll the billows high; Transpose, then instantly is named What is for martial spirit famed: As was (the Bible will unfold) To Job from 'midst the whirlwind told.

2. To-day, as I at breakfast sat, I saw a thing, pray tell me what; Transpose it, and it will disclose What grows between my neck and nose.

3. A playful animal when young, If rightly you transpose, Will form a portion of our food, As everybody knows.

## Answers to Riddles, Charades, &amp;c.

## RIDDLES.

1. When two people are married they become *one*, not *two*.
2. Supporter—Sup, Porter.
3. Ear-Wig.

## CHARADES.

- No. 1. Wise men of past and present ages, Are mostly designated *sages*. *Sage* is a herb, too,—red and green,— In every kitchen-garden seen. The red for tea is most in use. Green *sage* for seasoning duck and goose. Thus, the first having answered well, As readily the next I'll tell:— Thus: take the S away from *sage*, The space denoted is—an *age*.
2. An eye-lash.

## ENIGMAS.

1. Cotton.—2. Dust-pan. 3. Glass, said to be discovered by the Phœnicians. Now universally used for windows and numerous other purposes.—The sand round the Pyramids.—Potasse procured from kail or other burnt vegetable matter, and mixed with sand, constitutes glass.—Musical-glasses.—No botanist can do without a magnifying glass.—A lady's gown has been manufactured out of glass.

## GRAMMATICAL PUZZLE.

Take away L in the subjunctive "Let" at the beginning of the first line, and substitute S, and so turn it into the imperative "Set," when the changes which necessarily follow will be immediately apparent.

## ENIGMATICAL LIST OF DISTINGUISHED PERSONS.

- |                 |                 |
|-----------------|-----------------|
| 1 Victoria.     | 13 Washington.  |
| 2 Albert.       | 14 Spencer.     |
| 3 Wellington.   | 15 Montgomery.  |
| 4 Napoleon.     | 16 Newton.      |
| 5 Wolsey.       | 17 Nelson.      |
| 6 Franklin.     | 18 Collingwood. |
| 7 Hampden.      | 19 Wallace.     |
| 8 Wal ole.      | 20 Drake.       |
| 9 Marlborough.  | 21 Byron.       |
| 10 Codrington.  | 22 Cranmer.     |
| 11 Wolfe.       | 23 Cowper.      |
| 12 Snakespeare. |                 |



**Family Matters.**

**EMPLOYMENT OF TIME.**—Life may be eked out with pleasure, but it must be mainly filled up with business; and he who should persevere in the vain attempt to fill up his time with amusements, would then find it too late to take up any serious pursuits, and be compelled to drag on a miserable existence, haunted by the ghosts of his defunct pleasures, in the shape of ennui, restlessness, and melancholy.

**ANIMAL FOOD.**—It is a well-established fact, that, amongst those classes who get the least animal food, as also in those public establishments where meat is only sparingly allowed, mortality is greatest, and disease is most rife. One of the most common forms of disease generated by an exclusively vegetable diet is scrofula, and when traceable to this cause, the most speedy remedy is the addition of animal food to the diet. There are also many other forms of disease produced by the want of animal food, which require for their cure but an abundant supply of the needed material.

**HAIR FALLING OFF.**—Allow me, from experience in my own and other cases, to recommend the use of the following receipt:—1 drachm of white wax, 1 ditto of spermacetti, 2 ounces of oil of almonds, 2 drachms of essence of cantharides; essential oil to scent at pleasure. The whole to be dissolved together in a gentle heat, and stirred and beaten till quite cold.

**TO SOFTEN HARD WATER.**—When the hardness proceeds from the bicarbonate of lime (which is very frequently the principal, and always in great part the cause,) it may be softened by a cheaper ingredient than carbonate of ammonia, or soda. Add a little quicklime to the water. The lime decomposes the bicarbonate of lime which is dissolved in the water taking from it one of its two equivalents of carbonic acid, and leaving the residue of the substance in the state of proto-carbonate of lime, which state the fresh added lime and the equivalent of carbonic acid thus subtracted from the bicarbonate also themselves acquire. This proto-carbonate of lime is a ponderous and insoluble salt, and sinks to the bottom of the fluid, leaving the superincumbent water pure and soft.

**NEW BELL METAL.**—Mr. Stirling has produced an admirable alloy of iron, intended as a substitute for that of copper used for bells. It is, even under the patent, one-third cheaper than the ordinary bell metal, exceedingly hard, and not more brittle. It is wonderfully sonorous, and the tone of bells made of it is superior to that of any bells of the same pitch we have ever heard. It is rich, full, musical, and pure, and singularly prolonged. Messrs Mears, the great London bell-founders, have taken a license for this alloy.

**ARTIFICIAL SEA WATER.**—Fifteen pints of good river water, seven ounces of table salt; half an ounce of Epsom salts; four hundred grains of chloride of magnesium; and eighty grains of chloride of potassium.

**TO DESTROY INSECTS AND MILDEW ON TREES.**—To those persons who are troubled with mildew, green-fly, and other insects on their trees, both in and out of doors, a correspondent of the *Cottage Gardener* recommends the following remedy:—1 lb. of tobacco, 1 lb. of black soap, 1 lb. sulphur flowers, half a pound of glue, 2 ounces of nux vomica in powder, 1 gill of spirits of turpentine. Mix in two Scotch pints of water (equal to nearly six English pints;) boil half an hour, and apply it to the vines or trees milk warm.

**SUBSTITUTE FOR ASPARAGUS.**—Mr. J. Ranchly in speaking before an audience at Croydon upon the farinacea of the vegetable kingdom, thus alludes to a plant called Sea Holly. He says:—"Among the most useful farinaceous plants known in the vegetable kingdom, is one whose valuable properties appear but little known. The plant in question is the Sea Holly (*Eryngium maritimum*). This plant, when fully developed, measures 1½ to 2 feet high, bearing in July a conspicuous blue flower. Its roots are oblong, of a trailing habit, are sweet and aromatic. They are candied, and sold in the shops in Sweden under the name of Eringo roots; but the chief feature possessed by this plant, and to which I wish to call especial attention, is that of its young shoots, which, if gathered in their early growth, when about eight or nine inches long, and cooked in the ordinary way, are superior in taste to, and possess greater nutritious qualities than asparagus. I therefore think market-gardeners may derive some profit by growing this plant for the purpose of forming boundaries, when its young shoots may be gathered and marketed for the purpose assigned."

**VENTILATION OF SEWERS.**—In all our cities there

are numbers of steam engine and other manufacturing furnaces, having a powerful draught in connection with lofty chimneys. In order not only to exhaust the foul air from our sewers, but at the same time deprive such foul air of all noxious qualities, we have only to cause these furnaces to draw their supply of air from the sewers in place of from the above-ground open air. This object can be brought about in the most simple manner, namely, by connecting the space below the fire-grate of such manufactory and other furnaces with the main sewer nearest to them, by a suitable tunnel or air passage. Every such furnace and chimney so connected will exhaust the sewers of the district of their foul air, and in drawing the noxious gases up through the burning fuel will entirely deprive them of all pestiferous qualities, and send them forth from the top of the chimney comparatively harmless, along with the products of combustion. Were we to require the proprietors of furnace-using manufactories located in our towns to aid in performing this vitally important public service, it would only be a fair return for the premium they enjoy of feeding their furnaces with the vital air of the locality.

**ECONOMICAL PLUM PUDDING.**—Wash clean, pare, and scrape one pound of potatoes and carrots, so as to have left three-quarters of a pound of each; grate these fine into a basin, and mix with them one pound of Smyrna raisins; one pound or a pound and a half of stoned raisins; twelve ounces of finely chopped suet; four ounces of preserved lemon and orange peel, cut fine; a quarter of an ounce of mixed spice, a pinch of salt; six ounces of sugar; and twelve ounces of flour. Mix well together and boil in a cloth, or well-buttered basin, full three hours, and you will have a "dainty dish fit to put before a king." Neither eggs nor milk are required in this preparation. I tried it by using a quarter of a pound more flour than is directed in this receipt, but found the pudding was not so good, although it was termed a nice pudding. When done, serve each with sweet sauce, made with a half pint of melted butter, one ounce of moist sugar, and half a gill of rum or brandy.

The other day, by a new mode of blasting, a mass of stone, 250 tons in weight, was lifted at the Nith-hill works, England, by only fourteen pounds of powder.

A Physician at Martinique has discovered a tree, the bark of which affords an alkaloid as valuable as quinine in curing fevers. The subject is under the consideration of the French government.

STEEL pens may be preserved from damage by the action of ink, by throwing into the inkstand a few pieces of broken iron or old steel pens. The corrosive action is then expended on the metal thus introduced.

**TO MAKE PASTE THAT WILL KEEP FOR A YEAR.**—Dissolve slowly in water two square inches of glue and an equal quantity of alum. Mix and boil with flour as usual, and then, when nearly cold, stir in two teaspoonfuls of oil of cloves or lavender—the whole to make a pint of paste. Keep in a well-covered vessel.

**A NOVEL METHOD OF MAKING BUTTER.**—At Hougham, says the *Stamford Mercury*, a farmer's wife ties up her cream in a linen cloth, buries it for twenty-four hours in a damp corner of her garden, empties it into a bowl, stirs it with a spoon, and the butter and buttermilk separate. Her butter is said to be sweeter than that which is made by churning.

**RECIPE FOR KEEPING BUTTER SWEET TO THE LAST.**—Place a stout linen cloth, completely soaked in strong salt pickle, on a table of the size at least of the butter vessel, be that firkin, tub or crock, the cloth to be large enough to cover the butter entirely; turn out the butter on to the cloth, taking care not to interfere with the shape it has received from the vessel it has been cured in; wrap the cloth close round the butter, so as to exclude air from every part of it, except the top, over which place a separate piece of linen cloth, also well soaked with salt pickle. This will preserve the butter, and be easy of access for daily use. Let this be fairly tried by those who find butter get strong-tasted or spoiled in firkins or tubs, through the sides of which the air can come, as these vessels are not made airtight. This comes from an excellent practical housekeeper.

The following is the best composition for congreve matches:—Powdered chlorate of potassa, 30 parts; powdered brimstone, 10; sugar, 8; gum arabic, 5; cinabar, 1. The sugar, gum, and salt, are first rubbed together into a paste, with a sufficiency of water; the sulphur is then added, and the whole being thoroughly beaten together, small

brimstone matches are dipped in, so as to retain a thin coat of the mixture upon their sulphuretted points. They should be dry before they are used. Fuses, or slips of paper dipped in a solution of saltpetre, are made in the same manner.

Run the paper with a mixture of equal parts of oil of turpentine and neats-oil, and dry it immediately by rubbing it with wheat flour. Then hang it on a line for twenty-four hours. If washed over with ox-gall, and dried, it will admit of being written on with ink; or water-colors may be used. This is the best receipt for tracing-paper.

A COMPOSITION of marble, flint, chalk, lime, and water, denominated vitruvian cement, when dry, is capable of being brought to a high state of polish. The proportions are one part of pulverized marble, one part of pulverized flint, and one part of chalk, mixed together, and sifted through a very fine sieve; to this is to be added one other part of lime which has been slacked at least three months. A sufficient quantity of water is to be added to make the whole into a thin paste, and in that state is to be spread as thinly as possible over a coarse ground, and brought to a smooth surface by the trowel. This cement, when dry, may be polished with pulverized Venetian talc.

JASMINE water is thus made:—Take six pounds of the white sweet almond cakes, from which jasmine oil has been made; beat and sift them to a fine powder, and put to it as much fresh oil of jasmine as will be required to make it into a stiff paste. Let this paste be dissolved in about six quarts of spring water, which has been previously well boiled, and left until it has become about half cold. Stir and mix the whole well together: and when the oil and water have been well combined, let the whole stand until the powder has fallen to the bottom of the vessel. Now pour the liquid off gently, and filter it through cotton, in a large tin funnel, into the glass bottle in which it is to be kept for use.

WATER that has been distilled is the softest of all waters, therefore the best adapted for drinking in cases of sickness and for infusions; but as a still is rarely ready at hand, water of the same quality may be obtained by the easy method of fixing a tin pipe, about four feet long, to the spout of any common kettle, and placing the other end of it into a decanter placed in a tub of cold water. The liquid, as it drops, must be kept cool by frequently changing the water in which the decanter is placed. Distilled water is now recommended in gout and diseases of the kidneys. The taste being flat and not agreeable, it should be poured from one vessel into another before use.

The following was the mode of embalming employed for the body of Cardinal Duke d'Isaori: The viscera were taken from their cavities and plunged into spirits of wine, saturated with corrosive sublimate, and the carotid, axillary, and femoral arteries were injected with the same liquid. The viscera were then replaced, and the body, wrapped in glutinous bands, was dressed in the robes, and with all the insignia of a cardinal, placed in a coffin with various aromatic powders. Under the pillow, upon which the head rests, is a little leaden chest, containing medals, with the effigy of the pope from whom the duke received the dignity of cardinal, as also of the reigning pope, and one with the date of his decease, and the enumeration of his dignities.

Stones blue and flannel will make white satin look nearly new, especially if rubbed afterwards with crumbs of bread.

SOYER'S pea-soup is thus made:—Have a quarter of a pound of fat bacon; or take a leg of beef, veal, or pork, cut it into dice; peel and slice two good-sized onions, or three small ones, fry them with the meat until slightly brown; then add half a pound of vegetables, either carrots or turnips well washed, but not peeled, also leeks or any other vegetables which you fry gently; then add one pound of yellow peas, previously soaked some hours, and eight quarts of water, three ounces of salt, half an ounce of brown sugar; let the whole boil gently for two hours, stirring it now and then. Put into a stew-pan half a pound of common flour, mix into a liquid paste quite smooth, with cold water, and pour it into your soup, stirring the contents with a wooden spoon so as to mix it well; boil again a quarter of an hour and serve. If warmed up the day following, it will be improved in quality, merely, requiring to be warmed slowly, and stirred now and then before using.

If you have anything drawn or written with a lead pencil that you wish to preserve from rubbing out, dip the paper into a dish of skimmed milk. Then dry it and iron it on the wrong side. In ironing paper, do not let the iron rest a moment, but go over it as rapidly as possible.



## OUR DRAMATIC GALLERY.

## John Lester Wallack.

We have selected the subject of this memoir for our Dramatic Gallery, because his family has shed a lustre upon the stage surpassed by scarcely any other known to the theatrical world. Wallack's Theatre is, undoubtedly, one of the most perfectly arranged and best conducted establishments in the world; and James Wallack, the lessee, is perhaps the only man living who could combine so many elements of success in one establishment. Himself one of the best, if not the very best actor on the stage, a gentleman of the most refined habits and education, his company has been made up of kindred materials. Thus it happens that a tone of the most perfect refinement pervades every representation given in this beautiful theatre. Here we have wit without coarseness; humor that is delicate without being broad, and sprightliness that charms and never offends; true pathos, and passion without rant. In producing this state of things, we are convinced John Lester Wallack is a most valuable auxiliary, and that the father's designs find a prompt response in the action of the son.

As a genteel comedian, Mr. Lester is the star and light of a stage where inferiority in any part is unknown. With a person singularly graceful, and a face calculated to express all the fine emotions, equally with passionate ones, he has every advantage of intellect and person that can generally be desired. We hold him at this moment second to no man on the stage as an elegant light comedian, and, in touching melo-drama, the highest praise we have to bestow is, that no man living more nearly approaches the excellence of his celebrated father. In juvenile tragedy, too, he has made a deep impression on the public; and as his talent deepens into sterner strength, we shall not be surprised to see him treading in his father's footsteps, in the fame, but with a force and originality all his own.

This gentleman is the son of Mr. James Wallack, lessee of Wallack's Theatre, New York, and his wife Georgiana, daughter of the celebrated Irish Johnson. He was born in Hudson street, New York, Dec. 30, 1819, during the first visit of Mr. and Mrs. Wallack to America. His distinguished parents returned with him to England when he was six months old, where he was educated. At the age of nineteen he visited the United States—his native land—in company with his father and younger brother Henry, now a captain in the British army. His father was then lessee of the National Theatre, on the corner of Church and Leonard streets. After remaining a few months in New York, young Wallack returned to England, and shortly after appeared, for the first time, as an actor at the Theatre Royal, Bath.

Young Wallack, or Lester, the name by which he is best known on the stage (to which he has become an honor and an ornament), made his first appearance as an amateur in N. P. Willis's play of "Tortosa." Thus paying a well-chosen compliment to

the country of his birth in the old land of his fathers.

At the age of twenty-three, perfected in his education, and matured in mind, he deliberately selected the stage as a profession. His first step in that profession was taken in the Theatre Royal, Dublin, where he appeared under the name to which he has attached no ordinary reputation—that of "Lester." His reasons for assuming this name were at once independent and judicious. With the intuitive delicacy which belongs to real genius, he wished to claim no popularity on the prestige of a name that has given more stars to the profession than almost any one connected with the drama. To his father's advice and counsel he was undoubtedly indebted for that thorough tuition and severe training that can alone lead to success. But the young man possessed a laudable desire to *earn his own reputation*, an ambition that has nobly attained its end. Besides, with so many distinguished actors by the name of Wallack upon the stage, there was danger of creating confusion in the public mind. Thus it happened that young Wallack appeared under a baptismal name instead of the celebrated one to which he had a right.

With the determination to *really learn his business*, he began by playing short parts, such as Captain Beaugard in "The Review," and others of less importance, for a season. His progress was rapid and fortunate. At the end of his Dublin engagement he went to Southampton, and in a short time was entrusted with Laertes, Richmond, Rolando (in "The Honey Moon"), &c. From thence he went to Edinburgh, under Mr. Murray's management, to undertake the principal light comedy. He then went to Liverpool, and became an immense favorite both there and in Manchester, where he was invited by Mr. Sloan, lessee of the Queen's Theatre, to act, in conjunction with Mr. C. Mathews and Madame Vestris, such parts as Millamour, Doricourt, Sir B. Backbite, and the Duke de Chartres; with the Misses Cushman—Mercutio and Ruy Gomez, and with Miss Ellen Faucit, Benedick.

Mathews was so well pleased with the young actor, that he made an effort to obtain him for the leading business of the Lyceum Theatre, for which he was negotiating; but he was forestalled by Webster, of the Haymarket, and in 1847 he appeared, for the first time in London, as Don Rafael, in the comic drama of "The Little Devil." The reception was enthusiastic. He was called out between the second and third acts. The press was unanimous in his praise. But the fame of an American can only be completed on American soil, and among his own countrymen.

When Mr. Barrett went to London to procure a company for the Broadway Theatre, one of his first engagements was with Lester, who appeared on the first night of the opening in the character of Sir Charles Coldestream, in the comedy of "Used Up." We need not say that he was cordially received, and rapidly became a favorite with the New York public. At the Broadway, at Burton's, and now at his father's (Wallack's) theatre, Broadway, he has gathered laurels all his own; and few more popular men, professionally or socially, can be found on or off the stage.

WHO IS WHITE?—A correspondent of the "New York Times" starts the question of the effect and meaning of the term *white* in the naturalization laws. Is it intended to exclude from citizenship all but men of Caucasian race? Does it extend to Chinese, Hindoos, American Indians; or is the restriction limited to persons of negro blood? The large immigration of Chinese into California is likely to give practical importance to this question. Two cases are mentioned in which naturalization papers have been granted to Chinese.

THE GENIUS OF WOMAN.—Women certainly are fortunate in a turn for the microscopic or minute, and for these occupations which can be performed while sitting still or which require movement in a limited circle only. Their Clariassa-like genius for weaving page after page of letter-writing; or, in other words for that interminable piece of chequer-work, dark and formidable, the crossed letter—ever extending it unsparingly in whatever corner the white surface of the paper still shows itself, down to the last crossed line of the last page—is quite an immediate blessing of heaven; while their talent for forming friendships with birds and gold-fish, and for administering slops and flattery to the young of animals, as if they were young children; their incredible patience under any infliction of plants or flowers, which they will sometimes meditate and regard as if they were endeavoring to pass the bounds of human knowledge, and to enter the mystery of vegetable life; and their great instinct for making themselves endlessly happy with the vast subject of dress—are endowments which must be referred to the same category. These resources are their salvation in many strange situations, in which it would go hard, we suspect, with male faculties.

OTTO OF ROSES.—The rose-gardens of Ghazepore are fields in which small rose-bushes are planted in rows. In the morning they are red with blossoms, but these are all gathered before mid-day, and their leaves distilled in clay stills, with twice their weight of water. The water which comes over is placed in open vessels, covered with a moist muslin cloth to keep out dust and flies, and exposed all night to the cool air or to artificial cold—as we set out milk to throw out its cream. In the morning, a thin film of oil has collected on the top, which is swept off with a feather, and carefully transferred to a small phial. This is repeated night after night, till nearly the whole of the oil is separated from the water. Twenty thousand roses are required to yield a rupee weight of oil, which sells for \$50. Pure attar of roses is therefore rarely to be met with. That which is sold in the Indian bazaars is adulterated with sandal-wood oil, or diluted with sweet salad oils. What we obtain in Europe is generally still more diluted, as the price we usually give for it sufficiently shows.

WHENEVER we drink too deeply of pleasures we find a sediment at the bottom which pollutes and embitters what we relish at first.



JONES'S SHOWER-BATH.—(See page 306.)





### DISTRESSING RESULT OF EATING TURKEY DAY AFTER DAY.

THE POOR OLD PARTY HAS COME OUT ALL OVER FEATHERS.

**A GREAT LIE.**—"A great lie," says the poet Crabbe, "is like a great fish on dry land; it may fret and fling, and make a frightful bother, but it cannot hurt you. You have only to keep still, and it will die of itself."

**A DUTCHMAN'S IDEA OF THE DAY OF JUDGMENT.**—Two Dutchmen travelling, camped together at night. Being much wearied by their day's march, they soon fell asleep. After they had slept some time, one of them was awakened by a thunder-storm. He got up much affrighted, and called to his companion to arise, as the day of judgment was come. "Lie down, lie down, you fool!" said the other; "do you think as how the day of judgment should come in the night?"

#### ORIGINAL CONUNDRUMS.

**WHY** is it impossible that there should be one best horse in the world? Because at every race-course you'll find a better.

**WHEN** may two people be said to be half-witted? When they have an understanding between them.

**WHY** is the Duke of Cambridge like a wandering mender of kettles and pans who has left off business?—Because he was once a tinker man (at Inkermann.)

**MANY** people drop a tear at the sight of distress who would do better to drop a sixpence.

"I can marry any girl I please," said a young fellow, boastfully.—"Very true," replied a wag, "for you can't please any."

Queen Victoria has conferred the Order of the Garter on three of her eurls—Aberdeen, Carlisle, Ellesmere—regarding them as a threefold A. C. E. of trumps!

The following advertisement appeared lately in a provincial paper: Wanted a man and his wife to look after a farm, and a dairy with a religious turn of mind without incumbence.

Cash helps along courting amazingly. Astonishing what balls and suppers, bracelets, "love of a bonnet," suburban rides and picnics, will do towards expanding the feminine heart, and getting into the father's house.

Hard times produce one good thing: they check gossiping. Mrs. Clacker has only "had company" once since last summer. The consequence is, that the neighbors' characters stand higher than they had done for the last five years.

**TOAST FOR ALL PARTIES.**—To Miss Nightingale, and all the ladies of the Crimea—except Miss Management.

**STANDING FIRE.**—*Officer*: "Didn't you guarantee, sir, that the horse wouldn't shy before the fire of an enemy?" *Horse-dealer*: "No more he won't. 'Tisn't till after the fire that he shies."

A young man was frequently cautioned by his father, a farmer, to vote for "measures, not men." He promised to do so, but soon after voted for Mr. Miles. His father, astonished at his voting for a man whom he deemed objectionable, inquired his reasons for doing so. "Surely, father," said the youth, "you told me to vote for measures, and if Miles are not measures, I don't know what is!"



### PRIZE SHANGHAI'S,

RECENTLY EXHIBITED IN BROADWAY.

**WHEN** may a man be said to have a *fishy* origin? When his father was a good soul, and his mother a common place.

**IMPERIAL TRICKERY.**—There has been so much talk as to what the "four pints" mean, and as to what they do not mean, that many begin to think the brewers of them will attempt to pass a *bad measure*.

**THE LIGHTNING LADS.**—The electric boys make queer work now and then with the telegraph. One day lately, news was received in the north of England of a Russian order for the enlistment of some thousands of serfs. Dipping his pen into the stand, young Electric Fluid wrote down "seraphs" and posted the celestial intelligence in the public news-room.

**MONEY VERY DIFFICULT TO GET CHANGED.**—Matrimony.

The attempt to wash flannel with soap-stone has failed. The gentleman who started the idea is now teaching weather-cocks to crow. We shall watch his progress with some interest.

An eminent London speculator, in witnessing the brilliant success of the electric light, as recently employed in Paris for the illumination of the night-works at the Louvre, was heard to exclaim, with deep feeling, "By Jove! all I've got to say is, if I held any shares in the moon, I'd sell out!"

One of the deacons in Edward Day's church asked him if he usually kissed the bride at weddings.—"Always," was the reply.—"And how do you manage when the happy pair are negroes?" was the deacon's next question.—"In all such cases," replied Mr. Day, "the duty of kissing is appointed to the deacons."

Charles Fox and his friend Mr. Hare, both much incommoded by duns, were together in a house, when, seeing some shabby men about the door, they were afraid they were bailiffs in search of one of them. Not knowing which was in danger, Fox opened the window, and calling to them, said, "Pray, gentlemen, are you fox-hunting, or hare-hunting?"

**TRUE ENOUGH.**—It is not the height to which men are advanced that makes them giddy; it is the looking down with contempt upon those below them.

**CONTENTMENT.**—It is always best to put up with the first loss; for instance, when a person loses his hair.



### THE NOSE COMFORTER.

*Sensible man, (who despises conventionality):* "HAH! THE WORLD MAY SMILE, BUT IT'S VERY WARM AND COMFORTABLE."

### Facetia.

A FACETIOUS boy asked one of his playmates, "Why a hardware dealer was like a bootmaker?" The latter, somewhat puzzled, gave it up. "Why" said the other, "the one sold the nails, and the other nailed the soles!"

EMBARRASSMENT.—A gentleman meeting one of his friends who was insolvent, expressed great concern for his embarrassment. "You are mistaken, my dear sir," was the reply, "it is not I—it is my creditors who are embarrassed."

PROMPT DISMISSAL.—"The fire is going out, Miss Filkins." "I know it, Mr. Green; and if you would act wisely, you would follow its example." It is quite unnecessary to add, that Green never "axed to set up" with that girl again.

WHEN A MAN IS WOUND UP.—An old author quaintly remarks: Avoid arguments with ladies. In spinning yarn among silks and satins, a man is sure to be *worsted* and *twisted*. And when a man is worsted and twisted, he may consider himself *wound up*.

ROMANCE AND MATRIMONY.—It is extraordinary how dreadfully unromantic a little dose of matrimony makes people. When girls get married they are obliged incontinent to substitute mutton for moonlight, shirt buttons for stars and bowers, dumplings and darning for drooping lashes and dewy smiles, potatoes and pickling for plays, beef and brooms for blushes and bird cages, feather-brushes and wash-tubs for flirting.

COOL, IF NOT COMFORTABLE.—On one occasion, when Lord Metcalfe was sitting after dinner with his secretary in Jamaica, a shock of an earthquake was felt, so severe as to throw down the decanters on the table. Amidst the general alarm created by this convulsion of nature, Metcalfe remained unmoved. "My good fellow," he said, calmly, to his secretary, with the placid smile, which was seldom absent, still upon his face, "don't be alarmed, it is only an earthquake!"

A CHINAMAN'S NOTION OF QUEEN VICTORIA AND PETTICOAT GOVERNMENT.—Ki-Chan, the commissioner who concluded the peace with England in 1840, for which he was afterwards disgraced, thus spoke of her Majesty and Prince Albert to the French missionaries, MM. Huc and Gabet, on falling in with them in Thibet, during his embassy there: "It appears," said he, "that this woman has great abilities, but her husband, in my opinion, plays a very ridiculous part; she does not let him meddle with anything. She laid out for him a magnificent garden full of fruit trees and flowers of all sorts, and there he is always shut up, passing his time walking about."

OCULAR DEMONSTRATION.—At the period to which I have been previously alluding, a very celebrated dissenting preacher, by the name of Robinson, was officiating at the chapel in St. Andrew's street. My friend Musgrave sometimes went to hear him, and used to relate to me many anecdotes connected with him. I will insert the following: Upon one occasion, when he was preaching, he dropped the immediate subject of his discourse, and made this observation: "It is a rule with me never to use an expression which the humblest of my hearers cannot understand. I have just made use of the term 'ocular demonstration.' I will explain it to you. I look into the table pew, and I see a young man, in a blue coat and scarlet waistcoat, fast asleep." On pronouncing the last two words he raised his voice considerably, and all eyes being attracted to the unfortunate sleeper, he added, in a lower tone, "Of that I have ocular demonstration." He then resumed his discourse in his accustomed manner.

A DAUGHTER OF EVE.—"Why, Sarah," remarked a schoolmaster to a young girl who had failed to give a satisfactory answer to a question in arithmetic, "when I was of your age I could answer any question in arithmetic that was asked me." "I you please, sir, I can give you a question I don't think you can answer." "What is it, Sarah?" "Why, suppose one apple caused the ruin of the whole human race, how many such apples would it take to make a barrel of cider?" Schoolmaster fainted.

THE CLOAK OF RELIGION.—It is to be known sometimes by the *fine nap* it has during sermon-time.

RUINS.—You never saw a ruin without ivy—you never saw a ruined man but he had a lawyer clinging round him.

THE ONLY weed a man likes to see in his garden is a good cigar, when it happens to be in his own mouth.

A WRITER ON SWEARING says that an oath from a woman is unnatural and discreditable, and he would as soon expect a bullet from a rosebud.

### THE FLEETS FAREWELL TO THE BALTIC.

For the winter we quit, to return with the swallow, And then—heaven only knows what is to follow!

LAWKS A MERCY.—The name of the British chaplain still resident at St. Petersburg is the Reverend O. Law! His name is naturally enough in the mouth of such of his fellow-countrymen as are obliged to remain in Russia, when they hear unfavorable news through the Russian press, and as plenty of it is fabricated, the reverend gentleman, under the denomination of O. Law! is wanted pretty frequently.

CHOOSE THE LEAST.—Mentschikoff: Now mind, all I have to say is this: if you allow Sebastopol to be taken, some of you will have to take the news to the Emperor.

We know a man who is so lavish in giving away, that he can't even keep his word.

VULGAR DEFINITION OF A TEETOTALLER.—A drunkard convinced against his (s) will.

NIGHTINGALES FOR THE EAST.—The English have sent some dear nightingales to nurse their sick soldiers. Punch would not much wonder if some of the nightingales, in due time, became ringdoves.

WIN IT AND WEAR IT.—It is stated that a soldier of the Rifle Brigade picked off thirty-three Russians at the battle of Alma. Considering the position which this gallant fellow's skill and proficiency has acquired for him in his profession, he may fairly be called a "shooting star."

A PROVERB ILLUSTRATED.—Idleness, they say, "clothes a man with rags." By this we see that idleness is not only in itself an unprofitable practice, but that the effects of it give us a "bad habit."

SIMPLY A DIFFERENT WAY OF THINKING.—The allies certainly cannot be accused of avarice; because, when Mentschikoff came forward and offered them a check on the banks of the Alma, they not only declined to accept it, but presented him with a larger amount of metallic currency than he very well knew what to do with; seeing, however, so much of it, he thought it a pity it should go to waste, and therefore determined to make a bolt of it.

VERY GOOD OF THE DOCTOR.—Dr. Johnson's ear in respect of the power of appreciating musical sounds was remarkably defective; nevertheless he possessed a sense of harmonic composition that gave him an unconquerable distaste to all unmeaning flourish and rapidity of execution. Being one night at a concert, where an elaborate and florid concerto on the violin was performed, after it was over, he asked a gentleman who sat near him what it meant. The question somewhat puzzled the amateur, who could only say that it was very difficult. "Difficult!" answered the learned auditor; "I wish it had been impossible!"

SING IT.—On board of a Nantucket whale-ship, which was cruising several years since on the Pacific, there was a character whose humors, actions, and remarks were the pastime of the entire ship's company. He was somewhat of a poet withal, and was besides afflicted with an impediment in his speech. This, however, only had the tendency to make him the more amusing. One day, while the ship was running along before a five-knot breeze, the cook fell overboard. Our stuttering friend noticed the accident, and, in great trepidation, rushed to the cabin companion-way, and thrust down his head, to give the information to the captain. "Ca-Ca-Cap'n-Cap'n," said he, with all sorts of contortions of face, "te-te-te-de-dē-ph-ph-th!" but in his hurry he couldn't articulate a single word to save his life. "Well," roared the captain, "if you can't say it, sing it, you fool!" "Be-be-be-be—

—Overboard is Barnabus,  
And half a mile astern of us!"

at last shouted he, and capered round the deck like a madman, to the no small amusement of the sailors, notwithstanding they felt that a man was overboard, struggling for his life.

### A GLANCE TOWARDS EARTH.

Dear girl, don't carry your head so high,  
Your sweet lip provokingly mocking,  
The fire of pride lighting up your eye,  
With that big hole in your stocking.

GOOD.—If your means suit not your ends, pursue those ends which suit with your means.

AMERICAN LAW.—An editor, away down east, who served four days on a jury, says he is so full of law that it is hard work for him to keep from cheating somebody.

EVERYBODY has heard of the famous echo of the Irishman, which, when interrogated, "How d'ye do?" would answer, "Pretty well, I thank you;" but we know of a real echo, which, if you ask it, "What remedy is there for the evils under which we labor?" invariably answers, "Labor!"

The late Lady Blessington, who should have been well informed on the subject, observed that no woman who was formed to excite general admiration was capable of conferring individual happiness.

WE PAUSE FOR A REPLY.—Why can't a man speak of Shakespeare without alluding to him as the "Bard of Avon," or "Immortal Will!" How is it that you can't take a young lady's album (supposing such a happily exploded nuisance extant), without her being down on you for an "Acrostic" or an "Impromptu?" Why do amateur yachtsmen think it "the thing" to whistle abstractedly, and gaze idiotically in "the wind's eye?" Why can't a young lady sit down to the piano without an additional accompaniment to her song in the shape of "such a dreadful cold!" How is it that young ladies of florid complexion incline to pink bonnets? and again, those of unusual paleness affect those of cerulean tint? Why can't a man lend his countenance to the moustache movement without ascribing to his "airy nothing" sanitary virtues? How is it that young ladies can't retire to rest without searching under their "four-posters" for imaginary housebreakers? How is it that musical geniuses can't refrain from playing imaginary pianos, at dull intervals, at crowded dinner parties? Why can't young ladies abstain from kissing babies frantically before strangers? Why can't a man visit Paris without returning with a supernatural tooth brush, in the guise of a moustache? How does it happen that whenever you chance to stop out late, upon your retiring as quietly as possible, every door creaks ten times as much as usual, and the stairs go off like parks of artillery?

THE newly-appointed president of the Society for Advance of the Art is Professor Kiss! We suppose there is some art in a kiss if properly managed, therefore young ladies should embrace the opportunity of sitting to the eminent sculptor of the Amazon.

A CAMP JOKE.—It is humorously said that there ought to be plenty of women in the camp, for each night the Russians come out with a fresh "Sally."

TWO SORTS OF POLICE.—The Detective and the Defective.

A RUSSIAN CROSS.—Nicholas, in his manifesto, says "the Cross in our hearts." If it is for bayoneting our wounded soldiers, we are glad of it, since it may be intended as a sign of repentance, or as a confession of guilt—for we know it is the custom abroad to erect a Cross wherever a murder has been committed.

WOMAN IT IS.—A work has been recently advertised under the title of *Woman: in Eight Chaps*. We should like to know whether the author includes Old women in Cathedral chapters among the subjects of his book. We are afraid that enough is not made of the material—for woman is suggestive to our minds of a much larger variety than can be comprehended within ordinary limits, and it seems really unwarrantable to reduce Woman to such a very mean allowance as Eight Chaps. Surely we have seen Woman under at least twenty different heads—or under twenty different bonnets, which is much the same thing—during the last few years.

CLOSE APPROXIMATION.—Mrs. Partington, on being asked respecting a pair of twins with which she was said to have been recently blessed, replied, that if such was the fact, it needn't be wondered at—for she belonged to a very growing family; and though none of 'em had had twins, yet several of 'em had come within one of it.

HIS NATIVE ELEMENT.—A milkman, serving a customer, surprised him by emptying a frog into the basin. "What's this you're giving me?" exclaimed the favoured individual. The unlucky vender protested that the frog was not put in the can by him. "Then," was the bitter reply, "if he jumped in himself, he must have mistaken it for a pond!"

PULPIT POSTSCRIPT.—A negro minister was closing his prayer, when some white boys in the corner had the ill manners to laugh—so that the sable suppliant heard them. He had said but a moment before, and very earnestly: Bress all dat is human," when the laugh occurred; and commencing again just before the Amen, the pious old negro said: O Lord we are not in the habit of adding postscripts to our prayer, but if the 'spression "Bress all dat is human," won't take in dese wicked white fellers, den we pray dat de Lord will bress some dat ain't human, also besides."

THE PERFECTION OF LOVE.—Mrs. S.—, on receiving news reverse to her expectations from her husband, gave him a smack in the face. He calmly said: "Betsy, have you no fear at all?" when she promptly replied: "Perfect love casteth out fear!"

WHEN is the weather most like a crockery shop? When it's muggy.



**ROAST POTATOES.**—Put your potatoes under the stove and rake hot embers over them. While they are cooking, get as much butter as the commissariat will allow you, and put it on a clean dish—or a dirty one, with half a sheet of writing-paper on it (indeed, in an extreme case, the writing-paper will enable you to dispense with the dish altogether.) Taste the butter, but don't eat it all up till the potatoes are done. Great care will be required for the observance of the latter regulation. Cut the butter into dice of from six to seven-eighths of a cubic inch. When the potatoes are done, cut them open and insert a dice of butter in each closing the potato rapidly to prevent evaporation. Eat with pepper and salt, or whatever you can get.

**ANOTHER METHOD.**—If you can't get any butter, do without it.

**TIT FOR TAT.**—The stipend of a minister of the Scotch Established Church is often paid partly in grain, as witness the following colloquy related by Dr. Aiton:—"William, you must bring me better grain; I can't sell it, it is so bad."—"It's just what the land produces, sir, and I have naething else to gie."—"But then you are a bad farmer, William; you must farm better."—"Tut, sir; tut, sir—that's no civil—I'll not take that off your hawn; I attend your kirk, and you gie just what the land produces, and I dinna fin' fault—I dinna tell you that you are a bad preacher, although you tell me I am a bad farmer; but if I was to step into the Burgher house, I might get baith bigger measure and corn better dighted. If ye'll caw the weak corn and cauf out of your sermons, I'll put my corn ance mair thro' the fanners."

**A COLD REPLY.**—A young gentleman, after supper, at a ball, was lounging in a recess of the room, chatting with a pretty and witty young lady, who was an old acquaintance. He wrote on a slip of paper, "What will be the consequence if I kiss you?" The demiselle walked towards a neighboring sideboard, and, returning, presented the youth with an ice cream. (I scream.)

**A GOOD THING FOR EARLY RISING.**—An excellent thing for the above desirable purpose is a good smoky chimney—a chimney that will not be cured of its evil practices. It will require, of course, constant sweeping, constant repairs, and constant alterations, and as chimney-sweeps and bricklayers generally come the first thing in the morning, and are rather clever than otherwise in making a deal of noise over their avocations, you will find it exceedingly difficult to get a wink of sleep after five or six o'clock. The beauty, too, of a good smoky chimney is, that the more it is cured the more confirmed it usually becomes in its depraved habits, so that you may rely upon being favored at least once or twice a week with the above strong inducements for early rising. Profit by them.

**MISERIES.**—1. On coming into the room, frost-bitten—attempting to stir a very compact fire with a red-hot poker, which from being worn to a thread towards the bottom, bends double at the slightest touch, without discomposing a coal. 2. Raising them too much when the grate is overcharged; and so, notwithstanding all our caution, disposing the live coals over the carpet, and among the petticoats of the ladies.

A late witty member of the Scottish bench was one Sunday recently in church, when he heard a sermon which only breathed fulminations and abuse against the great enemy of mankind. After listening patiently to the tirade until its close, the judge, with the feelings of a counsel still strong within him, softly whispered to his friend who sat next him in the pew, "I should like to be heard on the other side."

**BARE-FACED FALSEHOOD.**—Fibs told by the ladies in the present style of bonnets.

**Bald headed Husband:** "Just take a magnifying glass, ducky, and just see if there's any young hairs a-sprouting. I've just finished the seventh bottle of the restorative, and worn out three hair brushes rubbing it in." **Wife:** "Goodness gracious, Nicodemus, there ain't no more hair on your head than there is on the cover of our old copper tea-kettle."

We fully anticipate that one more great mistake will be made in managing matters in the Crimea. We are in daily expectation of hearing that all the plum puddings which have been sent out there for the troops, have been fired away under the idea that they were round shot.

**FASHION.**—There is no end to the vagaries of fashion. It is now said that the next style will be to wear bonnets on the head. The ladies will scarcely be recognised by their intimate friends.

A little fellow, who had just commenced reading the papers, asked his father if the word "Hon" prefixed to the name of Mr. —, the Member of Parliament, meant "honest?" That little fellow had a mind for investigation.

**UNLIMITED CONFIDENCE.**—Sitting down to Loo without a shilling.

**WHY** is a grape-vine like a recruit?—Because it is "listed, and trained to shoot."

A lady asked a veteran which rifle carried the maximum distance?—The old chap answered, "The *Minie's* mum."

An old lady being late at church entered as the congregation were rising from prayer. "La!" said she, curtseying, "don't get up on my account."

An evening paper the other day (in consequence of a printer's error,) announced that the "inhabitants of London suffer at present from a high rate of *morality*."

"Father," said a juvenile to his paternal guardian, who had the bad habit of alternating from piety to profanity, "I do think you ought to stop praying or swearing—I don't care which."

We have often heard it said, but never met with it in the form of a proverb before the other day, in an old German rhyme:—

A dinner party must never be over nine nor under three.

"I see you are in black," said a friend of ours, the other day. "Are you in mourning for a friend, Thomas?"—"No, I am in mourning for my sins." "I never heard you had lost any," was the instant and keen reply.

A British soldier (it is not necessary to mention his nationality) in the trenches before Sebastopol, was cautioned that a small party of Russians were in ambush close by. "By my sowl, I'm glad to hear it; a ham bush close by I let's go and take it, boys; I've got six illigant 'tators, and sure the meat will be a mighty fine relish!" When the matter was explained to him he said he'd been gammoned.

As a newly-arrived and freshly-mounted officer was riding along one of the narrow paths to the camp at Sebastopol, he called out to a man who was toiling along with a sack of biscuit on his shoulders, the last of a long file similarly engaged, "Now, then, soldier, out of the way, if you please." The man turned his head round, and, with an expression never to be forgotten, exclaimed, "Soger, indeed! Faix, we're no sogers! we're only poor broken-downould commissariat mules!"

**A NEW FAMILY TIME-PIECE.**—Adapted for *Kitchens, Servants' Halls, Larders, &c.*—In China according to the missionary M. Hue, it seems to be the fashion to tell the time by looking at the eyes of the cat; and we have no doubt that in England also the mistress of an establishment, by descending occasionally into the kitchen, and watching a little the movements of that great *Edax Rerum*, ("Consumer of things,") the cat, would be all the better enabled to tell "What's o'clock?"

**VANITY.**—Rossini wrote to his mother: I am the handsomest young man in Italy and Canova wishes to represent me in marble with as little drapery as Ajax, the son of Telemon! The letter was superscribed: "To the very celebrated and honored Madame Rossini, own Mother to the great maestro Rossini."

**A DUELING ANECDOTE.**—Two Spanish officers met to fight a duel, outside the gates of Bilbao, after the seconds had failed to reconcile the belligerents. "We wish to fight—to fight to death," they replied to the representations of their companions. At this moment, a poor fellow, looking like the ghost of Romeo's apothecary, approached the seconds, and in a lamentable voice said:—"Gentlemen, I am a poor artisan, with a large family, and would—" "My good man, don't trouble us now," cried one of the officers, "don't you see that my friends are going to engage each other? We are not in a Christian humor."—"It is not alms I ask for," said the man; "I am a poor carpenter with eight children, and my wife is ill; and, having heard that those two gentlemen were about to kill each other, I thought of asking you to let me make the coffins." At these words the individuals about to commence the combat burst into a loud fit of laughter, and, simultaneously throwing down their swords, shook hands with each other, and walked away.

**SAMBO'S PRESCRIPTION.**—A gentleman in Alabama, exerting himself one day, felt a sudden pain, and, fearing his internal machinery had been thrown out of gear, sent for a negro on his plantation, who had made some pretensions to medical skill, to prescribe for him. The negro, having investigated the case, prepared and administered a dose to his patient with the utmost confidence of a speedy cure. No relief being experienced, however, the gentleman sent for a physician, who, on arriving, inquired of the negro what medicine he had given his master.—Bob promptly responded, "Rosin and alum, sir!"—"What did you give them for?" continued the doctor.—"Why," replied Bob, "de alum to draw de parts togedder, and de rosin to sodder um!"—The patient recovered accordingly.

At the Newcastle quarter sessions a question arose whether the building occupied by a Scotch draper was a shop, or simply a house. The Recorder Mr. Digby Seymour asked him, by way of test, if I were to walk in, and ask you for a yard of silk would you sell it me?" The canny Scot replied, "That would depend upon whether I thought I could trust ye."

While Dr. Samuel Johnson was courting his intended wife, in order to try her, he told her "that he had no property, and, moreover, he once had an uncle that was hanged." To which the lady replied—"That she had no more property than he had; and; as to her relatives although she never had one that was hanged, she had a great number that deserved to be!"

**A PLEASING PARADOX.**—When a young lady wishes to bring her engagement to an end, it is usually a circular termination that she sighs for.

**INDECLINABLE ARTICLES.**—A boy will decline a substantive, an adjective, or a pronoun; but he will never decline a blow-out at the candy stores.

**A REAL BLESSING TO MOTHERS.**—Couldn't somebody invent a soap which would enable mamma to get their daughters off their hands?

**COMPARATIVE OMNITHOLOGY.**—An old woman may be no chicken, but it does not follow that a young lady is one. Instead of being a chicken, she may be a goose.

**HOW TO PROVE A LOVER.**—In order to try your lover's affection for you, take an opportunity of dancing some evening continually with somebody else, or of otherwise flirting, whilst, in the meantime, you snub and slight him. If this conduct does not destroy his regard for you, he loves you indeed, sincerely; but he is a fool: and don't you have him.

**MEMORABLE EPOCHS.**—There are certain exciting epochs in a woman's life that are never forgotten; such as, for instance—the first time she carries a parasol, the first time receives a valentine, the first time she goes to an evening party, the first time a proposal is made to her, the first time she wears a velvet dress, and the first time she puts on the wedding-ring.

**NATURAL MISTAKE.**—An agricultural gentleman, in reading a fashionable newspaper, exploded in a guffaw. On being entreated to communicate the cause of his mirth, he pointed to the description of a "Marriage in High Life," in which the reporter stated, "we have been favored with a peep at the bride's *trousseau*." "To ha' 'em made at o'hand," the farmer said, "showed pretty well as how the lady had made up her mind to wear 'em afterwards."

**THE FATAL GIFT OF BEAUTY.**—Dr. Beeswax, in his *Essay on Women*, remarks with some truth, that "beauties generally die old maids." "They set such value on themselves," he says, "they don't find a purchaser until the market is closed. Out of a dozen beauties who have come out within the last eighteen years, eleven are still single; and they spend their days in working green dogs on yellow wool, while their evenings are devoted to low spirits and French novels."

**AN ILLUSION DISPELLED.**—A lawyer built himself an office in the form of a hexagon—six-sided. The novelty of the structure attracted the attention of some Irishmen who were passing by; they made a full stop, and viewed the building very critically. The lawyer, somewhat disgusted at their curiosity, lifted up the window, put his head out, and addressed them,—"What do ye stand there for like a pack of blockheads, gazing at my office; do you take it for a church?"—"Faix," answered one of them, "I was thinkin' so, till I saw the devil puke his head out of the windy!"

**IMPRUDENCE.**—"You'll come to want, I'm afraid," said an old lady to a fast young gentleman. "I have come to want already," was the prompt reply; "I want your daughter." The old lady screamed, then went into the next room and hysterics.

**A WIFE'S RIGHTS.**—"Wife," said a married man, looking for his boot-jack, after she was in bed, "I have a place for all things, and you ought to know it by this time."—"Yes," replied she, "I ought to know where you keep your late hours, but I don't."

**A FAIR REPLY.**—"I say, Cabby, I want to go into the middle of next week," said a very young gent, who was thought rather sharp by his friends; "what do you take me for?"—"Why, for a precious fool," said Cabby.

**DISTINCTION.**—A showman, exhibiting a picture, said, "Ladies and gentlemen, there is Daniel in the den of lions. These are the lions, and that is Daniel, whom you will easily distinguish from the lions by his having a *blue cotton umbrella* under his arm."





### GRAND ANTI-FILLIBUSTERING DEMONSTRATION ON THE ISLAND OF CUBA.

GENERAL CONCHA AND STAFF RECONNOITERING ON THE COAST. THE GENERAL IS DETERMINED TO LASSO P—E S—E, AND GAROTTE THE FILLIBUSTERS—IF HE CAN CATCH 'EM.

**THE FACTORY GIRLS.**—In one of the factories in Maine, recently, the proprietors reduced the wages, whereupon there was a general determination to *strike*; and as they were obliged to give a month's notice before quitting work, they have meanwhile issued a circular to the world at large, in which is the following interesting paragraph:—"We are now working out our *notice*, and shall soon be without employment; can turn our hands to 'most anything; don't like to be idle—but determined not to work for nothing where folks can afford to pay. Who wants help? We can make bonnets, dresses, puddings, pies, and cakes; patch, darn, knit, roast, stew, and fry; make butter and cheese, milk cows, feed chickens, and hoe corn; sweep out the kitchen, put the parlor to rights, make beds, split wood, kindle fires, wash and iron, besides being remarkably fond of babies; in fact, can do anything the most accomplished housewife is capable of—not forgetting the scoldings on Mondays and Saturdays. For specimens of spirit, will refer you to our overseer. Speak quick. Black eyes, fair foreheads, clustering locks, beautiful as a Hebe, can sing like a seraph, and smile most bewitchingly; an elderly gentleman in want of a good housekeeper or a nice young man in want of a wife—willing to sustain either character; in fact, we are in the market. Who bids? Going—gone—gone! Who's the lucky man?"

**EMIGRATION AND COLONIZATION.**—"Ma," said a young lady to her mother, the other day, "what is emigrating?"—*Mother*: "Emigrating, dear, is a young lady going to Australia."—*Daughter*: "What is colonizing, ma?"—*Mother*: "Colonizing, dear, is marrying there, and having a family."—*Daughter*: "Ma, I should like to go to Australia!"

**A POWERFUL BLISTER.**—"I say, Mr. Johnson, did you hear 'bout de catalepsy dat befel Phillise?"—"Of course I did—what was it?"—"You see, de doctor ordered a blister on her chist; well, as she hadn't no chist, no how, she puts un on de bandbox, and it drew her new pink bonnet out of shape, and spile un entirely."

"Come here, my dear—I want to ask you about your sister. Has she got a beau?" "No; the doctor says it's the jaundice she's got."

**Too LARGE.**—"Is there any danger from the boa constrictor?" said an enormous country farmer, as he drew back from the keeper who handled the creature with coolness. "Not to you, sir," replied the man, with a smile, "he never bites, he swallows his victims *whole*."

A young apprentice to the shoemaking business asked his master what answer he should give to the often-repeated question,—"Does your master warrant his shoes?"—"Answer, Thomas," said the master, "that I warrant them to prove good; and, if they don't, I'll make them good for nothing."

Among the list of penalties for the regulation of Queen Elizabeth's household, was the following: "That none toy with the maidens, on pain of fourpence."

**AUCTIONEER'S MOTTO.**—Come when you are bid, and bid when you come.

**FISHERMEN** must possess extraordinary medical powers, for they never attempt to cure a fish till he is dead.

A YOUTH with a turn for figures, had five eggs to boil; and being told to give them five minutes each, boiled them a quarter of an hour altogether!

"Go MARRY," is written on everything beautiful that the eye rests upon—beginning with birds of paradise, and leaving off with apple blossoms. Again we say, listen to the linnets, and fulfil the ends of your creation.

"This tenement to let, inquire next door." The place was in a wretched state of dilapidation; but Bannister inquired the rent, &c. These particulars gained, he asked: "Do you let anything with it?" "No!" was the reply. "Why do you ask that?" "Because, if you let it alone, it will tumble down!"

**A LAWYER'S OPINION OF LAW.**—A learned judge being once asked how he would act if a man owed him ten dollars, and refused to pay him: "Rather than bring an action," said he, "with its costs and uncertainty, I would give him a receipt, in full of all demands;" and, after a little rumination, he added: "Ay, and I would send him, moreover, five dollars to cover all possible costs."

The *Springfield Gazette* tells a good story about a clergyman, who lost his horse one Saturday evening. After hunting, in company with a boy, till midnight, he gave up in despair. The next day, somewhat dejected at his loss, he went into the pulpit, and took for his text the following passage from Job: "Oh, that I knew where I might find him!" The boy, who had just come in, supposing the horse was still the burthen of thought, cried out: "I know where he is—he's in Deacon Smith's barn!"

**How to GET IN.**—Allspice informs us that the surest way to fill a private apartment, whether in a printing-office, a cotton factory, or a sausage shop, with visitors, is to place over the door a placard, bearing the inscription: "No Admittance." He asseverates that no person ever read that prohibition over an entrance, without being instantly attacked by an ungovernable desire to rush right in.



### BARNUM'S GREAT NATIONAL BABY SHOW!!!

FOND PARENTS ANXIOUSLY AWAITING THE DECISION OF THE COMMITTEE.



# FRANK LESLIE'S NEW YORK JOURNAL

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## TEMPTATION.

*Continued from page 272.*

Both Marshall and Trevanian exchanged glances of mortification and rage: each mentally asked how far it might be prudent to quarrel with a man who possessed such extraordinary skill in the use of his weapon: they were not the only persons present to whom a similar question had presented itself.

Walter Trevanian muttered something about his having to ride to town to visit his banker.

"At your perfect convenience!" replied Clement Foster, coolly.

From the riding school the party adjourned to the

parade-ground, a general agreement being first entered into that the affair of the duel was to be kept strictly private, and, as a necessary consequence, the circumstances which led to it: by which clever contrivance, everything like exposure was avoided. Captain Marshall obtained credit for a generosity of conduct which he did not deserve; Colonel Barratt got rid of what might have proved an awkward inquiry, and Mortimer and our hero of further direct persecution. We say direct—for under the pretext of duty, every possible annoyance was inflicted; but so guarded were those who thus abused their authority, that it was impossible for their victims to resent it.

"Well, Marshall," said Colonel Barratt one day

after parade; "you will admit that my system is better than yours!"

"Perhaps!" replied the bully, doubtfully.

"There is no 'perhaps' in the case!" continued his superior. "Confess now—have we not harassed the young puppies in every way?"

"I should have preferred shooting them!"

"Wait!" replied the commander.

"Wait!" repeated the captain, with a look of astonishment.

"The regiment is about to be sent on active service, to join Wellington in the Peninsula," whispered the colonel. "Campaigning is very different from home quarters! No Horse Guards—no press to bully one there! Remember," he added, "This



FAREWELL INTERVIEW OF CLEMENT AND MISS WYNDHAM.

is in perfect confidence between us! *Now am I right?*"

"Quite!" replied Marshall. "I acknowledge the superiority of your tactics!"

The commanding officer smiled as he retired to his quarters. He had a little scheme of his own to carry out, in which he trusted to find his subaltern a useful agent. As it did not affect either his hero or Mortimer, it will be time enough to allude to it in its proper place.

On the evening of the day on which the duel had taken place, Walter Trevanian obtained a day's leave of absence, under pretext of business with his banker. Although the allowance he received from his father was a large one, it fell short of his expenditure. The sum he had so foolishly lost to Clement Foster was more than he could pay. He well knew that it was useless to apply to Lady Trevanian—he had long since exhausted both her patience and resources. His credit was at a heavy discount with money-brokers; and nothing was left for him but an appeal to the liberality of his father for an immediate advance. Unfortunately it was neither the first, second, nor third appeal, since he had entered the army, that his dissipation and extravagance had compelled him to make.

"Not a shilling!" said the baronet, sternly, after having heard his son's request. "I told you when I lately assisted you that it must be the last!"

"Then I must raise it by *post obit*!" replied the young man; "for the money I must and will have! I can endure anything rather than the sneer of the puppy to whom I lost."

"Gambling again?" sighed Sir Richard.

"You cannot expect me, my dear father, to act with your prudence and discernment! Experience is not to be purchased in a day or a year! The circumstances under which I lost it are so extraordinary, that had you been present you could scarcely have blamed me!"

"Met with an older hand than yourself, I presume?"

"Older and younger! Will you listen to me? The honor of your son—your *only son*," continued the Guardsman, "must be dear to you!"

"It has been dear to me!" replied his parent, in a sarcastic tone: "shall I run up the amount it has cost me? It is now rather more than three years since you entered the army, during which time I have thrice paid your debts—allowed you—"

"I am perfectly aware of your liberality, and my own folly!" interrupted Walter Trevanian; "but if you will only hear me patiently, I flatter myself I can convince you that in the present affair, at least, I am not so much to blame!"

The baronet declared that he was perfectly prepared to hear any statement he chose to make—mentally reserving to himself, no doubt, the right to believe just as much of it as he thought proper. At first he listened with cold but polite attention—for, to do him justice, the manners of the ex-diplomat were unexceptionable. At the name of Clement Foster, he betrayed signs of considerable interest.

"The son of the baronet?" he demanded.

"The son of some rascally old lawyer in the Temple!" replied Walter; "who, having more money and pride than common sense, has forced his hopeful cub into the service! You see, sir," he added, in a tone half-submissive and half-remonstrative, "the impossibility of my remaining indebted to such a fellow!"

"Well!" said Sir Richard Trevanian, after a few moments' reflection; "on certain conditions, I will extricate you from this humiliating embarrassment."

"Impose them!" exclaimed the young man.

"The first is, that you cultivate the friendship of this Clement Foster!"

The young Guardsman could not repress his astonishment.

"The next is, that you introduce him here!" continued the speaker, without paying the least attention to his surprise: "lead him to gamble—dissipation; in short, train him in the career of folly you have persevered in yourself for the last three years."

"What! I cultivate the intimacy of a *parvenu* and insolent young puppy—who—My dear father, you cannot be serious!"

"You will find me so!" was the old man's reply.

"In that case," said his son, rising to depart, "I must seek the money somewhere else! I have avoided the Jews as long as I can, but needs must when necessity drives!"

"Walter!" exclaimed the baronet, "do you prize the reversion of the Trevanian estates?"

"As my life!" replied the son.

"Did I ever deceive you?"

"No, sir! But I cannot comprehend—"

"Hear me!" continued the old man, seriously; "and reflect well before you decide! As for the estates, not one acre of them, I solemnly assure you, will be yours unless you follow my advice!"

"But how, Sir Richard?"

"Ask not how or why!" interrupted his father, imperiously. "It is a bitter, humiliating necessity—but it is not the less one! Be guided by my instructions, and I will not only advance you the sum you require, but five hundred pounds more!"

Walter Trevanian reflected for a few seconds, but the struggle between pride and interest was a short one: he extended his hand to the baronet, and the compact was sealed.

Doubtless our readers have forgotten the second copy of poor Edward Trevanian's will, which had been confided to Mr. Foster.

The first act of the young Guardsman, on his return to Windsor, was to write a polite note to Clement Foster, inclosing him the two hundred pounds and an invitation to wine with him in his rooms on the following evening.

"Come," said our hero, as he read the missive, "not so bad as I thought! I must find some means to let him win back the money he so foolishly lost!"

In order to carry out this generous wish, the frank-hearted boy broke the promise he had made to his father, never to gamble.

How often has it been said, through life, that first resolutions are the best? In a few days, Walter Trevanian not only won back the sum he had originally lost, but three hundred more.

#### CHAPTER XLII.

What could I more?  
I warned thee—I admonished thee—foretold  
The danger, and the lurking enemy  
That lay in wait. Beyond this had been force—  
And force upon free-will hath here no place.

MILTON.

As a natural consequence of the intimacy between Walter Trevanian and his intended dupe, each was introduced to the family and the friends of the other. The favorable impression on certain parts of the families appeared to be mutual. Miss Trevanian was delighted with her brother's friend, whom she invariably welcomed with her latest-practised smiles and graces; even the old lawyer was pleased at the apparent friendship of the baronet's heir for his son.

There were moments, perhaps, in which he inwardly regretted the secret of the will deposited with him. He felt for the disappointment which he foresaw must ensue upon its production on the death of Sir Richard, and considered it fortunate that he was bound not to disclose its existence till then.

The only person who disapproved of the connection was Martha. Women are seldom deceived in the estimate they form of character, where the welfare of those for whom they feel an interest is concerned; they are naturally more observant than men, and the trials of her early life had given her almost an intuitive power of reading the designs of those she studied.

The influence which Walter appeared to exercise over the once independent mind of her young favorite alarmed her. She had seen Clement rise and take his departure at the first word—nay, almost at the glance—of his new friend. She could not comprehend it—it gave her cause for reflection.

"He must be in his power!" she thought—and the conviction increased her uneasiness.

Both the young men had been dining with her, and Clement Foster had promised to escort her and Miss Wyndham to the theatre. When the engagement was alluded to, Walter Trevanian, in his usual off-handed manner, regretted that it was impossible.

"You speak for yourself only, I presume?" replied the lady, with a forced smile.

"For myself and friend!" continued the young man; "my mother gives a ball to-night, and Clem. as well as myself promised to be there!"

The victim of so much seeming friendship colored to the temples, and muttered something about his having forgotten the engagement.

"Do not apologise!" said Martha; "if Miss Wyndham will forgive you, I am sure I can! You know I care but little for pleasure, and seldom indulge in it!"

To the grateful heart of the poor boy this sounded like a reproach.

"Your engagement to Lady Trevanian," continued the speaker, after a pause, "does not extend beyond the ball?"

"Certainly not!" exclaimed Clement.

"In that case, I shall expect to see you to breakfast in the morning, previous to your return to Windsor! Remember," she added, in a playful tone, "I shall accept no excuse this time!"

Her young friend assured her he would be punctual. His companion looked as if he expected to be included in the invitation—in fact, he rather desired it; and, independent of his reluctance to leave his dupe alone with his friends, he had taken a strong fancy to the governess—who, in the hope of exciting the jealousy of her boyish lover—as she called our hero—encouraged the flirtation.

Shortly afterwards the young man took his leave.

"What can that old woman want with him?" Walter mentally asked himself. Can she suspect anything?"

Clement Foster was secretly wondering why his companion should have descended to utter a falsehood. Neither of them were engaged at a ball at Lady Trevanian's: it was the first time he had heard of it, and he blushed at his own weakness at having yielded to his influence—the secret of which, however, is soon told.

Independent of the two hundred pounds which he intended to lose, his disinterested friend held his I O U for a thousand pounds, which, in the course of one month, he had won from him at cards.

It was an understood arrangement between them that the money was not to be paid till our hero came of age; but Walter, acting under the instructions of his father had decided not to wait till then.

"I dare say you wonder," he said, as the hackney-coach conveyed them towards the residence of the baronet, "why I took you from Harley Street?"

Clement confessed that it had excited his surprise.

"The fact is, my dear fellow," continued the unprincipled gamester, "that I am placed in a deuced unpleasant position!"

"How?"

"Sir Richard refused to advance me a shilling of my allowance, and I have been very unlucky lately! I lost three hundred to the colonel, two to my old friend Beresford: and debts of honor," he added, with marked emphasis, "*must be paid*!"

His dupe felt the color rush to his very temples. Mentally he cursed his folly, which had placed him at the mercy of such a man.

"Besides," continued the speaker, "the awkwardness of my own position, I feel for yours! It would be all right if you were of age!"

"Do you doubt it?" demanded Clement, almost fiercely.

"Not in the least, my dear boy!" replied the aristocratic sharper. "It's not that! It may as well out at once—the fact is, I have parted with your I O U!"

"Contrary to your promise?"

"Could not help it! I knew your generosity and friendship would forgive me! What could I do? You owed me the money, and I owed the greater portion of the sum to others! I could not shelter myself under the plea of being a minor!"

Every word the heartless fellow uttered was calculated, and produced the effect desired—it stung his victim almost to madness! Should it reach his father's ears, it would break the old man's heart.

"Who holds it?" he demanded, in a hollow tone.

"A rascal who is reasonable enough," replied Walter, "provided you give him his terms—which, to speak the truth, are exorbitant enough! I have never seen him: Wilson got it done for me, and without much difficulty—your name and expectations are so well known in the City!"

"His name!" repeated Clement, impatiently.

His companion handed him a card.

No sooner had our hero obtained the address of the man who held his promise to pay the sum he had lost, than he pulled the check-string, and ordered the driver to stop. Walter regarded him with surprise. The boy who had so lately obeyed his word or glance, appeared suddenly to have recovered his independence, and once more to think and act for himself.

"What the deuce do you mean?" he demanded; "this is not St. James's Square!"

"I am not going to Lady Trevanian's to-night!" was the cold reply.

"Nonsense!"

"Call it what you will!" continued Clement; "you have heard my determination!"

"You are angry with me!" exclaimed the hypocrite, in a tone of vexation; "curse the I O U! I wish I had never seen it!"

"On the contrary," replied the young man, "I forgive you freely! In parting with it you have



removed a weight both from my heart and mind! *I am no longer your debtor!*"

"But still my friend?"

"Friend!" repeated Foster, with a bitter smile; "reserve the word for those with whom it is not so hackneyed as it has been with me! When you apply the title of friend to me, for you I blush—for myself I laugh; but for friendship's sacred name I mourn! Henceforth we are as much friends as men can be who despise each other!"

"But I do not despise you!" exclaimed Walter Trevanian, who for many reasons wished to avoid a quarrel with his dupe. In the first place, his father had recommended him to do so: in the second, his having won so large a sum of money from a mere boy, and raised money upon his I O U, contrary to promise, would, if once it became known, be severely blamed by his brother officers. Marshall, for one, would be sure to swear that he had made friends with the lawyer's clerk to have the plucking of the pigeon wholly to himself.

"I repeat it!" he said, "my dear fellow, I do not despise you!"

"Then you are more indulgent to my weakness," observed Clement, raising his cap with freezing politeness, "than I am to your broken promise!"

"But you forgave it!"

"We generally forgive that which we despise! Good night! Henceforth, sir, we are strangers to each other!"

With these words, our hero turned upon his heel and left the mortified and humbled Trevanian overwhelmed with confusion and rage.

"Curse him!" he muttered, between his teeth; "let him go to Stork, and try to settle it! Let him employ his rhetoric upon him and see what effect it will have! It's a hazardous game my father has given me to play," he added; "but at any rate I have not baulked him!"

With this reflection he directed the coachman to proceed on his way to St. James's Square.

Those who recollect the painful impression, the sickening sensation which oppressed their hearts the first time they discovered that they had been deceived, will sympathize with the feelings of Clement Foster. It was not the money he cared about—that, he trusted, might be procured; it was the shock it would prove to his father—his fond confiding father—should the tale of his indiscretion reach his ears.

Bitterly did he regret his imprudence—and yet in the midst of that regret he felt a singular satisfaction in finding himself free from the painful influence which Walter Trevanian had exercised over him—an influence which had chafed his naturally proud, independent spirit.

"At least," he muttered, as he hurried towards the park, with the intention of collecting his scattered thoughts, "I shall no longer have anything to conceal—the loathsome weight will be removed both from my heart and brain! The lesson has been a painful, but I trust not a useless one!"

Sometimes he thought of consulting General De Vere—but a nice sense of honor forbade him. Walter had broken faith with him, but that did not justify him, in his own opinion, in breaking faith with Walter: each had given his word to the other that their gaming transactions should be kept secret from the world.

Our hero at last decided upon seeing Stork, the holder of the I O U, in the morning; but on referring to the card which his false friend had given him, he found the name of the money-lender, but not the address.

"It's of little consequence!" he thought; "Griffiths knows him!"

Great was the astonishment of the head clerk, when the son of his employer entered the office at an unusually early hour. He fancied, from his pale cheek and a certain appearance about the eye, that the young soldier had been dissipating.

"My father arrived, Griffiths?" inquired the young man.

"Not yet, sir!"

Clement passed on to the private room, after requesting the managing man to follow.

"Griffiths," he said, "are you acquainted with a Mr. Stork?"

"Stork—Stork! Sergeant Stork, sir?"

"No! The man I mean is a money-lender!"

"The money-lender!" repeated the astonished Mr. Griffiths. "Master—Mr. Clement, I mean, what can you want with him?"

"I wish to see him!"

The head clerk looked as if he had received a sudden shock.

"Bad acquaintance!" he said; "bad acquaintance!"

"But he is no acquaintance of mine!" replied

our hero. "I have never seen him, or had the least transaction with the man—but a friend of mine has. I will write," he added; "and, like a good creature, you must find the fellow out, and bring me his answer!"

At the word "write," the little grey eyes of the managing man gave a sudden twinkle.

"Certainly, Mr. Clement!" he said; "anything to oblige you!"

The note was accordingly written.

#### CHAPTER XLIII.

As thistles wear the softest down,  
To hide their prickles till they're grown,  
And then declare themselves, and tear  
Whatever ventures to come near:  
So a smooth knave does greater feats  
Than one that idly rails and threatens.

BUTLER.

MR. SAMUEL GRIFFITHS'S knowledge was not confined to the nice distinctions which would split a hair—the quirks, subtleties, and complicated mechanism of the law: in addition to his professional attainments, he was up to a thing or two, which the world, in its ignorant, unphilosophical prejudices, by common assent has branded as dishonorable—if not positively dishonest. For instance, he could turn a letter inside out, read the contents, and then re-turn it, without breaking the seal—an accomplishment taught him in early life by his father, one of the confidential clerks in the Post Office. The same worthy personage had instructed him to take fac-similes of seals, to imitate signatures, copy writing—in short, like a good parent, imparted all that he knew himself.

"Be humble, Samuel!" the old man used to say; "honey catches more flies than vinegar! Make friends with everybody—for one can never tell in this world whom they want! Imitate the industrious ant—pick up every grain of information you can: ten to one but you find a use for it! Hear all, and tell nothing!"

Reared with such maxims from his cradle, no wonder that the instincts of the boy led him—when old enough to choose a profession—to the law. He took to it as naturally as ducklings do to water—it was his element.

Putting into practice the lessons which had been instilled into his youthful mind—the only inheritance, by the-by, which he ever received from his respectable progenitor—Sam, as he was familiarly called, when he first entered the office of Mr. Foster, by his obliging manners, humility, and attention to business, gradually rose into favor both with his principal and the senior clerks. In three years' time he was addressed as Samuel—then Mr. Samuel; and on the death of the managing man, whose desk he succeeded to, was promoted to the dignity of "Mr. Griffiths."

From that day he dreamed of nothing less than a partnership, and bitterly did he hate the high-spirited boy who seemed the only bar to the accomplishment of his wishes. Everything he could do with safety to disgust him with the profession to which his father was so anxious to devote him, he did; the driest work of the office was invariably given him; he hated him as base minds generally hate those whom they either fear or feel conscious they have injured.

As long as his employer and son remained friends, he knew that he had little chance of succeeding in his projects; but could he once create a breach between them—wound the old man in his affection and confidence in Clement—he felt assured the energy of the lawyer would give way—a gradual distaste for business must follow—assistance become necessary: and where was he to look for it except in his senior clerk, who was as well acquainted with the details and intricacies of his clients' affairs as the old man himself?

To render him unfit for his professional labors, it was necessary to give him a sorrow to brood over.

With such feelings and projects, no wonder that Mr. Griffiths regarded the commission our hero had intrusted him with as a fortunate event.

With a dexterity which one must have practised to describe correctly, he succeeded, after a series of delicate manipulation, in turning the letter inside out, without the slightest injury to the seal, and then made himself master of its contents.

"Wants to see Stork!" he uttered; "begs him to make an appointment, and not to mention or negotiate the I O U till after their interview!"

"Humph! The fool has been gambling—lost his money, and dreads lest it should reach his father's ears! *It shall reach them!*" he added, with a low chuckle; "I will take care of that! But I must learn the particulars—everything—everything!"

The same skill which had ministered to the grati-

fication of his dishonest curiosity enabled him to restore the letter to its former condition—not a crease in the paper betrayed the operation it had gone through. Could the spirit of the Post-office clerk have witnessed the operation—the dexterity of the inheritor of his peculiar talent, doubtless it would have expressed the intensity of its satisfaction by a benignant smile.

Benjamin Stork, the money-lender, resided in a very small house in Red Lion street, Holborn; ostensibly he was a bookseller; we say ostensibly—for a few dusty volumes, chiefly on medicine and divinity, were placed in the window of his shop, the door of which was kept locked the greater part of the day—a sign that his customers were not very numerous. To his neighbors the manner in which he carried on his business was a mystery. The baker who lived directly opposite was ready to state on oath, that for the space of twenty years he had never witnessed the arrival or departure of a single packet of goods. The tailor next door fancied that he dealt in curiosities; whilst the landlord of the public-house at the corner used to declare that, in his opinion, he was neither more nor less than a spy of the French Emperor. Probably he was assisted in arriving at this conclusion by the pertinacity with which the gentleman had invariably refused the honor of being elected a member of the society of Trunks and Buffers, held in the back parlor of his establishment.

Had they known his real trade, instead of abusing and avoiding, how his neighbors would have worshipped him—for Mammon is still the idol of the earth. Like Eastern slaves, they would have kissed the ground at his approach, been convulsed at his jests; he might have been the oracle of the Trunks and Buffers; but Benjamin had no such ambition: he kept his pursuits a secret—probably on the same principle that the fox seeks its prey at a distance from its den.

On reaching the shop in Red Lion-street, Mr. Griffiths had to ring twice before obtaining admission. The door at last was opened to him by a tall, thin, sanctified-looking personage, apparently about sixty years of age.

This was Mr. Stork, the money-lender, who looked like a man capable of taking cent per cent from his victims, and justifying the transaction by a text from Scripture. He was dressed in an old-fashioned suit of black, threadbare, but scrupulously clean; his iron-grey hair, which time had considerably thinned on either temple, was parted in the middle, and carefully brushed back, so as to make the most of a forehead unusually narrow and receding; he had thick, bushy brows, projecting over a pair of small grey eyes—the only peculiarity about which was a habit their owner had contracted of peering from the corners of them at those he conversed with, instead of looking them full in the face.

A white cravat, black worsted stockings, with shoes and silver buckles, completed the old man's costume.

"Can I see Mr. Stork?" demanded his visitor, perfectly aware, as he did so, that the gentleman in question was before him.

"I am Mr. Stork!" was the reply, uttered in a soft, oleaginous tone of voice; "may I ask your pleasure with me?"

"You are acquainted with Mr. Foster?" said Mr. Griffiths.

"Of the Temple?"

"No—his son!"

"Not personally!" answered the money-lender; "but I presume I soon shall be!"

"I bring a letter from him!"

"Walk in!" said the old man, opening wide the door; "I like not to speak on business in the public streets!"

As he led the way to the little parlor at the back of the shop, the clerk fancied he could detect a very faint smile of satisfaction upon the thin, shrewd features of the speaker.

"I can have no confidence with this man!" he thought; "he would outwit half the lawyers at Westminster!"

Had he added the Old Bailey as well, he would not have been far wrong.

Mr. Stork perused the letter twice—the contents appeared to embarrass him. The fact was, he knew not where to appoint the interview which Clement had requested, as he expected a call from Sir Richard Trevanian, and it would not do for them to meet.

"Where is your young master staying?" he inquired.

"He is no master of mine!" replied Griffiths, bluntly; "I am his father's managing clerk, and I don't know where he is staying!"

The money-lender made a thousand apologies for

the mistake: it was his policy to stand well with all men.

"I can't see him here!" he said; "I expect parties who do not wish to be recognised!"

His visitor suggested a tavern. The old man shook his head.

"Why not come to the office?" added the clerk.

Stork muttered something about the young gentleman's father.

"That need not prevent you!" urged the messenger, who had his own reasons for desiring a meeting to take place in the temple; "Mr. Foster has a consultation with Sergeants Blether and Backbite at three! There is my private room, which is very much at your and Mr. Clement's service!"

After a few moments' reflection the offer was accepted, and the appointment made.

When our hero was informed of the arrangement, his first feeling was of alarm, lest his father should see and recognise his visitor. Nor was it till Mr. Griffiths had repeatedly assured him that they were personally unknown to each other, and explained how Mr. Foster had a most important engagement at that very hour, that his fears subsided, and he became reconciled to the place of meeting.

"What sort of fellow is this Stork?" he asked.

The managing man slightly raised his shoulders.

"Speak out, man!" exclaimed Clement, impatiently.

"Hard, sir!" replied his envoy; "heart and hand like a vice! Nothing escapes him! I pity your friend, if he has fallen into such clutches! He would no more mind extorting twenty, thirty, fifty per cent., than I should filing a declaration! Thank heaven," he added, with a hypocritical smile, "that you have nothing to fear from him on your own account! Your father detests money-lenders and gamblers! I don't know which he holds in aversion most!"

The despicable trickster smiled at the look of agony which rested for an instant upon the handsome features of the youth. It was not that Clement Foster had any childish terror of his father's anger, or that he anticipated reproaches for his indiscretion; it was the blow, the wound it would give to the confidence which had hitherto existed between them. Bitterly did he regret his indiscretion, and mentally vowed that no earthly inducement should tempt him to touch cards or dice again.

"I will direct the clerks to show Mr. Stork to my room the instant he arrives!" observed the hypocrite; "you need be under no apprehension, even should your father return! He is sure not to seek me: he knows that I must be at the Common Pleas—the old cause of Grindem and Nibble comes on again! But I forget," he added, with what was intended for a friendly smile; "you have nothing to do with law now?"

It was a truth that the cause the speaker alluded to was to be tried that very day; but it was equally true he had not the least intention to be present.

Finding that he should have some time upon his hands before the interview with the money-lender, our hero left the office to breathe the fresh air, and collect his thoughts in the garden of the Temple. So great was his agitation, that he quite forgot his promise to breakfast with Martha in Harley street.

No sooner had he taken his departure, than Mr. Griffiths bolted the door of the room, and began to put the project he had secretly formed into execution. For reasons best known to himself, he had determined to be present at the meeting which was about to take place—and the means were unfortunately at hand.

On either side of the chimney, in two dingy recesses, stood a large, old-fashioned book-case, with glass doors, and faded green curtains. One contained his law-books; the other papers, drafts of deeds, and all the miscellaneous waifs and strays of a lawyer's office. These he speedily removed, and piled in one of the closets—then left the room to give instructions to the junior clerks.

Clement Foster was pacing up and down the room so disinterestedly placed at his disposal by his father's managing man, when Mr. Stork was announced. The money-lender entered the apartment with that stealthy, cat-like step peculiar to animals of prey. The old man tried to look benevolent and meek, but a close observer might have detected, in the only half-subdued twinkle of his keen grey eye and the drawn-down corners of his thin lips, a feeling of self-confidence and great determination. After all, it was a mere boy he had to deal with.

"Lieutenant Trevanian," said our hero, in a firm tone, "tells me that, compelled by his necessities, he has transferred to you my acknowledgment of a debt of one thousand pounds!"

"Acknowledgment!" repeated Stork; "it is an I O U, and —"

"I am aware!" interrupted the young soldier; "did he tell you how he obtained it?"

"No!"

"I will inform you, then! At play—play which he urged—nay, almost forced upon me! When the paper you hold was signed, he pledged his word that—that the money should not be demanded until I became of age?"

"I have nothing to do with that!" drily observed the money-lender.

"You will wait?"

"Impossible!"

"You must!" exclaimed Clement passionately; "you know that I shall be rich—have thousands at my command; more—am willing to pay handsomely for the delay! Name your conditions—I'll drive no huckster's bargain with you! But it is of the utmost importance to keep this transaction a secret!"

"I fear it will be impossible!" observed Mr. Stork.

"Impossible!" repeated our hero. "Do you know the consequence of that word? It will drive two beings to despair: a dear, kind father, whose hairs are grey in honor—a son, whose promise to the best of parents has been broken! 'Tis not the sum!" he added, with increased earnestness. "The day I am of age I will bind myself to pay it twice over, in what penalty you please! Mark me—twice over!"

"The offer is a most liberal one, and —"

"You accept it?" eagerly demanded Clement.

"Alas, I have not the power!" replied the old man; "I am merely the agent of another in these transactions! Were the money mine, gladly would I wait!"

"Can I see your employer?"

"No!" answered the usurer, hastily; "it is his pleasure to remain unknown! He has already advanced large sums—very large sums—to your friend Lieutenant Trevanian, on the reversion of the family estates; and, although rich, he is really inconvenienced for the money!"

"Are there no means?" exclaimed the intended victim, imploringly; "or is this merely a trick to enhance the conditions? Speak, man—speak boldly. There is no sacrifice I will recoil from to spare this sorrow to my father!"

"No sacrifice!" repeated Stark, lowering his voice.

"Not one!" impetuously answered Clement.

"Well," said the old man, deliberately, "perhaps—mind, I only say perhaps—I could point out a way! But, no! it would be useless—you would never consent!"

"You do not know me," answered the young man, firmly, "or the devotion of which affection is capable! Do not keep me in suspense! If any spark of pity or feeling remains in your sordid heart, speak, and ease my tortured mind at once!"

Up to the present moment of their interview his visitor had remained seated near the table—whilst the speaker continued to pace the room with a restless step.

The money-lender pointed to a chair beside him, and motioned to our hero to take it.

"You promise me to be patient?" he began.

"Patient!" said Clement; "ay, patient as a martyr on the rack!"

"And pledge your honor never to reveal to Walter Trevanian—or indeed to any one else—the proposal I am about to make to you?"

It was given.

"Well, then," resumed the speaker, "as I before observed to you, the party who has employed me has lent large sums to your friend upon the reversion of the Trevanian estates! Since the last advance, a singular circumstance has reached his knowledge—a doubt has been created in his mind touching the value of his security!"

"The value! Is he not Sir Richard's heir?"

"He had an elder brother," continued Mr. Stork, "who died in a few hours after coming of age! Previous to his death, he executed some deed or paper, which he placed in your father's hands, with instructions that it was not to be opened till the decease of the present baronet!"

"I know!" exclaimed our hero; "I have seen it frequently! It is in the iron safe in my father's private office!"

The money-lender was not the only person who mentally noted this imprudent speech.

"Could you procure me a sight of it," whispered the tempter; "intrust it to my hands but for one hour, the delay you ask for might easily be obtained."

The young soldier started from his chair like one who had unexpectedly received an electric shock.

"More!" added the speaker; "the debt might be cancelled altogether!"

"What!" exclaimed Clement Foster, choking with shame and indignation that such an infamous proposal should have been addressed to him; "rob my father—stamp myself a villain, to conceal my folly! Look upon me!" he added, fiercely; "is fool or coward written on my brow? Shame, man—shame! I see, too late," he continued, bitterly, "the snare that has been spread for me!"

Mr. Stork opened his pocket-book, took out the I O U, and began reading it.

"I will expose you!" said the youth.

"Yourself, you mean!" coolly observed his visitor; "who would believe you—your father? No! He would consider it a mere paltry excuse for your broken promise never to play, suggested to you by your knowledge of the existence of the deed, and the fact of your having lost the money to Walter Trevanian! 'Besides,' he continued, "you forget the pledge you made me before I entered on this matter!"

"True!" muttered Clement, in a tone of agony, "and, though given to a villain, it must be kept! I am in your power! You may torture me, but you shall not degrade me!"

"Can the fool be serious?" mentally wondered the old man; "or is he coy, and desirous of being persuaded to his wishes?"

"You spoke of robbery!" he resumed, aloud; "and were I as fiery as you are, it would be my cue to feel offended! But I know the world, and have patience with the temper, impetuosity, and weakness of youth! I merely asked to see the paper—to examine it—to have it intrusted to me for one hour—sixty fleeting minutes!"

"At the expiration of which time you promise to return it to me?"

"I swear it!" replied the money-lender, eagerly.

Clement Foster walked several times up and down the room, a prey to the most violent agitation; the tempter, who imagined that he had already caught him in his snare, urging him the while, and palliating the act by maxims of worldly sophistry.

"How many men in your position," he observed, "would rejoice in such an occasion of escaping the consequences of their folly—nay, it is almost an act of duty! Your father's peace of mind, you say, depends upon his being kept in ignorance of your having broken the promise you made never to gamble! Heaven will pardon the deceit," he added, with a hypocritical smile; "committed for a parent's good!"

"Peace, old man!" said our hero, between his clenched teeth; "lest I forget, in form at least, you are human, and strangle you like some noxious reptile that has stung me! Your devilish logic falls hurtless on my reason! 'Would,' he added, coloring deeply, "that your menaces were as powerless over my heart!"

"You consent, then?" whispered Mr. Stork.

"And when must this felon's deed be accomplished?" demanded the youth, avoiding a direct answer to his question.

"This very day!" replied the tempter, fearful lest reflection should intervene, and balk his project.

"Impossible!" You must give me till to-morrow!"

"How impossible?" replied the money-lender, impatiently.

"My father is absent, and has the keys of the iron safe with him!" replied Clement. "I must abstract them from his pillow like a thief in the night!" he added, bitterly. Should he wake—he exclaimed, at the same time wringing his hands in agony at the terrible picture his imagination had conjured up—"should he awake, heaven have pity on me!"

"Little danger!" observed Mr. Stork, in a philosophical tone; "old men generally sleep soundly! Well, be it as you say, till to-morrow! Keep faith with me, or —. But there, you have sense enough to comprehend your position, and accept it! Where are we to meet—here?"

"Not for worlds! Give me an address where I may find you!"

The gentleman gave his card.

"Till twelve," he said, "I shall expect you! Remember, not a minute beyond! On the last stroke of the clock I start to lay the security I hold before your father!"

Taking up his hat, he made a low bow, and left the room with the same cat-like, stealthy step he had entered it.

"Thank heaven, he is gone!" murmured the agitated youth. Had he remained longer, I should have murdered him! Oh, how I loathe myself," he continued, "for having listened to his infamous



proposal—for having tampered for an instant in appearance with my honor! My mind is made up! My father may discard me, in his anger, from his heart—reproach me for my broken promise—my weakness; but he shall never scorn me for my baseness! Fool! dupe!—ay, that's the word—dupe!" he repeated; "dupe!"

As our readers doubtless suppose, Clement Foster never seriously entertained the thought of yielding to the temptation so artfully placed before him. His purpose in seeming to entertain it was to obtain time, that he might be the first to make known his folly to his father. In his case truly might it be said that his weakness had carried its punishment along with it!

With this resolve, he pulled his shako over his brow, and left the room so obligingly placed at his disposal by his father's confidential clerk.

Scarcely had the sound of his steps died away upon the stairs when the door of the bookcase was cautiously opened, and Mr. Griffiths stepped out from his place of concealment. He had overheard every word. After securing the door, to prevent interruption, he seated himself in the chair the money-lender had so lately vacated, and was for nearly an hour buried in profound reflection.

"A thousand pounds!" he muttered at last. "I should like to see the man whose virtue could resist a thousand pounds! But Master Clem has not got the deed yet! That and the I O U must both be mine! But how—how?"

It was some time before the conscientious Mr. Griffiths could answer the question satisfactorily to himself; but he did so at last. Success seemed certain, unless some unforeseen influence interfered to baffle his design.

## CHAPTER XLIV.

There is no friend like woman; in misfortune  
Her tenderness consoles us, or her wit  
Finds out the only remedy to heal it.

OLD PLAY.

DURING the entire day Martha had been expecting the visit of Clement Foster. He had promised her, and it was the first time she had ever known her preserver to break his word. More than confirmed in her idea that some misfortune had occurred to him, she had driven several times to the house of Mr. Foster to inquire for him, and each time been disappointed.

Friendship is even more persevering and enduring than love: probably because it is less liable to be misled by passion and impulse. It has also the advantage of being free from jealousy—the poisonous weed which too frequently grows side by side with the more tender flower.

The influence which Walter Trevanian so obviously exercised over her young favorite alarmed her, and she resolved, if possible, to obtain his confidence. Hers was not the idle curiosity which desires to sound the wound, but the nobler desire of pouring the balm to heal it.

"He is truth and honor itself!" she thought; "ingenuous as a child, he will neither refuse me his confidence nor deceive me!"

As she was about to quit the residence of the lawyer for the third time, she encountered our hero in the hall: his flushed cheeks and haggard looks alarmed her.

"Clement!" she exclaimed, holding out her hand to him, "is this your promise?"

"Pray pardon me!" he replied, forcing a smile; "it is not often that I break my word! You cannot reproach me," he added, "more than I do myself! But I must see my father before I return to Windsor!"

"Your father is from home," observed Miss Mendez, "and will not return till six. We have nearly an hour!"

A sigh of mingled relief and disappointment escaped the lips of the young soldier: he was distracted between the desire he felt of relieving his tortured heart, and the dread of the effect which the confession he had to make might produce upon the mind of his parent.

"My carriage is at the door," continued the speaker; "I will only ask you to accompany me for one turn round the park—you must not refuse me."

Clement hesitated—probably he guessed her design, and, with intuitive delicacy, would have avoided it.

"I have a service to ask!" she added.

A service!" he repeated.

"A most important one!"

"Knowing her strict adherence to truth on all occasions, our hero concluded that he had misconstrued her intentions, and, without further hesitation or apology, acceded to her request.

"And may I inquire the nature of this important service?" he said, as the carriage rolled rapidly towards St. James's.

The question was asked in a comparatively cheerful tone, but his companion was not to be deceived.

"I fear I have lost your confidence!" she replied.

"There was a time, Clement, when you used to confide to me all your boyish griefs—your distaste to the profession to which your father wished to devote you—your fear of giving him pain by resisting his desire—the struggles between duty and inclination; but now you have a sorrow which you brood over in silence! Am I not right?"

The eagerness with which he attempted to argue away her suspicions only confirmed them. She listened to him patiently, and when he concluded, merely remarked that he had already wasted a quarter of an hour.

"You do not believe me, then?" he replied.

"If you say that I am wrong, Clem, yes! I at once discard the doubts which tormented me—for my confidence in your word is as unbounded as my faith in your honor. But up to the present moment you have not replied to my question—you have merely evaded it! You forget," she added, "that I have a right to speak—the right of gratitude! Think you I have forgotten your kindness to the poor friendless creature who, half-mad with her wrongs and sorrows, fled to your father for advice and assistance, or the act of courage by which you so lately preserved her life! Speak to me freely, then, as you would to a dear friend—an elder sister, or a mother! If unhappy, at least let me offer you the consolation of sympathy!"

She longed to add "assistance," but dreaded lest the word should wound the proud susceptibility of the young soldier.

Clement Foster was touched: he felt that the sympathy of a warm, true heart, whose motives could not be misconstrued at such a moment, would be invaluable. Still a false delicacy and shame restrained him.

"Still silent!" said Martha, reproachfully.

"What can I say, my dear Miss Mendez, to so much goodness and candor! Some errors are without cure!"

"Crimes, if you will!" observed his companion; "but not errors! There is not one but has its remedy! You assure me," she added, in a more cheerful tone, "that your confidence and regard for me are unchanged?"

"From the very depth of my heart!" replied the young man, warmly.

"You have met with some misfortune!" resumed Martha; "perhaps pecuniary difficulties! You must not be angry at my frankness! If so, this concealment is most unwise—more—it is unkind, Clement! You know that I have wealth, a portion of which, were I to die to-morrow, would be yours! Tell me all!" she added. "Afford me the gratification of being useful to you whilst I live! It is a false pride that would only accept a gift when the hand that bestowed it is cold within the grave!"

"Long—long may it be before your hand and heart are cold!" replied our hero, warmly. "Had the annoyance, the misery I endure proceeded from any other cause than a pecuniary one, I should at once have confided it to you; but I knew your generous nature—knew that it would prompt you to proffer—nay, urge assistance, which honor forbids me to accept!"

"Honor! It is a serious word!" observed Miss Mendez, gravely.

"Judge before you condemn me!" replied Clement. "I have broken my word, pledged to my kind old father, and lost a thousand pounds at play! It is no palliation of my error—or rather crime, for it deserves the name—that I was led into it by the desire of restoring indirectly to Walter Trevanian a bet which I had won from him! He promised me to wait till I should be of age for the payment! He has broken faith with me—urged by his own necessities, I believe! The acknowledgement I gave him is in the hands of some money-lender, and to-morrow it will be presented to my father!"

"That must not be!" observed his companion; "why inflict an unnecessary wound! Let me redeem it—it shall be a debt! You shall pay me interest for the money—usurer's interest, if you will!" she added; "and I promise to exact it to the last penny! Only let me have the satisfaction of sparing your father this sorrow! I can understand your delicacy," she continued; "appreciate, and admire it, though somewhat overstrained! You hesitate to receive assistance of a pecuniary nature from a woman, even though she happens to be old enough to be your mother!"

"And am I not right?" demanded the young man.

"In this instance, no!" replied Martha; "had you any other friend, the case might be different! What is the name of the man who holds these obligations?"

Clement remained silent.

"Do you doubt me?" she added. "Come—I promise not to redeem them without your permission—you know you may rely upon my word!"

"As upon an angel's! His name is Stork!"

"A tall, aged man!" hastily exclaimed Miss Mendez, "with hypocrite stamped upon his face? A fellow who has a text for every extortion, and I fear for every villainy?"

"The same!" replied our hero; "had he sat for his portrait, it could not have been more faithfully drawn! Though how you came to know him—"

"Do not question me on that point!" interrupted his companion, hurriedly. "Clement, I will not leave you in the hands of such a man! He is capable of urging you to—I scarcely know what I am saying!" she added, after a pause; "but I must see him!"

"And your promise!"

"Shall be kept to the spirit, as well as to the very letter! Give me his address—I possess an influence over him which he will not resist! Without counting down a single coin—without bond or security—I pledge myself that he shall wait as humbly as a miser's expectant heir for the payment of his claims!"

"And silently?"

"And silently!" added Martha; "he will not dare to speak, if I but raise my finger to forbid him!"

Clement Foster was perfectly aware of the evil reputation which the grandfather of the speaker had borne—of the terrible hold she had possessed on the fears of the housebreaker, Miles—and doubted not that circumstances had given her a similar power over the respectable Mr. Stork. He accepted her offer with the warmest gratitude.

"You are my guardian angel!" he exclaimed; "you have relieved my heart of the load of anguish which oppressed it! My poor father! It would have been a terrible blow to him to know that I had deceived him!"

"You had better not see him," observed the lady, "till this affair is settled! You have a zealous advocate," she added; "and one, moreover, who will act without fee!"

"You will earn the best," he replied; "the approbation of your own excellent heart! What a helpless, unlucky creature I am!" he added; "poor, even in the beggar's coin—thanks! Why can I not show my gratitude? Why has fortune left you nothing to desire—to achieve?"

"Nothing!" repeated Martha, reproachfully.

"Forgive me—pray forgive me! I forgot the loss of your child!"

"It is seldom absent from my thoughts!" answered the lady, mournfully; "were it not for this war, which renders travelling impossible for an unprotected woman, I would seek her through every country in Europe! I often see her in my dreams," she added; "press her to my heart—hear her lips pronounce the name of mother! Oh, when will they be realised?"

"Probably," observed our hero, "at an hour when you least expect it! I should almost doubt the justice of heaven, had not time that recompense in store for you—time is at once the sword and balm! If it tries us with affliction, it seldom fails to heal the wounds it makes!"

Instead of returning to the house of his father, the speaker accompanied his companion to her mansion, where he wrote a note to the money-lender, desiring him to call upon him at ten the following morning, to arrange the affair between them.

The missive was dated from Harley street, and worded purposely in an ambiguous manner, in order to induce the tempter to believe that the writer had yielded to his insidious offers, and accomplished the crime he had proposed.

He started an hour afterwards to rejoin his regiment at Windsor. Soon after his arrival, he was visited by Walter Trevanian.

"Foster!" he exclaimed, with an air of well-affected contrition. "I cannot rest till I have unburdened my heart to you! I have acted vilely towards you—broken faith with you! I shall never forgive myself, even if you are generous enough to pardon me! I was half mad when I parted with that paper! But did you know how the old blood-sucker pressed me when he found it was in my possession—threatened and cajoled—how completely I am in his hands—you would pity me!"

"I do pity you!" replied the young man, coldly.

"I will see my father—confess everything to him—this fatal error shall be redeemed!"

"It is redeemed!" said Clement, in the same unimpassioned tone.

It was with the utmost difficulty that Walter Trevanian repressed a smile of triumph and satisfaction at the word.

"Great heavens! How did you procure the money?" he demanded.

"I cannot enter into details!" answered his victim; "enough that the affair is settled—and from this moment never let the affair be alluded to between us!"

"He takes it devilish coolly!" thought the hypocrite, who construed the indirect reply of our hero into a confirmation of the success of his and Sir Richard's scheme of villany. For many reasons he did not wish to quarrel with his late dupe; first, because it might lead to an exposure of a transaction which every honorable man must reprobate; and, secondly, he had not forgotten the extraordinary skill which the young officer had displayed with the pistol in the riding-school the morning after he had joined the regiment.

"Let us continue friends!" he said.

"Impossible!" replied Clement Foster; "friendship implies respect, communion of thought and feeling, confidence, and truth! All are broken! Honor is the soul of friendship—the spirit fled, bury the worthless carcass in oblivion!"

His visitor secretly wondered whether he alluded to his—the speaker's—honor, or his own.

"At least let us not part as enemies!"

"I feel neither friendship nor enmity!" observed the young man; "indifference—I am unwilling to use a harsher word—has replaced them both: and with this understanding, Lieutenant Trevanian, let us part! You have destroyed one of the illusions of life; the lesson has been painful, but, I trust, not useless! When we meet, we meet as men whose paths are different! It will be your own seeking," he added, "if ever I am forced to explain the cause of our estrangement!"

With this understanding they separated, and, from that time forth, when they met on parade, or in the mess-room, saluted each other as coldly as though friendship or intimacy had never existed between them.

Mr. Stork, the money-lender, was punctual to the appointment which our hero had made: he came with a full expectation of receiving the packet which he was so anxious to obtain. Great, therefore, was his surprise when, on being shown into an elegantly furnished library, Miss Mendez rose to receive him. She pointed to a chair on the opposite side of the table at which she herself was seated.

"You are Mr. Stork, the money-lender?" she observed.

"My name is Stork!" replied her visitor; "but I am no money-lender! I am merely the agent of another in this affair!"

"Which affair?" demanded Martha, who, with her natural shrewdness, felt assured that Walter Trevanian had parted with the I O U from some motive more urgent than necessities.

The old man colored deeply. Despite his long habits of self-possession, the question disconcerted him. He imagined that Clement Foster, contrary to his promise, had disclosed all that had passed between them.

"I must see Mr. Clement Foster!" said the money-lender, after a few moments' reflection.

"Impossible! he is with his regiment!"

Mr. Stork rose from his chair with the air of a man thoroughly convinced that he had been very much ill-used, drew on his rusty black gloves with very great deliberation, and took his napless but well-brushed hat, to depart.

"Where are you going?" demanded Martha.

"To his father's!"

"You will do nothing of the kind!"

The old gentleman shrugged his shoulders, as much as to say, "Who shall prevent me?"

"I tell you," said the speaker, "that you shall do nothing of the kind—nay, more, that you must keep the security you hold till Mr. Foster arrives at his majority, when it will be honorably paid!"

"Shall and must!" repeated her visitor; "brave words—very brave ones! I should like to see the person who can compel me to wait for my money till the young spendthrift comes of age!"

"I can!" was the reply.

"You!"

"Nay, more—force you with a gesture to consign the paper—which I believe was obtained by fraud, for some dishonorable purpose—to the flames, here in my presence!"

"Mad!" thought Mr. Stork; "she must be mad!" Then, with an ironical bow, he asked aloud to be favored with her name.

"Martha Quin!" replied the lady, in a stern tone.

The well-brushed hat fell from his hand upon the carpet, as if the owner had been suddenly stricken with the pa'sy, and he sank back into the chair he had so lately risen from.

"You!" he faltered; "you Martha Quin?"

"Do you doubt it? Shall I give you proofs that such is my name?" demanded the woman; "I can place my hand upon them in an instant—your letters to my grandfather—the partner of your crimes and schemes—your instructions to the man you call the captain! Shall I name the victim whose bones still rest in the unholy grave to which you, Miles, and your confederate murderer consigned them? Produce the watch, plundered from his person? I know everything," she added, "save the name of your employer!"

During the delivery of these terrible words, which fell with the distinctness of a death-bell—for they were slowly and solemnly uttered—upon the ear of the guilty man, cold drops of perspiration started on his forehead, and gradually trickled down his cheeks. Suddenly he started to his feet. Martha placed her hand upon the bell: fortunately, she had sufficient foresight to arrange that the table should be placed between them.

"My servants are ready in the hall!" she said; "a step nearer, and I summon them: it will then be beyond even my forbearance to spare you!"

"You cannot suppose," faltered the money-lender, "that I could be capable of violence!"

Martha smiled disdainfully and pointed to the chair he had quitted. Slowly, and with the air of a tiger which had been balked in its spring, he resumed his seat. For several minutes they remained with their eyes fixed—each measuring the other's strength.

"You dare not betray me!" observed the respectable Mr. Stork, at last.

"And why not?"

"It would cover your name with infamy, as well as mine! The finger of scorn would be pointed at you! It would isolate you from the world—and all women love society!"

"I avoid it," observed the granddaughter of Peter Quin, "that I may not feel its injustice when it falls upon me! I am alone in the world, with scarcely one tie to tell me that I am human! This young man has served me—saved my life—and strange as the avowal must seem to you, my heart is grateful!"

Still the money-lender appeared to hesitate.

"I risk but the shame, which I shall scarcely feel!" added the speaker; "you the scaffold!"

These last few words decided him.

"What is it you exact?" he demanded. "I have told you that I am but the agent of another in this business! I have no money to lend! I am poor—miserably poor! My means scarcely provide for the scanty wants of —"

"Pshaw!" interrupted the woman; "I am not to be turned from my determination by the plea of poverty, which I know to be false! Poverty!" she repeated; "when I know that your ill-gotten wealth might ransom your forfeit life, if gold could cancel crime! That paper must be left with me till Clement Foster reaches the age of twenty-one!"

With a groan of rage and disappointment, Mr. Stork assented.

"Should the transaction reach his father's ears, I shall hold you responsible!" she added. "No excuse, no trick, no shuffling lie will save you! You will find me as deaf to your entreaties as your callous nature has ever been to the voice of truth and justice!"

"But my money!" exclaimed the avaricious wretch; "my hard-earned money! A thousand pounds—all that I possess! Better die than be reduced to beg!"

"I will pay you the interest yearly!" observed the lady; "and but for my promise given to Clement—whose honorable spirit recoils from pecuniary obligation—a woman's hand would discharge the debt at once!"

"And the letters?" whispered the old man. "The proofs?"

"Shall be destroyed at the same time with the paper you hold!"

With this arrangement the disappointed money-lender was obliged to be content. The I O U and the correspondence between him and the late respected Peter Quin were sealed, and both parties proceeded at once to the banker of Miss Mendez; the packet was deposited with him, and a memorandum made that it was only to be given up upon their joint demand. Martha, with prudent foresight, added a condition that, in the event of her death, it should be delivered to her companion and Clement Foster.

That same day, the mind of our hero was set at rest by a note from Martha, in which she assured him that Mr. Stork had agreed to wait, and that the transaction would be kept a secret from his father.

When Sir Richard Trevanian waited upon the usurer, who had acted in this affair on his instructions, he was dreadfully disappointed on being told by his agent that the I O U was paid. It was the will he required, and not the money.

"Paid!" he repeated; "by whom?"

"I cannot tell!" replied the old man; "probably by some friend of the young gentleman! Shall I write you a cheque, Sir Richard, for the amount?"

"No!" exclaimed the baronet—for though he had descended to crime, his spirit revolted at the meanness of receiving money which he knew had been obtained by cheating at cards and false dice. "Keep it," he added, "as the price of your services and discretion!"

The countenance of Mr. Stork, which had hitherto been sombre enough, at these words suddenly became radiant with smiles—since, under any circumstances, he was not only insured against loss, but cleared a thousand pounds by the transaction.

"Sir Richard," he said, as he closed his cheque-book with an air of intense satisfaction, "I have a caution to give you! The friends of Clement Foster suspect that the money was unfairly won! In fact, it was hinted that they had proofs—which they suppressed only on condition that the affair did not reach the ears of the young gentleman's father!"

"I understand!"

"It was even hinted that you —"

"They dared not!" exclaimed his visitor, impatiently; "my reputation is unstained! You are lying, Stork—lying for some secret purpose of your own, or have been prating —"

"As you please!" answered the old man, meekly—for he felt no inclination to quarrel with a customer who had acted so liberally; "remember I have warned you!"

Sir Richard Trevanian left the house of the worthless agent he had employed more resolved than ever to obtain possession of his son Edward's will. Few men ever concealed more determination of character under a courtly, polished exterior, than the exp-diplomat. In his career he had recoiled at few crimes—though most of them had been so cleverly perpetrated, that human justice was baffled. The instruments he employed seldom knew the hand which paid them—his path was in darkness and mystery.

In his resolution to obtain the will deposited in the chambers of Mr. Foster he was not alone: the money-lender had come to the same determination.

Three days after the interview in which the baronet had learned the disappointment of his villainous scheme, he received a letter, the contents of which puzzled him exceedingly. It ran thus:

"If Sir Richard Trevanian really wishes to obtain the packet deposited by his eldest son in the office of a certain lawyer in the Temple, and is willing to pay handsomely for the possession of it, let him meet the writer on the third night from the date of this, at the hour of twelve, in the cloisters of Westminster Abbey. If Sir Richard fears assassination, let him come well armed. If he suspects robbery to be intended, let him leave his purse at home. This invitation will not be repeated."

The letter was signed—"From an Unknown Friend."

"Friend, indeed!" exclaimed the guilty man; "if he but keep his promise! But should it prove a snare—a plan to compromise my reputation—to force me to show my character in its true colors!"

The doubt was a serious one. Still, after much deliberation, he determined to risk it: so strong was his desire to possess himself of the second will—the first had been destroyed on the appointment of the Rev. Onias Amberwell to the rectory of Farnsfield—that he would have consented to meet the fiend himself: for, like most of his race, he was the slave of his passions, the cold, polished exterior which had so long and so successfully imposed upon the world, being a mere mask. Like the eternal snow upon the crest of Mount Etna, it gave no indication of the fires which raged within.

He resolved to carry out the suggestions of the writer to the very letter—to go well armed and without anything of value upon his person; so that if plunder were really intended, his unknown correspondent would be disappointed. In the doubts and hesitations which disturbed him, bitterly did the baronet regret the death of Peter Quin. Had he been living, he might safely have entrusted the management of the affair to his discretion; for in all the dark transactions he had employed him in—and they were more numerous than our readers as yet



have had reason to suppose—he had never known the old man to fail.

In his pride and avarice he had sworn to obtain possession of the three wills, and to shrink from no sacrifice of principle or feeling to accomplish his dishonorable purpose. His favorite son should not be a titled beggar, if his father could prevent it. Some fathers toil to bequeath to their children the inheritance of an unsullied name; Sir Richard Trevanian's ambition was to leave his offspring rich.

On the evening which the anonymous writer had fixed for the interview to take place, the baronet gave a large dinner-party, which did not break up till within an hour of the appointed time. Shortly afterwards he quitted his mansion in St. James's Square, enveloped in a horseman's cloak, and, passing through Palace Yard, entered the Park—his nearest way to the place of rendezvous.

As the writer of the letter had suggested, he was well armed.

#### CHAPTER XLV

Ages their influence o'er me shed;  
Around me lay the mighty dead;  
Names that to unborn time belong;  
Poets immortal in their song;  
Sculptors whose genius haunts the grave,  
Who breatheless life to marble gave;  
The great, the wise, the brave, and just,  
Returning to their parent dust. BY THE AUTHOR.

THE moon—night's mistress, as Spenser quaintly terms her—was pouring a flood of light over the glorious old pile of Westminster Abbey. It streamed through the broken arches of the cloisters which inclose the burial-ground, rendering the monuments on the opposite walls distinctly visible in a silvery, delicate relief. So clear was the night, that even the escutcheons chiselled in the granite pavement might be traced, unless where they had been trodden out by the feet of ages.

Sir Richard Trevanian was the first at the appointed place of rendezvous. Despite his habitual self-command and insensibility to external impressions, he felt a sense of awe steal over him as he entered the precincts of the sacred edifice in which reposed the ashes of more than one of his ancestors, who had merited the honor of such a resting-place by service rendered to their country.

The baronet was naturally a proud man. He felt, and keenly too, the degradation of the crimes which, step by step, he had been led to commit—but not their sinfulness. Like many others of his class, it was the scorn of the world, in the event of their being discovered, that he feared, and not the reprobation of heaven. To have insured himself against the first, he would willingly have braved the second.

Bitter were his reflections as he paced with measured strides the quadrangle of the cloisters. The past—the irrevocable past—pressed with terrible vividness before him. The wife whom he had wedded for her wealth—whose heart he had broken by his polished coldness and neglect; the son whom he had abandoned to a brutal hireling's mercy. Next flitted athwart his mental vision an accusing form whose stern, pale features and stony glance half froze the blood within his veins. Once or twice he pressed his hand upon his eyes, as if to exclude the painful vision.

"It haunts me everywhere!" he murmured. "Sleeping or waking, he is ever present! This is madness! I must rouse myself, or such thoughts and dreams will turn my brain!"

As he spoke thus, the clock of the abbey struck the hour of twelve.

As the speaker completed his third tour of the cloisters, he saw the figure of a man seated in one of the arches, directly opposite the tomb of Abbot Islip: the stranger had placed himself in such a position that his person was completely in the shade formed by the adjoining buttress; in addition to which, he had taken the precaution to tie a large white handkerchief over the lower part of his features; a slouched hat—not unlike the modern wide-awake—was drawn over his brows, beneath which a pair of small, ferret-like eyes peered and sparkled like those of a wild cat in the dark. A long black coat, worn down to the feet, completed his costume.

Not doubting that this was the person who had appointed to meet him, Sir Richard Trevanian advanced at once to the spot. The man neither moved nor uttered a word, but remained with his glance still fixed upon him.

"You see I have attended to your summons!" said the baronet.

"Are you alone?" demanded the stranger.

"Alone, but armed!" was the reply.

"I expected the precaution!" observed the stranger; "although it is an unnecessary one—for I am without a weapon of any kind! Remove your hat!"

Sir Richard hesitated.

"That I may recognise you!" added the unknown.

The gentleman silently complied with his request, and threw his hat upon the stone buttress on which the speaker was seated. The moonlight fell upon his pale features, which were rigid as those of a statue.

"Are you satisfied?" he demanded, haughtily.

"Perfectly!" replied the man; "you are Sir Richard Trevanian! Now, then, to business! Your son—I mean your first-born—executed some deed or settlement—nay, it might be a will, for aught I know—a few hours before he died, and placed it in the hands of one Foster, a lawyer residing in the Temple, with instructions that it should not be opened till your death!"

"True!"

"You wish to obtain possession of that deed or paper?"

"Most earnestly!"

"What will you give for it?"

"Name your price!" exclaimed the baronet, impatiently; "I am not used to huckster with those who serve me!"

"Spoken like a true gentleman!" observed the man; "nothing like having to deal with the real quality! Well, then, on two conditions it is yours! First—"

"Name them!" eagerly interrupted Sir Richard.

"I am about to do so," resumed the man, "if your impatience will let me! First, then, I must have a thousand pounds if I place the deed in your hands with the seals unbroken!"

"Agreed!"

"Secondly, you must let me have the I O U for a similar sum, which Clement Foster gave your son, Lieutenant Trevanian!"

"Impossible!"

"If that is your answer," said the stranger, coolly, and at the same time rising from his seat; "good night—our conference is at an end!"

"I tell you," repeated the baronet, "that it is impossible: the money has been paid, and the I O U given up!"

"Paid! Impossible! Where should he get the money?"

"Some friend paid it for him—a woman—at least I believe so!" urged the gentleman. "Think you I would hesitate for an instant, were it in my power to comply with your demand? I repeat, it has been paid!"

His mysterious correspondent appeared to reflect for a few minutes.

"Well, Sir Richard," he observed, at last, "I don't wish to be hard with you: make it fifteen hundred pounds, and the deed shall be yours! But I had rather—much rather—have had the I O U!"

"And supposing that I agree to your terms," said the guilty man, "when shall the deed be mine?"

"Meet me to-morrow, at the same hour, in this place," replied the stranger; "bring the money in notes of a hundred each, and I will place it in your hand!"

"Then, exorbitant though they are, I do agree to them!" exclaimed Sir Richard, in a determined tone; "but as you have made your conditions, I must state mine!"

"That is only fair!"

"It is that, before parting with my money, you permit me to break the seal, in order to ascertain that it is really the deed executed by my late son!"

This precaution doubtless appeared extremely natural to the gentleman in the slouched hat and white cravat—for he at once assented to it; and after a few words more had passed between them they separated, with the understanding that they were to meet again at the time appointed. The baronet quitted the cloisters first, leaving his unknown companion in the obscure nook where he had remained seated during the entire interview.

"Well!" muttered the latter personage, as soon as the receding footsteps of Sir Richard assured him that there was no danger of being overheard; "I have not made a bad night's work of it! I might have drugged and toiled for years before I had scraped together fifteen hundred pounds—and now, by a stroke of wit, I have realised it in one night! It is not the honest fool," he added, "who plods and works for years, that becomes rich, but the man who knows how to seize occasion! The vices of our fellow-creatures are a surer means to him who knows how to speculate in them properly! Fifteen hundred pounds!" he repeated, with a loud chuckle of satisfaction; "it is a good round sum—but I had rather have taken a thousand and Clem's I O U: I could have used that to as much advantage as the money!"

At the conclusion of these reflections, he rose

from his seat, and drawing his hat still closer over his brows, retired slowly from the place of rendezvous. As he emerged from the precincts of the abbey, he peered carefully around him, to ascertain that no curious eyes were near to watch his egress, or note the road he took—for he was considered a very respectable man by those who only knew him in his ostensible calling.

On the morning which followed the interview we have just described, Martha received a note from Mr. Stork, in which that gentleman solicited in the most abject manner the favor of an interview for a few moments. A faint smile rested for an instant on her features as she perused it.

"The gentleman is below," observed the servant who had brought the letter into the drawing-room, where Clement Foster and Miss Wyndham were both seated.

"Do not leave the house till my return!" said the lady, addressing our hero; "I may require your services!"

Such a request was tantamount to a command to the grateful fellow whom she had so essentially served. He promised—and this time she felt she might rely upon him.

On entering the library, Miss Mendez was surprised at the alteration which a few days had made in the appearance of the money-lender: the smooth, self-satisfied, sanctimonious air of the man had disappeared—his features were haggard, care-worn, and his eyes looked red, as though sleep had lately been a stranger to him.

The instant he beheld the granddaughter of Peter Quin, he clasped his hands imploringly!

"I cannot rest," he said, "until those letters and the I O U are destroyed! I feel like a man seated on the crest of a volcano! If I close my eyes but for an instant I am haunted with fearful dreams, in which I see the hangman—feel his hands clutching at my throat—then I start and wake with cold perspiration on every limb and a throbbing at my heart! I did not know that I had one," he added, "till I saw you—it was so many years since it beat!"

"May these terrors which pursue you lead you to repentance!" replied Martha, gravely; "there is mercy to be obtained for all who ask it—if not here, at least hereafter!"

"But I can't repent till I am in safety!" exclaimed the terror-stricken wretch; "let us destroy the papers! I do not ask for the money—I am content to lose it—lose it all—though it would beggar me! It is safety, peace of mind, and dreamless nights that I require! Not a knock comes to my door but I start and tremble like a child! Formerly I used to smile—for I knew that it was some spendthrift who wanted gold—gold, to be paid back with triple interest!"

Martha turned from him with a sensation of mingled pity and disgust—for in his abject fears she failed to detect the least sign of that contrition which alone can heal the moral ulcers of the soul.

"And you are content," she said, "to destroy all the papers, trusting to the honor of Mr. Clement Foster for the payment of the money when he comes of age?"

"I ask no better!" eagerly answered the guilty wretch.

"Be it so!" exclaimed the woman, who had not vainly boasted of her power over him; "I will accompany you to the banker's, to demand the papers!"

The momentary glance of hate and satisfaction which shot from the small grey eyes of Mr. Stork did not escape the speaker, and she began to reflect how far it might be prudent to trust herself, even in her carriage, alone with one who had shown himself capable of every crime—especially with the proofs on which his life depended in her possession.

She rang the bell. The old man looked at her anxiously.

"Tell Mr. Clement Foster I desire to see him!" said Martha, to the footman who answered it; "and order the carriage instantly!"

"Mr. Clement Foster!" repeated the money-lender, as the domestic quitted the room to execute the order he had received.

"Yes—he must accompany us!"

Her visitor uttered a half-suppressed groan of rage and disappointment. If he had formed any intention of possessing himself by violence of the proofs of his crimes and the I O U as soon as he should be alone with her in the carriage, from that instant he abandoned it. He felt that he was defeated at every point.

"Curse her!" he mentally exclaimed; "my time may one day come!"

When our hero entered the room, in obedience to

the summons he had received, he started back as at the sight of some noisome reptile the instant he recognised the remarkable person of Mr. Stork, who replied by a look of profound humility to the glance of loathing and scorn which the young man cast upon him.

"I trust, my dear Miss Mendez," he said, "you have not submitted to the degradation of an interview with this wretch on my account?"

"On your account, certainly!" replied the lady; "but the interview has been granted at his humble—nay, almost subject entreaty! He is willing that the I O U, which is deposited at my banker's, should be destroyed!"

"On your payment of his demand? Never, Miss Mendez—never! I should despise myself—you would despise me—were I capable of abusing your friendship by accepting your generous offer! I know the consequence of my folly, and would a thousand times rather pay the penalty!"

"Your father!" whispered Martha.

"Will accept the atonement I propose to offer!"

"Atonement?"

"I will see him—confess everything!" continued the young man, "and offer to quit the service, as an atonement for my folly, and devote myself to the law! He will accept the sacrifice, which is indeed a painful one!" he added, with a sigh; "for my regiment is under orders to embark for the Peninsula, and my motives for selling out will be severely criticised!"

"Noble, generous boy!" exclaimed Miss Mendez, in an under-tone; "this trial is unnecessary, since Mr. Stork not only agrees to destroy the I O U, but wait, with no other security than your word, for his money, till you are of age!"

Clement Foster regarded her doubtfully.

"Have I ever deceived you?" continued the speaker.

"Never!"

"Remember what I stated—that without paying down a coin of any kind—without giving bond, note, or promise—I would relieve you from the clutches of this harpy! I have done so! Be content, and do not ask the means!"

After so explicit a declaration, there was nothing more to be urged. In a few minutes the carriage was at the door, and all three drove to the banker's, where the packet, on the joint receipt of Martha and Mr. Stork, was given into the hands of the young soldier, who felt exceedingly puzzled to account for the anxious looks with which the money-lender watched his every movement. On their return to Harley Street he was the first to quit the carriage, and stood trembling at the door till his companions had passed before him into the library.

"Curse the fellow!" thought Clement; "does he imagine I want to steal it?"

As soon as all three were seated, Martha broke the seals, and removed from the envelope the I O U, which she handed to our hero, and pointed to the fire, still retaining the rest of the papers.

Our hero received it joyously.

"Is it," he said, "with your free consent that I destroy it?"

This was addressed to the usurer, who sat with his eyes riveted upon the packet, which Miss Mendez continued to hold in her hand.

"Yes—it is with my free consent!" replied the old man, with an effort which cost him a deeper pang than any words he had ever uttered.

The next minute the I O U was reduced to ashes.

"The letters!" screamed Mr. Stork, at the same time stretching forth his long, bony fingers to clutch them; "your word! The letters!"

"Take them!" said Martha, calmly.

One by one the guilty wretch perused the proofs of his former crimes. As he finished each letter, he committed it to the flames, carefully thrusting it into the very centre of the fire, till every vestige was consumed.

When perfectly satisfied that every proof of his crimes was destroyed, the countenance of Mr. Stork assumed a very different expression. Every trace of humility disappeared from his features. He was no longer the cringing, humble, anxious person, speaking in a subdued tone of voice. The worm had become a viper, who felt its power to sting.

With great deliberation, he buttoned his threadbare coat to his chin, drew on his rusty old gloves, and pressed his hat with an air of defiance over his beetling brows.

"Good day, Martha Quin!" he exclaimed, with half-suppressed bitterness. "Good day, Mr. Clement Foster! You have had your turn—but mine may come soon! I am one of those who never forget either friends or foes, but regulate my accounts with them as I regulate my ledger!"

"Friends!" repeated the young soldier, with a smile of contempt; "is it possible this satire on human nature ever had a friend?"

"I had!" replied the old man, bitterly; "ask that woman—her grandfather! We were staunch friends and partners at one time! Were we not, Martha?"

"True," said Miss Mendez, calmly; "one has already escaped justice, and gone to answer for his deeds at the tribunal where all must one day stand; the other still lives to outrage the patience of heaven by fresh crimes! The wretched man you name," she added, addressing the money-lender, "was not the only person who shared in your confidence and desperate villainies! You had another friend—the Captain!"

At the name of his former accomplice, Mr. Stork looked a little less fierce.

"Whose letters are in my possession! They were written on various occasions," continued the speaker, "to my wretched grandfather!"

The money-lender slowly removed his hat from his head. The idea probably struck him that he had gone too far, or, to use a common but expressive phrase—which doubtless is familiar to most of our readers—hallooed before he was fairly out of the wood.

"Of course," he said, once more resuming his humble tone, "you will keep faith with me? I have fulfilled my share in the compact between us!"

"As long," replied Martha, sternly, "as you merit my forbearance, by observing the conditions! Not a word which may reach the ears of Clement Foster's father! As for my own safety," she added, "I know how to provide for that! My servants are faithful, and provided with arms!"

"Can you suppose, my dear Miss Quin, that—"

"Begone!" exclaimed the woman, "and mark me—in the lone hours of the night, when, tossing on a sleepless pillow, the fiend you have served shall tempt you to fresh mischief, pray for my safety—for your own depends upon it! My precautions are already taken! Even from the grave the blow aimed by this feeble hand would reach you!"

Mr. Stork quitted the library with an air as meek and subdued as the one he had worn on first entering it.

"My dear Miss Mendez," said our hero, "to what trouble, anxiety—nay, to what danger—has not your friendship for me exposed you! Should this ruffian—"

"Speak of him no more!" replied Martha, interrupting him; "he is not worth one thought! He knows me, and the means I possess to punish him! Believe me that from henceforth my safety will be as precious to him as his own!"

#### CHAPTER XLVI.

War and the great in arms shall poets sing,  
Havoc and tears, and spoils and triumphing,  
The morning march that flashes in the sun,  
The feast of vultures when the day is done,  
And the strange tale of many slain for one.

ROBERTS.

In 1811, in consequence of urgent demands made by Wellington for reinforcements for his gallant army, the government resolved to send a large body of troops, to enable the great commander to carry the war, which had been everywhere glorious to the British arms in Portugal, into Spain, where Massena had roused the fierce spirit of the people by his needless cruelties and wanton successes. In his memorable despatch to Lord Liverpool, he wrote:

"I shall be sorry if government should think themselves under the necessity of withdrawing from this country on account of the expense of the contest. From what I have seen of the objects of the French government, and the sacrifices they make to accomplish them, I have no doubt that if the British army were for any reason to withdraw from the Peninsula, and the French government were relieved from the pressure of military operations on the continent, they would incur all risks to land an army in his majesty's dominions. Then, indeed, would commence an expensive contest; then would his majesty's subjects discover what are the miseries of war—of which, by the blessing of God, they have hitherto had no knowledge; and the cultivation, the beauty, and prosperity of the country, and the virtue and happiness of its inhabitants would be destroyed, whatever might be the result of the military operations. God forbid that I should be a witness, much less an actor, in the scene; and I only hope that the king's government will consider well what I have above stated to your lordship, and will ascertain as nearly as it is in their power the actual expense of employing a certain number of men in this country, beyond that of employing them at home or elsewhere."—*Despatches*, vol. vii., p. 392.

How suited is the advice of the immortal hero to the circumstances of the present day! He felt and reasoned, with Shakespeare, that

In cases of defence, 'tis best to weigh  
The enemy more mighty than he seems—  
So the proportions of defence are felled,  
Which, of a weak and niggardly projection,  
Doth, like a miser, spoil his coat with scanting  
A little cloth.

These reflections must not, however, lead us from the subject of our tale; but the quotation from the despatches of the Duke and the view of the Bard of Avon appeared so apt that we could not resist the opportunity of making them.

Amongst the regiments sent out to reinforce the army in the Peninsula was the one commanded by Colonel Barratt. No sooner were the orders to embark received, than much of the debauchery and laxity of discipline ceased as if by enchantment. The senior officers felt the responsibility of their position; the juniors burned, with true English ardor, to prove themselves worthy of the name they bore, the flag they had the honor to serve under, and the comrades they were about to join in the seat of war—comrades, the recital of whose gallant deeds and countless victories had caused their young hearts to thrill with emotion and generous emulation.

War—which brings despair to many a mother's heart, solitude to the once cheerful home—which breaks the closest ties knitted by love or friendship—waters its fields with blood and tears—is only justified when freedom is in danger, or the voice of the oppressed calls upon a nation to draw the sword and throw aside the scabbard.

Mr. Foster heard the news of his son's approaching departure with all the forebodings of a fond, indulgent parent. Clement was the only tie which bound him to the world—and yet, bitter as were his regrets, he scorned to damp the young soldier's ardor by a single tear.

"God bless you, my boy!" he exclaimed, as our hero knelt to ask his blessing on taking his leave of him; "I need not tell you to remember your duty to your country, but do not forget that which you owe your father, whose life is so linked with yours—the same blow would end them both! True," he added, "I might linger for awhile, like the trunk of some gnarled tree whose verdant branches had been scathed by lightning; but the core—the heart, Clement—would be withered! Act as befits a soldier, but think of your father!"

The young man raised the hand of his only parent to his lips and respectfully kissed it: as he did so, a tear fell on it. Let not the heartless and misjudging, smile, or deem that it betrayed a weakness unworthy of his profession—the bravest natures are generally the most sensitive.

"Does George go with you?" demanded the old man, vainly striving to hide his emotion.

"He does, sir!"

"I am glad of that!" observed Mr. Foster; "he is faithful, and seems much attached to you! Gen. De Vere, I hear, is to command your division—that is another consolation: he is a father—I can trust you to his care! And now farewell," he added; "should it be the will of heaven that we meet no more, receive my blessing—my thanks for the efforts which you made to comply with my wishes respecting your choice of a career in life!"

"Oh, sir!" exclaimed Clement, deeply moved, "add to it your forgiveness!"

"Forgiveness!" repeated his father, with surprise.

"You do not know how little I have merited your confidence and love! At this moment the recollection of my follies—"

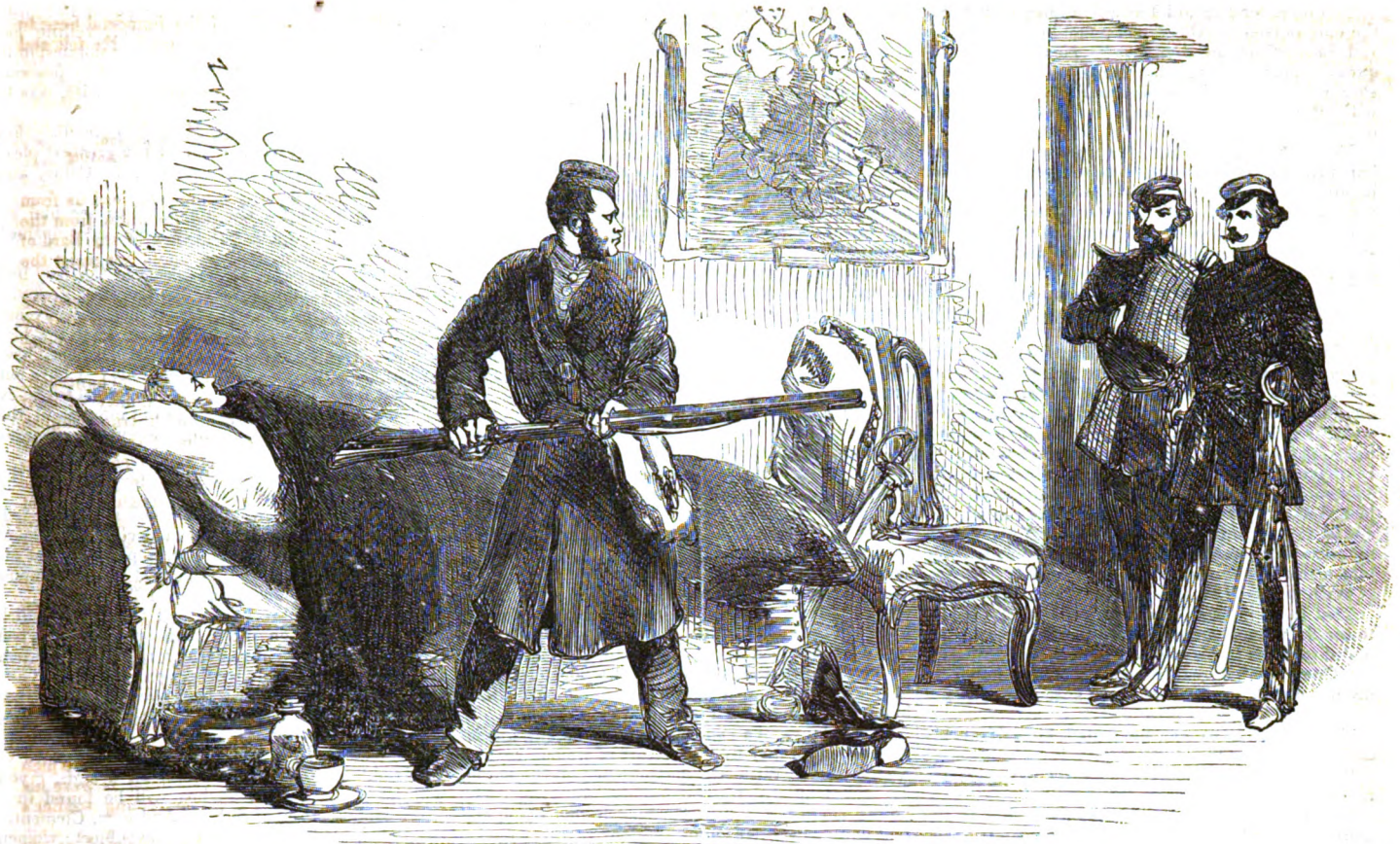
"They were boyish ones!" interrupted the lawyer; "and I pardon them freely! Do not speak," he added; "I cannot listen to them now! God bless and protect you, from the bottom of my heart! Clement, I pray to him to bless you morning and night! I shall repeat that prayer with all the yearning of a parent's heart over the absent child it mourns!"

With these words the old man rose from his seat and quitted the room, unable longer to repress the grief which wrung him.

How many fathers who lately dismissed their sons with a similar blessing are now mourning the broken hope which whispered they would return in safety to their homes! The laurel, and not the cypress, should be the emblem of mourning, for it is planted in earth red with the soldier's blood, and watered by the tears of those who loved him.

"Would I had told him everything!" thought our hero, as he slowly quitted the home where he had passed his childhood's happiest years. "I appear doubly criminal for deceiving him at such a moment!"





TREVANIAN AND MARSHALL ATTACKING DUNCAN.

And yet why augment his sorrow?" he added; "the cup of his affliction is full already!"

Very different was the parting between Walter Trevanian and Sir Richard. But little real affection had ever existed between them. True, the baronet was proud of his heir—had stained his soul with crime to secure his advancement and the reversion of his estates—but it was because he was his heir—the being destined to transmit his name and honors to posterity. As his son he could have followed him to the last resting-place of his race without shedding a tear.

"Listen to me, Walter!" said his father, after they had talked over and settled certain pecuniary arrangements; "it is time that I revealed to you a secret which materially affects your future prospects!"

The young man drew his chair nearer to the speaker. With all his carelessness and love of dissipation, he could be serious enough when his interests were concerned. Like most selfish men, he was keenly alive to them.

"Your brother, despite our precautions, contrived to make a will, or rather three wills—by each of which the Trevanian estate passes to another!"

"Curse him!" exclaimed the listener.

"Do not interrupt me!" continued Sir Richard; "the second and third were but the repetition of the first. With a precaution which proves how deeply he must have hated you, he confided them to three different persons—the first I have already succeeded in obtaining and destroying!"

The countenance of the young man began to brighten.

"The second," continued Sir Richard, "which was deposited with the father of Clement Foster, by this time to-morrow will share a similar fate; but the third you must obtain yourself—the holder of it is beyond my reach. He is an officer, whose regiment for the last two years has been serving in Portugal!"

"His name?" eagerly demanded Walter Trevanian.

"Major Maitland!"

"I shall remember it!" observed the young man, bitterly.

"Your task will be the easier," continued his father, "that he is ignorant of the disposition of the will—Edward having directed that the seals were to be broken only at my death. The very precaution the unnatural boy has taken," he added, with a smile, "will enable me to defeat his plans! Had the deeds been proved on his decease, it would have rendered all our scheming useless! I can give you

no instructions beyond advising you to obtain, if possible, the confidence of the major. There are few men who have not their weak points, and where so vast an interest is at stake, means which under ordinary circumstances would be considered reprehensible, become lawful!"

With the *carte blanche* for his moral conduct, his father dismissed him, perfectly assured that the seed had not been sown on an ungrateful soil. Walter Trevanian returned to his regiment, which in three days was to march for Falmouth, where the transports were waiting to convey reinforcements to the Peninsula.

True to his rendezvous with his mysterious agent, Sir Richard directed his steps on the appointed night to the cloisters of Westminster Abbey. As on the previous occasion, he was well armed. This time the gentleman in the white cravat and slouched hat was there before him.

"I am glad you are come, Sir Richard!" said the man; "for the night is a cold one!"

"Hush! no name!" exclaimed the baronet; "it might be repeated by the echoes of these old cloisters!"

"And what if it were? There are none but the dead to hear it! I have searched every nook and corner—no living eye is upon us!"

"Have you the deed?"

"I have!" replied the man, drawing the packet from the inside of his long black coat. "I trust you have been equally punctual in performing your share of the agreement!"

"Fear not!" observed the guilty man; "the price of your services shall be paid—but I must first assure myself that you have not tampered with my anxiety and deceived me!"

So saying, he drew a small lantern from his pocket, and having procured a light, demanded the packet, which his mysterious correspondent, without the least hesitation, placed in his hand.

The baronet examined the seals: to all appearance they had not been tampered with. The directions on the envelope were in the well-known handwriting of his eldest son. Deliberately he broke the seal and drew forth the will.

"That is more than I bargained for!" observed his companion: "you must have been up to a queer thing or two yourself to be so dreadfully suspicious of others!"

"I know the world, friend!" was the reply.

Something very like a chuckle broke from under the white handkerchief which covered the lower part of the face of the gentleman in the slouched hat, but the speaker was too deeply engaged in ex-

amining the will to notice it. It was written in the same clear, legal hand, and word for word like the first. Perfectly satisfied that no trick had been played upon him, but that he really had obtained possession of the second testament, he drew forth a bundle of notes and placed them in the fellow's hand.

"Perhaps you will oblige me with the lantern!" said the man.

"For what purpose?"

"Only to see that it is all right—to count the money! I know the world, too!" he added; "and there is nothing like being on the safe side!"

"How! Do you suspect?"

"I suspect nothing, Sir Richard, but I guard against everything! I dare say, now, you were surprised," he added, "at the readiness with which I trusted the deed into your hands! But look here, had you stirred or offered to destroy it before the price was paid, you would have been a dead man!"

So saying, he withdrew his hand from beneath the flap of his coat, and produced a pistol. As the light of the lantern fell upon the bright metal barrel and stock, the baronet saw that his finger was upon the trigger.

"Examine your money, fellow," he exclaimed, "and let us separate! Our acquaintance ends here!"

"Perhaps not!"

"What mean you?"

"Oh, nothing! Only it is just possible that you may require my services again—that's all! Perhaps there may be some other will you would like to get hold of!"

The baronet started. Was it a random guess, or did the speaker really know that a third testament was in existence? A few moments' reflection decided him that it was the former: Major Maitland had been absent—first in India, and latterly in Portugal—for nearly twelve years—the speaker could know nothing of him.

"Here," he said, speaking aloud, "our conversation ends; you have served my purpose!"

"And my own!" thought the stranger.

"And received the price of your services! Farewell! Employ the money you have gained wisely! America now opens a wide field to men of energy and enterprise! It also promises safety," added the baronet, "to those whose antecedents are likely to bring them into difficulties here!"

"Ha!" exclaimed the gentleman in the slouched hat, with a chuckle which indicated how very much he felt amused with the advice thus disinterestedly proffered; "do you think of going there?"



"Insolent!"

"Or does Sir Richard Trevanian imagine himself the only person in the world who knows how to veil his actions in darkness? Necessity is frequently more cunning than ambition! I defy the sharpest lawyer in Westminster Hall to identify me with this night's transaction! Have you been equally careful?"

The guilty man began to feel uneasy at the peculiar turn the conversation was taking. His first impulse was to rid himself of the speaker by one of those desperate acts which men are gradually led to who pursue a course of crime; but reflection restrained him. The fellow was armed, and the result doubtful.

Drawing his cloak around his once stately form, Sir Richard Trevanian, without deigning to reply, walked away with a stately air.

"Wants to get rid of me!" muttered his companion. "Pooh! I'll stick to him like a leech—that is, as long as he has a guinea—and when he dies, his son shall be my banker! How easily the world is gulled! This man of the world, because I indulged in a little blustering, esteems me a very courageous fellow—instead of which I am as arrant a coward as ever started at his own shadow. He looked at me just now as if he felt very much inclined to be quarrelsome. But I must home with my prize—fifteen hundred pounds is not made twice in a man's life by a single night's work!"

With this reflection he quitted the cloisters.

That same night the baronet committed the will to the flames, and smiled as the parchment was reduced to ashes in his sight.

"One more," he exclaimed, "and the honor of my name will be assured! My successor will not be a beggar!"

Before retiring to rest, he seated himself at his desk, and wrote the following hasty lines to his son:

"The second is destroyed! Your own perseverance and courage must do the rest!"

It was put into Walter Trevanian's hands the morning after he arrived at Falmouth.

#### CHAPTER XLVII.

He had not the signs of a true love—  
'Tis a boy's folly—nought will come of it:  
Such blossoms bear no fruit. OLD PLAY.

MARTHA was engaged with Barry, the painter, whom she had employed to copy the portrait of Fanny from the picture in the possession of Mrs. Watkins, when Clement Foster called to take his last farewell before starting for the war. The consequence was, that he was received by Miss Wyndham in the library alone. That very clever young lady, whose powers of mental calculation would not have disgraced a senior wrangler, determined to take advantage of the occasion, and wring from him a declaration which a sense of honor would not permit our hero afterwards to retract. She judged that on the eve of quitting his native land for the first time, to enter upon active service, his heart would be softened. A little address, a few tears, a well-acted regret, she thought, and he would fall into the snare which a woman who really loves disdains to spread.

Love, with the governess, was a calculation—scarcely a feeling—certainly not a passion. The probability is, that she cared as much for the companion of her childhood as she was likely to do for any man—more, perhaps, than for most; but it was not that deeply-rooted sentiment which identifies itself with the secret musings and day-dreams of the heart—grow with its growth—and strengthen with its strength—till it becomes one.

The instant she heard his knock at the door, the politic Miss Wyndham advanced to the glass, disarranged the property of her ringlets, made up her features—to use a theatrical phrase—to an expression of sorrow, and re-seated herself in a most becoming attitude, as our hero entered the room.

There is nothing so likely to make an impression upon an ardent, sensitive youth, as a pair of beautiful eyes dimmed by tears: and those of the governess—to do them justice—were exceedingly beautiful. She knew it. For years it had been her study to use them. She could give them any expression she pleased—from the look of childlike, innocent surprise, to the glance of timid tenderness or most impassioned feeling.

Half averting her head—but not before the young soldier had had sufficient time to catch the expression of her features—she extended her hand to him.

"In tears!" he exclaimed, raising it gallantly to his lips.

"I know it is foolish, Clement—very foolish! But you will understand and forgive me! There is something so very sad in parting with a dear friend—the only one we possess on earth! I never felt the loneliness of existence until now!"

"Not your only friend!" observed the young man; "you forget Miss Mendez!"

"She is kind, very kind!" replied the young lady; "but her kindness is not like yours! I never had a thought or a feeling that I wished to conceal from you!"

Then, as if she had uttered too much, the clever actress of private life bowed down her head, and affected to blush.

"Your mind and heart," exclaimed Clement, "are both too good, too pure to have a thought or feeling to conceal from any one, and least of all from me, whom you have regarded from childhood as a brother!"

"Brother!" repeated Miss Wyndham, in a tone in which tenderness and reproach most adroitly mingled; "yes," she added, with a sigh; "you have been, and will remain, a brother to the poor, friendless orphan who owes everything to your father's bounty and your affection—friendship, I mean!"

"Can you doubt it?" replied our hero.

Now this was certainly either very obtuse or most provokingly indifferent. Most young ladies in a similar position would have held themselves checkmated—but not so the governess. Like a true mathematician, she only calculated the additional power of perseverance necessary to overcome an unexpected amount of indifference.

"Farewell, Clement!" she said, at the same time throwing herself upon his shoulder and sobbing bitterly; "may you be happy in your pursuit of life—happy in the choice of her you honor with your love. Should I be dead when you return," she added, "you will visit the spot where the poor orphan is laid, and shed a tear over the humble turf which hides her sorrows from the world!"

It is a dangerous moment when an ardent, unsuspecting youth first feels the heart of woman beating against his. With his inexperience of the world, he is too apt to mistake impulse for love. The young soldier was deeply moved by her tears, and still more so by her words, which, in the surprise and emotion of the interview, he had scarcely time to analyse. Had he done so, his natural good sense would have detected their insincerity.

It was a hazardous game Miss Wyndham was playing, for if she failed to draw a declaration from him now—to pledge his honor by an inconsiderate engagement—she failed for ever.

"You have some secret sorrow?" he observed.

The young lady did not deny the soft impeachment.

"Which you keep from me—from your brother! Let me share it!" he continued; "if I cannot advise, at least I can sympathise with you!"

"Not for worlds!" exclaimed the young lady, with well-affected shame. "No, Clement! If I thought you even guessed my secret, shame would kill me!"

The truth—or at least that which the governess wished him to understand as such—flashed upon him. In an instant, a thousand recollections seemed to confirm it. Hitherto his heart had remained untouched. Unlike most youths of his age, he had never even fancied himself in love. The preference so cleverly avowed was flattering. No wonder, then, that in the impulse and excitement of the moment he mistook gratitude and pity for a more tender feeling.

"Am I not the cause!" he whispered.

"Oh, Clement! What can I reply? Will you not hate, despite me for my weakness?"

"Love me!" exclaimed our hero, with an emotion which surprised himself. "The heart you have honored by your choice shall requite you! I offer you —"

Before he could complete the declaration, the door of the library opened, and Miss Mendez, accompanied by Mr. Barry, entered the room. Miss Wyndham turned towards the window to hide her confusion, whilst her companion blushed like a boy detected in some half-committed act of folly.

Miss Mendez guessed in an instant the nature of the interview which she had interrupted, and regretted that she had not arrived a few minutes sooner. With her usual acuteness, she had long since ascertained the selfish character of the governess, and objected to our hero sacrificing himself to her from a double motive. The first was, that she considered her incapable of making him happy; the second was a long-cherished project she had formed concerning him herself.

Barry, who had passed through all the phases of love and courtship himself, most considerably began admiring a picture hanging between the book-cases; the countenance of the young painter was radiant with happiness. Miss Mendez, struck by his talents, and anxious to promote the future welfare

of one who had proved himself so disinterested a friend to her adopted child, had proposed to him to spend several years in Italy, delicately veiling her desire to serve him by offering him a commission to copy certain pictures which she wished to possess.

The little dancer, who was now his wife, was to accompany him.

"I have received," said Martha, extending her hand to Clement Foster, "one of the greatest pleasures I have experienced for years! Come, and partake it with me!"

Turning to Barry, she appointed to see him on the following day, and left the room, accompanied by our hero.

We need not say that the pleasure the lady had alluded to was the portrait of the long-lost Fanny.

"In parting with you, my earliest friend—my preserver," said the grateful woman, after the picture had been duly admired, "I need not repeat how near a place you hold in my affections! I have but one fear respecting you—it is the too great tendency I find in your nature to yield to the impulse of the moment—the first promptings of your generous heart!"

The young man colored deeply; unfortunately the lesson came too late.

"In every important step of life," she continued, "it is wise to think twice ere we decide. You must have observed," she added, after a pause, "that for several years I have been influenced by no ordinary motive in my conduct towards you!"

Clement had observed it, and the hints which Miss Wyndham on more than one occasion had thrown out of her entertaining a ridiculous passion for him occurred to his recollection.

"Whate'er the motive," he replied, "I have cause to bless it—for it has contributed to my happiness, and must be worthy of yourself!"

"Should anything occur before your return to England," said Miss Mendez, with a sigh, "you will learn it: my last wishes will be found in a letter confided to your father. And now, Clement," she added, kindly, "let us drop the subject: women at the best are dreamers, and in the hours of my solitary existence I have formed projects which may never be realised! Farewell! heaven watch over you and protect you!"

It was a great relief to her listener that the interview was about to terminate; probably it would have been wiser if the speaker had fully explained her feelings: as it was, her ambiguous phrases, coupled with the hints of her governess, left a painful impression on his mind.

He raised her hand to his lips—Martha appeared hurt by his coldness.

"You would not part from your mother thus, were she living!" she observed; "why, then, from me, since in years, at least, I might replace her!"

She bent forward and imprinted a kiss upon his forehead.

It would be difficult to describe the relief which her words afforded to the heart of Clement Foster, who secretly reproached himself for his unworthy suspicion.

"God bless you!" he exclaimed, pressing her respectfully to his manly breast; "I shall never forget your kindness and devoted friendship! I will write to you by every post—to you and my dear father! Heaven watch over and protect you both!"

"Another tie broken!" murmured the desolate woman, as soon as she was alone. "Another dream vanished like the first! Such is life: we dream and dream, and only find reality in the grave! Thus we drag on the chain of our existence, sustained by hope! Oh, whon," she added, clasping her hands, "when will mine be realised!"

One hour after quitting Harley street the young soldier started for Falmouth, where he embarked on the following day on board one of the transports which was to convey the reinforcements to the seat of war.

Lord Peapod and the junior officers were in high spirits at the prospect of gathering laurels on the fields of Spain—the land of romance and beauty. To do them justice, they had persecuted our hero more from idleness than a natural malevolence of disposition. A sense of being joined in one common enterprise and danger had softened many asperities, and Clement was welcomed courteously, if not kindly, by his comrades.

Walter Trevanian alone maintained the cold reserve which had existed for several weeks between them.

Lieutenant Marsh made some allusion to the well-known beauty of the Spanish women.

"They must be fascinating, indeed," observed his lordship, gaily, "if they make me forget the charms of my own fair countrywomen! I'd back Almack's



against the Sultan's seraglio or all the belles of Andalusia and Castile! "Come," he added, filling himself a glass of wine; "here is a toast; 'To the health of the bright-eyed girls of England!'"

It was drunk with enthusiasm.

From general toasts they came at last to particular ones, and each officer in turn gave the name of some fair girl, absence from whom had wrung his heart with the only pang it had felt on quitting the shores of his native land. Mortimer gave that of his cousin, "the Lady Alice Pomeroy," to whom he had been engaged from boyhood. Marsh toasted "the daughter of General Walton;" and Lord Peapod frankly declared, when called upon, that, without being unfaithful to half a dozen whom he admired, it was impossible for him to select a single beauty—a confession which was received with a merry laugh by his companions.

When it came to Walter Trevanian's turn, to the astonishment of our hero, he gave "the health of Miss Wyndham." At first he thought it was a premeditated insult; but, unwilling to disturb the temporary harmony which reigned amongst them, repressed his indignation.

When the party broke up, he followed his former friend to his cabin, in order to demand an explanation.

"You this night mentioned the name of a lady, Mr. Trevanian," he said, "whose welfare and reputation are most dear to me! She is the daughter of one of my father's oldest and most valued friends, was educated beneath his roof, and for years has been considered by me as a sister! May I ask the right by which you named her?"

"A sister!" repeated Trevanian, in a sarcastic tone; "you surprise me!"

"Perhaps," observed Clement Foster, "there is a dearer tie between us!"

"You must permit me to doubt it!" replied the gentleman, haughtily; "unless," he added, "the fact is more explicitly asserted! But I have no desire to quarrel with you; and, in consideration of circumstances in which you had some reason to complain of me, will gratify your not very courteous question. The lady in question is attached to me!"

"To you!"

"Is there anything so extraordinary in the confession?" demanded Walter Trevanian. "But as you have so long felt as a brother towards the lady, I will go even further, and show you her last letter to me?"

"A letter from Miss Wyndham!" exclaimed our hero, more and more astonished by his assertions.

"Read, and judge for yourself!"

His former friend, who had been searching in his dressing-case, placed a perfumed note in his hand.

Clement recognised the handwriting in an instant. It ran thus:

"DEAR WALTER,—I shall not be at home at the time you name. Being engaged with Miss Mendez, perhaps you will call in the evening with Clement, as usual."

The young soldier read no more. He was convinced—painfully convinced—that his feelings had been trifled with. With a strong effort to appear calm and unmoved, he returned the note to Trevanian.

"I thank you!" he said; "and after this proof of your confidence, admit that you were justified in acting as you have done!"

With these words he left the cabin, and for the next three days felt himself to be an altered man. But before the end of the week the discovery appeared to be a relief to him—for, as our readers have doubtless perceived, he had never really loved Miss Wyndham.

#### CHAPTER XLVIII.

So dear to heaven is saintly chastity,  
That when a soul is found sincerely so  
A thousand liveried angels lacquey her,  
Driving far off each thing of sin and guilt.

MILTON.

FORTUNATELY for the progress of our tale, as well as the patience of our readers—which we have no desire to draw upon too largely—it is unnecessary to enter into all the details of the memorable campaign in the Peninsula, which crowned with immortal fame the illustrious name of Wellington, and added fresh laurels to the British arms.

From the siege of Badajoz to Salamanca, Valladolid, Astorga, Seville, to the crowning battle of Vittoria, Clement Foster assisted in the glorious struggle, and had obtained the rank of captain, when the great commander, after marching six thousand miles, capturing nearly three thousand pieces of cannon, and driving one hundred and twenty thou-

sand of the veteran troops of France before him, stood on the summit of the Pyrenees a conqueror.

In 1813 the allied army entered France. The star of Napoleon, which had paled in Russia, sank, like a meteor quenched in blood, upon the field of Leipsic. Europe stood arrayed in arms against him, and willed once more to be free.

Of our hero's success Colonel Barrett had unintentionally been the means. Whenever a service of more than ordinary danger was to be performed, Lord Peapod and Clement were invariably chosen. At first the young soldier considered that this marked preference arose from a generous desire of affording him and his lordship an opportunity of distinguishing themselves—of atoning for the injustice with which he had been treated on first joining the regiment. A very short experience, however, dissipated this illusion. His name was studiously kept from the reports, and had it not been for the friendship of General De Vere, who kept his eye upon him, on more than one occasion he would have missed the reward of his gallantry and perseverance.

A little reflection gave him the key of the enigma. The death of Lord Peapod and himself would not only elevate the colonel to the peerage but relieve him from the presence of a man who had mortally offended him.

Wounded vanity seldom forgives.

The common danger into which they were thus frequently thrown naturally cemented a mutual friendship between the young men. With all his folly and prejudices, the noble nephew of Colonel Barratt possessed many of the sterling qualities of an English gentleman. He was brave even to rashness, and rode forth to battle with the same joyous recklessness he had displayed when a boy at Eton in the boat-race or the cricket-field—in which manly sports, *par parenthèse*—he was far more distinguished than for his skill in making Greek and Latin verses, or his love of mathematics. At the age of sixteen his lordship was the best bowler and stroke oarsman in the school, where he never rose beyond the fourth form, to the despair of his private tutor and great disappointment of his maternal grandfather, the bishop—who was indebted to his extraordinary knowledge of Greek roots, his annotations on Sophocles and Æschylus for his elevation to the bench.

Strange, that a commentary, however learned, on two profane pagan play-writers should be considered a qualification for the honors of a Christian church.

At Salamanca, where Lord Peapod was severely wounded, Clement Foster, amid a shower of bullets, carried him to the rear of his regiment, and thus preserved his life.

From that day it was positively dangerous for any one in his lordship's presence to speak disparagingly of our hero. He was far more more sensitive on his account than on his own. Walter Trevanian only avoided a duel by a timely apology. He even braved his uncle at the mess-table, by publicly telling him that his conduct towards his friend was unworthy of an officer and a gentleman.

The colonel dared not resent it—he had borrowed too much of his nephew's money to quarrel with him: but from that night he hated both with equal bitterness, and, like the venom of the snake, this feeling grew more dangerous as it became more concentrated.

Towards the close of a cold winter's day, the last division of the British army, which a few days previously had passed the Garonne, was hastening by forced marches to attack Toulouse, defended by Marshal Soult, who was a native of that place.

After the troops came a party of officers, most of whom had been wounded in the gallant but unsuccessful affair on the heights of Colvinet; and the surgeons not having yet pronounced them fit for active service, they were permitted to follow their respective regiments at their leisure.

A few servants and one or two orderlies followed at a respectful distance.

Just as they reached the lodge-gate leading to one of the numerous chateaux in the environs of the village, one of the officers, a fine, tall, soldier-like looking man, whose right arm was suspended in a black sling, was observed to reel in his saddle. He had over-taxed his strength, and must have fallen, had not Clement Foster, who was riding next him, supported him. This accident threw the party into some confusion.

"Something is the matter!" observed Lieutenant Mortimer, who was riding with two or three dragoon officers in front.

The next moment they heard Lord Peapod exclaim, "that Colonel Harrington had fainted!"

Walter Trevanian instantly turned back. There was a peculiar smile upon his countenance as he fixed his eyes upon the pale, deathlike features of

the wounded man, whose servant—a fine soldier-like looking man—had ridden up, and proffered his master a small silver flask filled with wine.

"Water—water!" murmured the colonel.

All were furnished with flasks—some containing wine, others brandy; but not one was filled with the pure element the sufferer demanded.

"It is impossible," said his lordship, "he can proceed in this state!"

After a brief consultation it was decided to convey him to the chateau, and demand a few hours' hospitality.

To their summons at the lodge no reply was obtained. The domestics had taken fright, and abandoned their post. But as it was evident, from the smoke issuing from the tall stack of chimneys, the house was still inhabited, they forced the grille, and advanced to the mansion.

After repeated summonses, a very beautiful girl, not more than sixteen years of age, appeared at the window, directly over the porch. She was accompanied by two men, evidently peasants or farm-servants, who were well armed.

A few brief words spoken in French explained the purport of their visit.

Both Clement Foster and Walter Trevanian mentally confessed that a more lovely creature had never met their gaze. They were tired of admiring the eternal black eyes and gipsy-like beauties of Spain. There was something in her appearance which reminded them of their countrywomen at home—the quiet loveliness of English girls, which wins the heart by gentleness and retiring modesty, instead of boldly challenging its admiration like their glowing sisters of the south.

Despite the remonstrances of the two men, the young lady directed the door of the chateau to be unbarred and the party admitted.

Colonel Harrington was assisted into a saloon which had more the appearance of a studio than a drawing-room. The walls were covered with faded tapestry from the looms of Flanders, and adorned by several portraits, which our hero observed with surprise were all of the same person—a female—and taken in every conceivable variety of costume, including those of an Eastern queen, a vestal, and an Italian peasant girl of the Campagna.

The furniture was entirely of walnut-tree wood, the chairs and sofas covered with embossed amber-colored velvet. The only articles of luxury in the apartment were a piano and a harp. Evidently the inmates of the house were exceedingly musical, for the tables were heaped with piles of books, scores, and partitions of the operas of the great masters.

No sooner was Colonel Harrington placed on one of the sofas, than the young lady who had first addressed them from the window entered the room, accompanied by a female of more advanced years, whose appearance was so extraordinary that we feel tempted to describe it. She was a tall, stately-looking woman, between forty and fifty years of age. Over her broad, intellectual forehead she wore a band of the finest linen, which concealed her hair. From the back of her head hung a veil, not unlike those worn by the nuns in Catholic countries; and yet it was evident from the rest of her costume that she was not devoted to a cloistered life, since she wore a dress of dark-green silk, fastened down the front with small clasps of gold, and her fingers were adorned with rings of considerable value. Her features, which were strongly marked and perfectly colorless, still retained the traces of former beauty; but it was in the eyes its peculiar expression lay. They were of a dark grey—wild and restless, like those of some inspired sybil or enthusiast. Few whom she addressed could endure without an indescribable feeling of uneasiness their penetrating glance. Her companion, on the contrary, was gifted with all the freshness as well as loveliness of youth. Her auburn hair, rebellious to the ribbon which should have bound it at the back of a divinely-formed head, fell in stray ringlets over her neck and shoulders. Her large, eloquent eyes were of the tenderest blue, lips arched like Cupid's bow, red as the coral first ravished from its ocean bed, and a form whose delicate and graceful outlines were just emerging from the promise of childhood to the full grace of womanly beauty.

A bright blush tinted her cheeks at the half-suppressed murmur of admiration which broke from the group of officers as she approached the wounded man, to ask how she could be of use to him.

"Water!" murmured the sufferer. "Water!"

"Thanks!" he added, after draining the glass he had received from her hands; "a soldier's thanks! I shall be better soon, and will relieve you from the inconvenience of my presence!"

The fair girl made some observation in German

before she replied to him. The elder lady merely bowed her head, as if in assent.

"You must not think of leaving us!" she said. "You are not in a fit state—indeed you are not—to travel further! Remain for the night, at least! My mother, who is absent on important business, I am sure would wish it, were she here!"

"This lady, then," exclaimed Clement Foster, glancing at her companion, "is not your mother?" "A visitor only," replied the young mistress of the house, "who has honored the Chateau Vert by making it her residence for a few days!"

The air of profound respect with which this was uttered did not escape the notice of our hero, who secretly wondered what could be the rank and name of the silent sybilline-looking personage, who continued to fix her piercing glance upon her visitors as if she would read their very thoughts.

The colonel was one of those soldiers who hold the performance of their duty paramount to every personal consideration. After gratefully declining the proffered hospitality, he declared his intention to proceed at once to head-quarters, and, turning to his orderly, directed him to assist him to his horse.

The man obeyed reluctantly.

Scarcely had his master risen to his feet, when the same mortal paleness which had so alarmed his friends in the first instance re-appeared. Nature for once proved weaker than resolution, and he sank back upon the sofa.

"I fear, Duncan," he said, addressing the soldier, "that, after all, I must intrude upon the courtesy of these ladies!"

At the name of Duncan, Walter Trevanian started; and for the first time his eyes and those of the man met. They instantly recognised each other—for the orderly was no other than the faithful groom of his dead brother, whom he had so cruelly treated, and caused to be dismissed from the family without a character or a friend. The orderly, who was not in his regiment, did not appear in the least disconcerted at the meeting.

The extraordinary-looking female, who had not yet spoken a word, approached the wounded man, and, extending one finger, placed it on his wrist.

"Is there a surgeon amongst you?" she demanded, speaking in excellent English.

Unfortunately there was not.

"I fear internal hemorrhage has taken place!" she continued, without noticing the surprise of the officers at her addressing them in their native language. "I possess a styptic which may allay it for a few hours, but your comrade requires abler assistance than I can offer!"

Capt. Marshall and Walter Trevanian exchanged a few words, whispered, with each other.

The party, with the exception of the colonel and his faithful orderly, took their leave, and resumed their ride towards Monblanc, the head-quarters of the army. On their way, Clement Foster appeared unusually silent: the lively sallies of his friend Lord Peapod failed to elicit a single smile.

"I'll bet a hundred to fifty," exclaimed the peer, "that I name the subject of your thoughts!"

"You forget: I never bet!" observed our hero, gravely.

"I won't blame you for that!" continued the peer; "since I partly guess the cause, and 'once bitten,' as the saying is, 'twice shy!' She is devilish pretty," he added, "and more like an English than a French girl!"

The young soldier colored deeply, and muttered something about the speaker being more than usually ridiculous; then attempted, by a very labored argument, to prove the utter absurdity of his supposition.

"Supposition!" repeated his companion. "Why I made no supposition! You must be very far gone indeed, Clem, to mistake a simple observation for an accusation! But I am very glad," he added, with an air of comic gravity, "that you are not taken with her, since I am half in love with her myself already, and it would never do for us to be rivals!"

Our hero agreed with him that it would be about the most unpleasant thing that could occur.

"Then I may rely on your assistance?" said his tormentor.

"Assistance! Certainly! That is—in heaven's name, Peapod, what are you talking of?" demanded the young soldier, with the air of a man suddenly startled from some dream. "What am I to assist you in?"

"In obtaining a wife!" replied his lordship, with affected gravity. "I entered the pretty little bird-cage we have just left quite heart-whole, and left it over head and ears in love! Clem, what a delightful mistress she would make of Peapod Hall!"

"And are you really in love with one of the ladies we have just seen?"

"Yes!"

"Which?"

"Which!" repeated his friend, with a grin of astonishment. "Hang me if I would not have called out any man except yourself who had asked such a question! Why, with the fair-haired blue-eyed Venus, to be sure! I should as soon think of inviting my grandfather the bishop to a bull-bait, as making love to the old woman! What an awful-looking creature she is! Did you ever see such eyes! I felt as I used to do when called up by the head master at Eton on examination days, when she turned them on me!"

"Are you really serious in your admiration and intentions towards this girl?" demanded Clement Foster.

"As serious as ever I was in my life!" was the rather equivocal reply of his volatile lordship.

"The fit will not last very long!" observed our hero, with a smile. "Do you remember how you raved about the black-eyed daughter of the governor of Valladolid; how you nearly quarrelled with Gen. Ballesteros, because he was too attentive to the Countess De Trueba, and how very ridiculous you looked—pardon the word—when it turned out he was her brother? Then there was Howard's daughter, at Madrid, Gomez the banker's two pretty girls—if I mistake not, you were desperately smitten with them both, and only escaped the *contretemps* of a proposal by the difficulty you experienced in making up your mind which was to be the future Lady Peapod! Poor little Inez and —"

"Quarter—quarter!" shouted the peer, laughing; "I surrender at discretion! Were ever a fellow's weaknesses and peccadilloes so marshalled against him? Why you must have kept a ledger, and noted my proceedings as regularly as a huckster does his debtors! You have detected my *ruse*—keep your secret—I have nothing to offer in exchange for it!"

"Secret!" repeated Clement Foster; "upon my honor I have no secret to keep, or you should be the first person I confided it to! If you ask me whether I admired the fair, gentle creature whom we have just left, I answer, frankly, yes—more, perhaps, than I ever admired any girl in my life at first sight; but what do I know of her mind, her heart, her disposition? She may be engaged to another; ten to one if she ever bestows a second thought upon either of us!"

"Upon me, very likely not!" replied his companion: "in fact, few women ever do seem to care a rush whether they ever see me again; but with you the case is widely different. You are one of those sensitive, quiet, insinuating fellows, who steal into their hearts! I saw her eyes, timid as those of a young fawn, fixed more than once upon you; then cast down in such delicious confusion when she found mine observing her; that, in short, say what you will, I am convinced the *impression was mutual*!"

This assertion, made half in jest, half seriously, caused the heart of the young soldier to beat with an emotion it had never experienced before—and yet he was very far from suspecting himself to be in love—love at first sight had ever appeared to him ridiculous; the truth was, without being desperately smitten, he had received one of those impressions which, like drawings made with a hard pencil, are exceedingly fine and delicate, but very difficult to rub out, and are easily fixed for ever.

So earnestly had the speakers been engaged in the above conversation, that Marshall and Walter Trevanian had put their horses' mettle to the proof and galloped with great speed towards the village: not with the intention, as our readers may suppose, of sending earlier assistance to Colonel Harrington—whose death one at least of the worthies ardently desired—but with the intention, if possible, of procuring billets on the Chateau Vert, where they had determined at every hazard to instal themselves.

Walter, from a violent passion he had conceived for the fair girl, whose loveliness had excited his unholy desires, and his companion from the wish to mortify and annoy Clement Foster, whom he hated.

Our hero's first care on reaching Monblanc was to despatch a surgeon to the wounded officer; that done, he repaired with his companion to the office of the quartermaster-general, to receive the billet for his quarters. As they rode up, his two enemies passed him with a supercilious smile.

"They have been up to some precious piece of rascality!" observed Lord Peapod; "Marshall seldom grins unless at mischief!"

Our hero felt a sudden sickening sensation creep over him.

"Where have you quartered the two officers who this instant left?" he demanded of the official who was busily writing at the desk.

"Their names?" replied the scribe.

"Marshall and Trevanian!" answered his lordship.

"Chateau Vert—friends of the proprietors!" "Whew!" whistled the peer; "I wish them joy of their inmates! Nay, never look so discouraged!" he whispered to his friend, whose countenance betrayed how deeply the intelligence had annoyed him; "devils as they are, they would never dare to forget the respect due to two unprotected women of their station and respectability!"

The clerk handed them their billets; Clement received his mechanically.

"Sorry I can't do better for you, gentlemen—but the place is so full, we cannot find quarters. Gen. Hall has been compelled to put up with a single room in an auberge. A quiet farm-house," added the man, "at the end of the first village, and close to the Chateau Vert; two troops of your regiment already quartered in the neighborhood?"

These words roused the young soldier from his depression, the exact cause of which it would have puzzled him to account for: badly as he judged of Walter Trevanian and his old persecutor, Marshall, he was far from supposing them capable of anything more than a coarse, insulting gallantry. Even that thought was painful enough.

As they quitted the village, they met their servants with the baggage-horses, and set forward at once to the quarters assigned them.

#### CHAPTER XLIX.

Rumor is painted full of tongues, I wis,  
And they do know her well who thus depict her:  
She is the sister unto battling echo—  
Their common parentage is empty sound.

OLD PLAY.

THE ladies of the Chateau Vert were in the drawing-room, ministering with womanly compassion to their wounded guest, when Walter Trevanian and his companion entered the apartment unannounced, displaying by the insolence of their manners the coarseness of their real natures. At first they were mistaken for regimental surgeons, and their *brusquerie* was pardoned in consideration of the urgency of the motive which brought them.

"Surgeons be hanged, old lady!" replied Marshall; "we are two officers of the allied army, who are billeted here! Gentlemen!" he added; "no better blood in England! So let us see our apartments, and — Stay! we shall do very well here! What do you say, Walter?"

His friend nodded assent. He had not yet spoken, but stood with his eyes fixed in a libertine glance upon the trembling girl, who had retreated to the sofa of the colonel, as if for protection.

If the speaker's intentions were to intimidate the singular-looking personage whom he took for the mistress of the house by his blustering air, he was completely mistaken. She coolly observed that it would be time enough to order his apartments when she knew by what authority he intruded in the mansion.

Marshall, perfectly unabashed by her manner, produced his billet. The lady read it over with great deliberation, and then rang the bell. It was answered by one of the peasants who appeared at the window.

"Conduct these English officers," she said, "to my apartments, and serve them with such provisions and wine as the place affords. I shall remain for the night in that of mademoiselle. In the morning I shall write to the commander of the allied armies, requesting that this intrusion may not be repeated!"

At the mention of her intention of writing to the Duke, the young man burst into a vulgar laugh. The joke appeared an excellent one.

"Follow that person, gentlemen!" continued the speaker, without betraying the least anger or emotion at their impertinence; "your wants will be attended to!"

"You will surely grace the hospitality you have so courteously offered us with your presence?" observed Walter Trevanian. "Wine and the daintiest fare on earth are insipid without a woman's presence! Marshall," he added, "give the old lady your arm, whilst I offer mine to this fair creature, whose eyes might lure a saint from heaven—whose cheeks rival the morning's blush!"

With these words, which the speaker no doubt intended to be complimentary, he advanced towards the sofa, and would have taken her by the hand; but she started at his approach, and, darting to her companion with the swiftness of the frightened antelope, threw her arms around her and implored her protection.

Colonel Harrington, unable longer to endure this scene, rose with difficulty from his recumbent position; every sentiment in his manly nature was outraged: life was ebbing fast from him—but, with the



chivalry of an English gentleman and a soldier, he determined to devote the little that remained of it to the protection of the helpless beings who appeared to have no other hope than in him.

"Back, sir!" he exclaimed, his eyes flashing with momentary fire; "you disgrace the uniform you wear! As your superior officer, I warn you to desist in your unmanly persecutions of these ladies!"

The well-bred ruffians replied only by a sneer: they saw that he was dying, and treated his interference with disdain.

"Louise," said the singular-looking personage, who still retained her calmness, "have you lost all confidence in my predictions? Have I not told you that your career would be virtuous and happy? The ruffian whom you dread can no more sully your purity than he could breathe upon the sun and tarnish it!"

"A sybil!" shouted Walter, with a laugh.

"Ay!" replied the woman, advancing close up to him, and gazing upon him with her piercing, expressive eyes; "shall I predict your fate? I can do so in two words—the past and future!"

"Pray listen to the prophetic, by all means!" said Marshall; "I should like to hear the future and the past in two words!"

"Hear them, then!" answered the lady, solemnly; "and mark well the countenance of the man you call your friend!"

With a gesture which the priestess of Apollo might have envied when pronouncing the oracle of the Sun God, the speaker slowly raised her finger, and, pointing to Walter Trevanian, pronounced the word "*fratricide*." He started and trembled violently. The night when he had given the signal, said by the tradition of his house to foretell the death of its heir, flashed with terrible distinctness on his recollection.

Suddenly he remembered the presence of Duncan, Colonel Harrington's orderly, in the chateau, and the mystery, as he imagined, was explained.

"*Felon!*" added the lady; "you have heard them both—the past and future: they are written on your brow—and who can efface the seal of his destiny?"

It is impossible to say how far the intruders might have carried their insolence, but for the arrival of Clement Foster and Peapod, who, followed by the surgeon of the regiment, entered the drawing-room: at their appearance a slight sarcastic smile broke over the pale countenance of the real or pretended prophetic. To her companion, who still clung to her, their presence was indeed a relief; she felt in an instant that she was safe—quite safe; and yet she had only seen our hero and his friend for a few brief minutes.

"Thank heaven, baroness," she exclaimed, "we have no further insult to fear!"

At the word "baroness," Walter and his companion began to suspect that they had carried their rudeness beyond the bounds of prudence.

"Pardon, madame, the abruptness of my visit!" said Clement, advancing to the elder lady; "but I came to ascertain the state of my wounded friend! Surely," he added, his eyes flashing fire as he spoke, "no one present can have forgotten the respect doubly due to your sex and generous hospitality!"

"Pooh—nonsense!" hastily answered Marshall; "the baroness—if she really is one—has mistaken a little unmeaning gallantry!"

"We understand your gallantry!" drily observed his lordship. "Never pull your moustache and knit your brows at me, man: if my words are uneasy of digestion, you know where to seek your remedy!"

"Gentlemen," said the lady, who appeared to act as mistress of the chateau—although on their first meeting she had stated herself to be merely a visitor—"you are most welcome—we are but too happy to receive such guests! Pierre," she added, turning to the peasant, "you will conduct these men who are billeted upon us to the apartment I designated! We will now leave Colonel Harrington to the care of his surgeon!"

So saying, the baroness, with an air of stately condescension, which made his lordship smile, took the arm of Lord Peapod, at the same time telling the fair girl, whom she named Louise, to accept that of our hero. Clement fancied that her arm trembled as it rested upon his.

"Surely," he said, in a tone of mingled respect and tenderness, "you do not fear me?"

"No!" replied the maiden, in accents so unmistakably English, that he felt convinced she was his countrywoman—hitherto he had only heard her speak in French. She smiled archly at his surprise.

"You are English?" he said.

"In heart as well as birth!" replied Louise; "although a mere child when I quitted my native

country, I have neither forgotten it nor the dear friends I left there!"

These few words were uttered with a sadness which chilled the heart of the young soldier, who saw that the eyes of his companion were filled with tears. He would have given the world to have had the privilege of kissing them away. There was a singularity in the adventure which excited his imagination—it resembled one of the romantic dreams of his boyhood.

"Doubtless," he thought, "one of the victims of the violated treaty of Amiens! Remember," he said, speaking aloud, "you are no longer a prisoner; the allied armies are everywhere triumphant, and the captives of Napoleon are free!"

"I have never been a prisoner!" was the reply.

"Your residence in France is voluntary, then?"

"Quite!"

This brief conversation took place as they passed from the drawing-room to the north wing of the chateau. Never in his life had Clement Foster been more intrigued and surprised. What puzzled him most was the powerful impression on his mind that he had seen the lovely creature leaning on his arm before. Her features were like some faintly remembered dream recalled to memory after the lapse of years.

"And Madame La Baronne," he asked, "is she related to you?"

"Hush!" said Louise, in a tone at once respectful and solemn. "I can answer no questions respecting her!"

By this time they had rejoined his lordship and the mysterious lady, in the simply but elegantly furnished saloon, which the speaker informed him was the apartment of her mother.

We will not sully our pen or shock the feelings of our readers by repeating the fearful curses and imprecations which Walter Trevanian and Marshall uttered as the peasant conducted them to their quarters, on the ground-floor of the chateau, where a plain but ample repast was prepared for them. Although both were hungry, after their day's march, neither felt disposed to eat; rage and mortification had nearly choked them: to be defeated and laughed at by the men they hated was gall and wormwood to them.

"Curse him!" exclaimed the former, alluding to our hero; "he has been a thorn in my side, a stumbling-block in my path from the first hour I saw him! Every attempt which has been made to ruin him has turned to his advantage! As for Peapod," he added, "he is an idiot, whom it were too much honor to hate!"

"Your account with him is indeed a heavy one!" observed his companion; "although you were senior lieutenant when he entered the regiment, he obtained his company six months before you, and now he has carried off the girl you had fixed your mind upon, in spite of your teeth! Why the deuce don't you call him out? I should, had I received half your provocation!"

"How much provocation would you require?" demanded Trevanian, with a sneer. "He insulted you the very first day he joined—disobeyed your orders, by entering the trenches at Badajoz before you, and was made a captain for his pains!"

"I had an end to gain!" drily observed his companion.

"And so have I!" replied the first speaker.

Here the conversation ceased, and for some time they sat regarding each other in silence, which Marshall was the first to break.

"Walter," he said, "it strikes me as exceedingly ridiculous that two men who ought to have perfect confidence in each other should thus disguise their game! *Jeu-ouvert*—cards upon the table!"

"With all my heart!" replied the young man; "you begin, or shall I commence for you—for I have not been so blind to your and the colonel's movements as you give me credit for? In the first place, if any accident were to occur to Peapod, he would be a peer!"

"Granted!"

"And you major, without purchase—am I right?"

"I will answer that question when you have replied to mine!" was the cautious reply of his companion. "You hate Clement Foster?"

"From the depth of my very soul—with all the intensity of my nature! Words cannot express my loathing, my abhorrence of that man!"

"He has you some way in his power?"

"No!"

"Then you have an interest in his death?"

"Beyond the gratification of my revenge, not the slightest!" answered Trevanian. "Come," he continued, "I will deal more frankly with you than you have acted by me! Draw nearer—for what I have to confide must be whispered only! There is a

being in this house whose death is necessary to my peace of mind—more, to my prospects of the future; but that being is not Clement Foster!"

"In the name of heaven, who is it, then?" demanded Marshall, unable to master his surprise.

Walter whispered in his ear the name of Colonel Harrington.

"You will soon have your desire, then!" coolly observed the former; "death is written on every feature! I saw Benfield, the surgeon's look, when he placed his finger on his pulse: it must soon be over with him! And the sooner the better," he added, with a brutal laugh, "since he witnessed the interesting little scene which those infernal puppies came in at the termination of! He is in high favor with Wellington, and his report might prove prejudicial to our interests; but dead men tell no tales!"

"My danger will not end with his death!"

"How?"

"He has a packet or paper in his possession which I am most anxious to obtain! Consent to assist me, and you may command my services in any point they may be useful, both now and for the future! On the death of my father," he added, in a tone of indifference which proved how little natural affection there was in his worthless nature, "I shall be a wealthy man!"

"The game you have to play is a more difficult one than I imagined!" muttered Marshall, musingly; "violence of course is out of the question!"

"Certainly! That is, if you think so!"

"With Foster and Peapod in the house," continued the first speaker, with the air of a man who had fully made up his mind, after carefully weighing the consequences, "it would be dangerous as well as useless! Fortunately, we are billeted under the same roof with him, and long before the army moves, your enemy will be food for worms! Trevanian," he added, at the same time fixing his eyes upon him with a scrutinising glance, "was it a random blow of the old sybil's when she pronounced the word '*fratricide*,' or did it strike home?"

"Pshaw! do you take me for a fool?"

"Certainly not!" replied his friend, with a very equivocal expression of countenance; "but 'pon my honor you looked uncommonly confused!"

"My brother died from aneurism of the heart!" exclaimed the young man, impatiently; "he had the best advice in England—but his case was hopeless; the wonder was, that he continued to exist so long!"

"Aneurism of the heart!" sarcastically repeated Marshall; "that's a disease which can never be hereditary as far as you are concerned!"

"Cease your jests," interrupted Walter, "and, if you can, speak seriously!"

This conversation was continued for nearly an hour in the same subdued strain, as if the speakers feared to trust even echo with their evil confidence: at its termination they silently grasped each other's hand—a compact and a pledge had passed between them. It was one of those agreements which required no bond to seal—it was confirmed already by mutual interest and mutual hate.

"Hark!" exclaimed Walter Trevanian, as a gush of exquisite music came floating on the air from a distant part of the chateau; "curse me if the girl is not singing to them! Doubtless," he added, stung by a pang of jealousy, "they are laughing at their triumph over us!"

"Let those laugh who win last!" observed his companion, moodily; "we have something else to think of now than a pretty face! You shall have her," he added, "if such is your caprice—and the transport will not be the less for knowing that your rival is in the grave!"

"I would rather he should know before he dies!" replied the young man, fiercely; "I should like to wring his heart with jealousy—to know, as he is dying, that she is in my power, and feel himself impotent to save her!"

"Epicure!" said Marshall; "not that I blame you—revenge is sweet! I have the same weakness myself! Surely," he continued, "they do not intend to brave us, by passing the night at the chateau? If so, it will postpone our enterprise!"

"A hundred to fifty they do!"

The supposition proved to be a correct one—for after passing a delightful evening with the baroness and her youthful charge, Clement Foster and Lord Peapod retired to rest in an apartment contiguous to the one occupied by the ladies.

"Clem!" said his lordship, as he threw himself half-dressed upon the sofa—where it was arranged that he should sleep, in order not to be separated from his friend—"do you think the baroness is right about Soult?"

"Soult!" repeated our hero, wondering to what he alluded; "did she speak of the marshal?"

His good-natured comrade answered only by a laugh and an observation about the propriety of representing Love as being deaf instead of blind, and then composed himself to sleep.

The young soldier slept, too, and his dreams were such as those which haunt the couch of youth when first the echoes of the heart wake to the voice of passion.

## CHAPTER L

I trust you, sir—and yet I trust but few;  
There is an honest frankness in your face  
Which far more than your words persuadeth me  
You will be true in this. OLD PLAY.

At an early hour the following morning, Clement Foster and his friend made their way to the stables of the chateau, to order their horses to be saddled for their departure. It had been decided over-night that they should leave their servants behind them, as a protection to the ladies. As for George, our hero had every confidence in his courage and fidelity; not so with the domestic of his companion: the man was a soldier, and had been originally recommended by the colonel to his nephew, who on more than one occasion had reason to suspect him of acting as a spy upon his proceedings; yet, with his usual carelessness, he still retained him in his service: he knew the fellow to be a scamp—but having really nothing of consequence which he wished to conceal, his rascality amused rather than annoyed him.

Perhaps for the first time in his life, his lordship regretted that he had not taken the advice of his friend, who had repeatedly urged him to discharge him.

"You are a great villain, Peter!" gravely observed the peer, as he gave him his final instructions; "and I know I am a fool to trust you! But only act honestly this once—I know it will cost you an effort—and I promise to forgive the past—little as you deserve such indulgence at my hands!"

The man, little suspecting how closely his conduct had been watched, replied, with an air of injured innocence, "that his master accused him most unjustly;" and added something about his being indebted for his ill-opinion of him to the good offices of Captain Foster.

"Did Captain Foster counsel you," demanded his master, "to steal my diamond shirt-studs, and sell them to the commissary's clerk—or bribe you to open my desk, and read my letters? Peter," he added, "your father was an honest man! He was born upon my estate, and for his sake I have hitherto looked over your pettifogging propensities! Act faithfully this time, and I promise to forgive the past—deceive me, and I hand you over to the tender mercies of the provost marshal! You know I never break my word!"

The culprit promised, and expressed so much remorse at having deceived so generous a master, that Lord Peapod almost fancied he had made a convert of him—instead of which, he had only added another to the list of his enemies: not that the fellow had the least intention of deceiving him on the present occasion—as yet he had not discovered how far it would be his interest to do so. He had hitherto served the colonel from fear as well as avarice: he had no motive for aiding either Marshall or Walter Trevanian in their scheme of villany.

Clement's instructions to his faithful attendant George were brief and simple: he knew how deeply the ex-gamekeeper of Briery Grange was attached to him, and required no promise on his part of obedience or fidelity: they were more like friends than master and servant.

The important affair of providing for the protection of the baroness and Louise against a repetition of the insult of the preceding evening arranged, the two friends returned to the chateau to take their leave previous to starting for Monblanc, where their regimental duties imperatively called them.

"And do those rude men remain?" demanded the maiden of our hero, as he bade her farewell.

"For a few hours only!" replied her companion, calmly. "I have resolved to rid the chateau of their presence, seeing it is the cause of so much terror to you!"

Both Clement and his lordship secretly wondered by what extraordinary means the speaker proposed to arrive at so very desirable a result, but respect kept them silent.

"You will deliver these letters," continued the speaker, drawing two from her bosom, "to the commander-in-chief of the allied army, and state to him my wish!"

Never had the young soldier felt more embarrassed: to refuse the mission he feared would appear like cowardice; and yet he was hopeless of executing it. "What chance was there," he men-

tally asked himself, "of his obtaining an audience merely to deliver a letter of complaint from a simple baroness—of the Duke's occupying himself with such an affair, while the great interests of nations hung trembling in the balance?"

The speaker saw his hesitation, and understood it. "You fear," she said, "that your chief will pay no attention to the demand of a helpless woman? Dismiss the doubt!" she continued; "the greatest subject in Europe would deem it an honor to receive such a letter—not a crowned head but would read it with respect!"

"She must be either the Queen of Sheba or the Witch of Endor!" mentally ejaculated Lord Peapod, whilst his friend came to the more rational conclusion that she was mad.

"Look upon the seal!" added the baroness.

Clement did as she directed, and discovered, to his surprise, that one bore the impress of an imperial crown, surmounting a double-headed eagle.

"Now are you content to do my bidding?"

"Perfectly!" replied Clement Foster; "and I entreat you to believe that my hesitation in the first instance arose from no disinclination to do so, but a fear that in your kindness you had overrated my rank and position in the army, which little qualify me to be the bearer of such a missive!"

"Say, rather, you doubted the rank and position of her who asked you!" said the baroness, with a smile. "I prize truth!" she added; "and doubly so in those in whose welfare I feel an interest; and it is no small proof of the regard I have for yours, my intrusting you with those letters! They may one day bring fortune and honor to you! Farewell! heaven watch over you till we meet again!"

The adieux of Mademoiselle Louise were not quite so briefly spoken; she even permitted the young soldier to retain her hand in his as she uttered them.

"That's a devilish nice girl, Clement!" observed his companion, as they mounted their horses at the gate of the Chateau Vert; "and unless you make haste and propose to her, I shall anticipate your intentions, and ask her to become an English peeress and Lady Peapod at the same time!"

"How very absurd you are!" pettishly exclaimed his friend. "I cannot see a lovely girl and admire her—as in the present instance I frankly confess I do—but your idea runs on marriage: as if marriages were settled in two or three days!"

"Upon my soul," answered his philosophic lordship, "I believe it would be much better if they were! Courtship must be dreadfully tedious—to say nothing of its interfering with the hunting season and the Derby! They say that marriage is a lottery: if so, there must be blanks as well as prizes; and I don't see why those who hesitate the longest should make the best choice!"

"Reasoned like yourself, my dear fellow!" replied Clement; "in your usual paradoxical style! By-the-bye," continued the speaker, in a tone of self-reproach, "did you inquire after Colonel Harrington this morning?"

"And yet you are not in love!" exclaimed the peer, with a joyous laugh. "There, don't look so serious, and I'll answer you! I did inquire after after him of his orderly! The poor fellow, who seems much attached to him, informed me that he had passed a very restless night, but towards morning had fallen into a gentle sleep: it would have been cruel to disturb him for a mere idle visit!"

"You have a warm heart, Peapod!" observed his friend; "how sincerely do I wish that your head —"

"Were as warm?" demanded the peer, with an arch smile.

"Were equally worthy of you!" said the young soldier, concluding his observation; "but you are too impulsive—too much the slave of your caprice!"

"Can't help it—it's my nature!" interrupted his lordship; "so say no more about it! When you took me for a friend, you took me, as the saying is, 'for better or worse!' I am too old to alter! Had I known you earlier, it might have been different! I admire you, Clement," he added, "as well as love you for having saved my life—admire you for that fixity of principle I am so deficient in! I can't be serious for any length of time, even if I wished it!"

Perceiving that the conversation had taken rather a painful turn, his companion permitted it to drop, and a few minutes afterwards Lord Peapod, by way of giving an illustration of that versatility of character he had just lamented, commenced whistling a simple Spanish air which he had frequently heard in the streets of Madrid.

On entering the village, the young men encountered General De Vere, who shook hands warmly with them both.

"Brave news!" exclaimed the old man, his noble

features full of animation; "glorious news! We are likely to have another brush with the enemy! Soult intends to defend Toulouse! He has neither forgotten nor forgiven the thrashing we gave him in Spain! Fine occasion," he continued, "for you youngsters to distinguish yourselves, and obtain another step before the war is brought to a close!"

"But is it sure?" eagerly demanded both the officers.

"Sure!" repeated the old man; "why, I heard it from the commander-in-chief himself! Soult is a brave fellow, and I honor him for his courage, although he did plunder the royal palaces of Spain of their most valuable pictures! It was reducing the noble art of war to the trade of a brigand!"

The idea instantly struck Clement Foster that if the intelligence he had just heard were true, there was little chance of his obtaining an audience of Wellington on the eve of an impending battle. He therefore related his embarrassment to his constant friend, the general.

"Audience! letters!" repeated the old man; "are you mad? Why, he would not grant five minutes to the ambassador of all the pretty women in France! You don't know him—I do!"

"But to you, general!" urged our hero.

"Why, yes—perhaps to me he might!" answered the old soldier.

"Or to me, if you were to ask it for me!" added the pleader. "This letter, as you will perceive," he said, at the same time displaying the seal, "is from no undistinguished personage!"

"I will be the bearer of it!"

"Impossible, general!" replied his protégé. "My word is pledged to deliver it to the commander-in-chief of the allied armies with my own hand!"

"In that case, follow me, my dear boy!" exclaimed the general, after a few moments' hesitation, "and I will see what can be done! He can but refuse—and—at any rate, I will do my best!"

Turning his horse's head, the speaker accompanied the young men towards the mairie, where the illustrious warrior had fixed his head-quarters. A strong escort was drawn up, ready mounted, in front of the building; aides-de-camp and officers were crossing each other in every direction—some with reports, others hastening to execute the orders of their victorious leader.

In the vast saloon at the extremity of which was the private cabinet of his grace, were a crowd of officers, amongst whom Clement and his lordship recognised Colonel Barratt and the major of their regiment. The salute of our hero was returned with an air of superciliousness which seemed to demand what could possibly bring him to such a place. Surely he was not presumptuous enough to think of obtaining an audience, which they had been hours expecting in vain.

After ten minutes' absence, General De Vere returned from the cabinet of the Duke: his features were rather flushed.

"Follow!" he whispered to our hero; "and for heaven's sake, be as brief in your answers as possible!"

"I understand!" answered Clement, who the next instant stood in the presence of the man upon whom the eyes of Europe were expectantly fixed. His grace was then in the full vigor of manhood—age had not bent his slight but active figure, and his features bore all the impress of untired energy.

"You have letters for me?" he said, raising his eyes, but still continuing to write.

"I have, your grace."

"Why not send them through one of my aides-de-camp?"

"Because I gave my word to deliver them only into your grace's hand! Permit me to observe that the arms upon the seal of one of them induced me to believe it might prove of importance, and I chose rather to incur the risk of being censured for over-zeal than a neglect of duty!"

The great commander held forth his hand and took the letters: no sooner had he read them than his manner underwent a complete change.

"You have acted well, sir—exceedingly well—and I shall not forget the service you have rendered me. Nor yours either, general," he added, turning to De Vere, "for introducing this gentleman. His name?"

"Captain Foster, of the — Dragon Guards." "Who distinguished himself at Salamanca?" I have not forgotten him. You may retire, sir; you have performed your duty—performed it well. I must attend to mine. In ten minutes an aide-de-camp will bring you orders."

As our hero left the cabinet of his grace, his old friend whispered in his ear:

"The letter was of importance, and you were right in seeing him yourself, after all."



## CHAPTER LI.

I'll deeds will rise.  
Tho' all the world o'erwhelm them to men's eyes.  
SHAKESPEARE.

THE letter with the imperial seal which had so excited the curiosity of our hero, bore the signature of no less a personage than Alexander, Autocrat of all the Russias. In it all diplomatic and civil officers holding allegiance to his crown were strictly commanded to protect the bearer, Madame Krudner, the wife of the Swedish Ambassador—to afford her aid, assistance, or escort—and to treat her with the same honor and respect due to a member of the imperial family. In a postscript addressed to the chiefs of the allied armies, the request was repeated, only in a less imperative form.

"And who was Madame Krudner?" we think we hear our readers exclaim.

A little patience, and they shall be enlightened on the subject.

The Baroness Krudner, wife of the well-known diplomatist of that name, was one of those religious enthusiasts who, having faith in the reality of their mission, deceive themselves, even though they fail to deceive the world.

There are few pretensions, however extravagant, but find some dupes. After Mormonism, we can credit the success of any imposture. The stock of human credulity appears inexhaustible. On the same principle that fast nephews and grandsons regard uncles and grandfathers as banks provided by nature to keep up the necessary supply of the circulating medium, charlatans in religion or science consider the gullibility of mankind as sent for the same wise and beneficent purpose.

Amongst the many illustrious dupes of Madame Krudner's pretensions—who, to do her justice, believed firmly that her mystical ravings were inspired, and not the outpourings of a diseased brain—was the Emperor Alexander. In fact, so extraordinary was her influence over him, that on more than one occasion it directed the policy of his government. It has even been asserted that his final rupture with Napoleon was decided by her predictions.

There are many still living who remember this lady in Paris, at the time the allies held possession of the capital of France, her frequent appearance, in the singular costume we have described, in the carriage with His Imperial Majesty, and the assiduous court paid to her by the corps diplomatique.

Some considered her in the light of a mere political agent; others as an instrument of the Jesuits, then actively though secretly plotting for the restoration of the Papal chair and the re-establishment of their order. Most probably she was something of both—since the treaty which secured the sword of Bernadotte to the allies, and guaranteed to him and his successors the throne of Sweden, was concluded through her influence.

At the risk of her life, directly after the Battle of Leipzig she entered France, and actively mixed in the intrigues on foot for the downfall of Napoleon and the return of the Bourbons, who, like our own worthless family of the Stuarts, never remembered a friend in prosperity or learnt a lesson from misfortune.

Although the strong mind of Wellington doubtlessly ridiculed her pretensions, humanity, as well as prudence, bade him conciliate her influence. The request of an ally like Alexander was not to be disregarded.

Clement and Lord Peapod were chatting with General De Vere and a party of officers, when an aide-de-camp entered the saloon of the *maison*, and inquired for Captain Foster.

Every eye was directed towards him in an instant. Colonel Barratt and the major secretly wondered what important affair he had contrived to thrust himself into again. The former maliciously observed, that an officiousness which would have ruined any other man in the service, only served to advance the fortunes of our hero. It would be difficult to describe the amount of hatred he honored him with.

"You will take an escort from your regiment, sir," said the officer, "and accompany me!"

"Escort!" repeated the colonel, haughtily; "and may I ask by whose authority Captain Foster is to take an escort from my regiment? The proceeding is most unusual!"

"So perhaps is the service!" replied the aide-de-camp, drily—for he had not been over-pleased with the tone of the speaker.

"But —"

"The order is from the commander-in-chief!" interrupted the officer; "I leave it to your discretion to dispute it!"

The colonel bit his lips, and bowed to conceal his mortification and surprise. At that moment the bell in the cabinet of the duke rang twice, and an orderly announced that his grace would receive Colonel Barratt and the major. Little did the two worthies imagine the rating they were sent for to receive on account of the conduct of their subalterns.

It is now time that we return to Colonel Harrington and Walter Trevanian, who was impatiently counting the few moments of life which remained for the gallant soldier.

The surgeon, who renewed his visit to the Chateau Vert soon after the departure of our hero and Lord Peapod, saw the case was hopeless. Science could do nothing to arrest the progress of death, whose relentless hand had already seized his victim.

"He may last an hour!" he said, addressing Marshall and his companion, whom he naturally mistook for friends of the dying man; "but there is not the slightest chance of his rallying again! Poor fellow! his last battle is fought, and death is the victor!"

Walter Trevanian tried to look as though the intelligence pained him; but, despite his hypocrisy, a glance of satisfaction and triumph escaped him which the speaker could not avoid observing.

"The colonel's death will give him a step!" mentally ejaculated the surgeon—the only reasonable excuse he could find for his want of feeling at such a moment.

Unfortunately, the case of Colonel Harrington was not an isolated one. England had paid for the victories her armies had achieved with the blood of the bravest of her sons. The high spirit and indomitable courage of more than one brave fellow had enabled him to bear up against exhaustion and physical suffering, and follow the army on its march, when he ought to have remained in the military hospital at Bordeaux. Doctor Benfield had more other patients to attend to, and he quitted the chateau before the arrival of Clement Foster and the aid-de-camp.

The two confederates congratulated each other on his departure.

"Duncan," said the dying man, addressing his orderly, "I feel I am going! I shall never see England again, or the friends who love me! It is the will of heaven, and I dare not repine! A soldier owes his life to his country, and should pay the debt of honor readily, if not cheerfully! You have been faithful," he added, "and I am about to confide to you my last instructions!"

The poor fellow vainly endeavored to repress the tears which, despite his long habits of military discipline, would start.

"I can't help it, colonel!" he faltered; "indeed I can't! You have been a kind officer to me, and I feel—forgive my boldness in saying so—as if I were about to lose a friend instead of my commander!"

Harrington made an effort, and stretched out his hand to the speaker, who sobbed like a child, as he respectfully pressed it in his own hard, honest palm.

"I was the friend of your first master, Edward Trevanian," said the Colonel, after a pause.

"I know you were, sir—he frequently used to speak of you! I know how much he wished to see you on the night of his death!"

"He did see me!"

Surprise arrested for an instant the sorrow of poor Duncan, and he gazed upon the speaker with mingled curiosity and surprise.

"More!" continued the dying man; "he confided to my friendship and honor a sacred trust, which I am not permitted to fulfil! You must execute it for me!"

"I! Oh, colonel! A poor ignorant man —"

"But an honest one!" interrupted his commander; "and that is a title which the proudest cannot always boast! Make no more objections!" he added; "at first I thought of confiding poor Edward Trevanian's will to the officers who are quartered in the house—but their conduct last night has determined me! I have reflected, and my choice is made!"

"Do you know the name, sir, of these officers?" demanded the orderly.

"No!"

"One is Walter Trevanian, the brother of my dear young master, whom he hated!"

"His brother!" repeated the colonel, in a tone which evinced how greatly the intelligence had agitated him; "nay, then, we must be cautious—for evil eyes are upon us! The will is—nearer, Duncan—let me whisper the words in your ear—the will is—"

The rest was whispered in the ear of his faithful attendant.

At that moment the door of the saloon opened, and Walter Trevanian, accompanied by his confidant, Marshall, entered the room. With hypocritical expressions of condolence upon their lips, they advanced to the side of the couch where Harrington had passed the night, and asked if they could render him any service.

With a stern frown upon his pallid features, the dying officer pointed to the door, intimating his wish to be left alone in his last moments.

"What can he mean?" demanded Walter, carelessly, of his companion.

"Haven't the least idea!" observed Marshall, with affected surprise.

"The colonel wishes to be alone, gentlemen!" said the orderly, in a tone of forced respect.

The two officers glanced haughtily at the speaker, as if to ask by what authority he presumed to give an opinion—he a common soldier, and they bearing his majesty's commission.

Bitterly did the poor fellow feel the difference of rank between them: had he not been a soldier, subject to military laws, he would have given free vent to the indignation swelling in his manly breast, and have forced them from the presence of his master.

"Leave me!" exclaimed the colonel, making an effort to speak.

The intruders regarded each other for an instant in silence, which Marshall was the first to break.

"You hear!" he said, turning with cool effrontery towards Duncan; "your master wishes to be alone with us! Doubtless he has some wish or instructions to confide to his brother officers, which he deems it unnecessary for you to hear!"

Not for an instant did the brave fellow hesitate between the danger of a refusal and his duty.

"The request," he said, in a firm tone, "was addressed to you, gentlemen—not to me!"

"Insolent!" ejaculated Walter Trevanian; while his companion shrugged his shoulders with a gesture of pity and contempt.

"I will not quit my master!" continued the soldier, respectfully. "Speak sir," he added, turning to his commander, "one word, if you have strength to utter it! Am I to leave you, or —"

"They—they!" repeated Colonel Harrington, who, overcome by the effort, sank back upon the couch with the death-rattle in his throat.

"Poor fellow! he raves!" observed Marshall.

"His mind is quite gone!" added his companion.

"And life with it!" he might have said; for the excitement and indignation of the sufferer at the scene of contention so brutally enacted at such a moment in his presence hastened the moment of dissolution. He expired, with his eyes fixed upon the orderly, and his finger placed significantly upon his lips—doubtless to remind him of the trust he had confided to him, and the confidence he felt in the fidelity with which it would be performed.

No sooner was Walter Trevanian convinced that the man whom he feared was really dead, than he experienced a sense of triumph and security. The prize—the will which was to beggar him—at last appeared within his grasp. He doubted not that he should find it, together with the colonel's papers, in the valise which stood partly open on one of the tables in the room.

"We must seal this!" he said, pointing to the object of his cupidity.

"Certainly!" observed Marshall.

"Bring us a light!" continued the former.

Duncan dared not disobey. The colonel was no longer living to protect him or bear witness in his favor, and martial law was as speedy as despotic. Poor fellow! he had a difficult game to play; but he determined to perform his duty at every risk. Without quitting the saloon, he procured fire from a tinder-box which he carried in his knapsack, and lit one of the bougies upon the chimney-piece.

Under pretence of removing the watch and purse from the person of the dead man, the confederates contrived to assure themselves that the paper they were so anxious to obtain was not in any one of his pockets. Although they could scarcely have expected to find it there, the search was most minute.

Having placed the articles in the valise, they went through the farce of sealing it, each with his separate seal, and retired with it to their chamber.

"Hypocrites!" muttered Duncan; "you have not deceived me! But, thank heaven, your infamous design has failed! Had they discovered the paper, I would have done my duty like an honest man to my dead colonel, and torn it from their grasp, though I had answered for the deed an hour afterwards at the drum-head!"

Reverently approaching the corpse of his dead officer, the speaker gently unfastened his uniform,



and, ripping open the lining, drew from it a small packet. A tear fell from him as he read the superscription, in the well-known hand-writing of his first master:

"To be opened only on the death of Sir Richard Trevanian."

Involuntarily he pressed it to his lips.

After some reflection, the orderly felt that the papers would not be safe in his possession. The chances of war, the perseverance of Walter Trevanian, who would hesitate at no crime to obtain it, rendered it doubly hazardous. He had but a few moments to decide—for every paper in the valise, despite their pretence of sealing it, he knew would be examined.

"It is my only chance!" he exclaimed, struck by a sudden idea. "Master," he added, apostrophising the body, "forgive your old soldier if he judges unwisely: he does it for the best!"

Respectfully throwing the colonel's large military cloak over his remains, he quitted the room and sought the apartment of the ladies of the mansion.

Duncan was right in his conjecture. The papers had been read, to the great mortification and disappointment of Walter Trevanian, who cursed his unlucky stars that the prize had escaped him.

"Take it coolly!" said Marshall, as he re-sealed the valise; "it is not far off!"

"Coolly!" repeated his friend, pale with passion. "How easy it is to give advice when our own interests are not concerned! I tell you that the future—and you know how much that word conveys to a man of my temperament—depends upon that paper!"

"Will passion procure it?" demanded his confederate. "No! Patience and perseverance may—but their proper exercise require—what for the moment you seem to have lost—temper! It is my opinion that Colonel Harrington's orderly has the deed or will, whichever it may prove to be!"

"If I thought so, I'd —"

"Of course you would!" interrupted Marshall; "but there is no occasion to say so; and I'd assist you!"

The speakers descended to the saloon, where they found the faithful Duncan seated by the sofa, contemplating the calm, unruffled features of the dead.

"Have you any property belonging to your master?" haughtily demanded Walter Trevanian.

"None, sir!" replied the poor fellow, saluting him.

"And do you expect us to believe this tale?" exclaimed Marshall, with a sneer; "*we know* that

papers of importance have been extracted from the valise!"

"Have you examined it, then, gentlemen?" said the soldier.

Had shame left one blush in their callous nature, it must have mantled to their cheeks at the straightforward question of the honest speaker.

"Insolent!" they both exclaimed; "dare you accuse us? Officers and gentlemen!"

Despite the critical position in which he found himself placed, Duncan could scarcely repress a smile at the assumption of insulted virtue.

"Indeed, gentlemen," he said, "you are 'mistaken! I give you my word—if it is of a poor, it is at least that of an honest man—that no paper belonging to my late colonel is in my possession!"

"Liar!" shouted Walter Trevanian, who had removed the cloak from the corpse, and discovered where the uniform had been ripped; "can you deny that this is your work?"

"I deny nothing!" replied Duncan, still preserving the same tone of respectful deference, although his blood boiled with indignation at the infamy of such an accusation.

The officers advanced with the intention of searching him.

"Back!" said the soldier, seizing his musket, which stood in one corner of the room; "the first who lays his hand upon me shall answer with his life, although I lose my own! I know your purpose! You would force me to betray my trust to my dead master! You shall cut me limb from limb first! Do not tempt me, Captain Trevanian," he added, "lest I forget the difference of our station, and, listening only to the impulse of manhood and insulted honesty, stretch you—gentleman and officer as you are—dead at my feet!"

"Poh!" exclaimed Marshall; "he will not dare to fire!"

It is impossible to say how the dispute might have terminated, if at that instant Clement Foster, accompanied by Lord Peapod and the aide-de-camp, had not entered the room. All three started with surprise at the sight of a private soldier with his piece levelled at his superior officer.

"Curse him!" muttered Walter; "at every step he thwarts me!"

His companion saw in an instant that all chance of compromise with Duncan was past—that nothing remained but to crush him. Coolly turning to the aide-de-camp, he accused the poor fellow of having robbed the body of his late colonel of certain valuables—most probably notes, as they had been con-

cealed in the lining of his uniform—and added, that Captain Trevanian and himself had detected him in the very act.

So unlikely did it appear either to our hero or his lordship that the speaker would have the infamy to make so serious a charge unless upon sure ground, that, despite their dislike of him, they at once gave credence to it.

Disregarding his indignant protestations of innocence, a party of the escort, who had dismounted, were called in, and Duncan was placed under arrest.

"You had better search him!" said Walter; "we have already placed our seals upon the valise of the colonel, and will willingly take charge of any further property which may be found upon the prisoner!"

Despite the danger of his position, the faithful orderly cast a look of triumph on the speaker, as the sergeant, after a close examination, failed to discover anything upon his person. One thing, however, at least was certain—he had dared to raise his weapon against the person of an officer—and that was an offence which military law punished with death.

He was marched away, still protesting his innocence.

"Poor fellow!" thought Clement, whose conviction of his guilt began to waver; "a few hours, and all will be over!"

Military justice was speedy indeed in those days: frequently not more than an hour elapsed between the commission of an offence and the punishment—especially when taken, as Duncan to all appearance had been, in the very fact. Anxious to secure the death of the man whose existence had now become dangerous to them, both Walter and his companion proposed that they should at once proceed before the provost marshal.

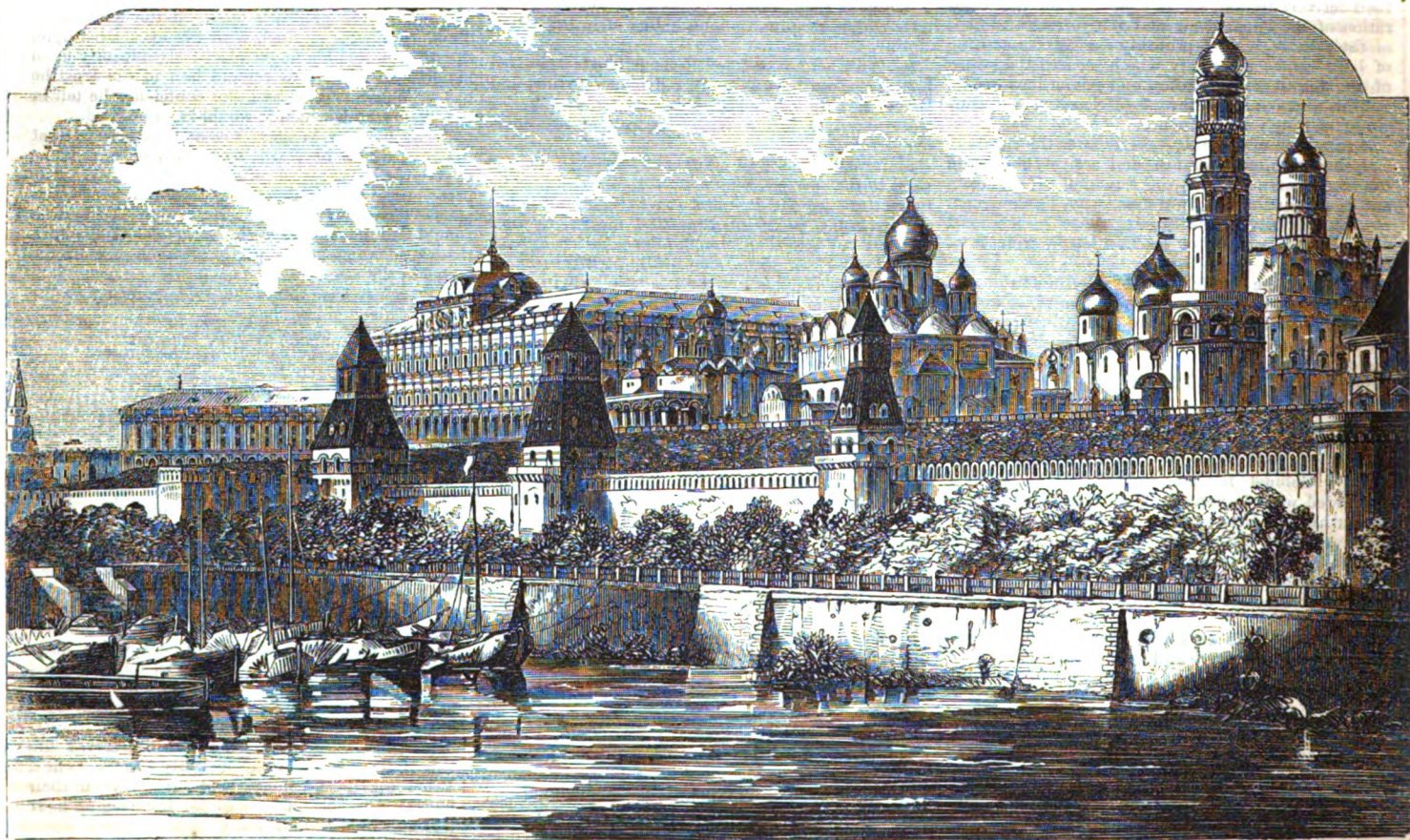
"Sorry to interfere with so proper an arrangement!" observed the aide-de-camp; "but the orders of the commander-in-chief are imperative! You must instantly rejoin your regiment!"

"We are billeted here!" exclaimed both the officers.

"By error!" continued the aide-de-camp; "the lady who inhabits this chateau is exempt from having officers or men quartered upon her! More," he added; "I fear that her letter to his grace has not given him a very favorable opinion of your conduct!"

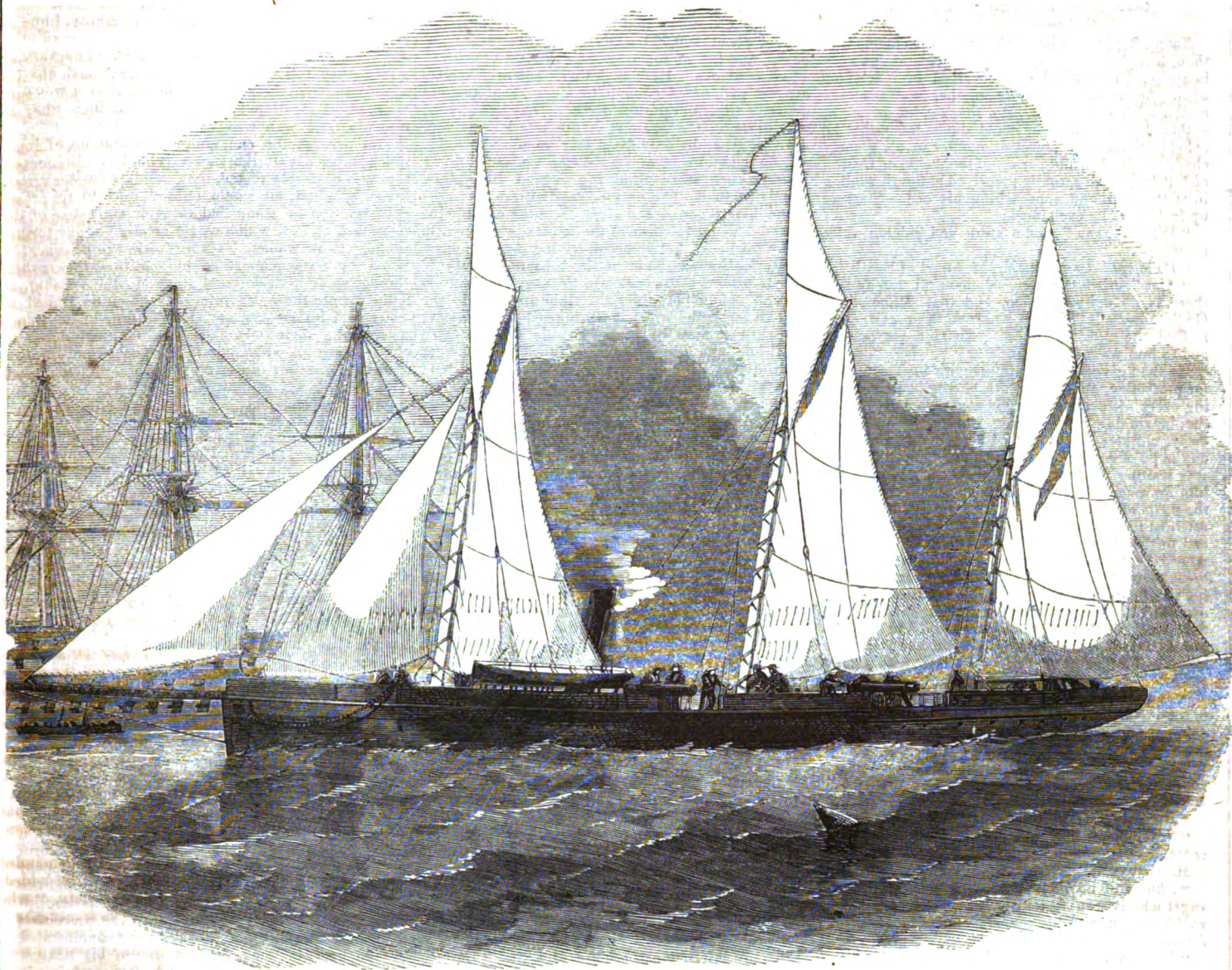
"Who is this woman?" impatiently demanded Captain Trevanian. "I need not ask," he added, darting a spiteful glance towards our hero, "who has been her messenger!"

[To be continued



THE KREMLIN OF MOSCOW.—(See page 342.)





LIGHT-DRAUGHT SCREW GUN-BOAT TENDERS.

**Light-Draught Screw Gun-Boat Tenders.**

Several of these vessels, built at Northfleet, Deptford, and elsewhere, in England, for tenders to ships of heavy draught of water, are now being fast completed for sea, and some have already joined the fleet at Spithead: their draught of water being about six feet, they will be enabled to go into water unapproachable by the vessels they accompany. In length they are about 105 feet, and are propelled by engines of 60-horse power, and have for their armament two of Lancaster's long-range guns. Each man-of-war having one of these gun-boats attached as tender is to bear on her books thirty-three supernumeraries for service in such tender, which is to have the following complement:—1 lieutenant or mate, 1 gunner, boatswain, and carpenter, 3 assistant engineers, 1 leading stoker, 12 seamen, A.B.'s, or ordinary, 2 boys of first and second-class respectively, and 4 privates of the Royal Marines.

They are smart-looking little vessels, and their performances have given the greatest satisfaction: they reflect the greatest credit on all engaged in their design and construction.

**The Expected Great Comet.**

The eminent astronomer, M. Babinet, member of the Academy of Sciences, gives some very interesting details relative to the return of that great comet whose periodical course is computed by the most celebrated observers at three hundred years. Our cyclical records show that it was observed in the years 104, 292, 682, 975—again in 1264, and the next time in 1556—always described as shining with the most extraordinary brilliancy.

Most of the European astronomers had agreed in announcing the return of this comet in 1848; but it has hitherto failed to appear. In fact, it is not so easy or simple a matter to compute those vast cyclical periods as some superficial persons—who do not look beyond the day or the year in which they live

—may imagine. We are, however, assured by M. Babinet that, up to this moment, this beautiful star "is living on its brilliant reputation;" so that Sir John Herschell himself was wrong when he despaired of its reappearance, and put crape on his telescope. We are now informed that a celebrated and accurate computer—M. Bomme, of Middleburgh—with a patience and devotedness truly German, has gone over all the previous calculations, and made a new estimate of the separate and combined action of all the planets upon this comet, of three hundred years; and he has discovered that it is not lost to us, but only retarded in its motion.

The result of this severe labor gives the arrival of this rare and renowned visitor in August, 1858, with an uncertainty of two years more or less; so that, between 1856 and 1860, those who are then living may hope to see the great luminary which, in 1556, caused Charles V. to abdicate. Those who combine the occurrence of great events with the appearance of great comets—as in 1814-15—ought to bear in mind that the Emperor Charles at that particular time was dejected by great reverses. The result of the siege of Metz—the defeat of Renty—the humiliation of the treaty of Passaw—the combination of all these calamities drew from that monarch the despairing cry:

"Fortune abandons the old!"

**TO PRESERVE EGGS.**—Take any quantity of fresh eggs, and bury them upright in salt: by this means they will keep good for a year.

**THE BEST WINE.**—It may be said that beer contains much saline matter, wines contain very little, and spirits contain none at all. Each year our knowledge of the chemical composition of these fluids will increase; and, with advancing knowledge, we shall obtain more clearness regarding the dietetic and medicinal properties of all fermented liquors. At present the answer to the question, which is the

best wine? cannot be given, because of the imperfect knowledge which we possess of the chemical composition of different wines. But even when full knowledge is obtained, no universal answer can be given—for that wine which is best in one state, or for one person, may be the worst, in a different state, or for another person. Generally, however, it may be said that that wine is best which contains the least alcohol, least acid, least sugar, and highest flavor. This is the best for a person in health.

**POTTED BUTTER.**—The butter is taken warm from the churn, and it is an invariable rule never to work it or dip it into water when intended to be salted. The dairymaid puts it into a clean tub, previously well rinsed with cold water, and then work it with cool hands until the milk is thoroughly squeezed out. Half the allowed quantity of salt is then added, and well mixed up with the butter, and in this state is allowed to stand till the next morning, when it is again brought up, any brine squeezed out, and the remainder of the salt added. It is then potted in kits, which, when full, should be well covered, and placed in a cool, dry store. A small quantity of salt is usually sprinkled on the surface. The quantity of salt used is half a pound to 14lbs. of butter.

**CHEAP WEATHER GLASS.**—For some years I have been in the habit of watching the condition of the gum in my wife's camphor-bottle, which stands in our bed room; and, when not disturbed, it makes a capital weather glass. It answers my purpose as a barometer. When there is to be a change of weather, from fair to windy or wet, the thin flakes of the gum will rise up; and, sometimes, when there was to be a great storm, I have seen them at the top. When they settle down clearly at the bottom, then we are sure of grand weather. Any farmer who will watch his wife's camphor-bottle for a season, will never have occasion to watch the birds, or locusts, or ants, for indications of a change in the weather.

No LEGACY is so rich as honesty.



## Route of the Overland Mail to India.

Continued from page 293.

Soon after sunset he laid himself in his lonely bed, though without any expectation of closing his eyes in sleep; for his mind was absorbed in reflections upon the awful entry into another world, and a review of his past life. As the shades of night gathered around him, he could almost fancy that he beheld, in one faint object or another in his gloomy chamber, the dreadful person of the Angel of Death; and at length he actually perceived a figure gliding in at the door, and approaching his bed. Starting up in horror, he exclaimed:

"Who art thou?" and a stern and solemn voice answered:

"Be silent! I am Azrael, the Angel of Death!"

"Alas!" cried the terrified man, "I testify that there is no deity but God, and that Mahomet is God's apostle! There is no strength or power but in God, the high, the great! To God we belong, and to him we must return!"

He then covered himself over with his quilt, as if for protection, and lay with throbbing heart, expecting every moment to have his soul torn from him by the inexorable messenger. But moments passed away, minutes, hours, yet without his experiencing any hope of escape; for he imagined that the angel was waiting for him to resign himself, or had left him for awhile, and was occupied in receiving first the souls of the many hundred human beings who attained their predestined term in that same night and in the same city, and the souls of the thousands who were doomed to employ him elsewhere. Day-break arrived before his suffering terminated; and his neighbors coming, according to their promise, entered his chamber, and found him still in bed; but observing that he was covered up, and motionless as a corpse, they doubted whether he were still alive, and called him. He answered, with a faint voice:

"I am not yet dead; but the Angel of Death came to me in the dusk of the evening, and I expect every moment his return to take my soul; therefore trouble me not, but see me washed and buried."

"But why," said his friends, "was the street door left unlatched?"

"I latched it," he answered.

"But the Angel of Death may have opened it!"

"And who," they asked, "is the man in the court?"

He answered:

"I know of no man in the court. Perhaps the angel who is waiting for my soul has made himself visible to you, and been mistaken, in the twilight, for a man."

"He is a thief," they said, "who has gathered together everything in the house that he could carry away, and has been struck by the plague while doing so, and now lies dead in the court, at the foot of the stairs, grasping in his hand a silver candlestick."

The master of the house, after hearing this, paused for a moment, and then throwing off his quilt, exclaimed:

"Praise be to God, the Lord of all creatures! That is the eleventh, and I am safe! No doubt it was that rascal who came to me and said that he was the Angel of Death. Praise be to God! Praise be to God!"

This man survived the plague, and took pleasure in relating this story. The thief had overheard his conversation with his neighbors, and, coming to his house in the dusk, had put his shoulder to the wooden lock, and so raised the door and displaced the latch within. There is nothing wonderful in the dream or its accomplishment; the plague of 1835 entirely depopulated many houses, and was mostly fatal to the young; and all the inhabitants of the house in question, were young, excepting the master.

The metropolis of Egypt, which is known to Europeans by the name of Cairo is called by the natives *Masr*. It was originally known by the name of *El Kahirah*, whence the Italian appellation of *Cairo*. It was founded at night. Astrologers had been consulted, and had fixed on a propitious moment for laying the first stones of the city walls. They were to have given a signal at that precise moment by ringing a number of bells, which were suspended to cords supported by poles along the whole circumference of the intended wall; but a crow happening to alight upon one of the cords, the bells were put in motion before the chosen time; and the builders, who were waiting the signal, immediately commenced their work. This *contretemps* caused the name of *El Kahirah* (unpropitious) to be given to it. Occasionally the name of "The Mother of the World," and other sounding titles, are applied to *Cairo*.

Cairo is of irregular form, about two miles in length by about half that in breadth, with a population of about 200,000 souls. The streets are unpaved, and few of them are of sufficient breadth to admit carriages. Here and there, however, streets are met with broad enough to allow them to pass conveniently, or even two together. The bye streets, and those in the quarters of the interior, are very narrow, generally only from four to ten feet wide; and, in consequence of the *Cairene* mode of building houses—each story projecting beyond that immediately below it—two persons may with perfect ease shake hands across the street from the upper windows. This narrowness of the streets is common to many towns in hot climates, having for its object greater coolness. Some of the bazaars are covered over to protect those seated in the shops below from the sun; and where their coverings are of wood, the appearance of the street is not injured by the effect; but when of mats or a mere awning, their tattered condition, and the quantity of dust they shower down during a strong wind upon those below, tend little either to the beauty of the street, or to the comfort of the people, for whose benefit they are intended. The streets of the bazaars are also kept cool by watering; which, though it contributes to that end, has a very prejudicial effect, the vapor constantly arising from the damp ground in a climate like that of Egypt tending greatly to the increase of ophthalmia. It is a startling fact, that one out of six among the inhabitants of *Cairo* is either blind or has some complaint in the eyes.

All burdens are borne by camels, if they are too heavy for asses; and vast numbers of the former, as well as many of the latter, are employed in supplying the inhabitants with the water of the Nile, which is conveyed in skins, the camel carrying a pair of skin bags, and the ass a goat skin, tied round at the neck. The great thoroughfare streets, being often half obstructed by these animals, and generally crowded with gorgeously-trapped horses, donkeys, the veiled beauties of the harem, and men of business, present striking scenes of bustle and confusion, particularly when two long trains of camels happen to meet each other where there is barely room enough for them to pass, which is often the case. Asses are in very general use, and most convenient for riding through such streets, and are always to be procured for hire. A servant generally runs with the donkey, and exerts himself by almost incessant bawling to clear the way for his master.

The principal bazaars are the *Ghoreeh* and the *Khan Khaleel*. In the former, cottons, stuffs, silks, *Fez* caps, and other articles, are sold; in the latter, cloth, dresses, swords, silks, slippers, embroidered stuffs, are the principal articles. A scene of Eastern bargaining has often been described with more or less correctness; but writers have generally omitted to notice that these occasions are often keen, intellectual struggles. In the first place, the shopkeeper endeavors to ascertain the country, position, and character of his customers. If he be a stranger, it is necessary to know whether he is likely to be imposed on easily or not. As a general rule, the buyer enters and asks if such and such a thing is to be procured. On an affirmative answer being given, he asks to see the article, which often is not the one he really wants. He then, if he has seen a piece of silk, incidentally requests to be shown a piece of muslin. Having handled and examined the merchandise, he says, "How much?" An exorbitant sum is generally demanded; on which it is often customary to affect great indignation, followed by a ridiculously low offer—twenty piastres instead of fifty. The shopkeeper instantly replies, "I will buy of you as much as you like for thirty-five." And we have often noticed that in saying this he indicates the price he is willing to accept. An immense amount of talk follows, the customer appealing sometimes to his friends (for he seldom goes alone), sometimes to any stranger who may be near, and sometimes to the good-feeling of the shopkeeper. Not unfrequently he goes so far as to take hold of his beard, or pat his cheek with his hands. A brother dealer, who may or not be a casual visitor, occasionally interferes and pretends to intercede for the customer, naming as very moderate a price which will leave a good profit; and at length an agreement is come to. The matter is not, however, even then definitely arranged, the shopkeeper often requiring the money to be laid down before he measures and cuts his merchandise. A very animated discussion likewise always takes place on the value of the variety of coins, which are produced generally from the knotted corner of a shawl or a handkerchief, or, if the purchaser be a woman, of a veil or a mantle. At length, when this matter is settled, the shopkeeper takes his measure, and in

many cases, we are sorry to say, exhibits great ingenuity in saving a few inches. In reality, however, he gains nothing; for, before he is allowed to cut, the purchaser cries in a fierce voice, "Lengthen a little!" that is, "Give a little over;" and, after some altercation, he always consents. A man whom we detected cheating by about half an inch every measure, and who was compelled to give some inches over at the end, assured us that he would much rather act straightforwardly, but that the custom was so deeply rooted, that, whether he behaved honestly or not, he would be supposed to do the contrary, and be compelled to give the usual compensation at last, which would greatly diminish his profits. The women especially distinguish themselves by always insisting on a little more; and they often do it on different grounds than the men. They require the extra piece as a compensation for any complaisance they may show whilst in the shop, as removing their veils, and otherwise entertaining the dealer. A shopkeeper informed us that he always asked them a higher price in consequence, that he might amuse himself, please them, and make a profit besides.

Several parts of *Cairo* are set apart, and called after certain trades, or particular goods sold there; as, for instance, the *Nahasin*, which is occupied by coppersmiths; the *Sagha*, occupied by those who mount swords; and the *Gohergeeh*, by jewellers.

The whole city is divided into quarters, separated from each other by gates, which are closed at night. A porter is appointed to each, who is obliged to open the door to all who wish to pass through, unless there is sufficient reason to believe them to be improper persons, or not furnished with a lamp, which every one is obliged to carry after the *Esher*, or one hour and a half after sunset. The principal quarters are the *Copt*, *Jew*, and *Frank* quarters.

Near the bazaar of the *Khan Khaleel* is situated the *Moroston*, or madhouse. This building was founded A.D. 1287. Several interesting anecdotes could be related of it and its inmates; but the following must suffice:—

A butcher, who had been confined some time, conceived an intense hatred for a Turkish trooper, one of his fellow-prisoners. His meals were brought to him by his family; and he induced his wife, one day, to conceal, in the basket of food, the instruments he had used in his trade—namely, a knife, a cleaver, and a pair of hooks. We must here inform the reader, that those lunatics who do not appear dangerous have lighter chains than others; and the chains of the person in question were of this description. When he had taken his dinner, he proceeded to liberate himself; and, as the cells communicated by the back, he soon reached that of his nearest neighbor, who, delighted to see him free, exclaimed: "How is this? Who cut your chains?"

"I did!" replied the first; "and here are the implements."

"Certainly," said he; and he proceeded to liberate several of his fellows.

The butcher then attacked the poor trooper, chained and unarmed as he was, slaughtered him, and, after dividing his body, hung it on the hooks within the window of his cell. In a very short time, the liberated lunatics became uproarious; and one of them growing alarmed, forced open the door by which the keepers usually entered, found one of them, and gave the alarm. The keeper instantly proceeded to the cell, and, seeing the body of the murdered man, exclaimed:

"What, have you succeeded in killing that trooper?—he was the plague of my life."

"I have," answered the madman; "and here he hangs for sale."

"Most excellent," replied the keeper; "but do not let him hang there; it will disgrace us: let us bury him."

"Where?" asked the maniac, still holding the cleaver in his hand.

"Here, in the cell," replied the other; "and then the fact can never be discovered."

In an instant he threw down the cleaver, and began to dig busily with his hands. In the meantime, the keeper entered by the back of the cell, and, throwing a collar over his neck, instantly chained him. And so finished this tragedy.

*Cairo* is said to contain about four hundred mosques. Several of them are in ruins; but by far the greater number are still in repair, and used daily for the daily prayers. There is little difficulty or danger now attending the visits of Christians to any of them. There is the following curious legend attached to the "Mosque of the Bloody Baptism":

Sultan Hassan, wishing to see the world, and lay aside for a time the anxieties and cares of royalty, committed the charge of his kingdom to his favorite



minister, and, taking with him a large amount of treasure in money and jewels, visited several foreign countries in the character of a wealthy merchant. Pleased with his tour, and becoming interested in the occupation he had assumed as a disguise, he was absent much longer than he originally intended, and, in the course of a few years, greatly increased his already large stock of wealth. His protracted absence, however, proved a temptation too strong for the virtue of the viceroy, who, gradually forming for himself a party amongst the leading men of the country, at length communicated to the common people the intelligence that Sultan Hassan was no more, and quietly seated himself on the vacant throne. Sultan Hassan returning shortly afterwards from his pilgrimage, and, fortunately for himself, still in disguise, learned, as he approached his capital, the news of his own death and the usurpation of his minister. Finding, on further inquiry, the party of the usurper to be too strong to render an immediate disclosure prudent, he preserved his incognito, and soon became known in Cairo as the wealthiest of her merchants; nor did it excite any surprise when he announced his pious intention of devoting a portion of his gains to the erection of a spacious mosque. The work proceeded rapidly under the spur of the great merchant's gold; and, on its completion, he solicited the honor of the sultan's presence at the ceremony of naming it. Anticipating the gratification of hearing his own name bestowed upon it, the usurper accepted the invitation; and at the appointed hour, the building was filled by him and his most attached adherents. The ceremonies had duly proceeded to the time when it became necessary to give the name. The chief moolah, turning to the supposed merchant, inquired what should be its name.

"Call it," he replied, "the Mosque of Sultan Hassan."

All started at the mention of this name; and the questioner, as though not believing he could have heard aright, or to afford an opportunity of correcting what might be a mistake, repeated his demand.

"Call it," again cried he, "the mosque of me, Sultan Hassan;" and, throwing off his disguise, the legitimate sovereign stood revealed before his traitorous servant.

He had no time for reflection. Simultaneously with the discovery, numerous trap-doors, leading to extensive vaults, which had been prepared for the purpose, were flung open, and a multitude of armed men issuing from them, terminated at once the reign and life of the usurper. His followers were mingled in the slaughter, and Sultan Hassan was once more in possession of the throne of his fathers.

The credulous believe that an ancient prophecy foretells the downfall of Moslem power, whenever the mosque of Amer shall fall into decay; and two columns, placed ten inches apart, near the southernmost door, are said to discover the faith of him who tries to pass between them—no one but a true believer in the Koran and the Prophet being supposed to succeed in the attempt. When all but Moslems were excluded from the mosques, the truth of this was never called in question; and, now that the profane and heretical are admitted, the desecration of the building is readily believed to cause the failure of the charm.

The minaret of the Taylool, which rises from the exterior wall of circuit, has a singular appearance, owing to the staircase winding round the outside. Its novel form is said to have originated in the absent habits of its founder, and on an observation of his vizier. He had found him unconsciously rolling up a piece of parchment in a spiral form; and having remarked, "It was a pity his majesty had no better employment," the king, in order to obviate this impression, replied, "So far from trifling, I have been thinking that a minaret erected on this principle would have many advantages; and I wish that of my new mosque to be built of the same form."

While on ecclesiastical subjects connected with Cairo, it may be interesting to some of our readers if we add a portrait of the Coptic Patriarch, who, though residing at Cairo, is styled "Patriarch of Alexandria," and occupies the chair of St. Mark. He is chosen generally by lot from the monks of the convent of St. Anthony, in the Eastern desert, near the Red Sea; and his jurisdiction extends over all Egypt and Abyssinia. The present patriarch is said to be well learned in ecclesiastical matters, particularly those relating to the controversies and disputes in which the East has always been rife; but, in respect to general information, we are sorry to say that his holiness knows no more than the bishops and clergy under him. The daily habits in which he is obliged to indulge, the listlessness, languor, idleness, and, as we should esteem it, inefficiency of

his life, are such as to cause one pain and regret that the duties of a bishop are not better understood and more earnestly performed in Egypt. While we cannot bring ourselves to believe that the informant of Mr. Lane is correct in stating that the patriarch is guilty of manifest tyranny, corruption, and lust for money, and that the inferior clergy are little better than robbers and wolves to their flocks, and both ignorant and vicious to a lamentable degree, we must confess that, so far as appearances go, we have seen little to impress us favorably with either clergy or people. The patriarch does not much else than sit and smoke, hour after hour, sleeping a portion of the day, and being obliged to be awake and watch all night. Excepting such duties as fall upon him in connection with his metropolitan jurisdiction, and some few of a civil character, none of which are to be considered onerous, he passes his time in the manner to which we have alluded, going out only one day in the week, and never leaving his house save when he takes part in the services in church. Sermons, or expositions of Scripture, neither he nor any one ever composes; and the thousand ways in which our bishops labor are unknown and unimagined by the dignitaries of that church which boasts of Athanasius as one of her great lights in other days, and claims St. Mark as her founder. "When we had the honor of seeing the patriarch, he received us very kindly, and invited us to a place near himself on the elevated divan or raised seat in the court of his residence. His personal appearance is not prepossessing: he is a man of perhaps sixty years of age; his face is heavy, dull, and, except when lighted up by excitement, rather stupid and unmeaning.

The slave-market is a revolting spectacle, owing rather to the dirty habits of its inmates than to the treatment they receive, which has been sometimes represented as particularly cruel. But the slave-dealers, hard-hearted as they may be, are too much afraid of lessening the marketable value of a slave to dream of any very great cruelty. It is not their treatment in Egypt that calls for complaint; but their being carried off, from country and kindred, as slaves. Once arrived at Cairo, their condition really becomes better than in their own country; and to the honor of the Orientals be it said, that slaves are far better treated by them than by Europeans.

Of the festivals, sight-, and amusements of Cairo, the principal annual ceremony is the departure of the pilgrims for Mecca, on the 25th of Shawal. The mahmel and the kisweh are the chief objects in this procession. The former is a velvet canopy, borne on a camel richly caparisoned, and was originally intended for the travelling seat of the wives of the caliphs who went to the pilgrimage. The kisweh is the lining of the Kaaba, or Temple of Mecca. It is of rich silk, adorned with Arabic sentences, embroidered in gold, and is yearly supplied from Cairo; the old one being then returned and divided into small portions, for the benefit or satisfaction of the credulous. Having arrived at Mecca—having performed the prescribed ceremonies there—having walked seven times, at least, round the Kaaba, and kissed the black stone, taken water from the holy well of Zemzem, visited the hill of Zafa, and the Omra, the 70,000 pilgrims proceed to the holy hill of Arafat. This is the number said to be collected annually at the pilgrimage from the various nations of Islam; and so necessary is it that it should be completed on the occasion, that angels are supposed to come down and supply the deficiency whenever the pilgrimage is thinly attended. Such is the effect of the magical number 7, and of the credulity of the East. The return to Cairo is a day of great rejoicing.

The Feast of the Prophet, held at Cairo, in commemoration both of the birth and the death of Mahomet, takes place in the beginning of the third month of the Moslem calendar. The most extraordinary sight to be witnessed during this festival is what is called the *Doseh*, or ceremony of trampling. It consists in a certain number of fanatics lying down upon the ground, closely packed, side by side, so as to form a path, along which a heavy man, representing the Sheik Bakri, upon an iron-shod horse, passes at a quick walk. The opinion has been expressed that the persons who submit to this trial are not injured. The Egyptians, however, do not even profess this; they say that such as are pure escape, whilst such as are impure may be killed. There are three places at which this sight may be seen—between the mosque of the Sultan Hassan, from which the Sheik Bakri, or his substitute, takes his departure, and the house of that important personage, situated at the south-east corner of the Esbekiyeh. But at the first two only thirty or forty people lie down; whilst at the third

sometimes several hundred come forward for that purpose.

In the island of Rosa, in the neighborhood of Cairo, is the Nilometer. It consists of a square well or chamber, in the centre of which is a graduated pillar, for the purpose of ascertaining the daily rise of the Nile. This is proclaimed every morning in the streets of the capital, during the inundation, by four criers, to each of whom a particular portion of the city is assigned.

The passengers remain at Cairo, where they are accommodated in spacious hotels at the expense of the Peninsular and Oriental Company, until the semaphoric signals, placed across the desert to Suez, announce the arrival of the steamer which is to convey them to India. Sometimes the steamer is three or four days after the usual time; sometimes it reaches Suez before the steamer from England has got to Alexandria. In the former case, time and opportunity are afforded the passengers of visiting the Pyramids—those vouchers of the ancient grandeur of Egypt—the Petrified Forest, the Pacha's palace at Shoobra, the egg-hatching depot, and a variety of lesser objects of attraction.

Most modern travellers have experienced a feeling of disappointment on first viewing the Great Pyramids. From some cause—probably arising chiefly from the extraordinary clearness of the atmosphere—the surprising magnitude of the work does not immediately strike the beholder, nor at once beget in him that sensation of wondering awe which, we apprehend, most visitors to this stupendous pile are predisposed to receive. It is not till the eye has rested on and traversed over the prodigious edifice for some time, that the notion of its vast dimensions becomes duly impressed on the mind. Then, indeed, as sight and feeling gradually expand to the measure of the object and the occasion, we see it in all its antique dignity, in all its moral grandeur; and the mind feels the force of an axiom, which, however disputed, experience confirms—that in vastness, whatsoever be its nature, there dwells sublimity. It has not speech nor language; yet its voice is heard, and speaks to the soul of the beholder, of the birth, the splendor, and the decay of empires—and of his own frailty.

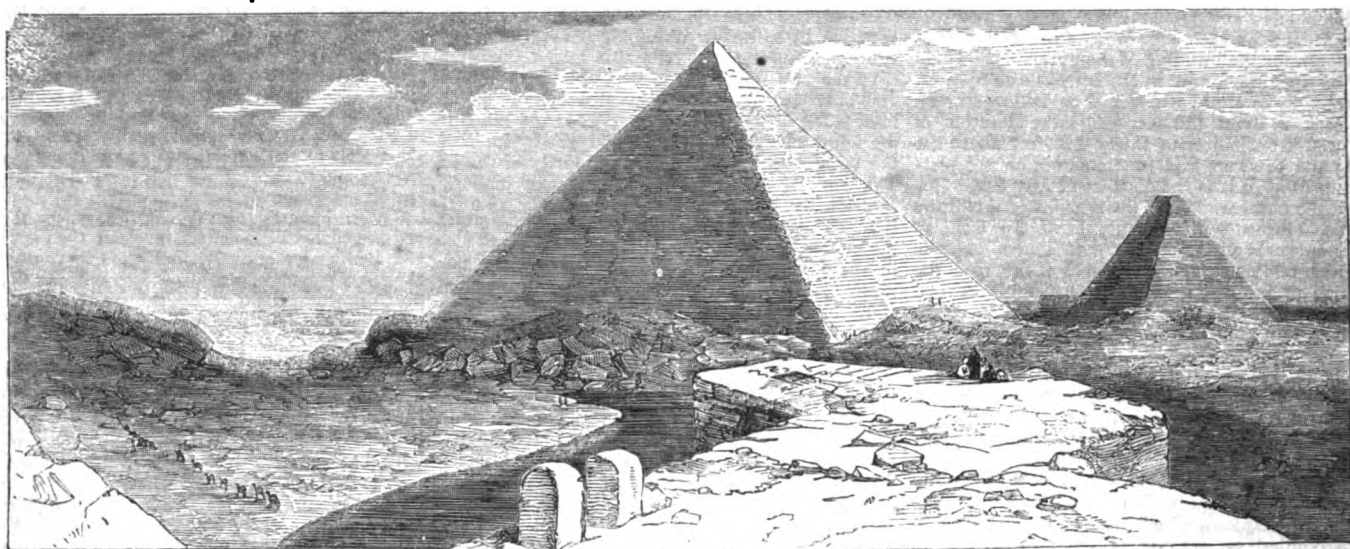
With the assistance of Arabs the ascent of this colossal monument is usually made. A couple of them leap on to the stones immediately above the visitor, and offer him each a hand, while a third follows, to give him an impetus from behind, and catch him in case of a slip. Up he goes, panting and toiling, step after step, and stopping occasionally to take breath, and receive the cheering congratulations of his rude guides—"Good, good, Inglesse, berry good!" and then, with an impatient grin and extended hand, "Bokheesh!" In about ten or fifteen minutes the topmost pier is reached. Here a platform is found, consisting of nine large stones, each of which might weigh about a ton, although they are much inferior in size to some of the stones used in the construction of the pyramid.

From a situation so elevated above a country naturally flat, a most extensive prospect is, of course, obtained, which not only offers many interesting objects to the view, but conveys an admirable idea of the general nature of the country; in fact, shows the visitor what Egypt is, or rather would be, but for the Nile—a bed of desert sand, through which the river meanders. Along its banks, and so far on each side of them as its periodical inundations extend, or its waters can be carried by art, all is green fertility; beyond that limit barrenness resumes its dominion. Seen from the airy pinnacle, the cultivated and inhabited country looks like a vast green serpent, coiling and winding itself over a white plain. In a word, we believe the prospect is almost without a parallel in the history of human recollection.

The descent is usually found to be more fatiguing than the ascent; the sinews suffer more from the succession of jolts, in the little jumps down the high steps, than from the strain and tension inflicted upon them by the upward progress. Some persons are attacked with dizziness, which makes the descent rather perilous to them.

The bed of rock on which the Great Pyramid is situated is about 150 feet above the sandy plain which intervenes between it and the cultivated land. It is a soft testaceous limestone, abounding particularly with those little fossils described by Strabo, as found in great quantities around the pyramids, and supposed to be petrified lentils, theavings of the workmen who built the pyramids! These abound in many parts of the chain of mountains by which the valley of the Nile is confined on this side.

The Great Pyramid is that which is described by Herodotus as the works of a Pharaoh named Cheops,



THE PYRAMIDS OF EGYPT.

whom Diodorus Siculus calls Chemmis. Each side of its base is 733 feet square, and the perpendicular height is 456 feet. It consists of 203 courses or layers of stone; therefore the average height of a single course is about 2½ feet; but the courses vary in height from about 4 feet to 1 foot. The lower courses are higher than the rest; and the lowest is hewn out of the solid rock, as is also part of the second. The upper and lower surfaces of the stones are smoothly cut; but the sides have been left very rough, and, in many cases, not square; the interstices being filled up with a coarse cement, of a pinkish color. This cement is, in some parts, almost as hard as the stone itself. From the brightness of its color—apparently little changed by the thousands of years that have passed since its erection—the Great Pyramid does not appear venerable; there is an appearance of freshness about it which is amazing.

On the morning before our departure from the neighborhood of the pyramids, several young Bedawees arrived near our tent. After dismounting, and loitering about for nearly an hour, they confessed to one of the party that they had ridden many miles in the hope of seeing the faces of some European ladies, who, they had been informed, were passing a few days at the pyramids, and they were seriously disappointed on finding veiled ladies only. A few weeks previously these same young men enjoyed the treat of seeing an English lady who was travelling in Egypt, and who was very beautiful. When asked their opinion of the lady on that occasion, they replied that her appearance was "excellent."

"But," exclaimed one of the young men, "the sword! the sword! If we had dared to have used it, we would have killed that man," (alluding to the lady's companion,) "whether her husband or her brother, and have taken her ourselves."

It is well for pretty women travelling in the East that these lawless Arabs are kept under a degree of subjection by the present government.

Who has not heard of the horse of the desert?—the noblest of this noble species of animal. Elsewhere, individuals of the genus *equus* may be more showy, and even more powerful; but it is only in the desert that the horse is found in a state bordering on perfection. Here he is remarkable for a small head with pointed ears, peculiarly clean muscular limbs, a corresponding slender shape, rather small size, and large animated eyes, expressing that intelligence which, as in the dog, is the consequence of being constantly with the members of his master's family; in fact, he generally shares their meals. He is frequently allowed to frolic through the camp like a dog, and at other times he is piqued at the tent; he is exposed to the weather at all times, and, compared with the treatment of his species in Europe, he is scantily fed.

A meal after sunset, consisting of barley, in some parts of the country, and camel's milk in others, or a paste of dates and water, which, in Nedjid, is mixed with dried clover and other herbs, constitutes his chief sustenance; but on any extraordinary exertion being required, flesh is frequently given, either raw or boiled. The catalogue of distinct breeds in the desert is almost endless, as every mare of noble blood, if particularly swift and handsome, may give rise to a new stock. The pedigrees of individuals are verified by certificates, which are

handed down from father to son with infinite care, and not unfrequently they belong to more than one family, for there is often a copartnership in mares, and hence partly arise the difficulties attending the purchase of one. It is, however, certain that these horses deteriorate when taken elsewhere, although both sire and dam may be of first-rate breeds; by the latter, and not the former, as with us, the wild tenants of the desert trace the blood. The prevailing colors are, a clear bay, sorrel, white, chestnut, grey, brown, and black. The number of horses, however, is comparatively few; their places, for almost every purpose in life, being supplied by camels.

Numerous striking instances have been published of the vigor, speed, and power of endurance of the horse of the desert. On a sudden emergency, the favorite mare is ready to scour the desert, guided only by a halter, and will strain every muscle at the encouraging voice of her daring master. For fifty miles at a single stretch, without a halt, will the fiery animal sweep along with power in every stride, with flashing eyes and expanded nostrils, glorying in her might. Nay, we have heard that, with little respite and less food, a hundred and twenty miles have been performed, and that, be it remembered, by an animal gentle as the lamb in her master's tent, and affectionate as the attached dog. Colonel Hamilton Smith states that there was, a few years since, an account given in the newspapers of a bet against time won by one of these admirable creatures at Bangalore, in the presidency of Madras, running four hundred miles in four consecutive days. This exploit occurred in July, 1849. It was not without reason that the Jockey Club of England declined to incur the responsibility of accepting a challenge by the Pacha of Egypt, to pit his horses against the best England could produce in a race over the desert sand.

In the time of Louis XIV. the French consul entered into a negotiation with a poor Bedawee for the purchase of a beautiful mare, all his property, on behalf of the French king, for whom she was destined. The man hesitated a long time, but at length, on the condition of receiving a very large sum of money which he named, consented. The consul, not daring, without further instructions, to give so high a price, wrote to his royal master for permission to close the bargain on the terms stipulated. Louis gave orders for the money to be paid. The consul sent immediate notice to the Bedawee, who soon afterwards made his appearance, mounted on his magnificent courser, and the gold which he had demanded was put down. The man, covered with a miserable rag, dismounted—gazed on the gold—sighed—turned his eyes to the mare, and thus accosted her:—"To whom am I going to yield thee up? To Europeans, who will tie thee close, who will beat thee, who will render thee miserable! Return with me, my beauty, my darling, my jewel, and rejoice the hearts of my children!" As he pronounced these words, he sprang on her back, and instantly galloped off towards the desert.

The Great Sphinx faces the traveller as he approaches the Great Pyramid by the easiest route from the south-east, the following engraving is a representation of this very striking relic of ancient art.

From Greek writers we gather the outlines of the fabulous tradition of the Sphinx—that it had the head and breasts of a woman, the body of a dog, the

tail of a serpent, the wings of a bird, the paws of a lion, and a human voice. This terrible monster was sent into the neighborhood of Thebes by Juno, who wished to punish the family of Cadmus, which she persecuted with immortal hatred; and it laid this part of Boetia under continual alarms by proposing enigmas, and devouring all those of the inhabitants who attempted to explain them without success. In the midst of their consternation the Thebans were told by one of their oracles that the Sphinx would destroy herself as soon as one of the enigmas she proposed was explained. In this enigma she wished to know "what animal walked on four legs in the morning, two at noon, and three in the evening?" Upon this Creon, King of Thebes, promised his crown and his sister Jocasta in marriage to him who could deliver his country from the monster by a successful explanation of the enigma. It was at last happily explained by Oedipus, who observed that a man walks on his hands and feet when young, or in the morning of life; when he has obtained the years of manhood, or the noon of life, he walks erect; and in the evening of his days he supports the infirmities of age with the assistance of a staff. The Sphinx no sooner heard this true explanation than she dashed her head against a rock, and immediately expired. Some mythologists have wasted much labor, talent, and ingenuity, in endeavoring to unriddle this fable of the sphinx, by supposing that one of the daughters of Cadmus infested the country of Thebes by her continual depredations, because she had been refused a part of her father's possessions. The lion's paw expressed, as they observe, her cruelty; the body of the dog, her lasciviousness; her enigmas, the snares she laid for strangers and travellers; and her wings, the dispatch she used in her expeditions. But we will, with the readers permission, leave this classic rubbish, and proceed to describe "this, the most colossal piece of sculpture which remains of all the works executed by the ancients."

The Sphinx stands a little to the east of the two smaller pyramids previously mentioned, and on a much lower level. The lower part of this venerable piece of antiquity, which had for ages lain buried under a load of sand, was in 1822 uncovered by the exertions of Captain Caviglia; but a few months after the Arabs and the wind had replaced the greater portion of the covering, and the lower extremities of the Sphinx were equally invisible as before his operations. The breast, shoulders, neck, and head, which are those of a human being, remain uncovered; the back, which was that of a lion, is again re-covered with sand; the neck is very much eroded, and, to a person near, the head seems as if it were too heavy for support. The head-dress has the appearance of an old-fashioned wig, projecting out about the ears. The ears project considerably, the nose is broken, the whole face has been painted red, which is the color always assigned to the ancient inhabitants of Egypt, and to all the deities of the country, except Osiris. The features are Nubian, or what, from ancient representations, may be called ancient Egyptian, which is quite different from the negro feature; the expression is particularly placid and benign—so much so, that the worshipper of the Sphinx might hold up his god as superior to all the other gods of wood and stone which the blinded nations worshipped. The whole of it is cut out of the rock which,



is calcareous, easily scilicet, and abounding in small bivalve shells; and probably the large excavations in front, and on each side of it, furnished part of the stones for the building of the pyramids. There was no opening found in the body of the Sphinx, whereby to ascertain whether it is hollow or not. The back is about 120 feet long; the elevation of the head from thirty to thirty-five feet above the sand; the paws are said to stretch out on the platform in front of it to the distance of fifty feet. Between the paws are found the remains of a trilitic temple, adorned with hieroglyphics. In front of the temple was a granite altar with four horns, one of which remained, and the marks of fire, from the burning of incense, were visible upon it. Several Greek inscriptions were found on the paws of the Sphinx, but none of them older than the second century. One of them is signed Arrianus, and is merely an address of the poet of that name to the Sphinx as the guardian genius of the kings of Egypt; another states a grateful resolution of the inhabitants of the village of Busiris, living near the pyramids, and the town and country scribes among them, to erect a stone column to commemorate the heavenly virtues of the emperor, Nero Claudius Caesar Augustus Germanicus, which were to be inscribed in hieroglyphics, on account of the prosperity with which they had been blessed under his government, of an abundant inundation of the Nile, and, finally, of his having been present at their lawful rites, having worshipped the sun, the overseer and savior of the world, and having been much delighted.

The Arabs call the Sphinx *Abou el Mol*, the father of terrors, or *Abou el Haoun* the father of the column. Both on the temples and on the tombs, Sphinx is frequently represented with a pyramid and an obelisk between its paws.

Herodotus makes no mention of this enigmatical figure; yet it is completely Egyptian, and from the great disintegration that it has suffered, we can hardly suppose that it did not exist in his time. Pliny, who is the first author that mentions it, merely states its position in front of the pyramids, and that the inhabitants said it was the tomb of King Amasis, and was brought there; which he contradicts by asserting it to be cut out of the rock, but offers no conjecture of his own as to its use or formation.

The Sphinx, in the greek mythology, is, as we have already said, represented with the countenance of a beautiful female; but the countenance of this Sphinx is that of a man. The red color does not sufficiently characterise the sex; but the beard, which was found between its paws, leaves little doubt on that subject. The expression of almost all the Egyptian figures is so particularly mild and interesting, that without the accession of the beard they might all pass for females.

This gigantic statue was entire in the time of Abdalatif, who describes its graceful appearance, and the admirable proportion in the different features of its countenance, of which he particularly mentions the nose, the eyes, and the ears, and says that they excited his astonishment above everything in Egypt; and Makrisi states that it was mutilated by Sheik Mehemet.

Before we leave the Desert, we will mention two of its most remarkable phenomena, the simoon and the zoboah. The simoon is a very violent, hot,

and almost suffocating wind, blowing generally from the south-east, or south-south-east. It is commonly preceded by a fearful calm. As it approaches, the atmosphere assumes a yellowish hue, tinged with red; the sun appears of a deep blood color, and gradually becomes quite concealed before the hot blast is felt in its full violence. The sand raised by the wind adds to the gloom, and greatly increases the painful effects of the heat and rarity of the air. The simoon lasts generally about half-an-hour; occasionally, however, it is much longer in duration. The poor camel suffers from it equally with his master, and will often lie down with his back to the wind, close his eyes, stretch out his long neck upon the ground, and so remain until the storm has passed over. The zoboah is a whirlwind which raises the sand in the form of a pillar, commonly to the height of 700 or 800 feet. These whirling pillars of sand (of which frequently ten or twelve occur in one day) are carried sometimes with very great rapidity across the desert.

But now we will leave the terrors of the desert, and those wonderful remnants of the ancient splendor of Egypt—deeply interesting though they be—and proceed to give some further particulars respecting Cairo and its inhabitants.

Mrs. Poole relates a singular event that occurred to her brother, Mr. Lane, and her own family, during their residence in Cairo in the year 1842. After having searched for a house, during a month, in vain, they were delighted by the offer of one which, in every respect, appeared eligible. But they were much surprised, after passing a few days in the new abode, to find that the servants were unable to procure any rest during the night, being disturbed by a constant knocking, and by the appearance of what they believed to be an efreit, or evil spirit. The manner of the servants' complaint of the latter was very characteristic. Having been much annoyed one morning by a noisy quarrel under the window of the sitting-room, Mr. Lane called one of the servants to ascertain how it had arisen, when he replied:

"It is a matter of no importance, O Efendee; but the subject which perplexes us is that there is a devil in the bath."

Mr. Lane being aware of the superstitious prejudices of the lower orders in Cairo, replied:

"Well, is there a bath in the world that you do not believe to be a resort of evil spirits, according to the well known tradition on that subject?"

"True, O my master," rejoined the man; "the case is so; this devil has long been the resident of this house, and he will never permit any other tenant to retain its quiet possession; for a long time no one has remained more than a month within these walls, excepting the last person who lived here, and he, though he had soldiers and slaves, could not stay longer than about nine months, for the devil disturbed his family all night."

It was quite true that the whole of the English family had been grievously disturbed; but the annoyance had been attributed to a neighbor's extraordinary demonstration of joy on the subject of his own marriage. The noise was deafening during the whole of eight nights, and when Mrs. Pool's family was becoming accustomed to the constant din, they were roused by three tremendous reports of firearms, which rang through the apartments, and shook

the dwelling to the very foundation. It is not therefore remarkable that they did not hear the noises which disturbed the poor servants, in addition to the sufficient uproar without.

It appeared, on enquiry, that the man, to whom the house formerly belonged, and who was now dead, had, during his residence in it, murdered a poor tradesman who entered the court with his merchandise, and two slaves; one of these—a black girl—was destroyed in the bath. It will be readily understood how such a story as this shed its influence on the minds of a people who are superstitious to a proverb.

During her short stay in the house, Mrs. Poole had had two maids leave her, one after another without giving any idea of their intentions, and had never returned, and the cause now was explained by the door-keeper.

"Why did Amineh and Zeyneb leave you? Verily, O my master, because they feared for their security. When Amineh saw the efreit, she said at once, 'I must quit this house; for, if he touch me, I shall be deranged, and unfit for service;' and truly," he added, "this would have been the case. For ourselves, as men, we fear not; but we fear for the harem. Surely you will consider their situation, and quit this house."

"Try a few nights longer," said Mr. Lane; "and call me as soon as the efreit appears to-night; we might have caught him last night, when you say he was so near you, and after giving him a sound beating, you would not have found your rest disturbed."

"O Efendee!" exclaimed another of the servants, "this is an efreit, and not a son of Adam, as you seem to suppose. He assumed last night all imaginary shapes, and when I raised my hand to seize him, he became a piece of cord."

As these men were valuable servants, and Mr. Lane was desirous of keeping them in his service, he refrained from alluding to the folly of their superstitious fears, and merely answered that, if the annoyance did not cease, he would make inquiry about another house.

The morning after the conversation we have related took place, the servants' report was considerably improved. They had passed, they said, a comfortable night, and it was hoped that they might arrange to remain there; but the following day a most singular statement awaited them. The door-keeper, in a tone of considerable alarm, said that he had been unable to sleep at all; that the efreit had walked round the gallery all night in clogs,\* and had repeatedly knocked at his door with some hard substance. Then followed the question why one of the men had not called Mr. Lane; when they acknowledged that neither of them dared pass the gallery round which the supposed efreit was taking his midnight walk, striking each door violently as he passed it.

For many nights these noises and apparitions continued, and many evenings they began before the family and servants retired to rest. Another curious circumstance attending the annoyance was the finding, on several successive mornings, five or six pieces of charcoal laid at the door leading to the chambers in which the family slept; conveying in Egypt an imprecation which is far from agreeable;

\* Clogs are always worn in the bath.



THE GREAT SPHINX.



namely, "May your faces be blackened." Frequently the door of the room in which the family was sitting late in the evening was violently knocked at many short intervals; at other times it seemed as if something very heavy fell upon the pavement close under one of the windows of the same room, or one adjoining; and as these rooms were at the top of the house, it was imagined at first that some stones or other things had been thrown by a neighbor, but nothing was ever found outside after the noises. The usual noises continued during the greater part of the night, and were frequently like a heavy trampling, as of the walking of a person in large clogs, varied by knocking at the doors of many of the apartments, and at the large water-jars which filled recesses in the galleries:

During Ramadan (the month of abstinence, taking up part of our months of October and November) the Moslems believe that efreetes are imprisoned, and then the annoyances cease.

One evening in December, a maid who had passed only two days in the house, rushed into the sitting-room, whence she had just removed supper, exclaiming that a tall figure in white had stood with arms outspread at the entrance of the upper gallery to prevent her passing. The whole family immediately returned with her, but nothing was found. This white figure the servants called a saint, and they ascertained that the house was now haunted by a saint and an efreet. One man assured Mr. Lane that this same saint, who was of "dazzling whiteness," applied himself one night to the bucket of the well in the court, and, having drawn up water, performed his ablutions, and said his prayers. A few days after, the doorkeeper (a new servant) complained that he not only could not sleep, but that he had never slept since his arrival more than a few minutes at a time, and that he never could sleep consistently with his duty, unless the efreet should be destroyed. He added, that he went up every night into the upper gallery leading to the sleeping-rooms, and there he found the figure we have mentioned walking round and round the gallery; and concluded with an anxious request that Mr. Lane would consent to his firing at the phantom, saying that devils have always been destroyed by the discharge of fire-arms. Mr. Lane consented to the proposal, provided the servant used neither ball nor small shot.

Two days and nights passed, and it was discovered on the third that the doorkeeper was waiting to ascertain whether the spectre was a saint or a devil, and was therefore resolved to question him on the ensuing night before he fired.

The night came, and it was one of unusual darkness. The family sat up until near midnight, talking over the subject, and speculating upon the cause, when they were startled by a tremendous discharge, which was succeeded by the deep hoarse voice of the door-keeper, exclaiming:

"There he lies, the accursed!"

This was followed by a sound as of a creature struggling and gasping for breath. In the next moment the man loudly called his fellow servant:

"Come up—the accursed is struck down by me."

This was again followed by such mysterious sounds that the family believed either a man had been shot, and was in his last agonies, or that the door-keeper had accidentally shot himself.

Mr. Lane went round the gallery, while the rest of the family stood trembling, hand in hand, at the door of the apartment. It appeared that the man had used not only ball-cartridge, but put two charges of powder, with two balls, into his pistol. We will describe this event, however, in his own words:

"The efreet passed me in the gallery, and repassed me, when I thus addressed it:—'Shall we quit this house, or will you do so?' 'You shall do it,' he answered, and passing me again he threw dust into my right eye. This proved he was a devil," continued the man, "and I wrapped my cloak around me, and watched the spectre as it receded. It stopped in that corner, and I observed attentively its appearance. It was tall and perfectly white. I stooped and before it moved again discharged my pistol, which I had before concealed, and the accursed was struck down before me, and here are the remains." So saying he picked up a small burnt mass, resembling more the sole of a shoe than any thing else, but perforated by fire in several places, and literally burnt to a cinder. This the man asserted (agreeably with a popular opinion) was always the relic when a devil was destroyed, and it lay on the ground under a part of the wall where the bullets had entered. The noise which succeeded the report, and which filled all the family with horror, is, and we suppose must ever remain a mystery. On the fol-

lowing morning the spot was closely examined, but nothing was found that could throw light upon the subject.

The only conclusion that Mr. Lane could arrive at respecting these circumstances was, that one or more wicked persons liked the house so well that they resolved to gain possession, and to eject by dint of sundry noises and other annoyances any persons who desired its occupation. He felt persuaded that the party who personated the evil one suffered some severe injury when the balls were fired, and that the darkness favored his escape.

Many anecdotes are still current at Cairo respecting the late Pacha. We learned the following instance of his tolerance:—A French baker established himself in the "City of Victory," as some are pleased to call the metropolis of Egypt. He soon made such sad invasions on the trade of the Cairene bakers, that they exclaimed loudly against the infidel, cursed him by their beards, and wondered that any true believer should eat bread prepared by his hands. At last they went in a body to the Pacha, and complained that they were losing their custom rapidly; that, in spite of all their remonstrances, the people of the city persisted in eating the Giauour's bread, imagining that it was so much better than their own. The pacha heard the complaint, and directly ordered a cake of the Frenchman's bread to be brought him; one fresh and crisp from the oven was quickly conveyed into his excellency's hand. He ate it up with considerable *gout*, and dismissed the complaint, ordering, at the same time, that none but the Frenchman's bread should in future be served at his table.

The only piece of useless cruelty that Mehemet Ali is known to have committed was on a young Frenchman, many years since. The Frenchman was a merchant at Cairo, and, on his way to Alexandria, had either been insulted or assailed by a Turk, so wantonly, that, in self-defence, he shot him. On his arrival, he was arrested and kept in close confinement by the Turkish authorities, and the consul at the capital immediately interfered in his behalf. The pacha knew that he could not refuse to yield to this interference, for he had a great regard for Drouette; but he set off instantly, and travelled with the utmost expedition, arriving at Alexandria in the night, for he was exasperated at the violence committed on one of his subjects. He commanded this unfortunate European to be brought into his presence, and had him instantly beheaded. He then returned to his capital with the same speed, when every expostulation and menace came too late.

#### The Kremlin at Moscow.

We beg to present to our readers a view of probably the finest royal palace in the world—the Kremlin, Moscow.

The city has been called Tartarian Rome—for it is a mixture of the grand and the squalid. Wretched hovels are blended with large palaces—cottages of one story stand next to the most superb and stately buildings—many brick structures are covered with wooden tops—some of the wooden houses are painted, others have iron doors and roofs. In fact, Moscow may be considered as a town built upon the Asiatic model, exhibiting, even after its renovation subsequent to the great fire, a motley mixture of discordant styles of architecture. The Kremlin, which strictly means fortress, is a large walled circle, containing many old churches, as well as the public offices and apartments of state: and hither almost every traveller wends his way first. Our view shows the terrace which overhangs the walls towards the River Moskva, at the extremity of which, to the left, is a curious structure of the Trinity Church, and the awe-inspiring portals of the Holy Gate, through which every passenger walks bare-headed. At the other end, a cluster of domes rises from the church of St. Nicholas, that of the Assumption, and the chapel and palace of the Czars, with the lofty temple of Ivan Veliki, which towers far above them, and reflects the beams of the sun from a globe of gold. The palace of the Czars does not boast of an antiquity of more than two hundred years, but it is an edifice raised with princely costliness, and much artistic taste.

It is one of the most showy examples of the gorgeous architecture of the Kremlin; the entire circle presents an assemblage of bright, dazzling colors, and a display of richness that calls to mind the wealth of Ormuz and of Ind. The cupolas and roofs are gilt, or stained green or red, the walls and towers covered with glazed tiles of blue and white and yellow; in other parts adorned with storied paintings from Holy Writ; while on every side may be seen a *melange* of pear-shaped domes, Tar-

tar battlements, Gothic armory, Grecian columns, the star, the Crescent, and the Cross. Below, the stream of the Moskva winds its course amidst the streets and houses of the town, interspersed with glittering steeples; cottages, gardens, and palaces being intermixed, and offering to view the endless variety of a Russian city.

The origin of Moscow is involved in some obscurity, but it is supposed to have been built about the middle of the twelfth century. It derives its name from the river which flows by the Kremlin. Its history presents a singular series of disasters. It seems to have been subject to periodical visitations from the sword, fire, and pestilence. Its first enemies were the Tartars, who burnt it repeatedly; then, at least once a century, it was visited by the plague, succeeded by a conflagration; the Poles set it on fire several times; but the invasion of Russia by the French, in 1812, followed by their occupation of Moscow, the burning of the city, and their consequent disastrous retreat, have connected its history with some of the most momentous and influential events in the progress of modern Europe.

Few of our readers but are acquainted with that extraordinary event—the voluntary destruction of Moscow, in order to insure the certain ruin of the finest army that was ever led to battle by the first general and the ablest man ever intrusted with the destinies of a people or a time. The French took possession of the Kremlin on the 14th of September, and before night Napoleon himself arrived at the gates of Smolensko, "where he waited, expecting a deputation from the municipality, as he had been wont, whenever he entered any captured town—but none came." On sending to inquire the reason, he was told Moscow was deserted. What a chill must have fallen on his soul at the announcement. He sent one of his generals to make further search and inquiries. "Not a Muscovite was to be seen, not the least smoke rose from a single chimney, not the slightest noise issued from this immense and populous city; its three hundred thousand inhabitants seemed to be struck dumb and motionless by enchantment. It was the silence of the desert."

Napoleon's star waned from that time. In the course of the night the fire broke out, and speedily 21,000 buildings were in ashes. Napoleon was paralysed; he wasted time in attempting to negotiate, and it was not until the 19th of October that he quitted Moscow, leaving orders to blow up the Kremlin—which, however, in the hurry of departure, were only partially obeyed.

The retreat was the most dreadful on record; and although we have not had a touch of the Napoleon fever, we can fervently regret the loss of the magnificent army which the Emperor led into Russia. Russians were invariably beaten whenever they showed fight, but King Frost and Queen Snow were irresistible. Before their breath the finest troops that ever marched to battle melted, as did the host of Sennacherib, on that fatal night when the Israelites were fearfully avenged.

Napoleon's celebrated exclamation when he arrived at Warsaw, after he had deserted his army, "There is but one step from the sublime to the ridiculous!" was a heartless but fitting comment on the last scene of the horrors of his unnecessary and unskillfully conducted Russian campaign. Had he conquered the Russians and baffled the weather, his triumph could not have resulted in any solid advantage to France—for he could only have levied a tribute, or, perhaps, have patched up the kingdom of Poland again. Had he not gone to Russia at all, but marched straight to Constantinople, the aspect of the world would have been very different to what it is now. Russia would have been a third-rate instead of a first-rate power, and neither England nor France would have been under the necessity, as they are now, of watching her movements with a nervous anxiety, not unmingled with dread. But it was not to be so. Destiny drew the great Emperor to Moscow, and there it folded him in a mantle of snow; and he hurried back to Paris alone, shivering, and humbled.

Moscow will ever be associated with his downfall; and although it is unlikely it will ever again be the capital of Russia, or regain its former importance, its name will go down through untold ages, as inseparably linked with the fate of, as Byron designated him:

The greatest, nor the worst of men.

The most benevolent intentions, and the most beneficent actions, often lose a great part of their merit, if they are void of delicacy.

It is surely very narrow policy that supposes money to be the chief good.



### Captain Obstinate.

ONE fine evening in the month of July, an old soldier of the "grand army," who had left one of his arms on the field of battle, was seated at the door of his pretty cottage. He was surrounded by a group of young villagers, who were clamorously reminding him of his promise to tell them some of his military adventures. After a moment of pretended resistance to their wishes, the old man took his pipe from his mouth, passed the back of the remaining hand across his lips, and thus commenced his tale:

In my time, my friends, the French would have disdained to fight against Frenchmen in the streets, as they do in these days. No, no—when we fought, it was for the honor of France, and against her foreign enemies. But my story commences on the 6th of November, 1812, a short time after the Battle of Wiazma. We beat a retreat—not before the Russians—for they were at a respectful distance from our camp—but before the sharp and bitter cold of their detestable country—a cold more terrible to us than the Russians, Austrians, and Bavarians, all put together.

During the preceding days our officers had told us that we were approaching Smolensko, where we should get food, fire, brandy, and shoes; but in the meantime we were perishing in the glaciers, and continually harassed by the Cossacks. We had marched for six hours without stopping to take breath—for we knew that repose was certain death. An icy wind blew the drifting snow in our faces, and from time to time we stumbled over the corpse of a comrade. We neither spoke nor sang—even complaints were not heard—and that was a bad sign. I marched by the side of my captain—short, strongly-built, rough, and severe, but brave, and true as the blade of his sword; we called him "Captain Obstinate"—for when once he said a thing, it was fixed; he never changed his opinions. He had been wounded at Wiazma, and his unusually crimson face was then ghastly pale, while a ragged white handkerchief, all stained with blood, was bound round his head, and added to the pallor of his countenance. All at once I saw him stagger on his legs like a drunken man, then fall like a block to the ground.

"*Morbleu*, captain!" said I, bending over him, "you cannot remain here!"

"You see that I can, since I do it!" replied he, showing his legs.

"Captain," said I, "you must not give way!" Lifting him up in my arms, I tried to put him on his feet. He leaned on me, and attempted to walk—but in vain. He fell again, dragging me with him.

"Jobin," said he, "all is over! Leave me here, and rejoin your company as quick as possible! One word before you go! At Voreppe, near Grenoble, lives a good woman, eighty-two years of age—my—my mother! Go and see her, embrace her for me, and tell her that—that—tell her what you will, but give her this purse and my cross! It is all I have! Now go!"

"Is that all, captain?"

"That is all! God bless you! Make haste! Adieu!"

My friends, I do not know how it was, but I felt two tears roll down my cheeks.

"No, captain!" I cried; "I will not leave you. Either you shall come with me, or I will remain with you!"

"I forbid you to remain!"

"You may put me under arrest, then, if you like—but at present you must let me do as I please!"

"You are an insolent fellow!"

"Very good, captain—but you must come with me!"

He bit his lips with rage, but said no more. I lifted him, and carried him on my shoulders like a sack. You can easily imagine that with such a burthen I could not keep pace with my comrades. In fact, I soon lost sight of their columns, and could descry nothing around me but the white and silent plain. I still walked on, when presently appeared a troop of Cossacks galloping towards me, with furious gesticulations and wild cries.

The captain was by this time completely insensible, and I resolved, whatever it might cost me, not to abandon him. I laid him down on the ground, and covered him with snow; then I crept beneath a heap of dead bodies, leaving, however, my eyes at liberty. Presently the Cossacks came up, and began to strike with their lances right and left, while their horses trampled us under their feet. One of these heavy beasts set his foot upon my right arm, and crushed it. My friends, I did not speak, I did not stir—I put my right hand into my mouth, to stifle

the cry of torture which nearly escaped from me, and in a few minutes the Cossacks had dispersed.

When the last of them had disappeared, I quitted my refuge, and proceeded to disinter the captain. To my joy, he gave some signs of life; I contrived to carry him with my one arm towards a rock which offered a sort of shelter, and then I laid myself by his side, wrapping my cloak around us both.

The night had closed in, and the snow continued to fall.

The rear-guard had long since disappeared, and the only sound that broke the stillness of the night was the whistle of a bullet or the howling of the wolves feasting on the corpses that lay stretched around. God knows what thoughts passed through my soul during that dreadful night, which I felt sure would be my last upon earth. But I remembered the prayer which my mother had taught me long before, when I was a child at her knee, and, bending low, I repeated it with fervor.

My children, that did me good, and remember always that a sincere and fervent prayer is sure to comfort you. I felt astonishingly calmed when I returned to my place by the captain. But the time passed, and I had fallen into a state of half-stupor, when I saw a group of French officers approach. Before I had time to speak to them, their chief, a little man, dressed in a furred pelisse, stepped forward towards me, and said:

"What are you doing here? Why are you away from your regiment?"

"For two good reasons!" said I, pointing first to the captain, and then to my bleeding arm.

"The man says true, sire!" said one of those who followed him; "I saw him marching to the rear of his regiment, and carrying this officer on his back!"

The Emperor—for, my friends, it was he—gave me one of those glances that only he or the eagle of the Alps could give, and said:

"It is well! You have done very well!" Then, opening his pelisse, he took the cross which decorated his green coat, and gave it to me. At that instant I was no longer hungry—no longer cold. I felt no more pain from my arm than if that awkward beast had never touched it. "Davoust," added the Emperor, addressing the officer who had spoken to him, "see this man and his captain placed in one of the baggage-wagons! Adieu!"

And, making me a motion of the hand, he went away.

Here the veteran ceased, and resumed his pipe.

"But tell us what became of Captain Obstinate?" cried many impatient voices.

The captain recovered, and is now a general on the retired list. But the best of the joke was, that as soon as he got well, he put me under arrest for fifteen days, as a punishment for my infraction of discipline.

This circumstance came to the ears of Napoleon, and, after laughing heartily, he not only caused me to be set free, but promoted me to the rank of sergeant. But to the decoration, my children, here is the ribbon at my button-hole—but the cross I wear next my heart.

And, opening his vest, he showed his eager audience the precious relic, suspended from his neck in a little satin bag.

THE *Northern Journal* states that a boy was caught in the act of stealing dried berries in front of a shop, the other day, and was locked up in a dark closet by the grocer. Then the boy commenced begging most pathetically to be released, and, after using all the persuasion that his young imagination could invent, proposed: "Now, if you'll let me out, and send for my daddy, he'll pay you for the berries, and lick me besides!" The grocer could not withstand the appeal.

"I GENERALLY," says Hans Christian Andersen, "found the jovial Alexander Dumas in bed, even long after mid-day; here he lay, with paper, pen, and ink, and wrote his newest drama. I found him thus one day; he nodded kindly to me, and said: 'Sit down a minute; I have just now a visit from my muse; she will be going directly.'" He wrote on; spoke aloud; shouted a *vivat*, sprang out of bed, and said: "The third act is finished!"

AN AUCTIONEER was selling a lot of land for agricultural purposes. "Gentlemen," said he, "this is the most delightful land. It is the easiest land to cultivate in the county—it's so light—so very light. Mr. Parker here will corroborate my statement; he owns the next patch, and he will tell you how easy it is worked." "Yes, gentlemen," said Mr. Parker, "it is very easy to work it, but it's a plaguy sight easier to gather the crops."

**TURKISH WOMEN.**—The number of veiled women, straggling and shuffling about in their large awkward Wellington boots—for I can describe them in no better fashion—first engaged my observation. The greater portion of them were clad in a cumbersome wrapper, or *ferigee*, of what appeared to me to be coarse brown serge, entirely concealing the figure. When it was drawn up a little, one could see the naked skin of the leg just appearing above the foot; for socks and stockings are unknown to the inhabitants of the harems. They thrust their odious boots into slipshod slippers without heels when they go abroad; and the difficulty of keeping them on produces a most ungainly shuffling in-toed gait. The veil, or *gashmack*, is of one or two pieces. It is made of such fine material—a simple layer of tarlatan in most instances—that the features are perfectly discernable through it; and the more coquettish beauties allow something more than their eyes to be seen, where it divides. These last features are wonderfully fine—dark, heavy-lashed, and almond-shaped; and they derive a strange sort of expression from their contrast with the veil. Their brilliancy is aided by a dark powder introduced under the lid, which blackens its edges. The women wear no gloves, but stain the ends of their fingers, and palms of their hands (as well as, I believe, the soles of their feet,) with a dye called Henna. And they are not unwilling to be looked at. There is a loud musical female laughter now heard, and an odd vehicle crosses the bridge, drawn by a jaded horse. We have no conveyance like it in America: nor possibly its fellow out of Turkey. It has no seats; but on cushions in its interior those dark eyed beauties are sitting—pale Circassian girls, and inmates of the harem of some great man. The carriage halts in front of you, to allow a train of mules, carrying planks, to pass on their way to Pera, and you can see the inmates plainly. One of them stares fixedly at you: you look again, and she is not angry—a few years ago, you would have been sent away. She only draws back, but she still keeps her eyes on you—wondrously long-pupiled eyes, in whose depth your own vision appears to loose itself. Then she speaks to her companions, and just as the vehicle moves on, they all three join in another burst of ringing laughter, and leave you to debate whether an uncompanionable beauty—to say nothing of three—can be regarded as a jewel or a bore in a man's household.

**WALKING UNDER WATER AT PARIS.**—Among the marvels of the day must be reckoned M. Saint Simon Sicard's invention of an apparatus which permits the possessor to take a half-hour's promenade at the bottom of a river, and there occupy himself as fancy suggests—from flirting with mermaids to rescuing "moist bodies." M. Grandchamp made a public experiment the other day, and remained thirty-five minutes at the bottom of the Seine. This is all we can learn of its construction: A complete clothing of caoutchouc from head to foot, including helmet and sock, allows the wearer to descend below the water without danger of contact; the helmet has a valve which allows the air to escape at the moment of submersion; and no sooner is the submersion complete, than the pressure of the water closes the valve hemetically. A provision of air to be inspired is carried in a box, placed like a hump in the back of a cuirass of caoutchouc. This box has a tube which carries the air into the helmet, in order that the breathing may take place without effort; and a little stop-cock enables the distribution of air to be regulated at pleasure. No sooner is there a difficulty of breathing than a signal is given, and the experimenter is brought to the surface once more.

**AN AMERICAN STORY.**—There is a good story told of old Moolraj, the native East India general. His followers stole from the English a lot of hermetically sealed provisions in tin cases, and, not having seen anything of the kind before, he mistook them for canister shot, and fired nothing from his guns for three days but fresh lobsters, pickled salmon, and other delicacies, supplying the British camp with a shower of the freshest English provisions.

**PATIENCE EXHAUSTED.**—The celebrated Dr. Brown, of London, paid his addresses to a lady for many years, but unsuccessfully; during which time he was accustomed to propose her health in company, when called on for a toast. Being observed one day to omit it, a gentleman reminded him that he had forgotten to toast his favorite lady. "Why, indeed," said the doctor, "I find it all in vain: since I have *toasted* her for so many years, and still cannot make her *Brown*, I am resolved to *toast* her no longer."

PLEASURES come like oxen, and go away like post-horses.



**The American Clipper, "Great Republic."**

This gigantic vessel—partly destroyed by fire soon after she was built, during a great conflagration in New York, having had her damages made good—arrived in the Thames on her first voyage late in March; having made the run from New York to Scilly in thirteen days, and beat up Channel to the Downs in three days against the heavy east winds which have been prevailing. She is at present exciting much interest, from her immense proportions and peculiar rig, as she lies at her moorings off Purfleet.

There is nothing particularly different in her hull, as seen from the shore, from the ordinary American clippers, except her length and the great sheer forward from the fore chains to the figure-head; but, on boarding her, one is struck with her enormous width of beam, which equals that of the largest line-of-battle ships afloat; and one of the great peculiarities of the vessel is her singular rig—she having four masts, and partaking of the qualities of both ship and barque. The topsails, instead of being on the ordinary plan, are housed, or divided into two; the upper one of which can be reefed to half its depth, or sent down altogether. The yards of the lower topsails are secured to the caps of the lower masts by iron slings, and have no further lift from that position. She has large hurricane-houses on her upper decks; and just abaft the mainmast is a round-house, containing an engine of eight-horse power. This engine does nearly all the heavy work of the ship—lifts yards, hauls on the braces, walks up the anchor, and assists in receiving and discharging the cargo.

In consequence of her immense beam she cannot enter either of the docks in London; and, drawing, with her cargo, nearly twenty-five feet, she is compelled, from insufficient depth of water higher up, to discharge her cargo in the Long Reach; but it is intended, when that is accomplished, to bring her up to moorings in Blackwall. She is 3400 tons burthen, 305 feet long, 63 feet beam, hold, 30 feet, and has come to London ballasted with 3000 tons of guano. She is the largest sailing ship in the world.

**Eruption of the Volcano of Cotopaxi.**

This stupendous volcano, after having given frequent indications of activity for more than a year, has at length thrown out over the plains of Clao enormous masses of rock, torrents of brackish water, and burning lava. The waters have broken down the bridge of Cunchi, and carried off in their course much property and many cattle, but the buildings at Latacunga and other towns in the neighborhood have not been injured. By the last accounts the alarm still continued, as the volcano is still in a state of activity, and vomiting out fire day and night. Cotopaxi is the highest volcano in the world, having an altitude of 18,995 feet. The town of Latacunga has been destroyed eight times already, and frars are entertained that in the present eruption, the town will again suffer, the inhabitants having fled in consternation. The eruption of 1843 was attended by loud reports and noises, and an immense issue of burning lava, that flowed down on all sides and made the mountain look like one mass of fire. In 1768 it threw out an immense quantity of fine

ashes, some of which fell at a hundred leagues distant, producing a total obscurity for some time; this eruption was accompanied with earthquakes, which were felt as far as Guayaquil and Popayana. It frequently happens that during the most violent explosions the earthquakes are not felt in the vicinity of the mountains, though violent shocks are experienced at some distance.

and grain some cloudy morning; and fifty years' observations has shown the writer of this that these little weather-guessers seldom fail in their predictions of a fair day.

METHINKS most of the philosophers and moralists have run too much into extremes in praising entirely either solitude or public life: in the former, men generally grow useless by too much rest; and



THE CLIPPER SHIP, "GREAT REPUBLIC."

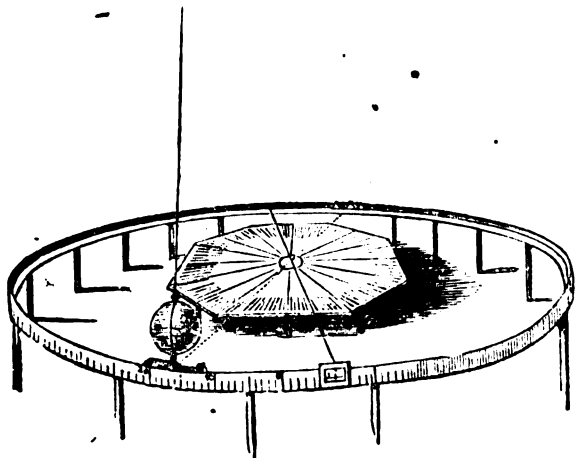
**IMPORTANT TO FARMERS.**—In a cloudy morning it is a matter of importance to the farmer to know whether it will be sunshiny or showery in the afternoon. If the ants have cleared their hole nicely, and piled the dirt up high, it seldom fails to bring a clear day to the farmer, though it may be cloudy till ten or eleven o'clock in the forenoon. Spider-webs will be very numerous about the tops of the grass

in the latter, are destroyed by too much precipitation: as waters lying still are apt to purify and are good for nothing, and running violently on do but the more mischief in their passage to others, and are lost and swallowed the sooner themselves.

**HUMILITY** is a flower that prospers most when planted on the rich soil of a noble and great mind. **HARD** words mostly flow from soft heads.



## The Rotation of the Earth rendered Visible.



ALTHOUGH the demonstration by which the rotation of the earth has been established be such as to carry conviction of all who are versed in the principles of natural philosophy, to the masses the physical phenomena by which this great truth has been established admit of simplification. This has been accomplished by an experiment exhibited in Paris, by which the diurnal rotation of the earth was rendered palpable to the senses. The arrangement for this purpose is briefly as follows:—

To the centre of the dome of the Pantheon, a fine wire was attached, from which a sphere of metal, four or five inches in diameter, was suspended so as to hang near the floor of the building. This apparatus was put in vibration after the manner of a pendulum. Under, and concentric with it, was placed a circular table, some twenty feet in diameter, the circumference of which was divided into degrees, minutes, &c., and the divisions numbered. Now, it can be shown by this elementary principle of mechanism, that, supposing the earth to have the diurnal motion upon its axis which is imputed to it, and which explains the phenomena of day and night, &c., the plane in which this pendulum vibrates will not be affected by this diurnal motion, but will maintain strictly the same direction during twenty four hours. In this interval, however, the table over which the pendulum is suspended will continually change its position in virtue of the diurnal motion, so as to make a complete revolution round its centre. Since, then, the table thus revolves, and the pendulum which vibrates over it does not revolve, the consequence is, that a line traced upon the table by a point projecting from the bottom of the ball will change its direction relatively to the table from minute to minute, and from hour to hour; so that, if such point were a pencil, and paper were spread upon the table, the course formed by this pencil during twenty-four hours would form a system of lines radiating from the centre of the table; and the two lines formed after the interval of 1 hour would always form an angle with each other of 15 degrees, being the 24th part of the circumference. Now, this was rendered actually visible to the crowds which daily flocked to the Pantheon to witness this remarkable experiment. The practised eye of a correct observer, especially if aided by a proper optical instrument, could actually see the motion which the table had in common with the earth under the pendulum between two successive vibrations. It was, in fact,

apparent that the ball, or, rather, the point attached to the bottom of the ball, did not return precisely to the same point of the circumference of the table after two successive vibrations.

Thus was rendered visible the motion which the table had in common with the earth. It is true that, correctly speaking, the table did not turn round its own centre, but round the axis of the earth; nevertheless, the effect of the motion relatively to the pendulum suspended over the centre of the table

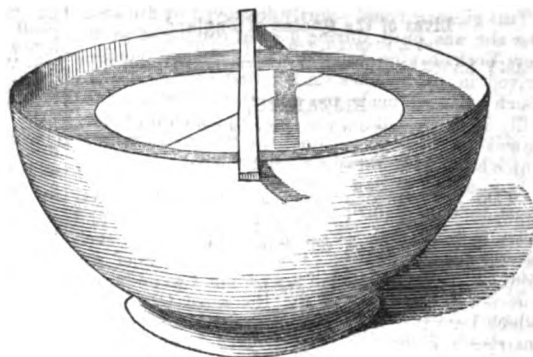
was precisely the same as it would have been if the table moved once in 24 hours round its own centre; for although the table be turned in common with the surface of the earth round the earth's axis, the point of suspension of the pendulum is turned also in the same time round the same axis, being continually maintained vertical above the centre of the table. The plane in which the pendulum vibrated did not, however, partake of this motion, and consequently, had the appearance of revolving once in 24 hours over the table, while, in reality, it was the table which revolved once in 24 hours under it.

## Rotatory Paradox.

*Exhibiting practically the interesting question of the Rotation of the Earth, as rendered visible by the Pendulum.*

THE following simple experiment illustrates completely the rotation of a table or plane placed on the surface of the earth:—Fill a small basin or cup nearly full with water, on which float a round piece of paper, about the size of a silver dollar, the paper having a line ruled across it to better indicate the result. Then place over the top of the cup a teaspoon, or any other straight body, in such a direction that when the cup is taken up by the hand it shall point to the person holding it. Now, let the person holding the cup in one or both hands turn round, or revolve on his own axis. The result will be most striking, and the paper will evidently appear to turn round. What does all this show?

The person holding the cup represents the axis of the earth. The cup itself represents a table or plane on the earth's surface; the spoon represents the meridian of the same plane, constantly pointing to the pole of the earth's axis; whilst the piece of paper represents the pendulum. But the experimenter will probably say, the piece of paper evidently



ROTATORY PARADOX.

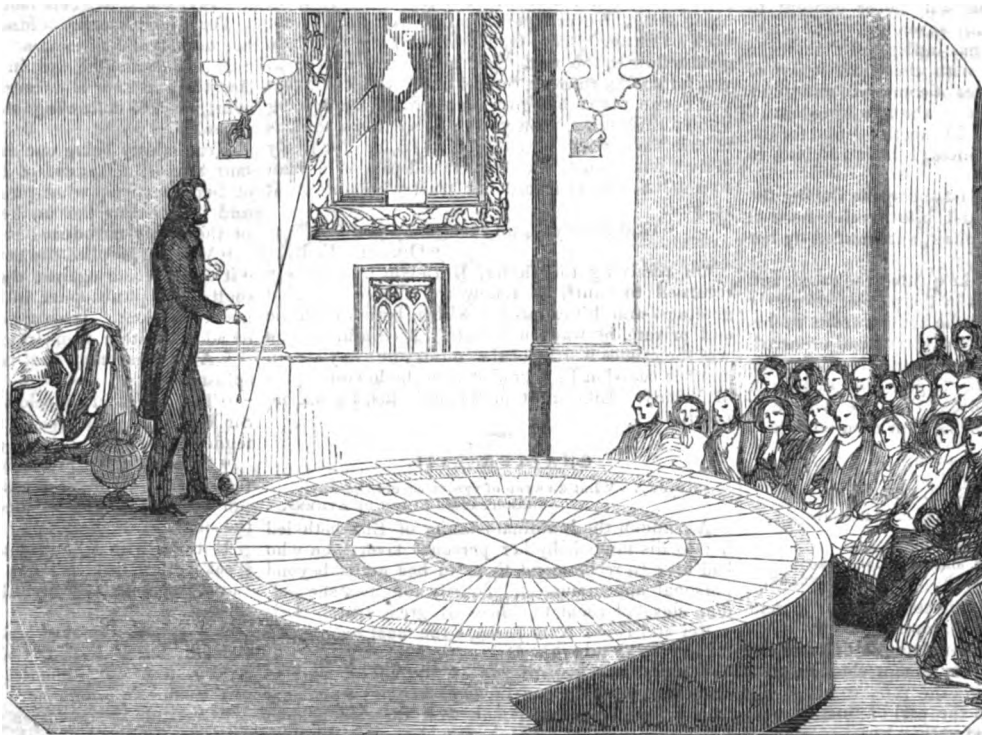
revolves, whilst the cup or table, with the meridian, remains stationary, or at least is constantly pointing in the same direction. *The paper or pendulum does not revolve in the sense imagined:* if it turned on its centre, the line ruled across it would not point constantly in the same direction, but should alternately point to every part of the room. Now, instead of taking the cup in the hand, and turning round with it, let it be turned round on its axis as it stands on the table. The paper will remain stationary, and the line drawn across it will constantly point in one direction. In the latter case there is nothing paradoxical: the cup is actually turned round, and the paper fixed; but, as regards the motion of the paper on its centre both cases are alike; the only difference being that in the former case the cup has two motions—one in a large circle or orbit, and the other on its centre, the paper partaking of the orbital motion only—whilst in the latter case the cup is made to turn on its axis, whilst the paper remains stationary. But if it is not the paper or the pendulum, it must be the spoon and cup—representing a table placed on the surface of the earth, which revolves. The rationale is simply this: the water in the cup being quite free, and almost without friction, remains stationary; consequently, the paper floating on its surface partakes of its immobility: the fact of the line across the paper being always in the same direction, or in planes parallel to each other, is evidence of this. What deviation takes place in the position of the paper arises from the friction between the water and the surface of the cup, which tends to give the water a circular motion with itself.

The foregoing experiment is not intended strictly to show the motion of a table placed at latitudes intermediate between the pole and the equator; it simply exhibits how a body revolving with the earth, like a pendulum, without friction, will apparently have a circular motion, whilst, in fact,

it is the earth's surface which revolves, not only round the axis of the earth, but also round the axis of its own plane; and it is this latter revolution that gives the apparent circular motion to the pendulum.

**PART OF A WELSH SERMON.**—A bride should have nine qualifications, all beginning with the letter P, viz.: piety, person, and parts; patience, prudence, and providence; privilege, parentage, and portion; but that which should be first of all, least of all, and by many not at all; and that which should be least of all, and last of all in consideration, which is portion, is now become first of all, most of all, and, with many, all in all.

No hand can make the clock strike for you the hours that are past. Light boats sail swift, though greater hulks draw deep.



APPARATUS EMPLOYED BY DR. BACHHOFFNER, AT THE POLYTECHNIC INSTITUTION, LONDON, TO DEMONSTRATE THE ROTATION OF THE EARTH,

## Lives of the Queens of England.

BY J. F. SMITH, ESQ., AUTHOR OF

"AMY LAWRENCE," "ROBIN GOODFELLOW," ETC.

## ELIZABETH,

QUEEN REGNANT OF ENGLAND.

Continued from page 287.

"Do not reproach me!" continued the royal spinster. "I have passed a night of agony and tears before I came to this decision: another such would surely kill me! The remonstrances of my council, the disaffection of my people, I could brave; but not the security of the Reformed Church, of which I am the head! Heaven itself opposes our marriage: I therefore have resolved to sacrifice my own happiness to the welfare of my church and subjects."

"Madam," exclaimed the duke, beginning to wax warm, "it were an easy matter to prove to you that the advice of your council is given from selfish motives: they wish to isolate you—to keep you in leading-strings—that they may wield your sceptre in your name! They fear the influence which a husband would exercise—the energy which such a support would impart to your character and government!"

"This is a serious accusation, your highness!" observed Hatton, for the first time breaking silence; "and should not be made without proof!"

"Proofs!" repeated the prince; "they are numberless! Your sovereign's treaties with my brother, the Spanish king, the nephew of the emperor, and the Swedish prince, have all been broken off by the same baneful influence! Alas," he added, "that so great a sovereign and so lovely a woman should fall into such bondage!"

The eyes of Elizabeth began to brighten—for the suspicion glanced upon her mind that the accusation of her suitor was not altogether ill-founded.

"Answer him, Hatton," she exclaimed, "on your allegiance!"

"Madam," replied the Lord Keeper, gravely, "since it is your gracious command, I will explain to his highness the motives which have influenced the council in the advice which they have humbly tendered to your majesty; but first," he added, "let me appeal to your royal justice, to acknowledge that, in the earlier part of your glorious reign, the very men whom Monsieur has so wrongfully accused, prayed, urged, and advised, even to the risk of losing your princely favor, that you would be pleased to select a consort from amongst the many suitors for your hand?"

"True!" replied the queen; "very true!"

"How does this tally with their present conduct?" demanded the Duc D'Anjou.

"I will answer that!" replied the statesman, bowing respectfully. "The English nation are essentially Protestant, and will never consent to receive any but a Protestant sovereign. The massacre of St. Bartholomew has indisposed them more than ever to an alliance with the royal house of France, except such alliances of commerce and unity as may be for the advantage of the two kingdoms."

"He speaks truly," said Elizabeth; "and for the sake of my people's happiness, I have resolved to sacrifice my own!"

With these words—the last she spoke during the interview—her majesty burst into another flood of tears, and fell back in her chair, surrounded by her weeping maids of honor.

In great agitation the duke quitted the room, and retired to his own lodgings in the palace. Scarcely had he arrived there, when he made known to his attendants the disappointment which had occurred, by drawing the ring Elizabeth had given him the previous evening from his finger, and casting it upon the ground, exclaiming, that the women of England were as changeable as their own climate.

## CHAPTER LXI.

I am traduced by tongues which neither know  
My faculties nor person, yet will be  
The chroniclers of my doing: let me say  
'Tis but the fate of place, and the rough brake  
That virtue must go through.

SHAKESPEARE.

As Elizabeth advanced in years, it was apparent to all, that with her father's sceptre she had inherited not only his taste for polemical discussions, but much of his bloodthirsty, remorseless disposition.

Shortly after this event the earl of Sussex, who had so long and truly served his kinswoman and sovereign, died, retaining his hostility to Leicester to the last.

"Beware of the gipsy!" he murmured to his friends, who surrounded his dying bed; "you know not the nature of the beast as well as I do!"

"Whom mean you, my dear lord?" inquired the physician.

"Whom should I mean," replied the dying noble, "but the upstart Leicester, who hath wrought so much mischief in the realm? Heaven grant," he added, "that he bring it not into dishonor when I am gone!"

"Fear not, my lord," observed one of his friends; "the hour of his influence is past: since his marriage with the Countess of Essex, her majesty no longer affects him!"

This was true—for although he still retained his seat in the cabinet, and was one of a formidable clique, his hold on the affection of the queen had vanished. Anjou had effaced his image from the heart of the aged coquette; and if she permitted him to retain his place and wealth, she did so, in all probability, to avoid the scandal of a rupture with a man who had once been regarded by the nation as her future husband. At his death, however, she showed herself far less scrupulous, and seized upon a portion of his wealth.

From this time Elizabeth appears to have given up all serious thoughts of marriage. Her popularity was very dear to her, and the refusal of the French prince augmented it. The people were enthusiastic in their expressions of joy: from henceforth she looked upon herself as wedded only to the nation; but although she had yielded to the representations of her ministers in this affair, she resolved to let them feel the weight of her resentment. This she did by generally encouraging the party in her cabinet who were opposed to the influence of Burleigh. In her very presence they proceeded so far as to offer him slights which the experienced statesman could not brook. He resolved at last to retire from court to his seat at Theobalds, from which place he addressed a letter to her majesty, praying permission to resign his offices, and interfere in affairs of state no more.

Had he done so, how foul a blot might have been spared in the annals of England! We allude to the murder of the Queen of Scots—for we cannot bring ourselves to call it an execution; but we must not anticipate this darkest stain in the reign of Elizabeth.

No sooner did the Queen read the letter of her councillor and early friend, than her heart relented. She knew his value, and at once determined to recal him.

The following letter, by which he was summoned to reappear at court, is from the pen of Elizabeth, and presents a curious specimen of the style of the age in which it was written:—

"Sir Spirit,—I doubt I do nick-name you. For those of your kind (they say) have no sense. But I have lately seen an *ecce signum*, that if an ass kick you, you feel it too soon. I will recant you from being spirit, if ever I perceive that you disdain not such a feeling. Serve God, fear the king, and be a good fellow to the rest. Let never care appear in you for such a rumour, but let them well know that you desire the righting of such wrong, by making known their error, than you to be so silly a soul, as to fore slow what you ought to do, or not freely deliver what you think meetest, and pass of no man so much as not to regard her trust who putteth it in you.

"God bless you, and long may you last,

"Omnino, E. R.

On receiving this letter, Burleigh immediately returned to court, to renew the life of mingled greatness and bitterness for which, both in public and private, he was remarkable. As a minister he was sometimes worthy of the country he swayed; on another occasion he degraded it to the lowest depths of infamy. Like most mathematicians, he had no heart.

## CHAPTER LVII.

Heyday. What a sweep of vanity covers the way.

SHAKESPEARE'S TIMON OF ATHENS.

ALTHOUGH the inordinate vanity of Elizabeth led her to distinguish by her personal favor men who had little to recommend them to her notice beyond personal appearance and courtly tongues, she seldom elevated them to offices of great trust. Leicester and Essex were perhaps the most remarkable exceptions to this rule during her long reign.

Even at the mature age of fifty she appears to have been perfectly convinced of her great personal beauty; and a compliment well directed seldom failed of a gracious return. It was an act of gallantry which first induced her to cast a favorable eye upon Sir Walter Raleigh, who, having had a dis-

pute with the Lord Deputy in Ireland—in which country he had been employed—returned to England to defend his conduct before the queen in council: where it would seem he was enabled to explain his conduct satisfactorily—as we find him shortly afterwards frequenting the court.

One day her majesty was walking with her ladies and several of the foreign ambassadors, dressed in her usual pomp—for she loved to display her august person, attired in all the grotesque splendor of royalty, to her admiring subjects, who reverently drew up on either side to let her pass.

There was a general cry of "God save Queen Elizabeth!"

"God bless you, my good people!" replied her majesty. "He may send you a wiser and better prince, but never a more loving one! We thank you for your good wishes!"

Instead of passing on, the maiden monarch paused. The rain which had lately fallen had left the path wet and miry. It was one of those occasions which make the fortune of a wise man, or mar those of a fool.

Raleigh—who was standing in the crowd—with infinite presence of mind loosed from his shoulder a rich velvet cloak, and, bending the knee, he spread it over the puddle—so that the maiden monarch was enabled to pass over dry-shod.

There was a graceful homage in the act which flattered Elizabeth's vanity as a woman. The bold, ardent gaze of the youthful courtier pleased her—and from that day his favor visibly increased.

Raleigh was not one of those who permit fortune to knock twice at their door unanswered. Encouraged by the smiles of his sovereign, he presented himself continually at court—where, indeed, the duties of his office called him—for he was captain of the guard; and on each fresh occasion he found himself more distinguished than before.

On one occasion, being in the withdrawing room, where Elizabeth had been disporting with her maids of honor, he withdrew into a recess formed by one of the large bay windows, and, conscious that the eyes of the queen were watching him, wrote with his diamond ring upon the glass, the well known line:

Fain would I climb, but that I fear to fall,

and then withdrew. To his delight and encouragement, an hour or two afterwards he discovered that her majesty had designed to complete the couplet for him, by adding, in her own royal hand,

If thy heart fail thee, do not climb at all!

The heart of the courtier did not fail him: he solicited and obtained so many favors at the hands of his coquettish sovereign, that his influence began to be regarded with jealousy by her ministers; it was even noticed from the stage by Tarleton, the actor—who, during the representation of a play at court, ventured to exclaim:

"See, the knave commands the queen!"

For which daring boldness he was visited with her majesty's displeasure.

It was while he was in the height of his favor, that the smoking of tobacco first came into use at court, as the following anecdote will sufficiently prove.

Her majesty being one day in an exceeding pleasant humor, demanded of Raleigh, in the presence of her courtiers, what pleasure he could possibly find in inhaling the smoke instead of the perfume of the newly-introduced herb.

"Madam," replied the courtier, bowing gallantly, "it is a specific against the misfortunes of life: it soothes the philosopher in his dreams—the poet in his meditations. It assuageth all pangs save one!" he added, with a deep-drawn sigh.

"And what may that be?" demanded the royal spinster.

"The pangs of hopeless love, madam!" replied Sir Walter, in so marked a tone that Elizabeth pretended to look bashful and confused.

"It is indeed a precious discovery!" continued the knight; "I have studied it so intently, that I can calculate to the balance of a hair the weight of the smoke I consume!"

Hatton, who was jealous of the favor of the speaker, laughed at what he deemed a senseless vaunt; and even the credulity of his sovereign was startled.

"Weigh the smoke!" she said; "by my troth, Raleigh, but I think thy wit hath jumped too far! And, if I err not," she added, "Sir Christopher is of the same opinion!"

"Certainly, your majesty!" replied the jealous courtier, delighted with the occasion of venting his spleen; "the boast is senseless and ridiculous, but we have heard many such, lately, at court!"



## CHAPTER LVIII.

I do the wrong, and first begin to brawl;  
The secret mischiefs that I set afloat,  
I lay unto the gnievous charge of others.  
But then I sigh, and with a piece of Scripture  
Tell them that God bids us do good for evil;  
And thus I cloke my naked villany  
With old odd-ends stolen forth of Holy Writ;  
And seem a saint, when most I play the devil.

SHAKESPEARE.

"Come, Raleigh!" exclaimed the queen, "I will wager this diamond with thee, which Sir Christopher Hatton presented to our acceptance on our birth day, that thou dost not make good thy words!"

"Alack, gracious madam!" replied the knight, with well-affected embarrassment, "what can I gage against so rich a pledge, the value of which is a thousand-fold enhanced from the fair hand which wears it?"

"The cloak which your majesty condescended to use as a foot-cloth?" suggested the Earl of Oxford, who was present.

"Or his commission as captain of your guard?" said Burleigh, who was most anxious to see him deprived of that office.

"Your choice, Raleigh!" exclaimed the queen; "your choice!"

"Alas, madam!" replied the knight, "it is difficult to choose! The first is far too precious to be risked—the last would deprive me, should I lose, of the light of your gracious presence! Humbly I entreat your majesty to name some other gage!"

The words "boaster" and "charlatan" were whispered amongst his enemies, and the queen, who probably felt annoyed at what she considered an empty vaunt, persisted that the forfeiture should be either the cloak or the commission.

"And to reward the knight for his ingenuity, if he wins," added Sir Christopher Hatton, "I will gladly wager with him fifty pounds in gold!"

Several of the courtiers made similar offers, all of which were taken by the favorite, who demanded that Elizabeth should be the judge, wisely foreseeing that none would dispute her sentence. When everything was arranged, Sir Walter sent for his pipe, some tobacco, and a pair of scales; and having duly weighed the narcotic weed, he requested Sir Christopher to make a note of it.

"Exactly three pennyweights!" observed Hatton.

Having filled the silver tube or pipe, Raleigh, by permission of the queen, gravely smoked it in her presence. At first several of the courtiers affected to be annoyed by the powerful odor; but as Elizabeth, whose sense of smelling is recorded to have been most exquisite, did not complain, the murmurs died gradually away.

When the smoker had finished his pipe, he gravely collected the ashes in the scale, and requested Sir Christopher Hatton to weigh them.

"For what purpose?"

"That is unfair!" replied the knight; "weigh them!"

He did so: and they were found to be something less than five grains.

"And the difference between five grains and three pennyweights," exclaimed Sir Walter with a smile, "is exactly the weight of the smoke I have consumed!"

"The diamond is yours!" said Elizabeth, with a smile—for she was secretly pleased with the triumph of her favorite and the mortification of his enemies; "and the gold of Sir Christopher Hatton as well!"

So saying, she drew the gem from her finger, and placed it on that of the knight—at the same time wittily observing, that she had known many a man who had turned his gold into smoke; but that Raleigh was the first man she had ever heard of who had turned smoke into gold.

The most honorable use which the favorite made of his influence was to present the poet Spenser to the queen, who was so charmed with his wit and verses that she promised him a hundred pounds, a gratuity which the treasurer, Burleigh—who had little sympathy with poets—would have deprived him of, had not the writer made the following remonstrance to her majesty:

I was promised on a time  
To have reason for my rhyme;  
Since that time, until this season,  
I have had nor rhyme nor reason.

Elizabeth, to her honor, caused the money to be paid; and, judging from the extravagant praise which Spenser afterwards lavished upon her in his poems, he was extremely grateful.

Although Leicester, since his marriage, had lost all hold upon the affections of Elizabeth, his influence as a courtier remained; and he used it to destroy the favor of Raleigh—for which purpose he introduced his son-in-law, the Earl of Essex, to her majesty.

As this young nobleman was the great-grandson of Anne Boleyn's sister, Mary—and consequently nearly related to the queen—the favor with which the royal spinster regarded him at first provoked little observation; but it soon became evident, from the great airs he gave himself, that he presumed on something more than his birth as a claim to consideration. He was the last of her lovers.

The statesmen who by the favor of Elizabeth had so long monopolised the government of England, felt that for them there was no security as long as the unhappy Queen of Scots remained alive. Their existence hung upon a thread—and that thread was the life of their sovereign; for there is little doubt that, had Elizabeth been taken off, or called to her account in the course of nature, Mary would have succeeded her: the Catholics were still numerous, especially in the north of England, and the nation generally would have hesitated before they ventured on a civil war.

Amongst those most compromised by their infamous persecution of the long-captive heiress of the crown were Burleigh, Walsingham, and Leicester, the two last had shown themselves pitiless and remorseless; their persecutions of a woman, whose misfortunes and sufferings, joined to the dignity with which she bore them, have created an interest in her memory in every generous breast.

Let it not be supposed that they wantonly sought to enail upon their names the infamy of her execution: they first tried—by confining the royal captive in damp, unwholesome apartments, depriving her of many of the comforts—nay, even the necessities of life—to destroy her constitution; causing her to be removed in the most inclement seasons from one place of captivity to another.

Hitherto her constitution had held out against these repeated outrages. As Mary was nearly ten years younger than Elizabeth, the chance of her succeeding to the sceptre became every day greater; and her persecutors, alarmed for their own safety, became anxious for some excuse for putting her to death: they were not long in finding one.

The agents of Walsingham—Gifford and Greatly—artfully fomented a plot, the object of which was to assassinate Elizabeth, and place the captive Mary on her throne. These unprincipled wretches, aided by Ballard, a priest, and one Savage, who appears to have been a mere adventurer, deluded a gentleman named Babington, an enthusiastic admirer of the persecuted queen, to enter into the conspiracy.

Mary, goaded and crushed by her long captivity and the indignities with which she was treated, wrote to the French and Spanish ambassadors, urging them to obtain from their respective sovereigns assistance in men and money to effect her release. There is not the slightest reason to suppose that she had any knowledge of the conspirators to touch the life of her cruel persecutor. It was on her part only a justifiable attempt to recover the liberty of which she had been so long and cruelly deprived.

Little did the unsuspecting prisoner imagine the infamous act of her enemies. Elizabeth had long kept in every place in which the Scottish queen was held a prisoner a wretch named Phillips, whose office it was to open and copy the letters of the captive; joined with him was a noted seal-forgery and copyist. The result was worthy the fiends who planned it. Not only were the letters read and copied, but paragraphs added in imitation of Mary's writing, in which she was made to approve of the project of Babington for the murder of Elizabeth.

This grave accusation is made upon the authority of Camden, who examined the state papers which Burleigh possessed.

To the eternal infamy of Walsingham, at the very time he was inciting his dupes to conspire against the life of their sovereign, the most distinguished of them—Babington—was his guest, residing under his own roof. What, after this, can be urged in favor of the honor and probity of a man who could coolly plot the destruction of one whom he pretended to honor with the name of friend?

Shortly before the time appointed for the execution of the conspiracy, a letter was brought from the privy council to the house of Walsingham, whose under-secretary read it in the presence of Babington. It was to recommend that he should be more closely watched.

Alarmed at this he effected his escape, and gave warning to the other conspirators that their intentions were discovered; he then fled to St. John's Wood—at that time a noted haunt for outlaws and robbers—where, with his companions, he was quickly taken.

Everything which could alarm the public mind was resorted to. Rumors were spread in the City that arrangements had been made for the invasion

of the kingdom directly after the assassination of the queen: and the unsuspecting people, ignorant of the arts which had been used to inflame their passions, manifested the most tumultuous joy at the capture of the conspirators, and clamored loudly for their death.

Gifford—the instigator, the agent and spy of Walsingham—was permitted to quit the kingdom, well rewarded, no doubt, by his infamous master, for the degrading task he had so successfully performed. Babington and seven of the fourteen conspirators were condemned; and Elizabeth, with a barbarity which induces us to ask if she were a woman, desired that fresh torments might be invented for the execution of the condemned captives.

Burleigh—the mean, dastardly Burleigh—absolutely directed the executioner to prolong the torments of the sufferers as much as possible; and his instructions were carried out to the letter. So great was the indignation of the spectators at the horrible cruelties inflicted, that the remaining victims, to the great regret of Elizabeth, were more mildly dealt with.

They were strangled before their hearts were ripped out and cast into the flames—which horrid butchery had been performed upon the first batch of conspirators whilst life and consciousness remained. No wonder, then, that the people—ever more merciful in their instincts than their rulers—should have exclaimed against such barbarity.

But the crowning act of the tragedy was yet to be performed. Mary was removed from her confinement at Chertly to Tixal, and ultimately to Fotheringay, which was selected as the last scene of the cruel, lingering tragedy.

Her secretaries, Nau and Curle, were arrested and threatened with the rack—on which they made admissions which tended to criminate their mistress. In speaking of the conduct of Elizabeth on this lamentable occasion—lamentable for the glory of her reign—the indignation which one naturally feels at the murder, under the cold forms of justice, of a captive woman, must not blind us to the only palliation which can be offered for her cruelty—the firm belief which possessed her mind that her life was really in danger.

Walsingham, Burleigh, and Leicester so ably played their parts, and took care that the late danger to their mistress should be so exaggerated, that it is possible she was seriously alarmed—we say possible, for a more frightful doubt presents itself to our consideration.

Was Elizabeth a party to the horrible intrigues of her ministers? Did she deliberately encourage them to arrange the conspiracy which was to justify, in the eyes of the nation, the murder of the woman whom, through life, she had hated and bitterly persecuted?

When her hypocrisy and natural cruelty are considered, the doubt is a grave one; and it is still further justified by the reflection that Walsingham placed his own life in jeopardy by inciting the conspirators, even with the intention of afterwards betraying them, to undertake her death.

(To be continued.)

AUSTRALIAN HABITS.—The natives are polygamists. Each male is entitled to all the females who are related to him in a certain degree. A newly-born child is therefore the betrothed spouse of a man who may be thirty years of age, and who claims her from her parents as soon as she is marriageable—when she is twelve years old, or earlier. Some men have, consequently, four or six wives of various ages, whilst others have none at all. The latter are therefore continually engaged in stealing the wives of other people. This causes incessant wars among the tribes. When the legitimate husband recovers his wife, he does not restore her to the full enjoyment of domestic happiness, until he has punished her for eloping. This he does by thrusting a spear through the fleshy part of her leg or thigh. The natives are good-natured to one another; sharing their provisions and kangaroo-skin cloaks without grudging. The head of a family takes the half-baked duck, opossum, or wild-dog, from the fire, and after tearing it in pieces with his teeth, throws the fragments into the sand for his wives and children to pick up. They are very fond of rice and sugar; and bake dampers from flour, making them on a corner of their cloaks.—*Landor.*

BEAUTIFUL SIMILE.—The following stanza is from a poem in the *National Era*, on the death of Daniel Webster:

How well he fell asleep!  
Like some proud river, winding toward the sea—  
Calmly and grandly, silently and deep—  
Life joined eternity.

## [Ramah, or Arimathea.]

RAMLA, situated about thirty-six miles from Jerusalem on the road to Joppa, is supposed to mark the site of the ancient town of Rama, or Ramathaim Zophim, the seat of the birth, residence, and death of Samuel. The word Rama signifies *eminence*; and as it was applied to other elevated spots in the Holy Land, some doubt has arisen whether Ramathaim Zophim may not rather be identified with the Ramah in Benjamin, between Gaba and Bethel, which lay on the frontiers of Ephraim and Benjamin, near which Deborah resided, and which is termed by the Arabs, *Nabbi Samuelzeel*. In 1 Sam. i. 1, it is said to be on Mount Ephraim, which would answer to either place. From the locality it is evident that *Ramah in Benjamin* is the town mentioned by Jeremiah, in a passage prophetic of the murder of the Innocents. At Naioth, or the Meadows of Ramah, was a school of young prophets.

In the days of our Lord, Rama was called Arimathea, in which the original name was preserved. It was the native city of Joseph, the disciple of Jesus, and Jerome assigns its position to a spot between Lydda and Joppa. Ramla and Lydda were the first cities that fell into the hands of the Crusaders in the eleventh century, at which period the former was a town of considerable magnitude.

There is little to interest the traveller in the modern town. It is described as pleasantly situated on a gentle elevation, in the centre of a campaign country, rich, but uncultivated. It is adorned with two mosques transformed from churches, and tho' Pococke discerned "great ruins of houses," and the site of some remarkable places, such as the house of Nicodemus, and that of Joseph, both of them enclosed in the buildings of an extensive monastery built by the Empress Helena, few remains of ancient architecture are visible; and as to those that exist, "no information," says Mr. Jolliffe, "is to be obtained from the natives, who have no more knowledge of antiquity, than they have antiquity of knowledge." The most venerable ruins are some mutilated arcades, said to have formed part of an edifice erected by Helena. Some ancient remains to the west of the village are thus described by Mr. Thomson, the American missionary:—"A small square of about two or three acres is inclosed by an old wall. Within this inclosure are three vast subterraneous apartments, resembling cisterns. The one on the south side is about 150 feet long and 40 wide, and 25 deep, and the vault is sustained by nine square columns. That on the west is about 70 feet square, and 25 feet deep, with a double row of columns to support the vault. The other was like

the one on the south. The whole on the south end and half of the east had been once furnished with a double row of beautiful arches, exactly resembling the interior of a khan. In the centre of the northern wall rises a square tower, which is seen at a great distance from Ramla. It is 25 feet square at the base, and rises 100 feet; from this elevation there once rose a round column, like a Turkish minaret, a part of which still remains." As to the absence of ruins of great antiquity in Palestine, Mr. Carne observes, "that in the whole of the Promised Land, there is not a single remnant of any edifice or place that existed in the remoter days of the Old Testament."

embellishment of the scenery." The view from the square tower before mentioned, Mr. Thomson thus describes: "The whole valley of Sharon, from the mountains of Jerusalem to the sea, and from the foot of Carmel to the hills of Gaza, is spread before you like a painted map, and is extremely beautiful, especially when the last rays of the setting sun gild the distant mountain tops, the husbandman returns from his labor, and the bleating flocks come frisking to their fold. At such a time I saw it, and lingered long in pensive meditation, until the stars looked out from the sky, and the cool breezes of evening began to shed soft dews on the feverish land. What a

paradise was here, when Solomon reigned in Jerusalem, and sang of the 'roses of Sharon.'"

## GENTLE WORDS.—

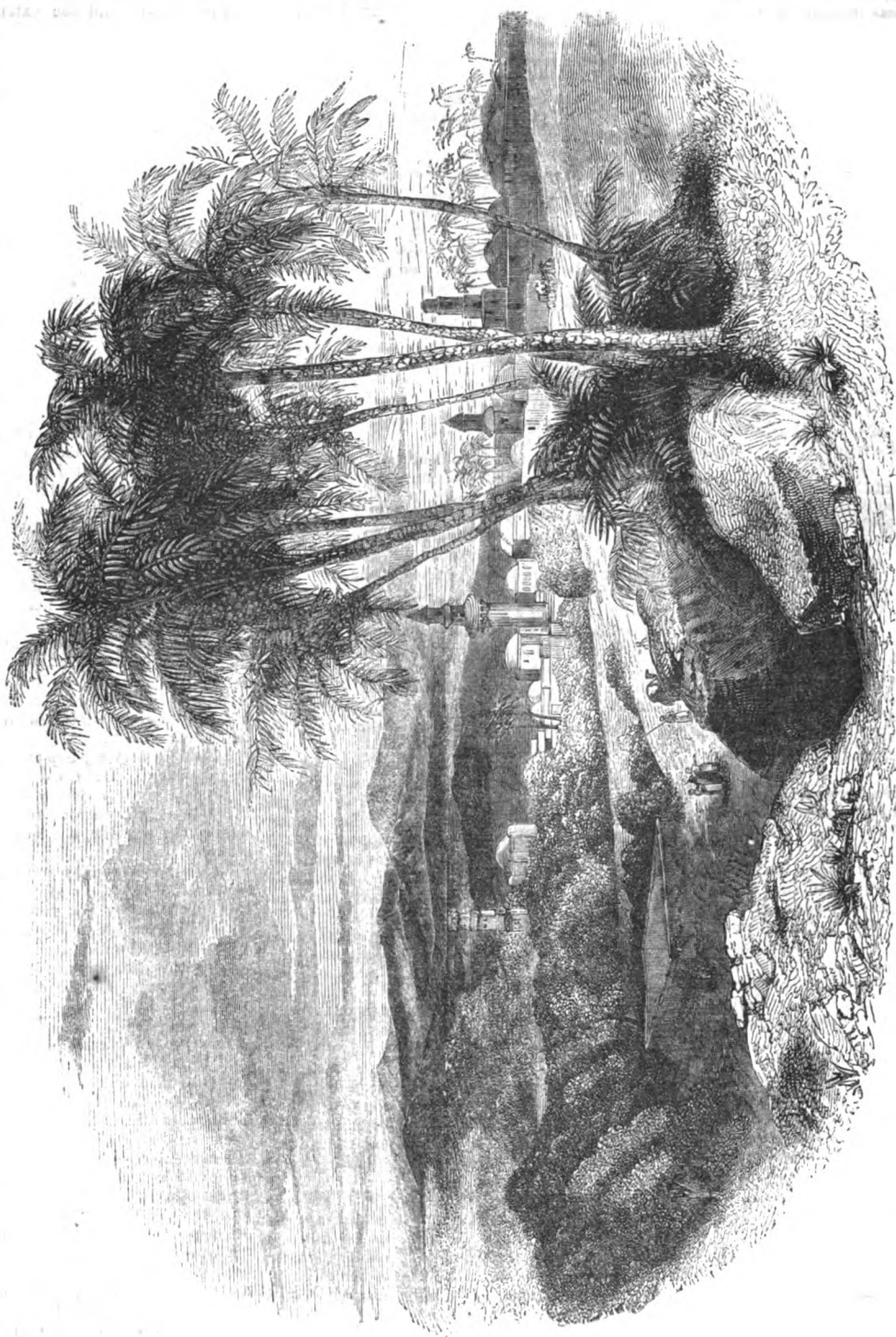
Who has not felt the influence of gentle words? What person have they not overcome with a greater power than harsh words or taunting remarks? Yet how few are in the habit of using them. Persons of the most trying dispositions, breaking forth in loud exclamations of anger, without any regard for the feelings of the individual for whom they were intended, become as calm as a summer's day when the answer in return was all gentleness—they become ashamed and humbled before their victim. Again, we see those who have met with others like themselves, answering each other tauntingly, and so keep up the controversy for hours, when a gentle word would have settled all difficulties. Why, then, should we not endeavor to smile sweetly upon all, and ever strive to use gentle words to those that surround us? They are words that require no exertion on our part to bestow.

ON FIXING OUR THOUGHTS ON THE FUTURE.—All the great and good of the earth have given us examples of their cultivation of this faculty. It is, indeed, at the foundation of greatness of mind, which consists in acting with great views, from great motives, to accomplish great purposes. No one who cannot lift himself out of the present,

and realise, or, rather, live, in the future, is capable of such feeling or action, and often indeed he must fail in performing the commonest duties of life.

GUILT, though it may attain temporal splendor, can never confer real happiness. The evident consequence of our crimes long survive their commission, and, like the ghosts of the murdered, for ever haunt the steps of the malefactor. The paths of virtue, though seldom those of worldly greatness, are always those of pleasantness and peace.

It is the common custom of the world to follow example rather than precept; but it would be the safer course to learn by precept rather than example



RAMAH, OR ARIMATEA.



### The Mount of Ascension.

THE centre of the three summits of Mount Olivet is honored with the traditional cognomen, the Mount of the Ascension. Here is professed to have been discovered the print of our Saviour's last foot-step, which the rock retains, till he plant his feet a second time upon Mount Zion. Over it the mother of Constantine reared a church and monastery, "whose ruins," says Sandys, "yet look aloft." The Christian pilgrims crowd thither to take casts in wax or plaster of the sacred vestige. "They have," says Dr. Richardson, "to purchase permission of the Turks; but were it not in possession of the Turks, they would have to purchase it from the more mercenary, and not less merciless, Romans or Greeks." On Ascension Day this is a scene of sad superstition, of which the details could little interest the Christian mind. Truly may it be said: "Their sin is written with a pen of iron, and with the point of a diamond; whilst their children remember their altars and their groves by the green trees upon the high hills." (Jer. xvii. 1, 2.) One consideration may console him who has to witness such profanation, that there can be little doubt, whatever credit may be given to other assigned localities, that *this* was not the scene of the Ascension. The very fact, which has induced the devotees to fix upon the highest summit of the Mount of Olives, because it *was* the highest, would alone render it improbable that our Lord should have chosen it. Had he wished to have exhibited himself to the whole city of Jerusalem, the position had been suitable. But we find, after his resurrection, that all his manifestations on earth were to his disciples alone—in *their* presence he proved the truth of his existence, and in *their* presence he ascended into heaven. There is no reason to suppose that any unbeliever, far less the whole ungodly city, beheld him after his resurrection. But, independently of this, we are told expressly that the Ascension took place at Bethany—"He led them out as far as to Bethany." If we would, therefore, mark the scene of the Ascension, we must go there. Bethany lies on the other side of the mountain, about two miles from Jerusalem. "It is somewhere," says Mr. Jowett, "on this retired side of Mount Olivet, out of view of the busy city, that I should be inclined to place the scene of the Ascension. The conversation related in Acts, i. 6-9, would probably occupy some time while walking toward Bethany. Here the last sparks of earthly ambition were extinguished in the bosoms of the Apostles; and they were prepared to expect that purer fire which was, ere long, to burst forth on the day of Pentecost. Returning from this place to Jerusalem, the disciples would announce to the mother of Jesus and his brethren, 'Though we have known Christ after the flesh, yet now henceforth know we him no more.'"

### Mount Ararat.

ALMOST in the centre of that portion of the stony ridge of Taurus, which stretches between the southern extremities of the Euxine and Caspian seas, rises from a plain of immense extent Mount Ararat, generally considered the spot upon which the ark rested, after it had floated upon a world of waters 150 days. (Gen. viii. 4.) If the identification of this ridge with the mountains of Ararat, mentioned by Moses, be correct, there can be little doubt that the most elevated of the two main peaks, termed, from its form, *Agrudah*, or the *Finger Mountain*, was the particular summit on which the ark grounded—an opinion alike entertained by Turks, Armenians, and Persians. Two months, we are told, elapsed

Persians term it *Kuhi Nuach*, the Mount of Noah, also *Asis*, or the Happy Mountain.

"The mountain," says Morier, "is divided into three regions of different breadths; the first, composed of a short and slippery grass or sand, is occupied by shepherds; the second, by tigers or crows; the remainder, which is half the mountain, has been covered with snow since the ark rested, and these snows are hid half the year under thick clouds. The common belief of the country is, that none ever yet ascended the Ararat of the Armenians." It has, however, been lately scaled by two adventurous travellers, one of whom, Professor Parrot, has determined the elevation of the loftier peak at 16,200 French feet, and the extent of the region of perpetual ice and snow,

not, according to Morier, at half, but at about a fourth part the height of the mountain. The north-west side is abrupt and rugged, and broken by a rocky chasm of immense depth and gloominess. The summit is a circular plain of about 160 feet in circumference, where, as may be supposed, M. Parrot perceived nothing of the remains of the ark, long believed by popular tradition to be found there. Erivan, a city about 12 leagues to the north-west, is said by the Armenians to mark the spot where Noah settled after he had landed; and at the distance of a league from the city is shown a place where he planted his vineyard, and exposed himself in a state of intoxication before his sons. The appearance of Ararat, standing apart from the other mountains of its chain, rising from a plain as level as the ocean to a height 1500 feet above that of Mont Blanc, and crowned with snow, is represented by all travellers as most imposing.

"I beheld Ararat," says Sir Robert Kerr Porter "in all its amplitude of grandeur. From the spot on which I stood, it appeared as if the hugest mountains in the world had been piled upon each other, to form this one sublime immensity of earth, and rock, and snow. The icy peaks of its double heads rose majestically into the clear and cloudless heavens; the sun blazed brightly upon them; and the reflection sent forth a dazzling radiance equal to other suns. This

point of the view united the utmost grandeur of plain and height; but the feelings I experienced while looking on the mountain are hardly to be described. My eye, not able to rest for any length of time on the blinding glory of its summits, wandered down the apparently interminable sides, till I could no longer trace their vast lines in the mists of the horizon; when an inexpressible impulse, immediately carrying my eye upwards again, refixed my gaze on the awful glare of Ararat; and this bewildered sensibility of sight being answered by a similar feeling in the mind, for some moments I was lost in a strange suspension of the powers of thought."

In physis there is poison.



THE MOUNT OF THE ASCENSION.

from the time of the ark ceasing to float, before the tops of the mountains were seen. It must have settled, therefore, upon a peak of such relative height, as to require a considerable time before the lower summits could stand out from the mass of retiring waters; and such is the *Finger Mountain*, being ascertained to rise above the peak next in elevation no less than 3000 feet. Mount Ararat was situated in the Greater Armenia, which now comprehends Turcomania and a part of Persia, about 12 leagues to the south of the lake of Erivan, and from its prominence gave occasionally a name to the whole kingdom; (Jer. li. 27; 2 Kings, xix. 37; Is. xxxvii. 38;) in which passages the word rendered Armenia in our translation is, in the original, Ararat. The



### Ling's System of Gymnastics.

For the purpose of showing the practical working of the educational part of Ling's system, which has especially in view the preservation of health, and the prevention of many diseases, we have, with the author's permission, selected from the works of Dr. Roth the following illustrations and descriptions. It is a great feature in Ling's system, that it contains a part, consisting only of such gymnastic exercises as require no technical apparatus or machines; these exercises are called *free*, and are sufficient to produce the harmonious development of body and mind.

There is a class of *free* exercises in which a support is necessary; but then it is not that of any mechanical contrivance, but a living one, effected by a mutual apposition of the hands, arms, legs, &c., of the individual performing the exercises. The highly celebrated Greek gymnastics consisted, with but few exceptions, of similar free exercises; and the results which were produced by them on the population of Greece, are a sufficient proof of their efficiency.

The free exercises are divided into five classes:—1st, movements of the limbs on the spot, and without reciprocal support; 2dly, movements from the spot, and without support; 3dly, movements with support; 4thly, wrestling exercises; and, 5thly, æsthetic exercises.

Before we proceed to our practical illustrations of these various parts, we wish to impress the reader with the idea of a *gymnastic movement*.

Gymnastic movements differ from movements in general in this—that though the latter require space and time, they do not require a determinate space, and determinate period of time, and degree of force. It is this definite amount of space and time in which the movement is to be done, as well as the determinate degree of force with which it is done, that enables us to influence the whole or a single part of the body in the manner necessary for the special purpose.

To raise the arms from a hanging position in a loose, random way, without thinking, and to stretch them in the air, can have little corporeal effect, and certainly no mental one; but to stretch the arms in a manner and direction, and with velocity and force, all previously determined and exactly performed, and then to move the different parts (upper and fore arm, hand, and fingers) precisely as determined and commanded—this is a *gymnastic movement*.

To learn to leap very far, or very high, it is not necessary to have special gymnastic instructions; but to leap gymnastically—that is, in a certain way, with the least possible expenditure of power, with great certainty and precision, with nice regard to distance, &c.—this is a matter calling for skilful and systematic instruction; and such a system constitutes rational gymnastics.

Every gymnastic movement has

1st. A *commencing position*, in which it begins, and from which the preceding movement originates.

2d. *Intermediate positions*, through which the whole or part of the body passes, and which lie in the direction of the movement from its commencement to its end, which forms

3d. The *final position*, in which the moved body, or part of the body, returns to a state of relative rest, and where the movement ceases.

The engraving (Fig 1) illustrates a movement where the arm is to be bent at the elbow, and which is called *fore-arm flexion*. The stretched arm repre-

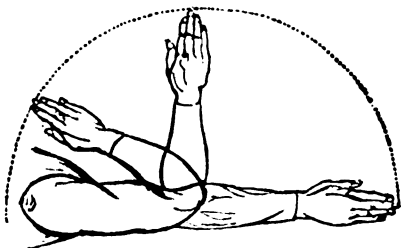


Fig. 1.

sents the *commencing position*. The fore-arm, bent at a right angle with the upper, is one of the *intermediate positions*; and the fore-arm forming an acute angle is the *final position*. When the fore-arm is to be stretched, the previous final position is the commencing position, and the previous commencing position is the final one, the intermediate positions remaining the same in both. The arm is drawn from above, in order to show more distinctly the three positions. We have been obliged to enter into these details, that the reader may the better understand the exercises which follow.

The free exercises are usually done only by healthy persons, and in a standing position. We will suppose that the feet are placed in the *fundamental position*—that is, at a right angle to each other (Fig. 2). From this position originate a great



Fig. 2.



Fig. 3.



Fig. 4.



Fig. 5.

variety of others, in which the feet are always at a right angle to each other. One foot remains in its original place, while the other is moved either sideways, forwards, or backwards. The length of the foot of the individual performing the exercise is chosen as a measure of distance at which the foot is to be placed from the other; in this way we say, *the foot at one, two, three (or more) distances—place*. The diagram (Fig. 3) shows the feet placed apart at one distance, Fig. 4 at two distances, and Fig. 5 at three distances.

When we place the right foot at one, two, three distances forward, we have the various positions marked 1, 2, 3, in the sixth diagram. When we

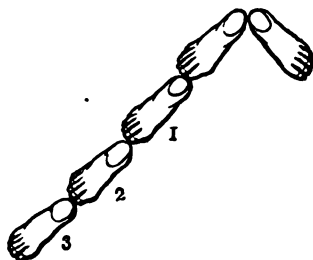


Fig. 6.

choose the close position, in which the feet are placed closely together in their whole length (Fig. 7) as our commencing position, then the placing of the feet apart in one, two, or three distances, is quite different, as illustrated by Figs. 8, 9, and 10; and the placing of the right foot forward in the various distances is shown by the diagram (Fig. 11), where the right foot is placed forward in a straight line with the left at the distances indicated by 1, 2, 3. By these instances, the reader will understand the importance of the commencing position; be-



Fig. 7.



Fig. 8.



Fig. 9.



Fig. 10.

cause, if this is not taken into consideration, and two persons are to perform, for instance, the movement expressed by the word of command, *feet apart in two distances—place!* the one who chooses Fig. 7 as his commencing position, will place his feet in the position Fig. 9; while the second, having chosen

Fig. 2 as his commencing position, will be in the position of Fig. 4.

THE WORD OF COMMAND.—We have mentioned the word of command; this is the order given by the teacher, or person directing the movements, according to which all must move simultaneously.

The word of command, or the order, consists of two parts—the first is the announcing, the second the execution order. The *announcing order* describes generally the limb which is to be moved, and the direction of the movement; the *execution order* describes shortly the mode of movement or action. In the command "*feet apart in two distances—place!*" the five first words are the announcing order, at which every individual prepares himself for action, but does not move till the word "*place!*" the execution order, is given, when the pupils instantly make the movement. In the order "*right knee upwards—bend!*" the first three words are the announcing order, the word "*bend!*" the execution. We advise our readers to place themselves in the various positions described, to keep the head and body upright, the arms either stretched downwards, or placed on the hips when "*hips—hold!*" is the command. By changing the feet at the order "*foot forward—place!*" you have twenty positions, which, if well executed, will increase the strength of the legs, and of some parts of the spine; and this contributes to the better deportment of the body.

Fig. 11

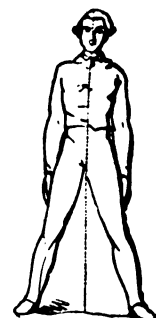


Fig. 12.



Fig. 13.

Having now a clear idea of the fundamental or rectangular position (Fig. 2), and the close position (Fig. 7), if you wish to change the rectangular into a close one, the command is "*feet—close!*" and the movement is done at first slowly, and in three motions, thus:—The feet being placed heel to heel, with the toes at a right angle, the toes are a little lifted from the ground (first motion), then brought slowly inwards, till the inner edges of the feet touch each other (second motion), and, finally, the toes again touch the ground (third motion). After some practice, these three motions are done so quickly as to form only one. At the order "*feet—open!*" the same motions are done in the reverse order—viz., 1st, you raise the toes; 2dly, the toes are brought outward to form the right angle; and 3dly, they again touch the ground.



Fig. 14.

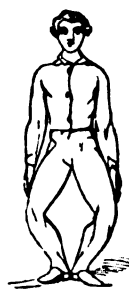


Fig. 15.

The two movements are practised as often as the order "*feet—close!*" or "*feet—open!*" is given. The position in which the body is when about to execute a certain movement, is the "*commencing position*;" and there is an infinite variety of such positions. When the feet are placed apart sideways, so that there is at least one distance between the feet, the position is called *strido position* (Fig. 12).<sup>6</sup>



The *walk position* (Fig. 13) is assumed by setting one foot forward as if going to take a step—the dotted line in the figure shows the position of the leg when stretched.

*Half standing position* (Fig. 14). For this position one foot is placed with the sole on the ground, while the other leg, perfectly stretched at the knee, is slightly raised, and thrown a little forward, in such a way that it does not touch the floor.



Fig. 16.

*Curtsey standing position* (Fig. 15). The legs are kept together at the heels, the knees a little bent, and directed outwards as far as possible, the legs forming, consequently, a regular rhombus.

*Stretch standing position* (Fig. 16) has the arms parallel to each other, stretched vertically upward, with the palms directed toward each other. Compound commencing positions are formed of two, or several simple ones; as, for instance: *stretch stride position*, in which the arms are in the stretched position (Fig. 16), and the feet in the stride position (Fig. 12).

There are hundreds of commencing positions; but those we have quoted are sufficient as instances. Those of our readers who are interested in this matter, we refer to Dr. Roth's works on the subject, where they will find full descriptions and illustrations of a great variety of positions.

The following movements belong to the first class of free exercises—viz., to those done without the



Fig. 17



Fig. 18.

assistance of another person, the body remaining on the same spot. We begin with the movements of the head, which it is imperative should always be done in slow time. The following are the words of command applicable to such movements:—

*Head forward—bend—stretch!* (Fig. 17). The head is held straight, without any twisting of the neck, and must be bent forward until the chin slightly touches the chest (Fig. 17). The upper part of the body, and especially the shoulders, must be kept firm. At the order "stretch," the head is raised into the fundamental position. Both the movements are done steadily, and not by jerks.

*Head backward—bend—stretch* (Fig. 18). The head is slowly bent backward, but without twisting, and at the command "stretch," is raised into the previous position. The head must not remain too long in the bent position.



Fig. 19.

*Head right, sideways—bend—stretch!*

*Head left, sideways—bend—stretch!* (Fig. 19).

The head is exactly bent to the designated side; no twisting of face or shoulders, and no raising of the opposite shoulder, or sinking down of the shoulder on the same side, is permitted.

*Head right, turn—forward—turn* (Fig. 20).

*Head left, turn—forward—turn.* The head is turned horizontally to the side designated, without the least flexion, if possible, so far that the chin shall be over the shoulder. The shoulders



Fig. 20.

must be kept square in the front line.

Small curs are not regarded when they grin, but great men tremble when the lion roars.

**AN UNIMAGINATIVE WIFE.**—She could count the strokes of the town clock between his kisses, and could listen and run off to the saucerpan that was boiling over, with all the big tears in her eyes, which he had pressed out of her melting heart by a touching story or a sermon. She accompanied in her devotion the Sunday hymns, which echoed loudly from the neighboring apartments, and in the midst of a verse she would interweave the prosaic question, "What shall I warm up for supper?" and he could never banish from his remembrance that once when she was quite touched, and listening to his cabinet discourse upon death and eternity, she looked at him thoughtfully, but towards his feet, and at length said: "Don't put on the left stocking to-morrow—I must first darn it."

**THE CLOSE OF A BALL.**—What a sad thing is a ball as it draws to the close! what an emblem of life at a similar period! How much freshness had faded! How much beauty has passed away! How many illusions are dissipated! How many dreams that the lamp-light and chalk floors had called into life, fly, like spirits, with the first beam of sunlight! The eye of the proud bearing is humbled now; the cheek whose downy softness no painter could have copied, looks pale, wan, and haggard; the beaming looks, the graceful bearing, the elastic step, where are they? Only to be found where youth—bright, joyous, and elastic youth—unites itself to beauty.

**PRETENSION.**—Many persons obtain a reputation and influence by mere pretension. They pretend to know everything and everybody. By obtaining a smattering of almost every subject, an impression of thorough knowledge is easily given, especially if good conversational powers can be brought into use. But this outer covering can be easily seen through by men of real knowledge and genius. It is but little pleasure they enjoy after all; for while assuming an air of superiority, and feeling the pleasure of power, they must feel at the same time the meanness of the deception, and the contempt which men of real character feel towards them.

**TITLES AND NOBILITY.**—There are a set of men in all the states of Europe, who assume from their infancy a pre-eminence independent of their moral character. The attention paid them from the moment of their birth gives them the idea that they are formed for command; they soon learn to distinguish themselves as a distinct species, and being secure of a certain rank and station, take no pains to make make themselves worthy of it. To this institution we owe so many indifferent ministers, ignorant magistrates, and bad generals.

**BLOODLESS VENGEANCE.**—"The Greenlanders," says a recent writer, "have some peculiar customs; the most singular is their musical combat. If a Greenlander imagines himself affronted by another, he composes a satirical poem, and challenges his adversary to sing. Both appear with a respectable chorus, chiefly women, and the contest of wit begins. He who fairly laughs out his opponent, and gets the last word, gains the applause, and wins the day. As a method of revenging insults, is not this as rational as most of those adopted by more civilized nations?"

**APT COMPARISON.**—A soul, like an instrument of music, should be well tuned to meet the various strains the hand of destiny may call from its thrilling chords; firmly, yet sweetly, should its tones ring out, of whatever character they are; strong but sweet music still should a God-strengthened spirit yield beneath the touch of sorrow or adversity, as sweet, though it may be sadder, as in its days of brightest power.

**KNOWLEDGE OF LIFE.**—He who sets out on the journey of life with a profound knowledge of books, but a shallow knowledge of men—with much sense of others, and little of his own—will find himself as completely at a loss in cases of common and constant recurrence as a Dutchman without his pipe, a Frenchman without his mistress, an Italian without his fiddle, or an Englishman without his umbrella.

**AN AMERICAN "IDEA."**—A writer beautifully remarks that a man's mother is the representative of his Maker. Misfortunes, and even crime, set up no barriers between her and her son. While his mother lives, a man will have one friend on earth who will not desert him when he is ready to despair. Her affection flows from a pure fountain, and ceases only at the ocean of eternity.

**THE GRAVE.**—It buries every error, covers every defect, extinguishes every resentment. From its peaceful bosom spring none but fond regrets and tender recollections. Who can look down upon the grave of an enemy, and not feel a compunctious throb that he should have warred with the poor handful of dust that lies mouldering before him?

**GOOD ADVICE.**—It is incumbent on every one to make himself as agreeable as possible to those whom nature has made, or he himself has sing'd out for, his companions in life.

**NEW MODE OF STOPPING HICCUP.**—Dr. Piretty appears to have found a very simple means of arresting this disagreeable, and often very obstinate symptom. It is sufficient to squeeze the wrist—preferably that of the right hand—with a piece of string, or with the fore-finger and thumb of the other hand.

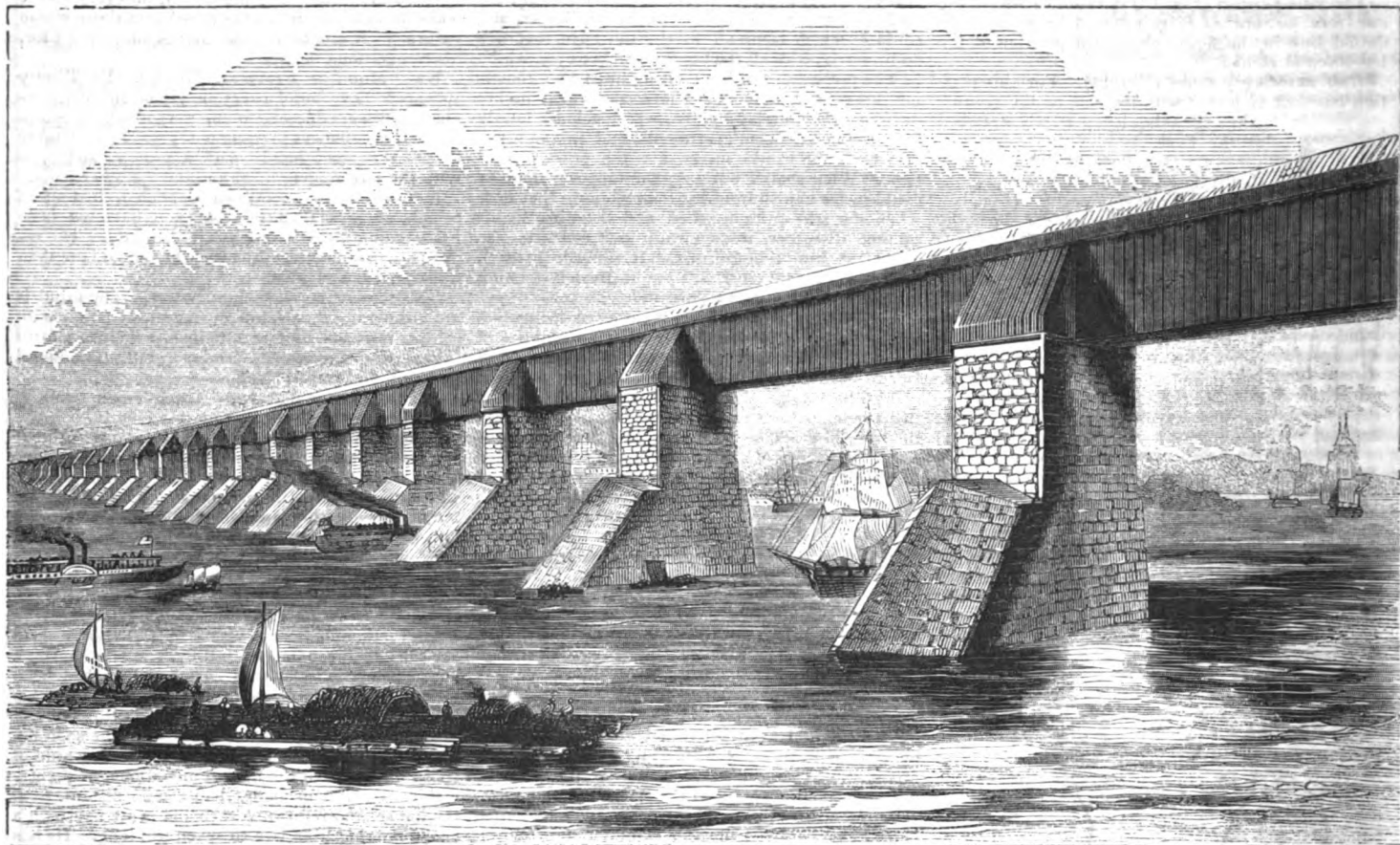
**A CONSOLATION.**—When slandered, instead of complaining, be thankful that you have not been left to commit the wrong ascribed to you. The reproaches of conscience are much harder to bear than the reproaches of men.

**KNOWLEDGE IS NOT MENTAL POWER.** The mind is not formed in schools, but in free social action with affairs, interests, and temptations, which call forth the exercise of judgment, prudence, reflection, moral restraint, and right principle.

**A CAT EXTRAORDINARY.**—A gentleman living at Elk Run, in the lower end of this county, has the good fortune to possess the most remarkable grimalkin yet known of the cat kind. Its body is of unusual length. The fur is of a reddish color, and the whole beautified with black spots and streaks of different figures; they are long in the back and round on the belly and jaws. Black stripes run across the ears, which are very long and tipped at the ends with a blue tuft of hair. Its physiognomy is fierce and its nature savage. Ordinarily it is perfectly docile, and like Wormley's very sensible cat, never says a word; though he answers readily (by the wag of his tail) to the name of "Billy." His master's house being infested with snakes, which had been bred in a neighboring stone-fence, he took it into his head to eschew such game as rats and mice, and make war upon the snakes, all of which he soon destroyed. Having acquired a taste for this kind of sport, he extended the field of operations, frequently making excursions more than a mile distant, from the house, and returning each and every day with a snake ranging from two to seven feet long. He has continued this practice for eight weeks. On one occasion he returned to the house much fatigued, perfectly wet and covered with saliva. It was supposed he had encountered one of those large but rare serpents known as the Goobat. This turned out to be true, for the next day thereafter Mr. Harvey B. Ralls found the snake dead, and signs of a dreadful conflict on the sand. Most or nearly all of the wounds had been inflicted on the back of the neck. The weight of the horrid serpent was fourteen pounds eleven ounces. This class of serpents is a native of eastern Virginia, with a very large head and great jaws—the mouth is armed with cutting crooked teeth among which are two longer than the rest, placed in the forepart of the upper jaw. All around the mouth there is a broad scaly border; and the eyes so large that they give it a terrible aspect. The forehead is covered with large scales. Each side of the belly is marbled with large square spots of chestnut color, in the middle of which is a spot perfectly round and like burnished gold. They have been known to swallow small pigs, musk-rats, opossums, &c. They avoid the sight of man, and consequently are rarely seen. Indeed, the existence of the Goobat has been doubted by many. The cat still continues his war upon the snakes. These facts may not gain credence at a distance; but they are so well known and attested, that no one in the neighborhood doubts them for a moment.—*Warrenton (Virginia) Flag.*

**EMIGRATION.**—Nothing can be more absurd than to imagine that a fortune may be made in a colony, by those who have neither in them nor about them any of the elements or qualities by which fortunes are gained at home. There are unfortunately, few sources of wealth peculiar to a colony. The only advantage which the emigrant may reasonably calculate upon enjoying, is the diminution of competition. In England the crowd is so dense that men smother one another. It is only by opening up the same channels of wealth, under more favorable circumstances, that the emigrant has any right to calculate upon success. Without a profession, without any legitimate calling in which his early years have been properly instructed: without any knowledge or any habits of business, a man has no better prospect of making a fortune in a colony than at home. No one, however, so circumstanced, entertains this belief; on the contrary, he enters upon his new career without any misgivings, and with the courage and enthusiasm of a newly enlisted recruit. Alas! the disappointment which so soon and so inevitably succeeds, brings a crowd of vices and miseries in its train.

**AN EVER-GREEN.**—The man who cannot learn wisdom by experience.



THE TUBULAR BRIDGE OVER THE ST. LAWRENCE.

#### The Great Bridge over the St. Lawrence.

THE readers of this Journal—and who has not read it?—must have noticed, from the character of a large number of the illustrations, one circumstance of striking peculiarity; and that is, the immense activity, magnitude of design, and rapidity of execution which prevails in the larger departments of human industry. We accomplish now, in a few weeks or months, undertakings which only a quarter of a century ago would have been deemed impossibilities. The ancients prided themselves on the magnificence and size of their public buildings, their pyramids, obelisks, temples, and highways; but the same amount of work that took them years to finish, at an awful sacrifice of human life, we can now perform in as many months. One day we hear of a great ship being suggested—Mr. Scott Russell's Mammoth Steamer, for instance—and a few months afterwards, lo, and behold, the thing is done—there is the ship—

Out of the earth a huge fabric—

towering up before us, and with its vastness bewildering the imagination. It is the same everywhere, and in every great department. One day it is a monster ship, another a monster cannon or cylinder, another a street a mile long of palatial-looking warehouses, and at another some magnificent edifice exhibiting

Many a row  
Of starry lamps and blazing cressets, fed  
With naphtha and asphaltus, yielding light  
As from a sky.

But in all of them we observe the distinguishing element, rapidity: they are designed, the money is subscribed, and they "are done out of hand." Nothing is left for posterity to do but admire and excel—as they ought, having such examples before them. In bridge-building, particularly, this age has rivalled all others. We also execute some that hang in the air like threads, yet their pathway can bear the weight and simultaneous tread of a thousand men marching in serried array. These Titanic accomplishments and the celerity of their execution make us justly proud of our generation; but occasionally we are rather apt to be astonished at some of its performances, and to pause for the purpose

of inquiring into their reality. As wonder crowds on wonder, some new wonder starts up, and the whole industrial world seems teeming with wonders.

Canadian enterprise had demanded an extensive railway communication, and to carry out the scheme the St. Lawrence had to be crossed; and as the only means of crossing it was by means of a bridge, that structure was asked for, and without any hesitation promised to be supplied, by Mr. Robert Stephenson and Mr. A. M. Ross, both engineers of eminence;

but the former name is a household word wherever civilisation has penetrated.

The bridge is to be tubular, on the plan of the Britannia Bridge over the Menai Straits. It will consist of 25 spans or spaces for navigation between the 24 piers, exclusive of the two abutments for the support of the tubes. The centre span will be 330 feet wide, and each of the other spans will be 242 feet wide. The width of each of the piers next to the abutments will be 15 feet, and the width of

those approaching the two centre piers will be gradually increased; so that these two piers will each be 18 feet wide, or 3 feet more than those next the abutments. Each abutment is to be 242 feet long and 90 feet wide, and from the north shore of the St. Lawrence to the north abutment there will be a solid stone embankment—faced in rough masonry towards the current—1200 feet in length. The stone embankment leading from the south shore of the river to the south abutment will be 600 feet long. The length of the bridge, from abutment to abutment, will be 8000 feet; and its total length, from river bank to river bank, will be 10,284 feet—or 176 feet less than two English miles.

The clear distance between the ordinary summer level of the St. Lawrence and the under surface of the centre tube is to be 60 feet, and the height diminishes towards either side.

Each of the tubes will be 19 feet in height at the ends, whence they will gradually increase to 22 feet 6 inches in the centre. The width of each tube will be 16 feet—or 9 feet 6 inches wider than the rail-track. The total weight of iron in the tubes will be 10,400 tons, and they will be bound and riveted together precisely in the same manner and with similar machinery to that employed in the Britannia Bridge.

The piers close to the abutments will each contain about 8000 tons of masonry. Scarcely a block used in the construction of the piers will be less than seven tons weight; and many of them—especially those exposed to the force of the current, and to the breaking up of the ice in spring—will weigh fully 10 tons each. The total amount of masonry in the piers will be 27,500,000 cubic feet, which at 13½ feet to the ton, gives a total weight of 205,000 tons.



ROBERT STEPHENSON ESQ., ENGINEER OF THE MENAI STRAITS BRIDGE.



## THE SOLDIER OF FORTUNE;

A TALE OF THE WAR.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "STANFIELD HALL," "MINNIE GREY," ETC.

## CHAPTER I.

Be just in all you say and all you do:  
Whatever be your birth, you're sure to be  
A peer of the first magnitude to me.—DRYDEN.

THE village of Harleyford, in Suffolk, at the time our tale commences, was one of those quiet, out-of-the-way places, whose inhabitants retained many of the simple habits and modes of thinking peculiar to their forefathers. The spirit of innovation or improvement, as the disciples of the go-a-head school would term it, had not yet spread like an epidemic amongst them; the nearest railroad was twelve miles distant from the church, and the clear, rapid stream which flows through the neighboring valley, and finally empties itself into the magnificent Orwell, had not yet been forced into the service of man.

In other words, there were no manufactures in Harleyford, its population being chiefly employed in agricultural pursuits.

It was a lovely spot. In my younger days I never used to visit it without feeling what a delicious picture Gainsborough or Wilson would have made of it had they transferred its beauties to canvas. First, its rich loamy undulating fields, divided by hedge-rows of pollards, with here and there a fine old oak or giant elm to break the regularity of the lines; then the village, with its quaint gables, massive chimneys, and snugly thatched roofs, dropped as it were at the foot of a gently sloping hill, and crowned by the picturesque church, a florid specimen of the early Elizabethan style, which coquettishly veiled a portion of its beauties beneath the luxuriant mantle of ivy, in which the growth of ages had draped it.

Having introduced our readers into the village, I shall now proceed to give some account of its inhabitants, the first of whom in rank as well as wealth was the representative of the ancient family of the Challoners, who settled at Harleyford soon after the Conquest; Umfreville de Challeneur, as the name is spent in the Doomsday Book, having espoused the heiress of Edgar of the Mount, a Saxon thane, who fell at the battle of Hastings.

Sir Edward Challoner, or Squire Ned, as he was familiarly called by his neighbors, who could not forget the name they had known him by previous to his accession to the title, owned at least one-third of

the parish, and generally resided at the Moat, or Manor-house, situated in the midst of an extensive and finely-wooded park. It had been a place of considerable strength up to the time of Cromwell, whose cannon made as much havoc with the exterior of the mansion, as the troopers did with the interior, when, after a siege of sixteen days, they obtained possession of it.

The Roundheads not only broke up the cumbrous magnificent furniture for firewood, and stripped the walls of the tapestry, but plundered the roof of the lead, which latter article, it is only justice to state, they honestly returned to the lawful owner in the shape of bullets, when, aided by a party of Royalists from Ipswich, he attempted to regain possession of the place, in which very laudable enterprise the worthy gentleman lost his life.

His heir, who resided many years in exile, at the court of Charles the Second, engaged a French architect, on his return to England, to restore the mansion. Unfortunately the foreigner undertook to beautify it as well, and displayed his taste by clapping conical roofs in the shape of huge extinguishers upon the remaining towers, and masking the noble Norman gateway with a fantastic porch, in the style of the Renaissance.

It was considered exceedingly fine at the time, and, after all, was not perhaps more ridiculous than some of the architectural monstrosities of the present day.

The owner of the place which we have attempted to describe was a thin, wiry personage, without an ounce of spare flesh upon his iron frame, uncommonly active for his years—somewhere about fifty-five—for he could still ride, wrestle, leap, or shoot with any man of his age in the county. His features were exceedingly sharp, and would have appeared querulous but for the merry twinkle of his bright hazel eyes, and a sarcastic expression about the corners of his mouth: in a word, he loved a jest, was passionate, satirical, impatient of contradiction, but warm-hearted, generous, and forgiving—a cross between the crab-apple and the peach.

The baronet's tenantry perfectly adored him; for, provided they abstained from poaching—a sin which their landlord considered had by some extraordinary oversight been omitted from the Decalogue—they found him indulgent and liberal. It was the only offence he never forgave. His popularity was equally great with the neighboring gentry, who unanimously agreed that he kept the best stud, dogs, wine, and table, of any man in the county, to

say nothing of his only child, a high-spirited girl of sixteen, who, having lost her mother at an early age, had been reared by her father more like a boy than one of the gentler sex, much to the scandal of Miss Tillwell, her governess, whose office soon became a mere sinecure in the family, where she was retained merely for appearance sake.

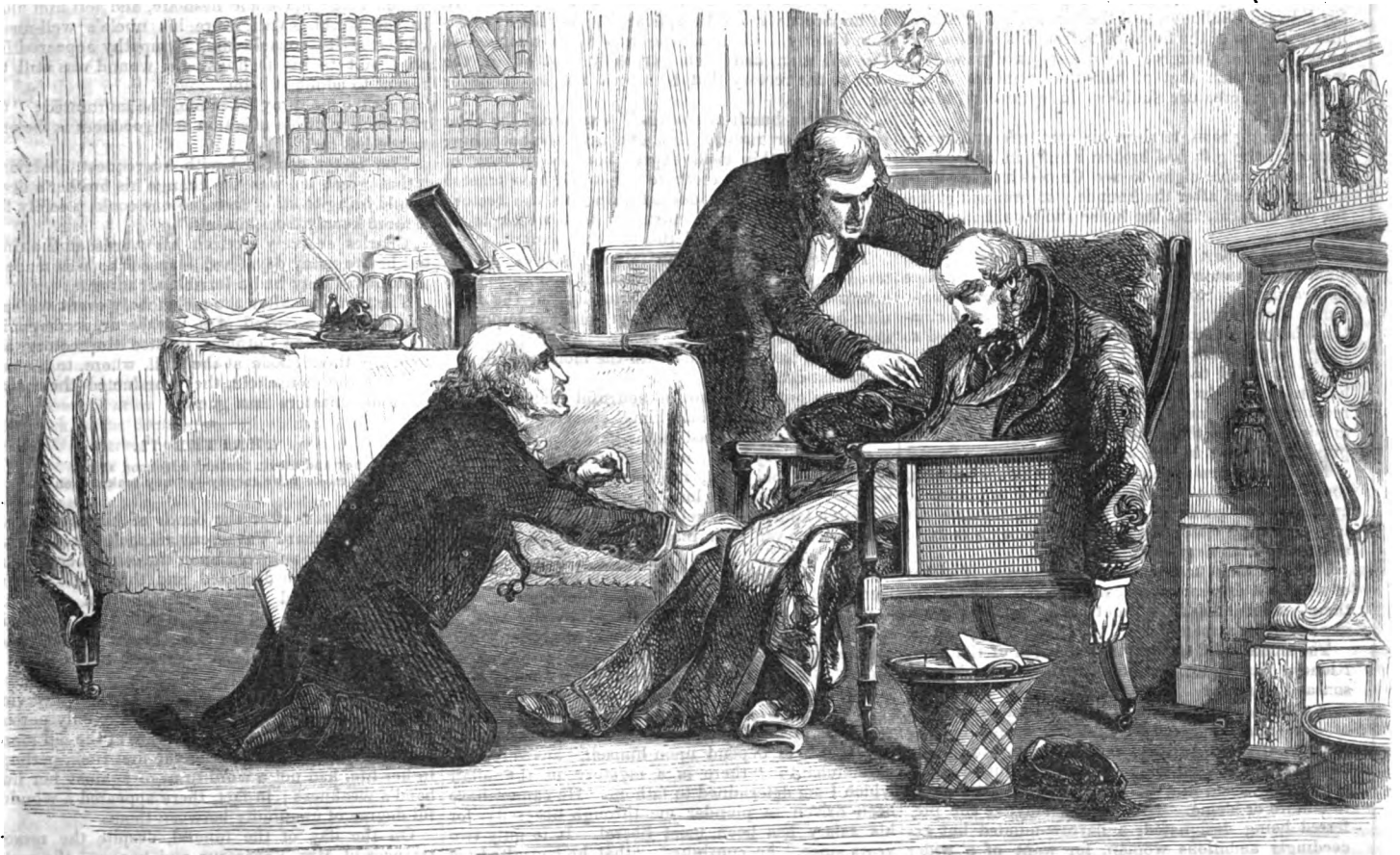
Beatrice, the name of the heiress, at twelve years of age could clear a five-barred gate, and was as fearless a rider as Sir Edward, who scarcely ever followed the hounds without her; indeed, so thoroughly had she entered into the tastes and pursuits of her father, that he would frequently declare she knew the points of a horse, and was as well acquainted with the racing calendar, as Christy, the head huntsman, or himself. More than once, to the old gentleman's delight, she had carried off the brush after a hard run, and her opinion was invariably asked whenever the hounds were at fault.

Although her accomplishments, speaking in the feminine sense, were confined to dancing, and a slight knowledge of the piano, there was nothing masculine either in her appearance or manners; true, the latter were a little boisterous at times, but an innate maidenly grace redeemed them.

Imagine, gentle reader, a tall, elegant girl, rising seventeen, as her father used to say when asked her age, just emerging into womanhood; a pair of dark blue eyes, which alternately flashed with mirth or melted into tenderness; features not regularly beautiful, perhaps, but eloquent in expression; lips ruddy and smiling, the under one at times gently pouting, as though some vagrant bee, mistaking it for a rosebud, had newly stung it; a profusion of chestnut hair—which, as its owner used to declare in answer to her governess's prudish remonstrances, never would keep in its proper place—falling in natural ringlets down her swan-like neck; added to which nature had endowed her with a voice and laugh so musical and joyous that a wood-nymph might have envied it.

Although far from vain, Beatrice was not without a secret consciousness of her claims to admiration. Young as she was, she had had many admirers; but after flirting with, laughing at, and teasing them all in turns, she either tired out their patience, or dismissed them with the complimentary assurance that the last one was equally insipid as his predecessor.

The family next in rank and importance to the baronet's was named Vavasour. They resided at a heavy red-brick, formal-looking mansion, called the



SUDDEN DEATH, BY APOPLEXY, OF MR. GEOFFREY VAVASSEUR.

Hall, one of Sir John Vanborough's ponderous creations, situated about a mile from the village.

The last possessor of the property, Colonel Vavasour, a gay, improvident man, in his younger days had been a *bon vivant*—one of the *habitués* of Carlton House, where he gambled with the Regent, Fox, and Sheridan, and, as our readers may suppose, paid pretty dearly for the honor of the association. To render his ruin more certain, he had his stud at Newmarket and hunters at Melton.

The natural consequence of a career of dissipation followed: at his death the estate was so heavily encumbered that every one predicted it must be sold—a sacrifice which the energy and determination of his eldest son alone prevented.

Although a very young man at the time of his father's death, Geoffrey Vavasour acted with the prudence and determination of riper years. The stud was sold off; the servants, with the exception of Bailey, the land-steward, dismissed; and after satisfying the most pressing claims, the impoverished heir started to St. Petersburg, where entered into a mercantile house, of which he ultimately became the head.

After an exile of twenty years, he returned to England a wealthy man, bringing with him an only son, named Charles, a fine, handsome, intelligent little fellow, about ten years of age, who, on his arrival at Harleyford, could scarcely speak a word of English.

Respecting the birth of this boy, a considerable degree of mystery existed. No one ever heard his parent allude either to his marriage or the name and connexions of the child's mother. This singularity was seldom spoken of openly, and when it was, the boy's uncle, the Reverend Richard Vavasour, who had been provided for by the friendship of Sir Edward, in presenting him to the rectory of Harleyford, invariably endeavored to silence all speculation on the subject. At the time our tale commences, Charles had just reached his nineteenth year; he now spoke English without the least accent, but had not forgotten his Russian, in which language he was daily in the habit of conversing with his father, who, for reasons best known to himself, appeared exceedingly anxious his son should continue the study of it.

The heir of Geoffrey Vavasour, for so the youth was considered by some, whilst others doubted the legitimacy of his claim to that title, was a fine, frank, noble-hearted fellow, passionately attached to field sports, and devoted in his affection to his parent; his skill in every manly exercise, for he rode like a Scythian, had so ingratiated him with Sir Edward Challoner, that the baronet had presented him with one of the finest colts from his stables—an animal whose pedigree, the donor gravely asserted, was purer than that of half the members of the peerage—a creature faultless in symmetry, blood, and action.

The young man, to show his gratitude and appreciation of the gift, had broken Firefly in himself.

It was a noble sight to see Charles and his steed as they dashed after the hounds; so firm and graceful was his seat, that the horse and its rider seemed one.

Strange to say, with all his love of field sports, Charles Vavasour did not approve of a similar taste in Beatrix; probably he considered it unfeminine—hence there were frequent quarrels and reconciliations between them; the heiress never appeared so happy as when teasing her Mentor, as she playfully called him, and to do her justice, few could excel her in that truly feminine art. She ridiculed his remonstrances, laughed at his love of poetry and music, and more than once advised him to become a pupil of old Tilly, as she saucily called her governess.

In consequence of this continual warfare between them, none of the admirers of Beatrix appeared to entertain the least feeling of jealousy towards our hero—fire and water did not seem more unlikely to assimilate than they to fall in love.

And yet they had opportunities enough if either of them felt disposed, for scarcely a day passed over their youthful heads without their spending hours in each other's society.

The inmates of the rectory consisted of the Rev. Richard Vavasour, his wife, and two children, a son and daughter. The first-mentioned personage was a strict observer of all the outward proprieties of life—residing constantly on his living—looking sharply after the tithes, and attending to parish business; in a word, he performed the duties of his sacred profession in a manner which left little either to admire or blame. The rector's lady, as she preferred being designated, a narrow-minded but exceedingly ambitious woman, for want of a wider sphere of action, bestowed a great portion of her

time as well as advice upon the poor of her husband's parish, seasoning the latter with occasional gifts of blankets and coals, the expense of which her visitors used somewhat uncharitably to hint did not come out of her own pocket; for upon the drawing and dining-room tables at the rectory, boxes for the purpose of receiving contributions were ostentatiously displayed, a circumstance to which the mistress of the house seldom failed to call their attention.

Her daughter Margaret's benevolence was limited to the charity-school for female children; perhaps the stream was too small to be diverted to a variety of channels. She seldom failed to visit the establishment at least once a week, and as regularly scolded the mistress and catechised the pupils, whose becoming green frocks and pretty straw bonnets she, after a great deal of perseverance, succeeded in persuading the ladies of the committee to change for dresses of coarse brown stuff, made very high in the neck, and white cotton tippets and caps, which she considered not only more economical, but better suited that condition of life to which it had pleased providence to call them.

Her detractors explained this anxiety to destroy the seeds of vanity in the minds of the poor girls by the indisputable fact, that Miss Vavasour was remarkably plain herself.

Cuthbert, her only brother, was exactly a year older than his cousin Charles, whom he both flattered and envied for the supposed advantages which fortune had given him over him. Having kept one term at Cambridge, where he associated only with lordlings and fellow-commoners—for he was a great tuft-hunter—he considered himself a man of the world; and, most certainly, if pride, meanness, and heartlessness could entitle a man to that distinction, it was indisputably his.

Having described a portion of the *dramatis personæ*, it is time that we considered the patience of our readers, put the puppets in motion, and proceed with the action of our tale.

The two brothers, Geoffrey and Richard, were seated at a table covered with account-books and papers in the library at the Hall: the still handsome features of the former were flushed with excitement and anger; those of the latter were placid and composed, as though nothing unusual had occurred. Bailey, the land-steward, a venerable-looking person, was standing before them in an attitude of the deepest humility and dejection; more than once he raised his eyes imploringly towards his master, but dropped them again as frequently.

Several serious defalcations had been discovered in his accounts, and he appeared to feel his degradation bitterly. Charles, who was much attached to the old man, had been purposely sent out of the way to the rectory that he might not intercede for him.

"Twelve hundred pounds!" exclaimed the elder brother, after running his eye over the accounts; "who after this shall expect honesty in man, or faith in any human creature! I would have trusted my life to him," he added, turning to the rector; "nay, I have already entrusted that which is as dear as life to him—and this is my reward!"

The reverend gentleman raised his eyes and uttered a groan, doubtless intended to express his horror at such unheard-of depravity—at the same time he carefully weighed in his mind the import of the speaker's words.

"What have you done with the money, Bailey?" he at last demanded.

The culprit maintained a mournful silence.

"It is useless to ask him," observed Geoffrey; "the villain is hardened in his guilt."

"Do not say that, my dear, wronged master," replied the old man, for the first time breaking silence; "during the long years of your absence in a foreign land was I not faithful to you? and did I not watch over your interests as though they had been my own?"

"That at least is true," answered his employer, somewhat softened by the recollection.

"It was his duty," drily observed the rector; "besides, was I not here to look after him? Of course, brother, you will prosecute; you owe it to society, yourself, and the laws of your country."

Geoffrey reflected for a few moments before he replied to the suggestion; to the shame-stricken, repentant man, they appeared like so many ages.

"That will depend upon himself," answered the ex-merchant; "there is a mystery in the affair which I am determined to fathom. He cannot have been driven to plunder me through necessity, for his salary has been most liberal. It is only two years since," he continued, "that he consulted me respecting the investment of two thousand pounds,

which he acknowledged to have saved in my service. By my advice he placed it in the hands of Stracy, the stock-broker, where his son is cashier. The dishonesty of his father will prove a sad blow to him."

"The money has been withdrawn," meekly observed the steward.

"For what purpose?"

The old man made no reply.

With many excellent qualities, both of head and heart, Geoffrey Vavasour was a nervous, excitable man; the obstinacy of the delinquent irritated him, and he determined to show no further consideration for one who, after having robbed, presumed to brave him.

"This hardened effrontery," he exclaimed, at the same time turning very red with passion, "has decided me. In consideration of his years, past services, and his son's respectability, I would have spared him, but now justice shall—shall—shall—"

The words appeared suddenly arrested upon the lips of the speaker, he stretched forth his hand in a vain attempt to seize the bell, and then fell back in his chair.

The Reverend Richard Vavasour turned very pale.

"Master, dear, wronged master!" sobbed the terror-stricken steward, falling on his knees; "trample on me, kill me, but for Heaven's sake speak!"

"It is merely a fit," observed the rector; "bring me a glass of water."

"It is apoplexy," groaned the culprit, "and I have caused it; his father died after a similar attack."

Despite the positive orders of the clergyman, who insisted that his dear brother would soon recover, the old man rang the bell; a groom was instantly despatched on horseback for the nearest medical assistance, and a messenger to the rectory, to hasten the return of Charles.

The sufferer was speedily conveyed by the sorrowing servants—for he had been a kind, indulgent master—to his bed; but by the time the surgeon and his son reached the Hall, Geoffrey Vavasour had ceased to exist.

Those who have been suddenly deprived of a tender, indulgent parent by the relentless hand of death, can imagine how terribly the unexpected blow fell upon the heart of our hero. The pen would fail to describe it: his was the grief too sad for words, too deep for tears; it was the closing of one of the brightest pages of his existence; at times he could scarcely credit the reality of the misfortune which made his home desolate, and left him alone in the world. Vain were his uncle's well-meant endeavors to console him; sympathy appeared like an insult to his feelings; the wound was still too recent to admit of balm.

"Leave me, pray leave me," he murmured; "the recollection of his affection and goodness is the only solace left me."

The rector complied with his request, observing, "that great as was the change his brother's death would bring to all of them, no one could possibly feel it more keenly than himself."

Charles scarcely noticed his words at the time, but before many days had elapsed he was made to understand they had a terrible meaning.

The morning after the melancholy event we have just narrated occurred, Mrs. Vavasour, accompanied by Margaret and Cuthbert, quitted the rectory, and took up their abode at the Hall, where, to the surprise of the household, they conducted themselves more like masters than guests.

## CHAPTER II.

Money and men a mutual falsehood show,  
Men make false money—money makes men so.  
ALFRED.

IMMEDIATELY after the death of his brother, the Reverend Richard Vavasour affixed his seal, in the presence of the surgeon, upon the cabinet containing the papers of the deceased, and that same evening held a long and private conversation with the steward, in which he informed him that, in consideration of his contrition and long services, his breach of trust would be looked over, and that he was to continue in his office.

Such, at least, was the account of their interview which the rector gave his wife—the only person, except himself, who was now aware of the old man's delinquencies. The lady, for the first time, perhaps, in her life, had not a word to urge against her husband's weakness; in fact, there appeared a wonderful degree of unanimity between them.

On the day of the funeral, despite the remonstrances of Mrs. Vavasour and her son, the rector persisted in allowing Charles to appear as chief



mourner, observing, with a degree of consideration which few who knew him would have given him credit for, "that it was his right by affection, if not by blood, and that the unfortunate youth would learn the truth soon enough."

The lady pronounced the concession meanness; Cuthbert called it humbug.

When the mourners had returned to the Hall, the seals of the cabinet were broken; but after the strictest examination, neither will, or papers which could throw a light upon the birth of our hero, were discovered.

The banker of the deceased gentleman, who, as a mark of respect to his memory, had been invited to attend, declared that no document of a testamentary nature had been deposited with him; and Sparrow, the lawyer, denied having ever been consulted by his late client upon the subject.

Sir Edward Challoner, who was present, began to look very fidgety and uneasy.

"Why so anxious respecting a will, my dear sir?" demanded Charles. "I trust you do not doubt that I shall do my duty."

His uncle appeared very much embarrassed, and Mrs. Vavasour gave a dry, dissatisfied cough, as if to recall her husband's presence of mind.

"I was in hopes, my dear boy," replied the reverend gentleman, in his blindest tone, "that your father had provided for you. I had much rather it had not been left to my discretion."

"Provided for me!" repeated the astonished youth.

"It is very painful, exceedingly painful to us all, but the truth must be known—you are illegitimate."

The expressive features of our hero alternately flushed with indignation, and turned pale with shame. Had the assertion proceeded from any other lips, he would have struck the speaker to his feet.

"It is false," he exclaimed, after a violent effort to master his emotion; "had my dear father been capable of acting the part of a seducer, he never would have mocked the son he had robbed even of his name. I can appeal to you all," he added, "whether I have not been treated by him as his heir, his legitimate heir."

"And such I believe you are," observed the baronet, firmly.

"Let him prove it," said Mrs. Vavasour, with a sneer.

"Why the fellow can't even tell the name of his mother," added her son.

Previously, he had never addressed his cousin but as Charley.

"Bailey," continued the young man, in a tone of agony, "how often have you been present when my father, pointing out the improvements he had made upon the estate, explained how valuable I should find them when it came into my possession."

"True," said the steward, wringing his hands in great mental distress, "most true."

"Don't weep, Old Honesty," added our hero, with difficulty, struggling with his own grief; "you, at least, can have nothing to reproach yourself with."

The man appeared to writhe under the pressure of the hand which the speaker confidently placed upon his shoulder.

"All this is very distressing," observed his uncle, who, after the first outbreak of feeling, had wonderfully recovered his self-possession; "but I have been aware of the fact for years, and frequently remonstrated with my brother on the weakness, not to say cruelty, of bringing you up with false hopes and expectations."

Poor Charles for an instant appeared thunder-struck at the declaration: it was terribly explicit.

"Of course," continued the reverend gentleman, "I shall act justly by you: make choice of any profession you may think fit, and the means shall not be wanting to enable you to pursue it—the bar, for instance."

"The bar, be—"

"Sir Edward!" interrupted the rector, in a tone of dignified reproof.

"Hanged," added the baronet, using a much milder expletive than the one he had originally intended; "remember, I said hanged, so no hypocrisy, Dickon; the boy is legitimate, and you know it."

"I!" repeated the rector.

"You!" continued the only friend who seemed disposed to stand up for the rights of the heir. "Two years since, in this very room, my old friend Geoffrey, in speaking of the romance of real life, observed that the most singular adventure in his was his marriage. Think you I have forgotten it, or the doctrous manner in which you contrived to change the subject?"

"I recollect it perfectly," replied the gentleman, "and the indignation I naturally felt, that my poor

brother, whose greatest sin was weakness of character, should have attempted a falsehood in my presence; hence the dexterity, as you are pleased to term it, with which I changed the conversation."

There was something so plausible in the reply—it was so calmly made—that even the opinion of Sir Edward was shaken.

"If my nephew, as you say, is legitimate," continued the Reverend Richard Vavasour, not without a certain air of dignity, "let him prove it. I will offer no unfair opposition to his claims: the law is as open to him as to myself. I am a father," he added, "and the interests of my children are naturally dear to me. Had I been alone in the world, I would willingly have resigned the estate to him."

"You resign the estate to him!" interrupted Sir Edward Challoner, in a tone of deep disgust; "pooh!" You forget, Dickon, that I know you. Why, you never resigned the tail of a tithe-pig, where you could exact it. It is for you," he added, "to prove your right to the property."

The rector meekly observed, that he was already in possession.

"And intend to remain," exclaimed Cuthbert, with a chuckle.

Mrs. Vavasour was astonished that the baronet should presume to interfere where the interests of her family were concerned, and trusted that her husband would show a proper spirit, by withdrawing his too liberal offer to the young man, whose ingratitude, even more than his birth, she considered a disgrace.

"You are right, sir," said Charles, addressing his uncle; "the law can alone decide between us. As for the insulting epithets bestowed upon me by Mrs. Vavasour and her son, I treat them with the contempt which they merit. It is an old adage, but a very true one, that those who fawn in prosperity, are the first to snarl and show their teeth in adversity. You little dream," he continued, in a tone of desperate calmness, "of the energies you have roused. I will haunt you like your shadow; and should I discover, as I suspect I shall, that there has been foul play, expect no mercy at my hands!"

His relatives replied only with a disdainful toss of the head, at what they considered the petulance of a disappointed boy. Little did they imagine how suddenly a great and overwhelming misery had converted him into a cool, determined man.

Shaking hands with Sir Edward—who made him promise to ride over to the Moat in the morning—he left the room, to the great relief of the rector and his lady.

The former, who, for many reasons, wished to stand well with so popular a person as his wealthy neighbor, advanced, and offered him his hand: the old gentleman pretended not to see it.

"I trust," said Richard Vavasour, "that we part as friends."

"Can't dissemble, Dickon," replied the baronet; "you have treated the poor lad shamefully; but I'll see him righted, if it costs me half my fortune. As for your wife and son, I cannot express my disgust of their meanness. Why, I have seen them fawn upon their dear nephew and cousin Charley, as they called him, till it was absolutely sickening; and now, because he disputes your right to beggar him, there is not a word too bad for him."

The speaker bowed formally to the lady—for he was a gentleman of the old school—and quitted the room. A few minutes afterwards his carriage was heard driving rapidly from the house.

"Who can calculate the consequence of one evil action?" observed the rector, in a tone of deep emotion; "my poor brother's culpable concealment of the stain upon his son's birth, has made the poor boy wretched and dissatisfied for life, and broken the friendship of years between myself and Sir Edward Challoner. Heaven pardon him! he little foresaw the misery he was creating."

The banker and the lawyer shortly afterwards took their leave.

"Singular affair," said the former, as they drove towards Ipswich.

"Very," replied Mr. Sparrow.

"What is your opinion?"

"That the youth is really illegitimate," answered the man of law. "I often thought it strange that the late Geoffrey Vavasour never once consulted me as to his will; and whenever I alluded to the subject, carefully avoided it. There must have been a reason: it is explained now. Rather sharp of his brother, though," he added, "taking possession; cleverly managed—very."

Great was the indignation of Beatrix Challoner, when her father, on his return home, related all that had taken place at the Hall. She warmly applauded her parent for the stand he had made in favor of his favorite Charles.

"I don't believe a word of it," she exclaimed; "poor Mr. Vavasour was too good a man to act in so hypocritical a manner towards his son."

The baronet declared that such was his conviction.

"Of course, papa, you will assist him."

"With my advice, certainly."

"Advice!" repeated the fair girl, impatiently.

"What is the use of advice, when it is money he requires to go to law with his wicked old uncle?"

"You take a great interest in his welfare!" observed Sir Edward, drily.

"Of course I do; have I not known him from childhood?"

"And quarrelled with him from childhood," added her father.

"The greater reason that I should advocate his cause now. It was always my fault. You know what a wayward, petulant, capricious creature I am: had I followed Charley's advice, I should have been different."

"Charley, again!" interrupted the baronet. "One would imagine, Tricksey,"—the name he always called her by,—"that you were in love with Charley."

The heiress broke into one of her musical laughs.

"In love with him!" she repeated. "O my dear papa! how very absurd! Why, he never paid me a compliment in his life; and I dare be sworn, if he were asked, could not tell whether my eyes were blue or green. Of all the strange fancies that ever crept into that dear, whimsical, old head, the idea of my loving Charley, or his loving me, is the most absurd,—unless as brother and sister might love," she added, thoughtfully. "I'll not deny the possibility of that."

As Sir Edward drew her towards him and kissed her, he assured her that neither his purse nor his advice should be spared to see justice done to the son of his old friend, Geoffrey Vavasour.

"Brother and sister! green eyes or blue ones!" he repeated, as soon as he was alone. "I don't believe a word of it; not that Tricksey would deceive me; no, she is too truthful for that;—but Charley is not such a fool—the finest girl in the country! and good as she is beautiful;—if he is," he added, "he deserves to drown like a blind puppy: green eyes, indeed!"

The eccentric, passionate old gentleman nearly worked himself into a fit of indignation against our hero for not being in love with his heiress. Most fathers in his position would have rejoiced at it; but Sir Edward Challoner, in his thoughts and actions, was unlike most other men.

#### CHAPTER III

Good unexpected—evils unforeseen,  
Appear by turns as fortune shifts the scene;  
Some praised aloft, come tumbling down again,  
Their fall so hard, they bound and rise again.—VIRGIL.

IN the solitude of his chamber, Charles Vavasour yielded to the weakness which pride and indignation alone—in the presence of his hypocritical, heartless relatives—had restrained, and wept bitterly. It was not the probable loss of fortune which he deplored, for he was young, strong in energy, and the hope of the future, wealth, might be won by enterprise and patience; it was the degradation of appearing in the world a nameless man—a being for vulgar scorn to point the finger at, to twit and gail, that maddened him; for like most sensitive natures he was far more susceptible on the score of insult than of injury. Had the discovery which had been made robbed him of his inheritance only, he could have borne it with comparative indifference; it was the brand of illegitimacy which seared his very soul.

For several hours he continued to pace the room yielding alternately to fits of despair or confidence, as the recollection of the honorable character of his father had ever maintained, his love of truth and candor, or the mysterious silence he had observed respecting the name of his wife and the particulars of his marriage, rose uppermost in his mind. One moment all appeared doubt and misery, the next, redolent with hope.

The dinner hour had long passed, and night was rapidly drawing on, yet the voluntary prisoner neither attempted to quit his chamber or ring for food,—heart and brain were too busily occupied.

The disappointed heir was not the only person at the Hall whom the events of the day had made wretched. For several hours an aged man, bowed down by shame and remorse, had been listening at the door of his apartment, anxious to catch the least sound,—longing, but not daring, to console him.

It was Bailey, the dishonest steward.

The impatient step and broken exclamations of passion and shame ceased at last, and the watcher became alarmed. A fearful thought had crossed

him, and he tapped, gently at first, and then loudly, at the door. Receiving no answer, he added earnest entreaties for admission.

"Dear Master Charles," he said, "for Heaven's sake, let me in! 'Tis I, your father's old and attached servant."

A few weeks previous, and he might have said, *faithful servant*; now the word would have choked him.

"Are you alone?" demanded our hero.

"Quite alone. For the last three hours I have only had my own sad thoughts to bear me company."

The bolt was withdrawn, and they stood face to face.

The contrast which age and youth present, was not the only one between them. Charles Vavasour appeared very pale but calm; his visitor, restless and anxious, like a man suddenly awakened from some hideous dream, and not yet perfectly assured that its terrors were unreal.

"Come in, Old Fidelity," said the youth, extending his hand to him; "at least, I have one friend who loves me. The sight of an honest face is cheering to me."

The steward sank in the chair to which the speaker pointed; it was directly opposite a finely-painted portrait of his late master. He shuddered as he gazed upon it, and swayed his body to and fro like one in great mental agony. So overwhelming did his distress appear, that our hero began to feel surprised at it, but without permitting the sight of the old man's sorrow to renew his own.

"Courage," he said, "you see I do not despair. I have reasoned with myself, and reason assures me that right at last must triumph."

"Heaven grant it!" ejaculated Bailey fervently, "heaven grant it! but it is a hard struggle for poverty to strive against wealth, truth against cunning."

"The more I reflect, the firmer is my conviction," continued the young man, "that I am legitimate. My father was too good and honorable to have buoyed me up with false expectations. There is a mystery, and that mystery I am determined to elucidate. My plans are all arranged, and in the morning I quit this place, never to return to it again unless as its acknowledged heir."

"And whither would you go?"

"To Russia," replied the youth, "to the land of my birth, to seek out those who knew my parent; it is there only that the proofs I seek can be obtained. Fear not of success," he added; "you do not know the energies of a heart like mine. I will rend them, if necessary, from the iron grasp of despotism itself; dig them from the centre of the earth; but I will find them. You are silent—doubtless you think me mad. If I am, it is the madness of despair!"

"Mad!" repeated his visitor. "No, no—a hundred times no! It is there, and there only, alas! that the proofs are to be found. It was this I would have counselled—urged—had not your own brave heart forestalled me."

Charles Vavasour gazed on him, astonished at the change both in his voice and manner. The despondency which lately seemed to have crushed him had suddenly given way to the most intense excitement; he spoke like one from whose over-fraught brain an enormous weight had suddenly been removed.

"Heaven," he continued, "which inspired the design, will prosper it. And I, dear Master Charles—worthless and humble as I am—I will assist it by—"

"Not by money, Bailey," interrupted our hero, firmly. "I cannot consent that you should deprive yourself of the savings of a life of honest industry for my necessities."

"It was not by money that I meant," observed the old man, with a sigh; "for I am poorer, Master Charles, than when I entered your grandfather's service forty years ago. Do not ask me how," he added, imploringly, "for I must not, dare not, tell you."

So extraordinary did this avowal appear, that for several moments his hearer remained mute with surprise.

"You do not doubt it?"

"Certainly I do not doubt it," was the reply; "although, for your own sake I deeply regret it. Service with my liberal uncle, I fear, will prove a lean inheritance."

"He dares not part with me."

"Dares not!" repeated our hero.

"That is, will not part with me," added his visitor hastily. "It would be against his interest, the only tie which binds the mercenary Richard Vavasour."

Oh! how unlike his dear generous brother. I know each tree on the estate, the produce of every field; but I did not come to speak of myself, Master Charles. It matters little what becomes of me, provided you succeed in establishing your rights to your father's inheritance; it was your welfare brought me here. You intend to proceed to Russia, you say, to seek for the proofs of your legitimacy?"

"I do," replied the young man firmly. "It is your only chance," observed the steward, with a sigh; "these may assist you."

The speaker placed in the hands of his young master a locket attached to a small gold chain, and a paper which looked like an official act, it was partly printed and written in Russian.

"What are these?"

"The portrait of your mother," replied Bailey. "I cannot be mistaken, for you are its living counterpart. I removed it from the body of your dear father—none can have so good a right to it as yourself. I am no judge of jewels," he added, "but the diamonds round it must be very valuable."

Charles Vavasour hastily opened the locket; it contained the portrait of a young and beautiful woman, richly set with brilliants, and dressed in the English costume. So striking was the likeness to himself, that even the gazer was struck by it. On the back of the case were the cyphers, L. H. and G. V.—entwined together, and beneath them the date, 1833, the year which preceded his own birth.

"This is, indeed, a treasure!" he exclaimed, as he pressed the senseless ivory to his lips; "had a doubt remained within my mind, this would have removed it. Shame," he added, regarding the miniature with deep emotion, "never set its blistering seal upon a brow so pure and noble—no seducer's kiss polluted it. What tenderness! what womanly grace in every feature! how my heart throbs as I gaze upon it!"

So entranced was our hero by the feelings newly awakened in his breast, that his visitor had to call his attention several times to the paper, which he stated had been overlooked by his uncle when he examined the contents of the cabinet.

"It is something foreign, Master Charles," he continued, "but you, perhaps, may understand it."

"It is merely a deed," replied the youth, after he had perused it, "by which the bank of St. Petersburg binds itself, in consideration of a certain sum deposited by my late father, to pay to Anna Petroff and Alexes her husband, an annuity of twenty pounds British, during their joint lives; doubtless," he added, throwing it aside with an air of disappointment, "servants for whom he provided before leaving Russia."

His visitor stooped and raised it.

"Take it with you," he said, "it may be of more importance than you imagine; if still living, they are the persons most likely to afford the clue you seek."

"Right! very right!" exclaimed the young man, whose attention had been so absorbed by the contemplation of the miniature, that he could think of little else; "and now, old friend, it is time we separate. Should fortune smile upon my enterprise, we shall meet again; if not, my debt of gratitude must remain unpaid."

"Gratitude!" repeated the steward, mournfully; "it is little gratitude that you owe me. I have eaten the bread of your forefathers for forty years, and could the sacrifice of my life secure your rights, I'd give it freely! Heaven bless you! my dear young master, and protect you in your wanderings."

Before separating, it was arranged between them that the steward should forward his luggage to an address which Charles gave him in London.

It is a sad thing to quit the home where we have spent the happiest years of our youth—a thousand tender recollections press upon us; kind, familiar faces once more smile upon us, and voices, whose melody has long been hushed in death, murmur in our ears the sweet words of affection. Home! how many long-silent echoes does it not awaken in the wanderer's heart! In the moment of temptation, it is a shield; in the hour of adversity, a consolation; there is no name the tongue can syllable possesses half its music.

Brief was the repose which Charles Vavasour, probably for years, and possibly for ever, enjoyed under the roof of his father. At an early hour he left his chamber, in order to quit the hall unnoticed. He did not wish to give his affectionate relatives the triumph of witnessing his departure, so made his way to the stables with the intention of saddling Firefly himself, and riding over to the Moat to make his adieu, and return the noble animal to Sir Edward. Poor as he was, his pride revolted at the idea of selling it.

Great was his surprise at finding the horse already saddled, and his cousin Cuthbert booted and spurred ready to mount him. They eyed each other silently and with looks of defiance.

"I require my horse," said our hero, addressing Jack Curlin, the groom.

The poor lad pulled the lock of hair over his forehead, by way of salute, and looked embarrassed.

"Lead him out!" exclaimed Cuthbert, in a tone of insolent authority; "and mind, not a horse quits the stable without mine or my father's permission. You know who is master here."

Without condescending to take the least notice of this brutal speech, Charles placed his hand upon the bridle of the animal, which neighed with pleasure at recognising him.

"I am about to ride, sir," added the speaker, in a haughty tone.

"So I perceive."

"And request you to release my horse."

"My horse, you mean," replied his cousin calmly; "it was, as you are well aware, the gift of my friend, Sir Edward Challoner; neither my uncle nor yourself can possibly have any claim to it."

"I don't know that," observed the young man, spitefully; "we found it on the property, and intend to retain it; lock the door of the stables," he added, turning to the groom; "and at your peril, suffer the horse to be removed."

"It is Master Charley's," muttered the man, "and you know it."

"Insolent! Lock the door!"

"Lock it yourself!" exclaimed the lad, in a dogged tone. "I won't—you can turn me away—and the place is likely to be no great shakes, since you be come to it."

At this moment a favorite spaniel belonging to our hero came barking joyously into the stable; the faithful creature had missed its master from his room, and expressed its joy by a variety of gambols at having found him. Cuthbert, who had been in the habit of feeding and petting the animal, in order to curry favor with his cousin, came in for a share of its caresses; but with a brutal kick, he sent poor Fidelity yelping amongst the straw.

The insult to himself, Charles Vavasour had endured unmoved. He despised his cousin too much to resent it; but at the sight of the wanton cruelty inflicted on his dumb favorite, his self-command gave way, and twice the whip he carried in his hand descended on the shoulders of the young ruffian, who called upon the groom to assist him.

"I assist thee, thee great lubberly coward," said the lad, with a gesture of contempt. "Not if Master Charley were to knock the brains out o' thee."

"You may thank your brutality, Cuthbert," observed his cousin, "for the lesson you have just received—not your impertinence—I scorned to notice that. If you have a spark of honor or courage left, and feel yourself aggrieved, for the honor of the name you bear, I am ready to give you satisfaction."

The beaten bully muttered something about satisfaction being for gentlemen only; adding a threat, in which the words law and magistrate were alone distinguishable, and left the stable.

"Cur to the back-bone!" exclaimed the groom, with a grin of delight. "I always thought he'd a white feather. Thee hadst better be off, Master Charley," he added, "afore mischief comes on it: all servants at the hall beant faithful as I be."

He led Firefly into the yard. As its owner mounted, he threw the speaker a sovereign. The poor fellow looked at it wistfully.

"It is not much, I confess," observed the youth; "but times are changed."

"More shame for 'un, then," replied Jack Curlin; "but it beant the money. I don't care for that. I'd sooner go with 'ee."

"I am too poor to keep a servant now," was the reply.

"I don't want 'ee to keep me," urged Jack, who was a bit of a character in his way; I'll serve 'ee for meat and clothes. When the brood mare kicked I in the field and broke my leg, didn't 'ee carry me all the way on thee back to the Hall? I, only a poor lad, and thee a born gentleman! I ain't forgotten. Do take I with thee."

Had our hero listened only to the dictates of his own feelings, he would at once have complied with the poor fellow's request; but in his present position he felt it would be madness. Two hundred pounds was all he possessed in the world—that expended, he had only his own energies to rely on for the future.

"It cannot be," he said; "but if my uncle dismisses you from his service, apply to Sir Edward Challoner: I'll speak to him in your favor."



So saying, he set spurs to his horse, and, followed by Fiddle, who limped after him, he cantered towards the lodge, without trusting himself to cast one look behind on the home he was about to quit, possibly, for ever.

Jack Curlin remained gazing after him for some time in silence. Once or twice the honest fellow passed the cuff of his stable-jacket over his eyes to wipe away the tears, of which he felt ashamed. It is astonishing how prone we are to blush at the weakness which does honor to our nature.

"There goes as true a gentleman," he exclaimed, "as ever crossed a saddle or followed the bounds. He be his father's own son, say what they will of 'un—more's the shame he doesn't hold his own—but he'll get it yet. It be a bad change for all of us," he added: "parson instead of squire—the hack for the thorough-bred racer. I mun go and bid the old mare and filly good-bye. Poor dumb things, they'll miss me!"

So saying, he retraced his steps towards the stable.

It was doomed to be an unlucky day for Outhbert Vavasour, who, passing through the servant's hall, on his return to the mansion, saw the steward and one of the footmen arranging several trunks. With his usual insolence, he demanded whose they were.

"Your cousin's, Mr. Charles," replied the former.

"And what are you going to do with them?"

"Forward them to him in London."

"You will no nothing of the kind, Mr. Bailey; if the fellow wants his rags let him fetch them himself. It is necessary they should be searched before they leave the place," he added; "who knows what he may have secreted?"

At this infamous insinuation both the servants regarded him with painful surprise.

"What the deuce are you staring at," he demanded; "can't you understand me?"

"Perfectly," said the old man, in a tone of provoking calmness; "those who descend to cringe or flatter are generally capable of any meanness."

"You are an insolent villain!" exclaimed the infuriated young ruffian, "and I shall inform my father of your conduct; it is time the place was rid of you."

He to whom the menace was addressed smiled disdainfully, which still further increased the fury of the speaker.

"And you," said the steward, "are an impertinent puppy, too mean and contemptible to rouse my anger. Tell your father that, and add, that I shall perform my promise to my dear young master without asking his permission or yours; and as for examining his trunks, not a lock shall be tampered with. I defy either of you to attempt it."

Speechless with rage, Outhbert rushed into the breakfast-room; but finding neither the rector nor his wife had descended, retired to change his riding-dress, muttering curses as he did so.

Bailey and the footman quietly finished their task of arranging the baggage of our hero.

When the Reverend Richard Vavasour and his family were assembled, his hopeful heir related, with considerable exaggeration, the scene which had taken place in the stables, and insisted that a warrant should be immediately issued against Charles for an assault, a proposition which his mother and sister warmly assented to.

"Absurd," said his father, addressing himself to his wife; "would you have the whole county cry shame upon us? Can you not perceive, even from his own garbled statement, that Outhbert has only to blame himself for all that has occurred? The horse was his cousin's, and he knew it."

"Is that a reason," demanded Mrs. Vavasour, impatiently, "that he should presume to raise his hand against a son of mine? I really blush for your weakness," she added.

"One would really imagine," observed Margaret, "that papa had robbed Charles of his inheritance; he shows so much sympathy for him. For my part, I could never endure him, with his conceit and insolent familiarity, Cousin Wile, and Cousin that. Pretty cousin, indeed!"

Had the unfortunate youth been less insensible to her attractions, in all probability the young lady would have expressed herself differently.

"You forget, my love," said the rector, mildly, "that it is our duty, as Christians, to forgive!"

"Humbug!" ejaculated his son, who next proceeded to relate the extraordinary manner, for so it appeared to him, in which the house-steward had braved his authority.

To his great astonishment, as well as chagrin, both his parents decided against him. Bailey, they said, was an old and faithful servant, exceedingly useful, thoroughly acquainted with the property.

"Am I to have no redress, then?" demanded their hopeful heir, in a sulky tone.

"Not the redress you seek, at all events," replied his father, firmly. "Let it be a lesson to you; and, for the future, govern your temper better: the poor have their feelings as well as the rich, and we have no right to outrage them. Bailey is a man whom I highly esteem for his integrity and usefulness."

"Certainly," said his wife, at the same time biting her thin parchment lips to conceal her vexation.

"In that case," muttered the infuriated Outhbert, "the sooner I start for Cambridge the better. I'll not stay here to be insulted by an old rascal, whom, for some reason or other, you are afraid to get rid of. Beaten in the presence of a groom—made the jest of all the servants!"

Both his parents eagerly assured him that the groom should be at once dismissed from the family, and with this concession the cowardly young fellow was compelled to appear content. Probably he was not deceived by their affected forbearance, his mother's especially—but suspected they had motives for their conduct which it would not be to his interest to pry into.

Jack Curlin did not wait for his dismissal. Before the party rose from the breakfast-table, a letter, written on the blank leaf torn from the Racing Calendar, was placed in the hands of the rector, on which that honest fellow gave him notice to provide himself with another servant. The notice was followed by a series of hieroglyphics, which very much puzzled the reverend gentleman, till Bailey explained that they stood for eleven pounds ten shillings, the amount of wages due to the writer.

"Pay it," said the Reverend Richard Vavasour, handing the steward the paper, "and let him quit the house at once."

Not a word of reproof respecting the scene which had taken place in the servant's-hall was added—each party understood the position of the other.

#### CHAPTER IV.

A testy gentleman, quick at offence,  
His outside rough, harsh and unpromising,  
The inner man melting with life's sweet charities.

OLD PLAY.

CHARLES VAVASSEUR had evidently the sympathy of all the domestics. Before quitting the house, Jack, the groom, related to his fellow servants the quarrel of the two cousins in the stable, and the horsewhipping which Outhbert had received for his brutality to the dog. Filling his glass with ale, he drank success to Master Charles, and a speedy return to his own again.

The old servants replied to it by a loud cheer.

The library-bell rang twice; it was the signal for the household to go in to prayers, a custom which their new master had given them to understand they must conform to, if they desired to remain in his family.

Mr. Bailey and Jack were the only ones who refused to attend. The one was about to quit, and as he drily observed, had had quite enough o' the parson's preaching on Sundays. The former, when mildly remonstrated with by the rector on the evil example his absence would give to the rest of the servants, replied, that it was not his intention to be present on such occasions, adding that if he had been wicked enough to break the divine commands of his Creator, he was not yet sufficiently hardened in crime to mock them.

Consequently an exception to the rule was made in Mr. Bailey's favor.

It was astonishing the amount of indulgence which the new owner of the property displayed to the old and faithful servant of his late brother, as he invariably styled him when speaking of the steward. Of all vices hypocrisy is the most detestable—it is the plating which gilds the baser metal; it is the worst of all masks, for it hides the heart. Montesquieu has defined it as the homage which vice pays to virtue. The thief or the assassin borrowing his honest neighbor's cloak to commit his evil deeds in, to our poor thinking, would have been a truer simile.

Charles proceeded to the Moat. When he arrived there he found its owner, who was an enthusiastic follower of the piscatory art, busily engaged in the characteristic occupation of tying flies. He was seated in an apartment which he facetiously called his den, the most appropriate name, his daughter Beatrix declared, that could be discovered for it. It was the sanctum to which the old gentleman invariably retired when anything had occurred to put him out of temper either with himself or others, when he wished to be alone, or had something particular to do.

Not a housemaid in the establishment ventured to

intrude within its hallowed precincts—the loss of her place would have been the penalty of such a crime. Even the housekeeper and butler, favored and important personages as they considered themselves, paused respectfully at its threshold; the tyranny of the brush and pail ended at its door, for the mere hint of putting the den to rights sent the baronet into a violent fit of passion, it being the only room in the house, he frequently asserted, in which, if he laid a thing down, he could make sure of finding it again.

It was a long and exceedingly lofty apartment, panelled in oak, black with age and quaintly carved, occupying the greater portion of the ground floor in the north wing of the mansion, of which, in former times, it had been the chapel.

Like most rooms similarly decorated, it would have had a very heavy, gloomy appearance, but for the enormous bay window, enriched with escutcheons in stained glass, which admitted a flood of light, and looked out on one of the finest views in the park.

Over the chimney-piece hung the identical suit of armor worn by Sir Edward's ancestor, the same who fell in the attempt to recover the Moat from Cromwell's troopers; partizans, arquebuses, and rapiers, which had doubtless done good service in their day, were either arranged in trophies, or reposed ingloriously, covered with venerable dust, against the walls, like veterans who had earned the right to stand at ease. From the miscellaneous character of the furniture of the room, a stranger might have taken it for a sort of hospital for invalid chairs, rickety tables, and cabinets passed service. Of the former almost every variety in form and fashion had its representative, commencing with the low, square, rudely-carved, oaken seat of the fifteenth century, to its uncomfortable, tall, straight-backed descendant of the first James and Charles's time, which, without attempting to explain the concatenation of ideas, always reminds us of an old maid, there is something so very prim and spinster-like in its outline; the series terminating with the comfortable, dowager-like voltaire, covered with faded brocade or Utrecht velvet.

As for the cabinets, we question if Falk's collection in Oxford-street could have rivalled them. It would have been a labor of love for an artist to have drawn them with their delicate panels, rich silver mountings, exquisite marquetry and curious contrivances; such nests of drawers filled with all kinds of odds and ends, the relics of centuries, bells for a cast of hawks, lures and calls, to say nothing of the family jewels in the quaint, enamelled settings of the fifteenth century.

Amongst the books were, Lady Julia Berner's treatise upon Falconry, the folio Shakespeare, black-letter editions of the earlier poets, and probably the most perfect collection in the kingdom of tracts and proclamations issued during the civil war.

"Glad to see you, my dear boy," said the baronet, as our hero entered the room; "shake hands with you presently, must finish this fly first. Take a seat—that is if you can find one not filled with my rubbish and gimcracks, as Tricksey saucily calls them,—but first just draw that feather through the loop—there," he added, with an air of satisfaction, as he drew the ends of the silk, tied them into a knot, and carefully cut them off, "that makes the third dozen I have dressed this morning; no bad work, eh! If this weather lasts we shall have rare sport, the trout will rise at the fly like cormorants."

"That you will have rare sport, I have little doubt, Sir Edward," observed his visitor.

"Eh! what!" exclaimed the old gentleman, "tired of fly-fishing! But young men are always changing."

"It is not I who have changed," replied Charles, "but circumstances; I am now a nameless man."

"Pooh! what's in a name?"

"To me, everything," answered the youth; "he who is without a name must win one."

"The lawyers shall win it for you," interrupted his friend. "This very day I intend to write to my solicitors, Quibble and Scratchet, clever fellows, very; they will soon ferret out the proofs, meanwhile, remain here, the Moat is large enough, Tricksey will be delighted to have a companion, so shall I, we will ride, fish, follow the hounds together, and before the summer is half over—"

"Before the summer is half over," said his visitor, "I shall be in Russia. I owe it to the memory of both my parents, to my own honor, and let me add to your friendship, Sir Edward, to prove myself worthy of your good opinion. With this resolution, which is unalterable, I came to take my leave, to thank you for all your kindness, and return your generous gift. I could not leave Firefly in other hands."

"Now, don't provoke me, Charles," exclaimed

the baronet, getting very red in the face, for the opposition to his project excited him, "you know I never, that is very seldom, fly into a passion, but when I do, it is a difficult thing to get me out of one. Russia!" he added, "pah! wild goose chase! wretched country, barbarous people, serfs, frost and all that sort of thing; why, I am credibly informed that the sportsmen, as they call themselves, shoot the foxes there! Sportsmen, indeed! the man who'd shoot a fox would commit a murder, sir—a murder."

"I was born there," observed our hero, anxious, if possible, to propitiate him.

"So much the worse," replied the irascible owner of the Moat, "it accounts for your infernal obstinacy. Now of all things I hate an obstinate man; why can't you argue it coolly, sir—coolly, as I do."

"If you will permit me, Sir Edward, to"—

"No, sir, I won't permit you, I refuse to listen to any such nonsense. I was your late father's oldest friend, and have a natural right to advise and direct you. Russia! wouldn't send the least promising pup from my kennel there, much less the son of—Charley," he added, with a sudden burst of feeling, and at the same time holding out his hand to him, "forgive me my petulance, give up this hair-brained scheme, and stay with us."

His visitor pressed it cordially, but silently.

"Now that is all settled," resumed the speaker, "help me to change my dressing-gown, for Tricksey finds fault if I make my appearance in the breakfast-room in this one, which is only fit to work in. Must humor her, good girl, though she sometimes does plague her father."

"Sir Edward," said Charles Vavasour, as the old gentleman thrust his arms into the richly-brocaded *robe de chambre* which he reached him.

"Well," ejaculated the baronet, turning suddenly round.

"I am sure you will not refuse to listen to me for a few minutes."

"Certainly not."

"And patiently."

"Patiently!" repeated his eccentric friend, firing at the word, and still more at the explanation which he foresaw was about to follow, "am I not always patient? I suppose you'll tell me next that I am a bad temper, quick and peppery."

"Certainly not," replied his visitor, "I should be the last person in the world to tell you so."

"Very well, go on, I am all attention and patience."

Our hero entered at length into the reasons upon which he had decided on revisiting the land of his birth, pointed out that there only he could reasonably expect to obtain the proofs necessary to establish his claims to the name and inheritance of his father, entreated his hearer not to deem him either ungrateful or insensible of the warm interest he had taken in his welfare, his generous offers of assistance and advice.

"And the end of this pretty rhodomontade about generosity, friendship, gratitude, and such stuff," said the baronet, "is that you intend to follow your own plans?"

Charles answered only by his silence.

"Very well, sir," continued the speaker, "I was an ass, a miserable ass, to trouble myself with either you or your affairs. Proffered service is seldom valued. Russia, indeed! I'll tell you what it is, my dear boy—Mr. Vavasour, I meant to say—before you return, if ever you live to do so, *Tricksey will be married*, and I shall be dead, you'll not have a friend left either to welcome or assist you, but find yourself as miserable and lonely in the world as you deserve to be."

"That Miss Challoner should find a husband worthy of her would indeed give me pleasure," observed our hero.

"Would it?" interrupted her father, "then you are a greater fool than I took you for."

There was a degree of asperity in the tone of the old man which roused the pride of Charles Vavasour; late events had made him sensitive, and he fancied that Sir Edward Challoner presumed upon his poverty. Had he permitted himself but a few minutes' reflection, the suspicion would have been dismissed from his mind, for he had heard him a hundred times at least express himself with far less reserve to men his equal both in rank and years.

"Farewell," he said, "I would not part unkindly from my father's oldest friend."

The baronet muttered something about an obstinate puppy, who wouldn't see, although his eyes had been opened, and his visitor, unable any longer to endure what he considered a studied insult, which

after all was merely the petulance of disappointed affection, caught up his hat and left the room.

The ill-tempered and satirical humor of the old gentleman vanished in an instant; he called after him, nay, entreated him to return—unfortunately, the thick oaken door which had swung to prevented his favorite hearing him. He threw open the window in the hope of making himself heard as Charles crossed the park, but he had quitted the Moat by passing through the stables, in order to take a last look of Firefly.

"This comes of meddling with other people's affairs," muttered the inmate of the chamber; "never knew any good to come of it; something like interfering between man and wife, thanked by neither; an ungrateful, headstrong, passionate boy, as if I did not know best the course fit for him to pursue. I'll forget him—make Tricksey forget him—not leave him a penny—hang me if ever I mention the fellow's name again, or even think of him."

With this resolution the speaker, who had gradually worked himself into the conviction that he had been exceedingly ill-used, quitted the den for the breakfast-room, where the sight of the three covers laid for the morning repast added to his annoyance.

Such a pleasant day as he had anticipated!

A smile gradually stole over the sharp features of Sir Edward when he heard the voice of his daughter warbling a snatch of one of his favorite songs. As the rich, full notes fell upon his ear he listened to catch the words:

Come gentle May,  
Spring for thy sweet heath is sighing;  
Fading away!  
The cold storms of winter are dying,  
And maidens fair  
Are seeking thy woodland bowers,  
To deck their hair  
With wreaths of thy beautiful flowers.

"The puppy!" ejaculated her father, "he ought to have been over head and ears in love with her; and hang me if he did not hear me speak of her marriage with another with as much indifference as if she had been spavined, wall-eyed, and ill-favored, instead of the loveliest girl in the county!"

It is almost unnecessary to inform our readers that a marriage between Charles and his heiress was a favorite project with the speaker; he felt that he could have parted with her to him, and hence his disappointment. The change which late events had made in the fortunes of Charles had not in the slightest degree affected his intentions in his favor.

As the last words of the song fell from her lips, Beatrix, all smiles, redolent in health and youth, entered the breakfast-room; she was dressed in a riding-habit, which displayed to advantage the symmetry of her finely-proportioned figure. Expecting to ride with her visitor, she had, in order to save time, dispensed with a morning dress.

"Where is Charles, papa?" inquired the fair girl, as her parent, after having contemplated her for an instant with pride and admiration, affectionately kissed her.

"Off, Tricksey—bolted!"

"Off!" repeated the young lady.

"Yes, gone to Russia, or a voyage to the North Pole—Kamschatka, Jerusalem—or some out-of-the-way-place—never mention him to me again—won't hear his name—passionate, headstrong, wilful puppy, who won't listen to reason!"

"Did you try him?" demanded Beatrix, archly.

"I did try him, saucy minx," replied Sir Edward; "pointed out to him calmly and dispassionately the folly of his undertaking such a journey, offered him a home here, hinted—but no matter for that," he added, suddenly recollecting that his daughter might not be over pleased at the manner her name had been alluded to in the interview, "no use, obstinate as an unbroken colt, so we —"

"Quarrelled?"

"Something very like it," said her father, "he is off, and there's an end to it."

"Indeed, my dear papa, but there is not an end to it," exclaimed the young lady, perfectly aware how much, or rather how little, reliance was to be placed upon the speaker's calmness and reason when any one contradicted or thwarted him. "What! quarrel with poor Charley in the moment of his distress! why even I would have listened to remonstrances about my riding and hoydenish manners without laughing at him; but tell me," she added, "what are his notions for this journey—to Russia, I think you said?"

"To discover the proofs of his father's marriage, or some such sensible project, as if my lawyers, Quibble and Scratchet, could not have saved him the trouble, and done it much better; and because I set my face against —"

"He is a noble, high-spirited fellow," interrupted Beatrix, with a burst of generous feeling and admiration, "not to sit contented down with a stain on his honor and a wrong to his mother's memory! O my dear, hasty papa, how could you act so cruelly, so unlike yourself, to one whom I have heard you declare a hundred times you regarded as a son!"

"And so I do; did I mean —" said the baronet, his anger towards our hero considerably mollified, "curse the fellow, why does he not come back?"

"He is poor now," observed his daughter, "and poverty is sensitive; his return might be misconstrued."

"Hang poverty, what has that to do with it?" demanded her parent, impetuously; "am I a man to like a friend less, or turn my back upon him, because fortune has played him a scurvy trick? No; and if I thought you'd not laugh at my weakness, I—I'd write to him."

"Where? not at the Hall, father, he has too much pride, too nice a sense of honor, to return there, to meet with cold looks and still colder hearts. He has quitted Harleyford by this time."

"He can't have reached it yet," answered Sir Edward; "for he left the Moat on foot after giving me back Firefly."

"I'll bring him back!" exclaimed the generous girl, starting from her seat. "Not a word, papa; you are not the only person in the world who has a will of their own. How fortunate I put on my habit! I'll make your excuses to Charley, remind him what a passionate, hasty, but kind-hearted old gentleman you are, and you shall thank me on my return with a kiss."

"But won't it appear singular, Tricksey?" urged the owner of the Moat, hesitating between his desire to see his favorite again and a sense of propriety.

"I like singularity," replied Beatrix, tossing her curls impatiently, "it is only common minds that act like the rest of the world; better be thought odd than heartless."

With this observation she quitted the room, and five minutes afterwards her father saw her from the breakfast-room window cantering across the park mounted on the swiftest hunter in his stables: for some time he stood gazing after her with mingled feelings of pride and affection.

"If a lovely young creature like that," he mentally ejaculated, "had done as much for me when I was a bachelor and disengaged, I should have been over head and ears in love with her the next minute."

With this reflection, occasioned by what he considered the blindness of his favorite in not falling desperately in love with his heiress, we must follow the footsteps of our hero, in justice to whom we must observe, that the judgment of insensibility, which some of our female readers have doubtless, ere this, pronounced against him in their minds, to say the least of it, is premature.

Charles Vavasour was not insensible, but his heart had not yet spoken.

## CHAPTER V.

We part,  
But this shall be a token, thou hast been  
A friend to him who planted these lovely flowers;  
And give them as a tribute to a friend,  
And a remembrance of the few kind hours  
Which lightened on the darkness of my path.

PERCY.

It was in no enviable mood that Charles Vavasour quitted the house where he had passed so many happy hours; for the first time in his young life the bitter gall of misanthropy o'erflowed his heart and made him judge unjustly.

"And this is the world," he exclaimed, "which promised once so fairly, and such its friendship! Deceitful promises, but I shall learn its lessons soon. Friends! pshaw! friends are like shadows, seen only in the sunshine; let the cloud of misfortune obscure them, and they disappear like unreal mockeries. It was a planned thing on the part of Sir Edward to rid himself of an unwelcome guest; he might have spared himself the degradation," he added, proudly, "I should not have importuned him."

Although our hero could rather have starved than have asked the assistance of any man, he certainly would not have refused that of his own and his father's oldest friend, had it been proffered in a manner to leave his actions unfettered; for two hundred pounds, even with his ignorance of the value of money, appeared to him a miserably small sum for such a journey as he was about to undertake.

Gradually his steps became less rapid, reflection intervened, and kindlier thoughts came over him.



"I wrong the old man," he said; "it was his petulance and hasty temper, which cannot endure contradiction, that spoke, not his heart; he is the generous being I ever believed him. How careful ought we to be of judging others," he added, with a sigh; "in the moment of excitement we see them with the eye of passion, not of reason. I have wronged him; how my uncle and cousins will rejoice at our quarrel when they hear of it. Let them: their triumph is the least part of the affliction it has caused me."

Anxious to avoid being seen in the village, the speaker, on quitting the park, struck into a long lane, shaded on either side by elms and oaks, leading to the brow of the hill overlooking the church, where he determined to wait till the Harleyford coach should pass, and proceed by it to Ipswich, from which place he could take the train to London.

As it still wanted an hour to the time, he sauntered along leisurely, chewing the cud of sweet and bitter fancies, alternately pondering on the past, and indulging happy dreams of the future.

It was in vain that Fidelle endeavored to obtain a word or caress by its gambols from its master; occasionally the faithful little creature would quit his side, to pursue with joyous bark the bird which it had started in the path, and when tired of the unsuccessful chase, return to him again, evidently in the expectation of being noticed.

"Poor Fidelle," said Charles, roused at last from his reveries, "what will become of thee?"

The words had scarcely escaped his lips, when, as if to answer them, Beatrix Challoner cleared the hedge which divided the green lane from the common. It was a desperate leap even for her to take, and the noble hunter must have gone upon its knees had not his rider reigned him firmly up.

Our hero was at her side in an instant, and assisted her to dismount. As he gazed upon her expressive features, flushed with exercise and health, and the faultless symmetry of her figure, which her riding habit displayed, it struck him, for the first time in his life, that she was exceedingly beautiful.

The first time! we think we hear some of our male readers exclaim—blockhead! They forget there must be a commencement to everything.

"What, Charles!" exclaimed the young lady, in a half-reproachful, half-playful tone; "quit the Moat without one word of adieu to me!"

The youth stammered something about his having intended to write to her, and his unfortunate disagreement with her father.

"I know it all," interrupted Beatrix frankly, "and that is the very thing which brought me here. Tilly," meaning the governess, said the laughing girl, "will be very much shocked; but you," she added, in a more serious tone, "will judge me differently."

"It is impossible for any one who has been honored by the friendship of Miss Challoner," replied our hero, "to judge her unfavorably."

"Miss Challoner," repeated the young lady, "and have I scampered from the Moat without my breakfast or a servant to play propriety, risked Pluto's knees and my own neck, to be called Miss Challoner; it used to be Beatrix, unless when you were angry with me, when, like a foolish, wayward girl, I had quarrelled with the friend who meant me well."

"Beatrix, then," exclaimed the young man, warmly.

He was rewarded with one of the sweetest smiles that ever dimpled the cheek of beauty.

"Now you speak like yourself," continued the fair girl, "like the Charles I first knew when we were children together. You must return with me to the Moat. I know all that you would urge against such a step—wounded pride, susceptibility, my father's passionate temper; but he loves you, Charles, as dearly as if you were his son, and bitterly regrets the hasty words which drove you from his home. Had you seen how readily he yielded to my wish to seek you. Come," she added, coaxingly, "you must not bear malice against so old and true a friend."

"Malice," replied our hero, deeply moved, "how little can you read my heart; it is overflowing with gratitude and affection to him for his past kindness; but I must not return, ten days since I would have done so with pleasure, made any concession, but now it would appear like meanness."

"Meanness!"

"Yes, for I am poor; he would not misjudge; you suspect my motives, but the world is far less charitable. For the first time I feel the curse of poverty, it rises like a spectre between me and the impulse of my heart. Tell him," he added, with increasing emotion, "the recollection of his kind-

ness will cheer me in my wanderings; the happy hours I have passed beneath his hospitable roof haunt me like boyhoods dreams till my return; but if ever we meet again, it must be without the sense of obligation conferred on his part, or the humiliation of baseness upon mine."

"Charles! Charles! so resentful to an old man! to my father!"

"Place yourself in my position, Beatrix," continued the speaker, "before you condemn me. At this moment I would give the world to press Sir Edward by the hand, to assure him how deeply I respect him; but I know the weakness as well as goodness of his nature; he would proffer assistance, which honor and self-respect compel me to refuse, our quarrel would be renewed, and since we must part, 'tis better that we part as friends."

Despite the disappointment she experienced at his refusal to return with her to the Moat, the fair messenger of peace could not help secretly admitting that there was much truth in his objections. Perhaps she admired him the more for that independence of character which sympathized so closely with her own.

"It will be a sad blow to him," she observed, with a sigh, "even now he is anxiously watching for our return. Is this resolution irrevocable, Charles?"

"It is. Say that you do not disapprove it; judge me, Beatrix, after your own generous impulses—they are our best and surest guide; reason weighs, adds, and subtracts, balancing the scale of conduct with a huckster's morel, whilst the decision of the heart springs spontaneously to the lips which utter it, pure, unalloyed by sordid calculation."

"Deeply as I regret, I do approve it," replied the young lady, with a burst of feeling; "and, oh, Charles, if you knew the pain the confession caused me, you would wonder that I found courage to make it. After what has passed, I agree with you, you cannot consistently with your high sense of honor accept pecuniary assistance from my dear, kind, passionate father, and to refuse it, as you say, would renew the quarrel between you."

Charles Vavasour thanked the speaker warmly for having done justice to his motives and his conduct.

"Remember," continued Beatrix, with a faint smile, "I said pecuniary assistance; his advice, his interest in procuring you introductions which may be useful to you, he has a right to offer."

"And these I freely promise to accept," said our hero. "And now, after the kind interest you have shown in the welfare of your old playmate, I have a favor to ask."

"Of me!" exclaimed the delighted girl, "O do name it."

The young man whistled, and called Fidelle; the faithful creature came barking joyously from the neighboring field, where it had strayed in pursuit of birds, and couched down at its master's feet.

"Take charge of my little favorite," he said, accept it as a parting gift. I have often heard you admire him, and I should not like to leave him to the tender mercies of my cousin at the Hall."

Beatrix stooped down, and, taking the petted animal in her arms, kissed it. The dog looked up to her face and whined piteously, as if aware that he had been transferred to another owner.

"Poor Fidelle," observed Charles, "he seems to understand that we must part."

The eyes of his companion suddenly filled with tears; Charles gazed into them so long and earnestly, that their owner was perfectly satisfied he could now tell whether they were green or blue.

By this time the Harleyford coach, "the last of the Mohicans," as the baronet facetiously named the old-fashioned cumbrous vehicle, was seen slowly advancing up the hill towards the church. For many reasons our hero did not wish that any of the passengers should witness his parting with Miss Challoner, alone on such a spot, the villagers and farmers being quite as curious in their surmises, and as uncharitable in their comments, as their more polished neighbors.

"It is time I said farewell," he observed.

"God bless you, Charles," exclaimed the warm-hearted girl, "it is a wretched day for all of us; but since we must part, better do so at once. Bid me good-bye," she added, at the same time blushing at her frankness, "as you would to a fond and only sister, for you know that I have ever regarded you like a brother."

With a feeling which Charles Vavasour could neither analyse or comprehend, he pressed the fair speaker in his arms, and imprinted on her lips a farewell kiss. The first, and most probably the last, he thought, then assisted her into the saddle,

and, placing Fidelle in her arms, who continued to whine most piteously, uttered a hasty blessing and adieu.

Rather forward of the lady! we think we hear some prude exclaim. To such we can only answer, that a purer being in soul and mind never existed than Beatrix Challoner, but, like most heroines, she must not be judged by ordinary rules; he from whom she parted had been the companion of her childhood, they had passed life's earliest and consequently sweetest spring together, quarrelled, and been reconciled again a hundred times; as for love, according to the common acceptance of the word, neither of them up to that moment suspected the existence of such a feeling for each other.

During his ride to Ipswich, the mind of our hero was so occupied with the thought of Beatrix, that he never once remembered the voyage to Russia.

When Sir Edward saw his daughter return alone, he fell into one of his fits of passion, forbade her ever again to mention the name of Charles Vavasour, whom he called an ungrateful, headstrong puppy, in his presence. While, with his usual inconsistency, he did nothing but talk of him for the next hour. The young lady wisely permitted the old gentleman's ill-humor to exhaust itself for want of contradiction, before she attempted to put the project she had formed into execution.

When quite calm, she wanted him to walk with her in the park, where a long and animated conversation ensued between them; so interesting was its nature, that neither noticed the presence of Jack Curlin, who, with his cap in his hand, had stood pulling his forelock by way of salute for several moments in the path before them.

"What is the fellow staring and making signs at?" demanded the baronet, who was the first to perceive him.

"Please, your honor," muttered the lad, "I be Jack Curlin."

"What does the booby say?"

"Master Charley's Jack," added the groom, with a knowing look, fully expecting that name would explain his errand, for his young master had promised, as our readers will doubtless recollect, to recommend him to the eccentric owner of the Moat. "Any letter?" eagerly demanded the old man.

"No, I ha'n't brought no letter, young master said he would speak to your honor for I."

Beatrix and her father both looked disappointed.

"And what was he to speak to my father about?" enquired the former, who, from the instant he described himself as Master Charley's Jack, had taken an interest in his favor.

"Bout place, Miss."

"What place?" petulantly asked Sir Edward.

The poor fellow proceeded to describe, in his own quaint phraseology, the scene which had taken place in the stable, and the promise which our hero had made of recommending him to the baronet, adding, he was "sartin" he had not forgotten it.

"Yes, very true," muttered the old gentleman, who perfectly comprehended why Charles had not named his wishes to him; "I was thinking of something else. And so you wish to enter my service?"

"Yes, since I can't go wi' him," answered Jack, with more bluntness than policy.

The reply was far, however, from doing him an injury with those who heard him; Sir Edward engaged him at once. In his present frame of mind, he would not have refused the mangiest cur a home in his kennel, had it been sent with a request from his young favorite; added to which, Jack's account of the quarrel between the two cousins, and the manly part which he himself had taken in it, prepossessed the baronet in his favor.

"Go to the stables," he said; "you will find Firefly there. I will settle the rest, on my return to the house, with Christie."

The groom once more saluted his new master in his peculiar fashion, and directed his steps where he was directed.

"I am glad Charles thrashed his worthless cousin," observed the gentleman. "Served him right—a mean-spirited hound! I should like to have seen him when the dear boy's horsewhip fell upon his shoulders."

"How very fortunate, my dear papa!" exclaimed his daughter, struck by a sudden idea; "the difficulty which has been tormenting us for the last hour is solved. Ten to one but Jack knows the address, or can procure it for us from the Hall. Charles, no doubt, directed his luggage to be sent after him, for he took none when he started."

In the confusion and agitation of parting, Beatrix had forgotten to ascertain from our hero where a letter would find him—a circumstance which threatened to defeat the plans which her father and herself



had formed to assist him, without wounding his pride or being seen in the transaction.

The instant they returned to the house, Jack was summoned from the stables.

"Do you know where your late master is?" said the baronet, as the lad stood bowing and scraping at the door of the library.

"Gone to Lunnon, Sir Edward," was the reply.

"I could have told you that, booby!" exclaimed the old gentleman, in a tone of irritation, for the events of the day had greatly excited him.

"Ees, your honor."

"My father wishes to know," observed the young lady, "whether you can procure the address of Mr. Charles Vavasour, as it is necessary he should write to him on important business. Possibly," she added, "they are acquainted with it at the Hall."

"They won't tell 'ee, Miss, if they are," answered the groom, who was far more shrewd than from his language and uncouth manner might be supposed. "They hate 'un too much for that; more's the shame, I say."

Poor Beatrix seemed terribly annoyed, whilst her parent bit his lips with vexation.

"Bailey do know it!" exclaimed Jack Curlin, suddenly recollecting the affair of the trunks; "he ha' gotten all Master Charley's cloths and traps. His cousin Cuthbert wanted to search 'em, to see if he had *scrodded* anything; but old man wouldn't let 'un."

The honest fellow was directed to return instantly to the Hall, under pretext of removing his things, and at the same time to procure the address, if possible, from the steward.

No sooner had he started than Sir Edward retired to the desk to write his letters. His daughter sought her chamber with the same intention, after leaving strict orders that she was not at home in the event of visitors calling at the Moat.

Availing ourselves of an author's privilege, we shall favor our readers with a sight of their corre-

spondence before it reached the hand for which it was intended, beginning—as in gallantry we are bound to do—with the letter of the young lady.

"Dear Charles," it commenced,—*"I suppose I ought to have said 'Sir,' or 'Dear Sir,' but really I am so little in the habit of writing to gentlemen that you must excuse the mistake, if I have made one. Papa was terribly disappointed at not seeing you again, for he fully expected your return; but I have explained to him the cause, and more than shared his anger by approving it. You promised me, when we parted this morning, that you would avail yourself of his advice, and such suggestions as might prove useful to you. I am certain you will not break your word to me. Papa's lawyers are really very clever persons. Do, Charley, for all our sakes, pray do consult them. I know that he intends to send you a letter of introduction. Write kindly to the old man, for he deserves it; his heart is as warm to you as ever; and take great care of yourself. Let me—let us, I mean—hear from you frequently."*

"Poor Fidelle appears very restless and unhappy. Your groom, Jack Curlin is to stay with us."

It was signed, "Your old playfellow and sincere friend, Beatrix Challoner."

The baronet's epistle was like his real self—kind, affectionate and frank-hearted. After expressing his deep regret at his own hasty temper, which prevented his young friend from accepting the assistance he should have been happy to offer, it proceeded to advise him to consult Messrs. Quibble and Scratchet, to whom he had inclosed an open letter of introduction, in order that his overstrained sensitiveness might not take the alarm. The concluding paragraph was highly characteristic of the writer:—

"Since you have decided on going to that infernal country, stay as short a time as possible. Firefly will be in fine condition for you by the next hunting

season. Take care of the frost; and, if possible, ascertain whether they really do shoot the foxes in Russia. If they are guilty of such unsportsmanlike conduct, in all probability they will be ashamed to let you know it, seeing you are an Englishman."

Long before the return of Jack Curlin from the Hall, a letter marked "private," addressed to the above-mentioned firm, had been despatched to the post-office by Sir Edward. Respecting its contents, we do not feel disposed at present to admit our readers into our confidence; they will doubtless divine the nature of it in the progress of our tale.

It was past post-hour when Jack made his appearance at the Moat with the address, which he had at last obtained from Mr. Bailey, who had already forwarded his young master's luggage to town. Every hour's delay appeared an age to the baronet and his daughter, who, after a brief consultation, decided that the new groom, upon whose fidelity they could rely, was to be despatched with them. He had been twice in the metropolis with the late Geoffrey Vavasour, and when questioned upon the subject of the journey by Sir Edward, assured him that he was "up to Lunnon and all its tricks."

Poor fellow! he might as well have boasted that he had counted every hair in Firefly's coat. The tricks of London! we should like to see the man who could enumerate half of them.

Either from some secret misgiving or past experience, Jack before starting prevailed on Susan, his young lady's waiting-maid, to sew the letters and the greater portion of his money in the lining of his waistcoat, observing, as she did so, that "the Lunnon chaps mun be 'cute indeed if they succeeded in stripping him of that."

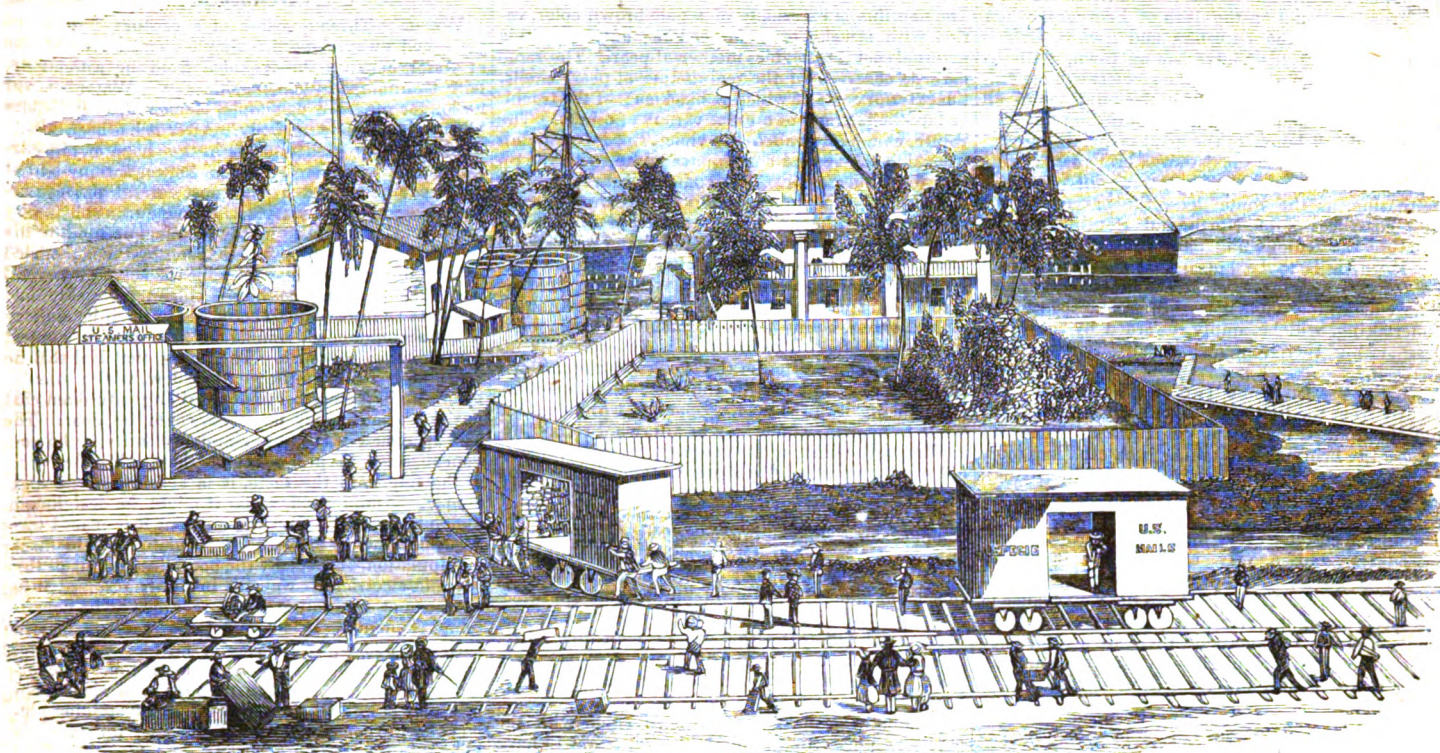
Little did he imagine, with all his cunning, that our modern Babylon can boast of men who would whistle an eel out of its skin, or a bird from its nest.

The letters having been written before his return from the Hall, they were directed to "Charles Vavasour, Esq.," but without any address.



PANAMA RAILROAD.—THE CULEBRA OR SUMMIT STATION.—(See page 361.)





THE UNITED STATES MAIL STEAM-SHIP COMPANY'S PREMISES, AT ASPINWALL.

Susan Ball had been the senior scholar in the Harleyford charity-school when Miss Margaret Vasseur succeeded in her long-cherished plans of changing the costume of the pupils. Being older, and probably prettier than the rest, she felt proportionately indignant at the substitution of thick high-lows, coarse stuff gowns, white caps and tippets, for the original becoming dress. As a punishment for her ungrateful rebellion—as the young lady termed her not unnatural dislike to the innovation—she directed the mistress to cut the offender's hair to something like a workhouse crop, observing, that ringlets—for Susan's hair curled naturally—were highly unbecoming the station of life to which it had pleased Providence to call her. To her horror and astonishment, the spirited girl positively refused, dared either the schoolmistress or herself to apply the scissors, and told the petty tyrant if that she might cut off her own sandy locks she liked.

That same day she was expelled the school; and but for the benevolent sympathy of Beatrix, who heard of the affair, might have starved—or worse. She took her at once into her service, much to the anger and disappointment of the ladies of the rectory, who having predicted that the offender could not possibly come to any good, felt proportionately disappointed at the non-fulfilment of their charitable prophecy.

As a very natural consequence, Susan entertained no very high opinion either of the rector or his family.

She therefore congratulated Jack, whom she had frequently noticed in the servants' pew at church, on having left the upstarts at the Hall, and got into a real gentleman's family at last.

"Real gentleman!" repeated Jack. "Why is not Master Charles a real gentleman?"

"The only one of his name left them," replied the waiting-maid, shortly.

The groom readily agreed with her on this point, and as the girl continued to ply her needle, mentally observed that she was the prettiest lass in the place.

He told her as much at last, adding, that now they were living in the same family, they should see more of each other on his return. Susan heard him with prettily-affected surprise.

"Not much," she said; "I seldom leave my young lady's room."

"But at meals?"

The waiting-maid proceeded to inform him, with great dignity, that the servants at the Hall were on a very different footing from the household at the Moat, where a proper distinction was made; adding,

with a malicious smile, that none of the *stable people* dined at the upper table, which was limited to herself, the butler, housekeeper, and Edward's valet.

"And pretty dull thee must be there," observed Jack, not a little nettled at the remark. "Susan, thee wor not always so upstart and proud. I remember the time when—but there," he added, seeing the pretty eyes of the girl suddenly filled with tears, "I won't say naught about it. May be I shan't remain stable-boy all my life: there be ups as well as downs for all of us."

Susan Ball, who was really a very kind-hearted creature, bitterly regretted the little display of vanity she had been betrayed into, and fully appreciated the delicacy of the lad, from whom she recollected to have received many a kind look and smile when only a poor charity-girl. She even carried her humility so far as to ask his forgiveness and to offer him her hand, adding, that whether at the upper or lower table, she should be always happy to see him on his return from London.

It is said—although we chronicle the circumstance as a rumor, not as a fact—that Jack so far forgot himself as to seal his pardon with a kiss. The only corroborative evidence that it really occurred was, that, when he quitted the room, he bore upon his right cheek the mark of the industrious little fingers which had so lately been held out to him.

(To be continued.)

#### The Panama Railway.

In the year 1846 a charter was granted by the New Grenadian Government to a French company for the construction of a railroad across the Isthmus of Panama. A survey was then made by order of Louis Philippe, and M. Napoleon Guerilla, the Chief Engineer, who conducted the said survey, gave a brilliant report thereon; and his map exhibited but a slightly different route to that now accomplished.

In 1847, however, the same year that M. Guerilla completed his survey, the charter of the Railroad Company was transferred to the Panama Railroad Company—an American one—and the following year preparations were made for securing such change of charter, then in possession, as they desired, which was completed in April, 1850.

In May, 1850, the month following the grant of the charter, Messrs. Baldwin & Troutwine, and six men, went from New York to Navy Bay, and commenced clearing away the timber, &c., upon the Island of Manzanilla, on which the town of Colon, or Aspinwall—of which we are enabled to give a

very faithful representation—is situated. They had with them a large storehouse, which the company still uses. This they proceeded to erect, living meanwhile, and for some three months, on board the vessel that brought them. When the clearing was commenced, not a tree had been felled on the island; and with Mr. Baldwin lies the honor of having felled the first.

In June, 1850, Mr. Stephens (President of the Company), and Colonel Tatten (Superintending Engineer), arrived with thirty men from Carthage; and, on the 31st August following, Dr. Rodgers arrived from New Orleans with a number of mules, and forty-five Irishmen—the first white laborers employed on the island. They cleared a road from the head of the island, a short distance from the mainland, to what is now called Monkey-hill, a place subsequently made the burying-ground, and where thousands have, unfortunately, been buried during the carrying out of this work. In September and October, 1850, the houses on the point of the island in the foreground of the engraving, near the lighthouse (from whence the view is taken), used as storehouses and dwellings for the company's officers, were brought from New York, and put up. Immediately following, supplies of laborers took place from Jamaica, and the engineering and work on the line were proceeded with rapidly. Unforeseen obstacles, however, arose, which retarded the work greatly in 1852. The mortality had been lamentable in extent, and the supplies of men were insufficient. Considerable reinforcements from Carthage and Jamaica were subsequently obtained, and by the beginning of last year the line was opened out a distance of about forty miles—viz., to "The Culebra or Summit Station," within ten or twelve miles of Panama. From that station all passengers, goods, and specie, were conveyed by mules—of which there was always a very large supply kept—to Panama; a more amusing sight than the "Summit Station," on arrival of a train, and the transferring of its motley groups of some thousand passengers to the backs of as many mules, amidst all the excitement of rival ownership, could not be presented.

It was not until the 20th of January last, after four years and a half of most arduous labor, that Colonel Tatten had the gratification of traversing with a few friends the whole length of line, returning the same day to Aspinwall, and receiving the warm congratulations of all around him.

The traffic on the line was, however, the very next day stopped, and remained suspended for about a week, owing to unusually heavy rains, which



lasted for three days without ceasing, having washed in the new cutting at "the Summit," and by overflowing the rivers, damaged some of the bridges. Every exertion having been used, the way was again made clear, and great preparations made for the formal opening on the 16th of February, when a large party of the Directors and friends arrived from New York; and the young town, with its many-colored population in the greatest excitement, and in its holiday attire, with the bunting of all nations, real and imaginary, fluttering in the breeze, did full honor to the great occasion.

The railway across the isthmus of Panama, connecting the two oceans, is now a *fait accompli*; facilitating, as the route does, the passage to the west coast coasts of North and South America, avoiding the tedious and dangerous voyage round the Horn, it is to be hoped that the enterprising company, which have, at great outlay, and under almost insurmountable obstacles, accomplished this undertaking, will be amply rewarded by the business arising therefrom, which already is rapidly increasing.

At the present time two steamers arrive fortnightly from the States—viz., one from New York, and one from New Orleans via Havana. These are large ships, bringing and taking back each trip more than a thousand passengers (chiefly Californians), together with all the specie from that country for America. The Royal West India Mail Company have also a steamer every fortnight, with not many passengers, but a very considerably increasing freight of goods, &c., for transit to the coasts of Chili, Peru, &c. They also have the conveyance of the specie brought across from those parts for England. On the Panama side there are a sufficiency of steamers plying regularly—an English company going to the south, and Americans northwards to California.

#### Cleaning Shells.

Those who wish to preserve shells, either as objects of scientific curiosity or as ornaments, should first destroy the animal, if it has been taken in a living state from the water. This is best done by dipping it into boiling water, as boiling it or using acids for the purpose might injure the appearance of the shell. When cool, the animal should be removed, and the shell placed in cold water; the subsequent operation of cleaning must depend on the nature and condition of the shell.

Shells encrusted with extraneous matter should be steeped for a few minutes in warm water, and then brushed well, but not hard; and if this is insufficient, a little rotten-stone or fine emery may be used, or the shell may be placed for a minute in diluted acid, and then dipped in cold water. When clean, the finishing touch may be given with a softer brush and a little rotten-stone. Sometimes the epidermis, that is, the outer skin, or bark, is so thick as to require that the shell should be placed for several minutes in a basin or saucer of diluted nitric acid (one part of acid to six or eight of water), but in this case care should be taken that the acid does not touch the mouth or any clean part of the shell, which parts may require to be covered with bees-wax. As soon as any part of the enamel can be perceived, the shell must be taken out, washed in clean water, and rubbed with fine emery until all the epidermis is removed. If the shell is covered only with a pellicle, or thin skin, dipping it in vinegar, or in warm water, will cause it to peel off.

If shells intended for a scientific collection, a pair should be obtained, one of which should be cleaned and polished, and the other shown in its natural state, with the epidermis on.

Some shells are coated with an epidermis so thick and coarse as to resist the action of diluted acid, and require the use of pumice stone or a file. If the extraneous matter is too thick even for these modes of operation, all the clean parts should be carefully covered with wax, and the shell placed in nitric acid, undiluted; but it must be taken out and washed in clean water every minute, and whenever the enamel appears, wax must be applied to prevent the acid from injuring it. When entirely free from the epidermis, the shell may be polished in the ordinary way. Some persons use a wash to brighten the colors; this should not be done if the shell is intended for a scientific collection; if for ornament only, a solution of gum is the best, as white of egg turns yellow in time, and varnish is apt to communicate an unpleasant smell.

Many persons are unaware that shells may be made to assume a different appearance to that which is natural to them, by removing the whole or a portion of the first or second exterior coat, by means of nitric acid. For instance, the common coury is natu-

rally white, with dark brown spots; but if this coat is removed the second appears of a fine violet color. The sea-ear is clouded with brown, green and white, and is a very beautiful shell even in its natural state; but the lower coat is white, with a pearly lustre. The nautilus is externally of a pale brown color, varied with streaks of a darker hue; but below this external coat it resembles mother-of-pearl. The same may be observed of the real mother-of-pearl shells, the exterior coats of which is blackish; of the trochi, or tap shells; and of a great variety of others. The volute, commonly called the violet tip, is of a dull color, but the second coat is pure white, with the tip of a fine violet color. The common mussel is very often operated upon by dealers to deceive those unacquainted with conchology, the outer coat being black, the second purple, and the inner one white. We have seen large mussel-shells of a purple color, spotted with white and brown, which are sold as rare exotic specimens, though nothing but common mussel-shells, owing all their beauty to the ingenuity of the dealer. The first coat is removed with nitric acid, and a portion of the second by the use of a file, or by covering part of the shell with bees-wax, and placing it in the acid. Spots of white are thus made to appear, which may be afterward stained according to the fancy of the operator. Various shades of brown are produced by a preparation of manganese or oxide of iron, and these tints are indelible.

We have seen some beautiful specimens of the common mussel-shell produced by children. The outer coat was removed by rubbing with a piece of woolen cloth wetted and dipped in coarse emery; this being done the beautiful purple tints appeared, and the shell was polished, first by the use of fine emery, and finally by the use of polishing putty. The mussel-shell thus prepared and fastened on a small square of white marble forms a very pretty ornament.

Persons who make collections of shells with the object of illustrating natural history, ought to have some scientific knowledge and experience, or they may be greatly deceived by the artifices resorted to by mere dealers, whose only anxiety is to produce beautiful, or, in other words, *saleable* objects.

#### James Montgomery.

Montgomery's first poetic efforts (we quote from *Tait's Magazine*) were in imitation of the hymns of the old choir-book of the Moravian brethren, which has long been put aside on account of its ludicrous metaphors and offensive style. A strange beginning for the first hymn-writer of the age; but it is the property of genius to transform the rude into the beautiful, just as the sea smooths the rough pebble. In truth, the boy could get no better models. At Fulneck, nothing was admitted except on business; and the business of the place was holy life and death. Religion there was what law and custom are elsewhere; and every act of the inmates, whether at work or play, was regulated by the faith which was in them. Nothing was allowed to enter the gates which could inspire mirth, or kindle imagination. Even the poems of Milton, Thomson, and Young were pruned of their "unprofitable passages," by cutting the pages out before they were suffered to reach the hands of the boys immured in this Protestant cloister. During the ten years Montgomery was a scholar at Fulneck, he never conversed for ten minutes with any person whatever, except in the presence of Moravians, masters, visitors or boys. These things could scarcely fail to exercise an important influence upon the mind of a boy so sensitively organized, as he was.

But the plan of the simple-minded brethren, so far from extinguishing the appetite for the forbidden fruits of poetry, only sharpened it. Men, after all, have quite as strong an inclination as the pigs for going the contrary way. And so it was at Fulneck. Nature, accident, and cunning conspired to sow the tares of imagination amongst the wheat of faith. The budding poet contrived to borrow books from the outer world, and he read them by stealth. Cowper was the first whole poet that he devoured; nor did he relish him. "I thought," he said, "I could write better verses myself." An extract from "Hamlet," in Enfield's "Speaker," kindled such a longing in the boy, that he never rested until he had read, surreptitiously of course, the whole of the play. He even got a sight of two or three of Burns's warm and glowing songs, which had slipped into the school in the corner of a newspaper. But, let it be said in praise of the brethren, though they discouraged the poets without, they encouraged poetry within.

The boys were incited to compose verses on particular occasions, such as the birthday of a favorite

scholar. Then was James Montgomery in his glory; and some of his schoolboy tributes to his brother, though deficient in mere mechanism, declare a simple, touching affection in the very spirit of Heaven.

**WATER.**—Three-quarters of a century have not yet rolled away since the simple elementary nature of water began to be excluded from the articles of faith maintained by philosophic men. Water is now no longer regarded as simple, elemental, or indivisible. It is a compound body. After it has been freed from everything extraneous in the shape of air, coloring matter or earthy saline impregnation—after it has been rendered by the most careful process of human art absolute water, still it remains a substance compound. To those who are unacquainted with this fact, developed as it has been by the chemical science of modern times, it appears scarcely credible. That a thing so limpid, clear, colorless, and tasteless as pure water, should not in itself be simple and uncompounded, sounds at first as if it were a contradiction of sense. The thing that is distilled from the heavens in the gentlest dew, which stands before us in the crystal vase, sparkling with diamond purity—what, it may be asked, could be demanded as a specimen of absolute simplicity, unity, or homogeneity, in preference to that? To the eye, to the finger, to the taste, it is absolutely one and simple. And, indeed, so far it might be designated a simple element. But the moment it is placed under the influence of agencies regulated by chemical manipulation—especially the boundless might of the galvanic electricity—water is instantly resolved into what are at present, at least, regarded as its constituent elements. It is found to be made up of two aeriform bodies, two gases or air-like substances, named respectively, oxygen and hydrogen. The former of these mixed in the proportion of about one-fifth part of the whole, forms the life-sustaining element in the common atmospheric air; the latter is known in its terribly destructive power, when fired accidentally in coal-mining operations. Oxygen diluted in the air we breathe is necessary to the life of all, whether animal or vegetable beings; without its presence they droop and die; whereas, hydrogen, taken alone, becomes destructive to every living thing. These two gaseous elements, then, are the simple components of water—a body totally different from both.—*Wallis*.

**MORAL CULTURE.**—In books, in conversation, in example, in the country walk and by the fire-side, a high morality, looking heaven-ward, but not always bringing religion into verbal expression, should be kept in view. Good and evil should each have its own fixed position, and the difference be accurately marked, so that even a child, as far as concerns his present condition, may distinguish between them. He should be beguiled, by leading questions, into forming a right judgment upon all the incidents containing in themselves examples of good and evil. This practice will improve the intellectual faculties, and lay a foundation for the establishment of moral principles; and, as the mind is gradually expanded, more enlarged views should be submitted to it, until, at length, the reasons may be assigned why virtue is good, and vice evil. To accomplish these great objects a *perfect confidence* must subsist between parent and child. The mind of the one should open instinctively to the love of the other; for affection, and not severity, rules the heart. An austere parent will never know his child. This seems to me the most affecting of human thoughts, and among the heaviest of human afflictions. But it is a common case. A father, thinking he has a stern duty to perform, does it sternly. The child shrinks from an austere look, and pours his confidence into more inviting ears. I have seen a child tremble before a father in the narration of a simple and unimportant event, although it contained nothing which could offend, and was recommended by the truth. This arose from want of a clear perception, whether it was safe or unsafe to disclose it; or whether the account might be agreeable or offensive. This is, in every respect, a most lamentable state of things, but it is no uncommon one. But when the instinctive confidence, which flows from the hallowed promptings of pure nature, has free play, the opposite prevails. If the child be allowed to obey his inward impulses, his heart, like the flower expanding to receive the genial rays of the sun, will be opened to his parent. But the parent's love must be manifest to the child; he must be convinced that it warms his bosom; and then the sympathetic feeling will prompt him to rush into his parent's arms, to disclose every fear and hope, every thought that pains, and every sensation that delights the heart.

A MAN is never undone till he be hanged.

A FRIEND should bear a friend's infirmities.



## Tales of the Brahmins.

TANJORE is one of the districts of the Madras territory, and is the ancient Chola-dera, or Chola-mandala, from which, by corruption, the modern term Coromandel is derived. Never having been permanently occupied by the followers of Mahomet, it retains its ancient establishments in considerable splendor. The capital, Tanjore, contains the most perfect Hindoo monuments to be found in the whole of the Carnatic—the scene, in modern times, of some of those stirring events which made the peninsula of India the great theatre for the display of the military prowess of England.

The town, straggling and dirty, like all Eastern cities, contains two fortresses: one of which is occupied by the Rajah, who receives an annual grant from the East India Company; and the other protects the celebrated Pagoda, esteemed beyond comparison as the finest specimen of the pyramidal temple in India. It is about 200 feet high, and, as the traveller and Brahmin entered the precincts of the fortress, its beautiful architectural proportions were fully revealed in the glorious light of the large Eastern moon that lit up the cloudless sky.

The traveller gazed upon the noble-looking structure in solemn awe. Scattered about the doors were the figures of recumbent bulls, of the size of life; and in an open temple at the rear, was the celebrated bull of black granite, which the Brahmin said was 16 feet 2 inches in length, by 12½ feet in height.

The stillness of the night, the sublime ensemble of the ancient temple, with its rugged images of Brahma, and the hosts of dim traditions that seemed hoarded up in its sombre recesses, all inspired the traveller with a feeling of veneration for this dumb memorial of an obscured past, and monument of a still virile present; for priests, in their white robes, paced the marble colonnades, and were to be seen in devotional attitudes on the steps leading to the sacred inclosure. The building, in the soft light that fell upon it, seemed an unbroken mass of architectural beauty; and as the traveller endeavored to penetrate the gloom that shrouded the colossal Brahma, in the centre of the open temple, he felt the influence of those mysterious emotions which coincidence of time, scene, and mental predisposition, rarely fail to arouse in the minds of those who can perceive more in a memorial of the past, than stone and sculptured art united by the skilful hand of genius.

"It is beautiful!" exclaimed the traveller, "but inscrutable. If these symbols of a faith that dates back to a fabulous antiquity had tongues, what revelations would fall on the startled ear of the world!"

"Destiny," remarked the Brahmin, "is merciful as well as inexorable. The mysteries of extinct eras would doubtless appal the most transcendent courage—therefore they have faded into myths; and happy is he who believes without inquiring. But when you look upon this antique pile, remember that it is a monument of that material worship which in all ages has usurped the place of the pure, elementary communion with the unseen. But the story I have to tell will perhaps be the best commentary I could give on what you may consider the prejudices of an ascetic.

## THE PROPHET BROTHERS.

ABOUT the period when Babylon flourished and Nineveh was in its pride, the vast territories comprised within the boundaries of the Himalaya Mountains on the north, the mountains of Cabul on the west, the Ganges on the east, and the ocean on the south—now known as India—were divided into four mighty nations, over whom the most powerful exercised authority as emperor, or lord paramount. They never, however, were permanently united under one monarchy.

Peopled by distinct races, partially conquered and colonised by various nations, they were divided into independent states, just as the natural divisions of the country suggested, or as enforced by the religion and monarchical politics of the several rulers who flourished at different periods. The Puranas, or sacred books of the Hindoos, state, that about four thousand years ago, India comprised four rich and powerful kingdoms, virtually independent of each other, but confederate under one common head. That which ranked second in point of opulence and strength, was the kingdom of Bejanagur, comprising the whole of the Indian peninsula south of the river Krishna, to the extremity known, in the present day, as Cape Cormorin. Subsequently these four states became subdivided into ten, one of which was Karnata, the ancient Bejanagur, and the

modern territories of Mysore, Travancore, and Cochin, now comprehended within the Madras Presidency.

Well, about the remarkable period when the plains of Assyria were covered with splendid cities, the kingdom of Karnata was thickly populated, rich and flourishing. The reigning monarch was Sahadeva, who alternately kept his court at Bejanagur in the north, and Tanjore in the south of his kingdom. The latter place, being contiguous to the coast, was one of considerable importance; for, besides its political and ecclesiastical establishments, it maintained an uninterrupted intercourse with the opulent island of Ceylon, and was therefore in some respects a commercial emporium.

The government was absolute, but paternal in character; and the people, amongst whom no great intelligence prevailed, were happy and contented. Their fruitful soil yielded them abundance, without the necessity for any severe labor, and as their social institutions had reached that degree of perfection in which change is neither desired nor suggested by any extraordinary necessity, their course of life was calm, equable, and unbroken by any of those gusts of passion which, in after times, disturbed the human atmosphere throughout all India, with the periodical regularity of the monsoon. The monarchy was supported by an hereditary oligarchy, who constituted the great proprietors of the land; next to them were the merchants and traders, and lastly, the agricultural population, scattered about in villages, whose sole employment was tending flocks, and bestowing upon the soil the little culture its generous bosom scarcely needed. They were a branch of the Palli nation—the aboriginal inhabitants of the whole of the peninsula—whose overthrow and dispersion constitute the most romantic chapters in Indian history. The language was that of the Sanscrit, and Buddha—the predecessor of Rama, their incarnation of Vishnu—the highest Hindoo conception of the deity. The Brahminical doctrines in that day—essentially the doctrines of progress—were confined to Western Asia.

Following the ancient faith of all India, and being remote from the corrupting influences of change, they worshipped Buddha, who had come on earth to abolish human sacrifices, and substitute the innocent oblation of fruits and flowers. Buddha they regarded as the incarnation of the Divine Energy, who had and was to appear frequently among men as an interpreter of the law, and a mediator with the abstract, and—as with the western Atheists—the eternal, passionless, First Cause of all things. Thus, believing that the Divine Energy, for its wise and secret purposes, assumed every variety of form of life, they adopted the doctrine of Transmigration, and deified the elements and several animals, through whom they imagined this Divine Energy had passed. The cow, the elephant and the lamb, were all sacred to the Divinity; but, in the reign of Sahadeva, the lamb symbolised their abstract idea of power in alliance with some material form. Their church was magnificently supported, and governed by vicars and priests, who advocated implicit faith in Maha-Monu (the great philosopher), and Buddha, his divine interpreter.

The clergy, generally, were not celibatists, but numbers of them practised austerities, and immured themselves in monasteries, from which they occasionally emerged to preach on the efficacy of moral restraint in restoring the emanations of the Deity dwelling in matter, to the Great Spirit from which they issued.

The church being partly material and partly spiritual in its constitution, clung to the state for support, and as there were no schisms in the land, the hierarchy thus erected was mild and unobtrusive in its discipline. The people in their morals were extremely material, but their social scheme, through the absence of all stimulants to mental excitement, was harmonious. Polygamy was tolerated and defended by the priesthood on economical reasons—for the women far outnumbered the men; but a genial and innocent intercourse prevailed among all classes, and those immoral offences and crimes that disgrace European civilisation were unknown. Theft and murder were the only crimes of which the tribunals of Sahadeva ever had to take cognisance. Peace had prevailed in the country for generations, and the sovereign, himself a mild and learned personage—for he was skilled in the sciences of his own and other lands, and could converse fluently with many of the ambassadors who came to visit him from the nations bordering on Europe—in the beginning of his reign conscientiously boasted that his kingdom was a paradise.

And truly it was a paradise, if contentment, luxury, and all that soothes the senses, is the acme

of human enjoyment. But, although the heart of the nation beat placidly, and the air was spiced with the aroma of the forests, and the sweet music of myriads of birds thrilled on the ear, there were agents at work beneath this glittering surface, which only required the magic touch of ambition to break into a thousand tumultuous fragments. When civilisation, or cultivated repose, reaches a certain point, it crumbles, from the very inertness of its lethargy, and new conditions rise upon its ruins. But, Sir traveller, my story would better teach the moral I would impress on your imagination. Fancy then, my friend, in the reign of Sahadeva, a rivulet shaded by stately trees, and fringed by flowers of every hue, running gently through a shady grove in the neighbourhood of ancient Tanjore. There was music in every bough, and voluptuous murmuring in every breath of the spice-laden wind. On the margin of this crystal watercourse a maiden reclined. She was in the full bloom of Indian loveliness, and, as her ripe lips chirruped to the juggling of the white-plumaged, purple-crested bird of paradise above her head, a beholder might have wished that the companionship between her and the songster had been bestowed on himself. Jug, jug, sang the bird, and chirrup, chirrup, responded the girl, in listless ecstasy, as she lay revealing the contour of her fine form through the folds of her gossamer muslin robe. While thus entranced, she heard not the sound of a heavy footfall, or the rustling of branches in her vicinity; and it was not until a well-known voice whispered in her ear, "Owa—beautiful Owa!" that she was aroused from her waking lethargy; and, starting from her recumbent posture, beheld the familiar face of Rama, the plainest and poorest of her suitors. He was a short-statured but large-framed young man, with a broad, lofty brow, and strongly marked, dusky features. His dark, full-centered eye was as piercing as the lightning's gleam, but he was not silky enough in his demeanor to please the fastidious daughter of the richest trader in Tanjore.

"Owa—beautiful Owa!" murmured the impassioned youth, bending upon her the most ardent glances.

Owa drew her robe across her bosom, and shook her glossy locks with a gesture of scorn.

"Owa—beautiful Owa!" continued the youth; "why am I distasteful in your sight? Am I not as strong as the lion and fleet as the cheetah? Am I not a brave hunter in the sight of Buddah?"

"You are Rama, the son of a moonshee!" replied Owa.

"True," said Rama; "and is not my father the pundit of the court—has he not taught me the wisdom of the sages of old, and infused into my strong spirit the glory of a brighter excellence than looking on the world with the cold eye of satisfied desire? Owa, I tell you I am a man—when my hour comes I shall be great!"

Owa laughed.

"Drive me not to madness, Owa! for I have had dreams—brave dreams. I have seen horse and foot soldiers in mighty array; I have heard the clang of armor, the neighing of steeds, and the roar of combat; I have seen the thrones of kings, too, topple to their foundations. I—I tell you Owa, I have had brave dreams; I have seen Buddah, Brahma—"

The young girl at this announcement laughed merrily, and, looking mischievously at her lover, said:

"Will all your seeing make you as handsome as Wance, or as rich?"

Rama sprang into the air a few feet, with a bellow that frightened the girl, for she dashed through an opening in the trees, and sped rapidly to her father's house in Tanjore.

"She will never be mine!" groaned Rama, who struck heavy blows on his huge chest.

"Never! why wish for her?" echoed a hoarse, deep voice at his elbow.

Rama wheeled himself round, and faced his brother Krishnu.

"Thou!" he muttered, as the hot blood mounted to his temples.

"Even I, brother!" answered Krishnu, who was a tall, gloomy-looking, and exceedingly dark-complexioned man.

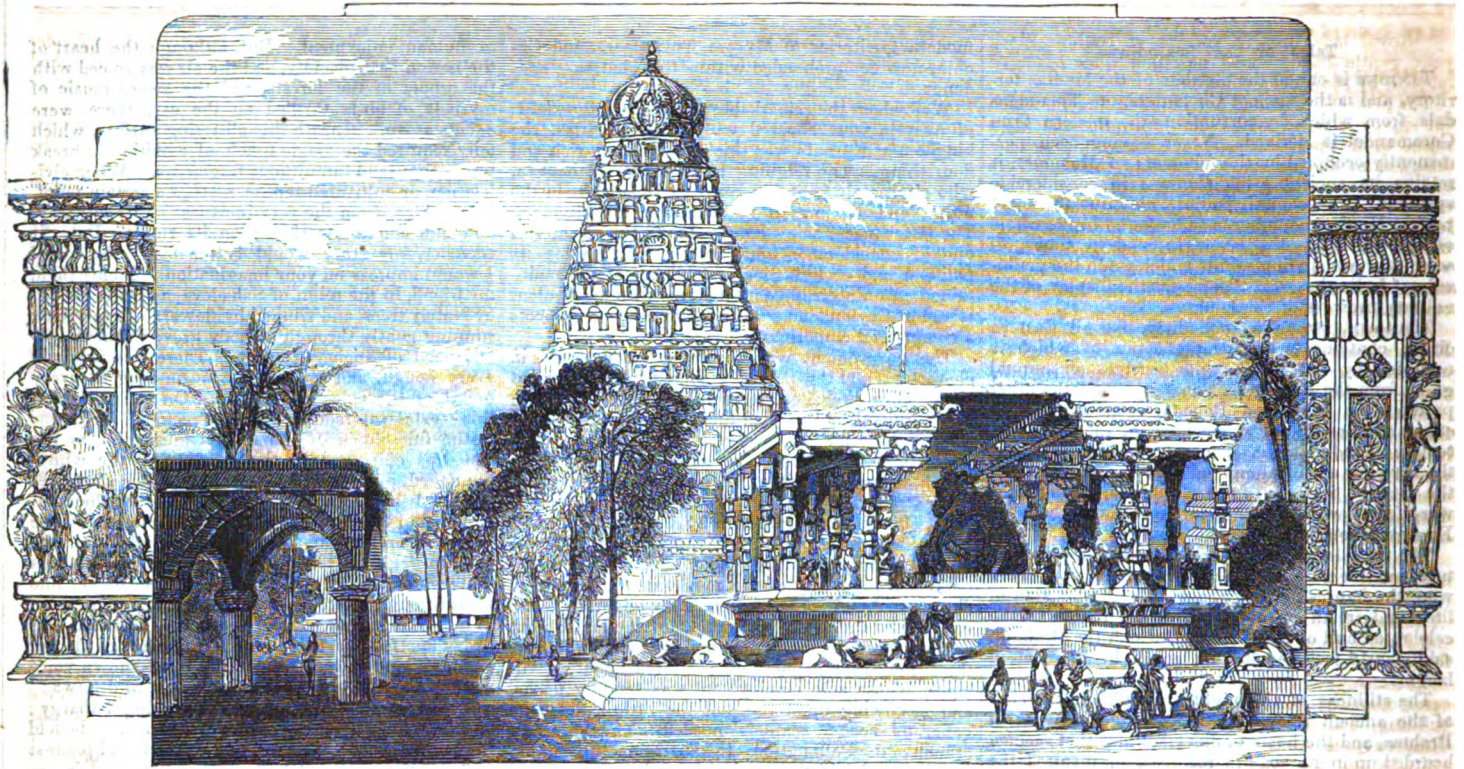
"Thou hast heard?" said Rama.

"I have! Owa loves you not! she has given her heart to the smooth-featured Wance!" was the answer.

"She is beautiful!" murmured Rama, dashing away a scalding tear.

"She is a woman," responded Krishnu, "and loves with her eye. Like all her sex, she has no inner vision; like the birds, she mates where chance or instinct leads her."





HINDOO TEMPLE, TANJORE.

"You are wise," said Rama; I will tear her from my heart! Rama has pride!"

A long silence then ensued between the brothers, which was at length broken by Krishnu, the elder, exclaiming:

"Brother, do you see yonder tree? Its top is withered, and its once broad branches are now dust. Such is the fate of all things that tarry long in one place! I am weary of Tanjore; weary of mumbling prayers; weary, weary of the dull round of this unvarnished life!"

"And I tire of the chase!" exclaimed Rama: "my arrows are as swift and true—my club as heavy—but the enchantment has gone. Why did I love?"

"Say, rather, why did our father make us wise?" said Krishnu; "since his wisdom has but made us know that we are only the sons of a poor moon-shine! I would be a warrior!"

Rama's eyes glistened; and, laying his hand on his brother's black, muscular arm, he solemnly said:

"I have had dreams, Krishnu! bright, brave dreams! Last night, I dreamt that the stars unfolded to me some of the leaves of my everlasting life. I thought I was a myriad of insects, buzzing in the soft light of the moon; then the sun arose, and I fell to the ground, a hard-baked mass, which the rain licked into form, and behold I crept along as a lizard! Then I was devoured by a mighty walking thing, and I walked. The glassy waters showed me the visage of a Goa monkey; but, as I gazed, I grew, and grew, until my head reached the stars, and I could grasp the horns of Brahma. The eyes of the god flashed fire; but he smiled, and said: 'Rama, thy destiny is great!' With that I awoke, and found thee, Krishnu, laboring as if in death!"

"I was in Maghada, fighting for the great lord, Jara Sanda. Brother, these dreams portend something! let us arise and go! In every land there is good, and what is there more in Tanjore?"

Rama acquiesced, and hand-in-hand they went to bid their parent farewell.

"Go, my sons!" said the aged priest; "the stars have willed it. We shall meet in Paradise. Buddha is great. Our lord the king will give me shelter in the Kiom, and, while ye are prophesying in the world, I shall end my days in prayer and meditation. Go; ye are gifted beyond the children of Bejanagur, and Tanjore is too little a space for your future greatness."

The sons received the parental blessing in silence, and, taking the dusty high-road to Seringapatam, were soon lost to sight.

Thus did Rama and Krishnu set out upon their travels, and, being inspired by their own high confidence, and the spirits of the future, with whom they held communion, they prophesied in the towns and villages through which they passed, and foretold the advent of a greater prophet than Buddha,

to the amazement and terror of all who heard them. But, after prophesying throughout all India for five years, and having been many times cast into prison as heretics, they suddenly disappeared, and none knew whither they had gone.

About twenty years after the departure of Krishnu and Rama from their native place, their very memories had been forgotten; the priest had long since been called away, and all trace of the brothers had been completely lost. But the fame of a mighty warrior in the west, named Krishnu, and of a warrior statesman in the east, who was styled Bala Rama, had spread all over India; and as reports of their astounding progress reached the usually calm court of Sahadeva, once more assembled at Tanjore, it was perceived that the now aged king and his advisers were visibly troubled.

Krishnu had firmly established himself in the Deccan, and, from the vague reports that were in circulation, it was surmised that the Bala Rama was marching to effect a junction with his army, so as to found a new and formidable empire in the very heart of India.

Jara Sanda, the Emperor of Maghada, and lord paramount of India, had been slain in battle, and it appeared too probable that one of the warrior brothers would mount his throne. The Buddhist church, overthrown in Maghada, the centre of its power, was convulsed and trembling, and the alarm of the priesthood being communicated to the laity, all classes in the Carnatic were in agitation and commotion. The slumber of generations was broken by the magic name of Bala Rama. But when it was announced that an envoy from that dreaded conqueror was on his way to the court of Tanjore, the king and his ministers were filled with terror and amazement. He came, but more like a crusader than an ambassador; for, as he journeyed along, he preached to the people of the glory and power of Brahma, and not only set the Buddhist priests at defiance, but audaciously proclaimed that Bala Rama was an incarnation of Vishnu itself.

The dreaded day came, and behold the court of Sahadeva assembled to receive the messenger of the prophet. At the upper end of a long hall in the palace, sat the monarch on his throne. He wore a crown of gold on his head, and in his right hand he held the pastoral crook, to denote that he claimed to be a representative on earth of Lama, the latest incarnation of the power of Buddha. By his side stood Zandaroy, his prime minister, and the royal abbot of the church of Karnata. In a gallery behind the throne the ladies of the court were assembled, but the king's daughter, Thuree, sat at his feet, embracing his knees. The nobles, all clad in white, were seated on each side of the hall, and, at the extremity facing the throne, some priests were assembled, who chaunted a hymn, and scattered flowers on the head and body of the sitting image

of Buddha, which stood near the door. Presently a subdued sound came from the multitude without, and the next instant, amid an oppressive silence, the burly figure of a man, apparently in the prime of life, strode into the hall, and, without much ceremony, advanced to the foot of the dais. The aged monarch gazed at him in awe, for his features were broad and massive, his eyes large and commanding, and all his gestures conveyed the idea of immense visible as well as invisible strength. He looked like one of the reanimated gods of the elder Hindoo time.

"Declare thy mission!" said Zandaroy, firmly.

The envoy heeded him not, for his gaze was riveted on the beautiful face of Thuree, the princess. "Declare thy mission!" repeated the priest.

The ambassador gave him one penetrating glance, and then, in a loud tone, said:

"In the name of the prophet brothers, Krishnu and Rama, the lords of India, and the vicereigns of Brahma, I come to demand for his invincible highness, Bala Rama, the Emperor of Maghada, the hand of the peerless daughter of Sahadeva, the King of Karnata, and lord of the territories on the sea."

Thuree buried her face in her father's robe, and the king, upon whom the announcement broke like a thunder-clap, hurriedly replied:

"Our council shall decide."

Then, turning to his prime-minister, he gave directions for the entertainment of the envoy, and hastily dissolved the court.

Sahadeva issued mandates, directing the attendance of all the nobles and high church dignitaries of his kingdom, to assist at a solemn conclave to discuss the fate of his only child. Meanwhile the envoy was offered the most princely entertainment, but he sternly refused it, rather choosing to dwell among his own retinue, which, it began to be remarked, were exceedingly numerous; and, to add to the anxiety of the court, the near approach of an annual religious festival caused an unusual influx of visitors into Tanjore.

During this transitory excitement, the envoy openly preached the doctrines of Brahma as opposed to those of Buddha, and it was observed that he was assisted in his ministrations by a tall, black man, who indulged in the utmost licence of language towards the established faith, and even went so far as to blaspheme Buddha himself. The populace first wondered at, and then admired, the courage of these strangers, and as they began to comprehend the doctrines taught by them, gradually wavered in their ancient belief, until it only required a spark to kindle their half-adopted convictions into a living flame of worship. While the tottering monarch and his advisers were debating, the envoy employed some of his time in the society of the beautiful princess.

On one occasion when in her presence, her eyes sank beneath his burning glances, and she felt a strange thrill pervading her whole frame.



"Royal lady, may a servant of Brahma clasp your gentle hand?" said he, in a voice rendered musical by some deep emotion.

The princess extended her jewelled fingers, which the envoy clasped with some warmth, and then raised to his lips. A deep blush started through her dusky skin, and as she ventured to raise her eyes and encountered the passionate expression of the envoy's large countenance, her heart throbbed violently; and, so swiftly formed are ardent feelings under the tropics, she returned his gaze with a vividness of look which, although only momentary, caused his strong frame to tremble, and his eyes to emit flashes of fire.

"Beautiful!" he softly said; "you shall be Rama's bride—his queen—his wife—despite all the owls in your father's kingdom! To-morrow, princess—to-morrow!"

With the latter hurried whisper, he made a profound obeisance, and retired from the chamber. As he passed through a street near the palace, he observed a face the lineaments of which arrested his attention. It was that of a person standing at the door of a shop, with one hand complacently resting on the pit of his ample stomach.

The envoy inquired the man's name, and was answered, "Wanee!"

"Have you a wife?"

"Miserable man that I am, I have four!"

"How! Four! How could you have been so foolish?"

The envoy, as he said this, entered the shop unceremoniously, and, proceeding to the rear of the building, had a view of the domestic *ensemble*. Children were sprawling about in every variety of attitude, and the four wives were seated on low stools, smoking betel.

"That is Owa, my first," said the shopkeeper, pointing to an attenuated woman, seated in a corner, and smoking furiously. She had a most hag-like appearance, and although not forty, looked at least eighty years of age.

The envoy shuddered, and, as he hurried away, muttered:

"Brahma be praised! What an escape! Destiny, thou art great!"

Later in the day, two men in the garb of warriors met by the stream beside which, twenty years before, this same Owa had refused Rama, the poor son of the humble moonshoe. Each was in the prime of life, but on the brow of the taller fierce passions had set their seal, whilst the other had the appearance of greater gravity, and more massive intellectual development.

"Krishnu," said the younger, "twenty years are but a drop of water in the sea of time; yet, to us, what an ocean they have proved!"

"Destiny called us, Rama, from our humble state," was the gloomy reply; "and on its wings we have been borne to power and glory! I have been commissioned to destroy kings and giants; you, Rama, to found a dynasty and an empire!"

"Say a new world—for I will so alter this that its old face shall crumble into dust; a new time and a new people will date their commencement from its decay!" said Rama, fervently—for it was the Prophet Brothers, who once more met in one of the haunts of their youth. "We shall be gods, worshipped and adored throughout untold ages!"

"What would you do?" inquired Krishnu; for, having his own mission—that of violence and destruction—he had not divined the magnitude and more subtle character of his brother's projects.

"Do!" echoed Rama; "I would destroy this enervating Buddhism—trample on the traditions of my Palli blood, and create institutions that would endure for ever! The Devas show the way to immortality! They teach me to substitute power for repose, action for indolence, creation for preservation, Brahma for Buddha!"

"Ugh!" exclaimed Krishnu; "Brahma is a greater god than Buddha: his bellowings are like thunder in the mountains!"

"Truly Brahma is a great god!" said Rama; "and my name—as the restorer of his worship—will descend to posterity; like the grand swell of the sea, its renown will beat against the shores of all time!"

"Our troops will be in Tanjore to-morrow!" said the more ferocious Krishnu. "Shall we smite this dotard in his silver cage, or hang him on the Tee of the old temple?"

"Neither!" replied Rama, decisively; "here we were born, and here we will reign without shedding one drop of blood! In Tanjore will I wed a bride! In Tanjore will I hold the Raisoo Yag,\* that to men

and God will proclaim me lord and sovereign master of the vassal world! And in Tanjore will I erect the image of Brahma for all people to worship, and to be unto distant ages a landmark in our history, and a lasting memorial to the faithful, of the splendid valor of Krishnu, and the wisdom of Rama!"

The night was occupied by the brothers in busy preparation. While the city was hushed in repose, large bodies of men crept up close to its outskirts, where they concealed themselves in the thick plantations, while others boldly entered the place, in the character of pilgrims to the shrine of Buddha.

One the following day the court was assembled in the hall of audience, in the same order as before, with the exception that the envoy occupied a seat near the Princess Thuree, and appeared to be engaged with her in earnest, and, according to the expression of her face, pleasing conversation. Indeed, Zandaroy, the high priest, thought him more like a lover than an ambassador.

Sahadeva looked the composure he did not feel, when Zandaroy rose to announce the reply of the court to Rama, the new Emperor of Maghada. It was a refusal—a simple refusal—without comment or explanation. The parental love was stronger than the fear inspired by the renown of the warrior and prophet brothers. The monarch probably trusted much to his comparative isolation from what was then called the continent of India. He little dreamed that the dreadful Krishnu had taken possession of the Malabar coast on his right hand—that the flower of the army of the brothers was already in the heart of his kingdom.

"That is your answer to the royal Rama?" said the envoy, sternly.

"It is," was the sententious reply.

"Lady," said the envoy, taking the princess by the hand, and fixing on her a glance so fascinating that she moved forward at his will, "Rama hails thee as the queen of his heart!" So saying, he drew his sword, which hung at his side, and, waving it in the air, cried out, in a voice of thunder: "Up, followers of Brahma, and let your wings rustle like the eagles' ye have heard in the Valley of Cashmere! Arise, brave ones, and salute your emperor!"

The seeming pilgrims, at the entrance of the hall, raised up a terrific shout, as they easily overpowered the feeble guard, and rushed into the hall, brandishing swords and battle-axes.

"Down with Buddha!" cried the seeming envoy.

In an instant the idol was torn from its pedestal, and rolled among the troops outside, who speedily hacked it to pieces.

"Who art thou, blasphemer and destroyer?" asked the indignant priest.

"I am Rama—Bala Rama!" replied the warrior, drawing the princess to his side, and casting around him a glance instinct with pride, courage, and indomitable energy.

At this announcement Sahadeva fainted, and, being consigned to the care of the princess, was removed; and in a few minutes the Palli dynasty and the Buddhist power, after an existence of a thousand years, were numbered among the things that were. The conquest was complete; the image of Buddha, in the course of a few months was everywhere destroyed, and the worship of Brahma unhesitatingly accepted in its stead. The institution of castes was rigorously introduced, the simplicity of the Buddhist civilisation disappeared with magic rapidity, and at the end of a few months, Rama, to commemorate his bloodless victory and marriage with the princess, instituted the image of the bull as the object of worship, and caused that black one, which has so much excited your curiosity, to be conveyed hither, from some place in one night, from whence, to this day is a mystery. Like the stone of the Arabians, it is believed to have fallen from heaven. And thus, Christian," concluded the Brahmin, "it came to pass that the Temple of Buddha was transformed into the Temple of Brahma, and a new system arose out of the ashes of the past. Buddhism, banished to Tartary, China, and Ceylon, became corrupted; and in the present day has become the dull, insensible worship of Guadama, a prophet who, like Rama, changed the destiny of millions of human beings, and, like him, rolled back the stone of human development, and fixed mankind in one condition for centuries. Had Rama or any one like him not lived, the old civilisation of the Palli people would have given place to one of a more competitive character, and in India now, as in Europe, we should have had rival nations, rival creeds, rival people, and an aggregate opposition, to give vigor and vitality to the whole social and moral body.

His jests at scars that never felt a wound.

BEAUTIFUL SENTIMENTS.—Shortly before the departure of the lamented Heber to India, he preached a sermon which contained this beautiful illustration:—"Life bears us on like the stream of a mighty river. Our boat at first glides down the narrow channel—through the playful murmuring of the little brook, and the winding of its grassy borders. The trees shed their blossoms over our young heads, the flowers of the brink seem to offer themselves to our young hands; we are happy in hope, and we grasp eagerly at the beauties around us, but the stream hurries on, and still our hands are empty. Our course in youth and manhood is along a wider and deeper flood, amid objects more striking and magnificent. We are animated by the moving picture of enjoyment and industry passing us; we are excited by some short-lived disappointment. The stream bears us on, and our joys and our griefs are alike left behind us. We may be shipwrecked, but we cannot be delayed—whether rough or smooth, the river hastens towards its home, till the roar of the ocean is in our ears, and the tossing of the waves is beneath our feet, and the land lessens from our eyes, and the floods are lifted up around us, and we take our leave of earth and its inhabitants, until of our further voyage there is no witness save the infinite and eternal!"

THE MONKS.—Apart from our obligations to the monks, as the treasurers of learning, at a period when the preservation of ancient manuscripts was doubly important from the general neglect of literary pursuits, we find such services rendered by these institutions to the community as should, despite their numerous faults, entitle their memory to be regarded with gratitude. They were the arbiters of minor disputes, the ever ready and often skilful physicians of the district, and the poor acknowledged in the giver of the alms bestowed so liberally at these establishments a benefactor willing and able to assist them in the hour of need. It is difficult, therefore, to imagine what the less wealthy classes of society would have done in those days without their protection and support. A few years after the conquest the church held more than one-third of the land in the country; and just before the reformation these possessions were doubled; the assessors of the monastic revenues returned the amount to Henry as upwards of \$700,000 annually, and the colleges and bishoprics increased it to above \$1,000,000; from the monks being notoriously unwilling to confess their wealth, it was, however, no doubt much more. The entire number of religious houses at the time of the reformation was 900, and of these, the richest and oldest were the Benedictine Monasteries, founded chiefly before the conquest. At the dissolution of the religious houses alone under \$1000 a year, it is said that 10,000 monks were consequently sent starving through the country; and yet these formed but one division of the clergy, for there were, besides them, the parish priests, and the mendicants or friars.

VEVUVIUS.—The expectations of visitors have been much raised of late by the prospect of an eruption of Vesuvius. Indeed, for a year past there have been predictions and appearances of such an event, though at present they have assumed a greater probability. On the top of the cone of Vesuvius, says an accurate observer, a large and deep abyss has opened, from which issues much smoke. It lies near the base of the Punta del Palo, the name given to one of the three craggy points at the top of the cone facing the north. Its diameter is about 100 metres, and depth somewhat more. Its walls present a series of strata of basalt, broken, however, for the reason that a part of the interior of the crater has fallen in. The soil surrounding this abyss presents wide fissures, showing that a great part of it threatens to sink in; and, indeed, a considerable space about the Punta del Palo must shortly be swallowed up in the abyss. To the geologist the present appearance of Vesuvius must be very interesting, as the cut through the crater is so clear and deep as to reveal distinctly the several stratifications. The usual path to the cone is now interrupted, and great care is required not too approach too near the precipice, as the soil is ready to be precipitated into the same abyss which has already thrown out so much material. The old guides say that everything indicates an approaching eruption; but as yet the smoke does not issue with a sufficient impetus, perhaps, to justify that belief. Indeed, the present smoke may be only vapor arising from the copious rains which have fallen through the various fissures into a higher temperature, and are being again ejected in another form. Should the Punta del Palo fall in, the strongest point in the top of Vesuvius will be wanting, and the form of the mountain will be altogether changed.

\* Literally the "Feast of Rajahs" which could only be performed by a monarch who had conquered all the other sovereigns of the world.

## Practical Instructions in the Art of Photography.

## CHAPTER VI.—ACTION OF LENSES.

36. EVERY Photographer should understand the principle upon which the necessary apparatus is constructed, and therefore we have considered it requisite to explain the various phenomena as simply as possible, so that our unscientific readers will be better enabled to keep pace with their more learned friends.

37. We have already become acquainted with the leading points of the phenomena of refraction, and shall now have to consider the refraction of light by lenses—a subject of such vast importance to photographers, that it will be necessary to devote extra space to its elucidation, because the excellence and perfection of the results we obtain, depend, in a measure, upon the refractive power of the lenses.

38. A lens is a transparent body, possessing the property of increasing or diminishing the natural convergence of the rays of light which pass through them. All transparent media having polished spherical surfaces, are generally called lenses, the term lens being originally applied from their resembling a lentil seed.

39. There are seven different forms of lenses (Fig. 15), resulting from the combination of plane and spherical surfaces, either separately or connectedly.

1. The sphere or globe. 2. The double convex bounded by two externally convex spherical surfaces, the radii\* of which may be equal or unequal. 3. The plano-convex, in which one surface is plane, and the other convex. 4. The double concave, in which both surfaces are concave, and their radii equal or unequal. 5. The plano-concave, in which one surface is plane, and the other concave. 6. The concavo-convex, or meniscus,† bounded on one side by a convex, and on the other by a concave surface. 7. The convexo-concave lens, bounded by a convex surface on one side, and by a concave one on the other; but these surfaces do not meet when produced.

40. The general action of lenses of all kinds may be understood by remembering the effects produced by prisms (§ 31, 32, 33, 34, 35). A ray of light, when it is refracted, is bent towards the back of the prism; and if we take two prisms, and place their bases together (as in Fig. 17, *a c c*, *b c c*), and then allow two parallel rays of light (*m* and *n*) to fall upon them, these rays, after refraction, being bent towards the back of the prism, will intersect each other (at the point *f*). Therefore, if we imagine a double convex lens to be formed of two prisms (such as are seen in Fig. 17), we shall be better able to understand how parallel rays converge to a focal point when they fall upon the surface of the lens.

41. Let the same two prisms be placed with their edges touching each other (as in Fig. 18), and then let two parallel rays (*m n*) fall upon them. It will be found that the rays diverge instead of converging, as they emerge from the back of the prisms (as seen at *f*, as it passes through *a b c*, and *g* as it

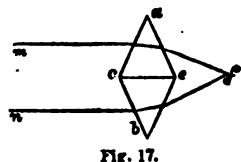


Fig. 17.

passes through *a d e*). This experiment enables us to understand how parallel rays are made to diverge by means of concave lenses, and how divergent rays are rendered still more divergent by the same means.

42. Convex lenses possess the following properties, which are demonstrated by the aid of the law of refraction:—1. Every principal ray which falls upon a convex lens of limited thickness, passes through it without altering its course. 2. Rays parallel to the axis of a double convex lens, whose surface have both an equal radius (see foot note to § 39), are brought to a focus at a distance from the optical centre equal to the radius of curvature of the lens. In a plano-convex lens, the focal point is twice the radius of the curved surface of the lens. The focus for parallel rays is called the principal focal point *F*, Fig. 19).

3. Rays diverging from the principal focus of a convex lens after refraction, become parallel (as in Fig. 19). 4. If rays diverge from a point in the axis more distant than the principal focus, they converge after refraction, and it will then be found that their point of convergence is nearer the lens in proportion, as the point from which they radiated was more distant. 5. Rays which proceed from a point in the axis nearer than the principal focus diverge after refraction (as in Fig. 20), so that the lens is no longer able to make the rays converge, or even merge parallel.

43. Concave lenses possess the following properties.—1. Every principal ray is transmitted without changing its course. 2. Rays parallel to the axis diverge in such a manner that they appear to issue from the focal point of divergence (*F*, Fig. 21). If, however, the point of origin is nearer, and the incident rays consequently more divergent, it follows that the divergence of the rays after their transmission through the lens is greater than the divergence of the parallel incident rays (Fig. 21). 3. If the incident rays converge towards the focus (*F*, Fig. 21) on the other side of the lenses, the re-

fracted rays emerging from the glass are occasionally parallel to each other. 4. If the incident rays converge more strongly they will still converge after being refracted; but if they converge towards a point (*a*, Fig. 22), lying at a greater distance from the glass than the principal focal point (*f*), they will still diverge, as if they came from a point (*b*) before the lens. 5. A meniscus, or concavo-convex lens, produces the same effect on rays of light as a convex lens, and corresponds with it in focal distance. 6. A convexo-concave lens produces the same effect as concave lenses, agreeing with them in focal distance.

† So called because it resembles a little moon.

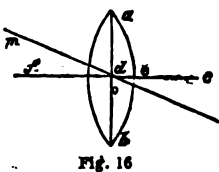


Fig. 16

fracted rays emerging from the glass are occasionally parallel to each other. 4. If the incident rays converge more strongly they will still converge after being refracted; but if they converge towards a point (*a*, Fig. 22), lying at a greater distance from the glass than the principal focal point (*f*), they will still diverge, as if they came from a point (*b*) before the lens. 5. A meniscus, or concavo-convex lens, produces the same effect on rays of light as a convex lens, and corresponds with it in focal distance. 6. A convexo-concave lens produces the same effect as concave lenses, agreeing with them in focal distance.

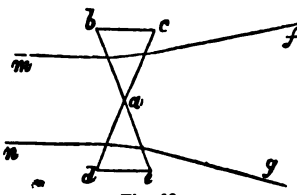


Fig. 18.



Fig. 19.



Fig. 20.

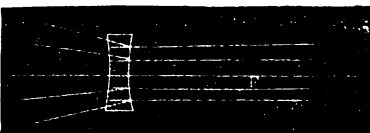


Fig. 21



Fig. 22.

44. The manner in which images are formed by means of lenses will be readily understood by reference to the accompanying diagrams.

In Fig. 23, you observe that *L L'* represent a double convex lens, which is supposed to be placed

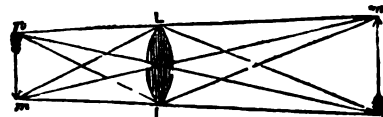


Fig. 23.

in front of a screen. If an object, such as an arrow, *M N*, be placed before it, the image will be seen on the screen in an inverted position, as *m n*. The reason is this: from the point *N*, all the rays, *N L*, *N C*, *N L'*, after refraction converge to a focus at *n*, and all the rays, *M L*, *M C*, *M L'*, proceeding from the point *M*, converge to a focus at *m*; and from every intermediate point between *M* and *N*, intermediate foci will form between *m* and *n* to produce the inverted image. The size of the image depends upon the distance of the object from the lens. For example, the nearer the object is to the lens, the larger will be the image, and the more distant the object, the smaller will be the image. As an object is advanced toward the lens, the image recedes, and becomes larger in proportion. When an object is at a distance equal to twice the focal distance, the image is equidistant from the lens on the opposite side, and is of the same size as the object.

45. Lenses give images small in proportion to the shortness of the focal distance, and enlarged images of small objects placed near to their focal point. At an equal distance from the lens, the images will be larger in such lenses as have a small focal distance, because the object is nearer the lens.

46. If the object will be within the focal distance of the lens, no convergent image of it can be formed, because the rays proceeding from a point which lies nearer to the glass than does the focus, still diverge after their passage through it. Let us suppose that the arrow, *A B* (Fig. 24), represents an object lying

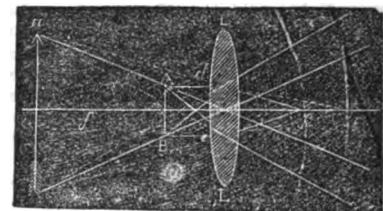


Fig. 24

within the focal distance; then the rays passing from *A* will diverge after they pass through the lens, *L L*, as if they proceeded from *a*; and the rays from *B*, as if they proceeded from *b*. If the eye be placed on the other side of the lens at *c*, which is just at the focal point, it will receive the rays of light issuing from the object, *A B*, in the same manner as if they proceeded from *a b*; and, therefore, *a b* is the image of *A B*. The object and image both lie within the angle *a b c*; but the object being nearer the lens, we see the image larger than the object.

47. Concave lenses do not produce convergent images, but only such as arise from convex lenses when the object lies within the focal distance. As a concave lens causes the rays proceeding from a point to diverge as if they came from a point lying nearer

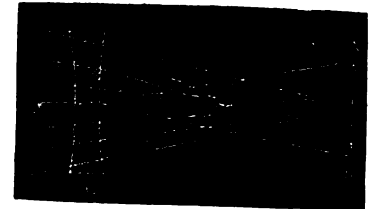


Fig. 25.

to the glass, it is evident that the concave glasses yield diminished images of objects, as may be seen in Fig. 26, where *A B* represents the object, *L L* the lens, and *a b* the image, the direction of the rays being shown in the figure. [Concluded.]

AN EXACT MAN.—“Is that the second bell?” inquired a gentleman of a sable porter, at a country boarding-house, the other day. “No sar?” exclaimed the darkey; “dat am de secon’ ringin’ of de fust bell: we has but one bell in dis house!”



### The Lover's Leap.

Many years ago, during the reign of the Emperor Charles the Fifth, a noble gentleman, Count Antonio Fregoso, was governor of the city of Verona, in Italy. The count was a widower, with one daughter, whom he passionately loved, and so entirely trusted, that, yet a girl of seventeen, she enjoyed the most perfect liberty and control over her own actions. She was beautiful, with dark full eyes and fair cheek, which yet glowed with the roseate hue of health and happiness. Single offspring of the rich Fregoso, she had many lovers, and among them there was none whom she esteemed as truly loving her, but she rather suspected the whole crowd to be moved only by the desire of possessing the richest heiress in Italy. Such ideas endowed her with a strange mixture of pride and humility; she disdained a mercenary band, who paid the lowly services of love for the sake of her wealth and rank; and she felt that her heart contained a treasure of affection, unexpended yet, but which she would gladly bestow on one, of whose disinterested love she could feel secure. While she haughtily turned away from her many suitors, she was humbled in her own eyes by the belief that her individual merit had failed to attract one truly loving heart.

A young French knight had lately been added to her train of admirers. The Chevalier Montreville was of a noble but impoverished family, and beholding the object of his affectionate idolatry surrounded and vainly courted by the most distinguished nobles of her native land, he shrank into himself, fearing to share the disdain which he found to be the portion of all who spoke to Ippolita in the language of love. The proud girl, yet unaware of the cause, marked his appearance in her *cortège* with pleasure, and she watched his movements with something like anxiety. His clear blue eyes seemed incapable of expressing anything but truth; his voice had persuasion in its tone: how was it that voice alone had never expressed love for her? This question was too soon answered. A moonlight festival—a momentary diversion from all others—an unwanted gentleness in the lovely Italian's manners, made Montreville forget his prudence and his fears. A word—a pressure of the hands—how were they answered? Ippolita had respected his silence—she replied contemptuously; nay, the unexplained internal conflict of her feelings made her answer him even angrily. She commanded his absence, and his future silence on so displeasing and barren a subject.

Some weeks after, Ippolita and many of her companions of either sex were riding on the bridge of Adige. Montreville was there; he had not dared to infringe the orders of his lady, nor urge again his suit; yet he did not despair. Nay, in spite of his disappointment, he felt sustained by his own integrity, and showed no sign of depression.

"He fancies that he loves me," thought Ippolita. "No; I am wrong; he does not even imagine such a sentiment; his conduct is dictated by the basest motives, and he has not the art of even casting a veil over them." She turned her eyes contemptuously on him, yet could any vile feeling lurk in so frank a countenance? She felt the blood glow in her cheek. How could she prove to herself whether the love he pretended were true or feigned?

The conversation turned on the subject of love. Many of her suitors spoke with enthusiasm on the subject, wishing to gain thus the confidence of Ippolita; but she turned all their highflown expressions into ridicule, and with unaccustomed bitterness forgot her usual courtesy in her tauntings. Montreville listened silently. Impatient of this show of coldness, she turned suddenly towards him, asking—"And what does our French visitant say to our Italian eloquence? 'Words, and not deeds,' are a lover's motto—think you not so, Chevalier?"

Montreville's countenance lighted up with a glow of pleasure at this address. "Since, madam," he replied, "you deign to permit me to speak on the subject of love, I shall not, I trust, be found a worse pleader than these gentlemen in its sacred cause." Then he entered on a description and a defence of the passion, so glowing, so fervent, and so sincere, that while his bright eyes flashed fire, and his cheek burnt with enthusiasm, the lids of Ippolita's dark orbs half veiled them, and the blush of confusion stained her cheek. He had described the adoration of the lover for his mistress; he descanted on his tenderness; then he spoke of his devotion—his readiness to sacrifice his life for her smile.

Towards the end of his harangue Ippolita somewhat recovered herself; and when he paused, as if concluding, she turned to him with a smile of

mockery, saying, "Fine expressions these Chevalier! and they the more confirm my saying, 'Words, not deeds.' For my part, I never saw any of these furious, fire-eating lovers who really ever burnt and were consumed. Sigh, they may, and lament, and strive to weep; but when a test should be made, the fire goes out, and—oh, miracle!—the fuel remains unconsumed."

"Madame," replied Montreville, "that I love you I have confessed, and you have not deigned to believe me, nor will you open your eyes to the burning affection that consumes me. If for a moment you could become aware of the feelings that devour me, your goodness would lead you to pity me. Since by your permission I now speak, may I not say that a fire possesses my heart, which not all the waters of the Adige that flows beneath this bridge could even allay, far less extinguish."

"Nay, the trial has not yet been made," said the proud girl, with a scornful laugh; piqued at being thus challenged to believe and acknowledge her belief in a passion whose existence she denied. "The time is opportune," she continued; "the waters flow cold at your icy feet, yet not colder than your heart; will you not prove their power over it?"

It was nearly at the end of the month of October; the change of season was already severely felt, and the north wind that blew added to the cold. When the lover heard this proud and cruel girl invite him to throw himself into the water, hurried away by youthful and rash passion, and blinded by his ardent desire to prove his truth, he replied fervently, "Most ready am I to obey you—most happy to find a way of proving my sincerity." Then, without pause, dashing his spur into his horse's sides, he forced the noble barb he rode he rode to leap from the bridge into the swift and foaming river.

The Adige is very deep, and rapid, and difficult of navigation, especially near the bridges, on account of the gulfs and whirlpools; and now, in consequence of recent rains, it was swollen and tempestuous. The horse, born down by the burthen of his rider, sank at once to the bottom; then, like a ball which rebounds from the ground on which it has been flung, he rose again to the surface, with the youth still in the saddle. Then he began, with pant and strain, to breast the water transversely towards the shore, guided by Montreville; and gaining somewhat on the current he drew near the banks. The youth, who still kept his seat, turned his head towards his proud mistress.

"Behold, lady of my heart," he cried with a loud voice, "behold, I am in the midst of the waters! yet, bathed as I am by their icy waves, I feel no cold; and feeling them all around me, they in no way allay the fever of my love; but the rather, my true heart burns with a purer and steadier flame in despite of their chilling influence."

His companions, who were still on the bridge, remained astonished and frightened; and overcome by the sight presented to them by the courageous and undaunted Montreville, they stood as if senseless, speechless, wonder-stricken. The youth, who gazed more intently on the beautiful Ippolita than on the course of his horse, reached the bank of the river, but in a place where a high wall was immediately at the edge, so that he was unable to land. He was therefore obliged to direct his course towards a spot where the sloping bank promised a safe exit from the river. Desiring to turn his horse with the rein, spurring him at the same time, the water striking his sides violently as he turned, and rushing between his legs, threw him over: so that the ardent Montreville, notwithstanding all his exertions, lost his stirrups and his seat; but still keeping hold of the rein, and thus leading his horse, he came again to the surface of the water.

At this frightful and pitiable spectacle all the persons assembled on the bridge and on the banks began to cry for help. Still, Montreville did not loose his presence of mind; so, instantly loosening and casting from him his cloak, he quitted his horse's rein, leaving him to guide himself instinctively to a place of safety. He was now prepared for swimming; and though his dress was cumbersome, and his heavy sword was belted to his side, yet he strove gallantly with his watery enemy. There were no boats near, nor was there any person who would risk his life by endeavoring to aid him: but all who beheld him assisted only by their cries. The women weeping, and trembling with fear, stood overcome by terror, watching the result of this rash and perilous enterprise.

The proud Ippolita, who before had never given credit to the existence of so true a passion, softened by so horrible and fearful an event as this seemed likely to be, and deeply compassionating her hapless lover, cried aloud for help, and passionately

entreated the standers-by to go to his assistance; but no one dared to make an attempt to save him, which would have put their own lives in similar peril.

Montreville was an excellent swimmer, and had been accustomed to such hardy and dangerous pastime; so that when he saw his dear mistress weeping bitterly, and demonstrating by her manner her fears on his account, he felt himself sweetly rewarded for all that he had risked; and such delight filled his heart that his strength seemed to increase with his joy, and the idea of danger was entirely forgotten. So, swimming with undaunted heart, and dexterously cutting through the opposing waves, each moment he gained on his enemy, and approached a feasible landing place; and though impeded by his heavy garments, and weighed down by his sword, yet he contrived to cast from him the waters, and so to conquer their power, that he reached the sloping bank, and getting on land, hastened in safety towards the spot where Ippolita and her companions were. His horse, following in his master's wake, also gained the landing place, and was led away by the chevalier's servants.

Love and truth the while achieved a complete victory. Ippolita felt her whole heart dissolve in pity and compassion for her lover, so that to have saved him from the waves she would most willingly have put her own life in similar peril; but knowing no means whereby to assist him, she called aloud for help, weeping the while, and frantically wringing her hands.

When the gallant Frenchman had landed, wet as he was, he respectfully approached the lovely girl, saying, "I am returned, dearest lady. Behold my heart, still burning with love and devotion for thee, as it will continue to do, even till death!"

Ippolita was surrounded by the flower of the Italian nobility; she stood bright in loveliness, power, and youth; but pride was extinguished in her bosom. Thus, as Montreville stood, the water dripping from his garments, his cheek, which had glowed with enthusiasm, now became ashy pale from his violent exertions. Then, as he humbly and gently presented himself before her, Ippolita cast herself into his arms, exclaiming, "Love, you have conquered! Montreville—I am yours for ever!"

**THE ADJUSTMENT OF OUR SYSTEM.**—When a little snow drop, which in our garden-walks we may see raising its beautiful head, to remind us that spring is at hand was created, the whole mass of the earth from pole to pole, and from circumference to centre, must have been taken into account and weighed, in order that the proper degree of strength might be given to the fibres even of this little plant. Botanists tell us, that the constitution of this plant is such as to require that at a certain stage of its growth, the stalk should bend, and the flower should bow its head, that an operation may take place, which is necessary, in order that the herb should produce seed after its kind; and that, after this, its vegetable health requires that it should lift its head again, and stand erect. Now, if the mass of the earth had been greater or less, the force of gravity would have been different. In that case, the strength of fibre in the snowdrop, as it is, would have been too much or too little. The plant could not bow or raise its head at the right time: fecundation could not take place, and its family would have become extinct with the first individual that was planted; because its "seed" would not have been "in itself," and therefore it could not reproduce itself. Now, if we see such perfect adaptation—such exquisite adjustment in the case of one of the smallest flowers of the field, how much more may we not expect "compensation" in the atmosphere—upon the right adjustment and due performance of which depends, not only the life of that plant, but the well-being of every individual that is found in the entire vegetable and animal kingdoms of the world. When the east winds blow for a little while, they bring us air saturated with moisture from the gulf-stream, and we complain of the sultry, oppressive, heavy atmosphere. The invalid grows worse, and the well man feels ill; because, when he takes this atmosphere into his lungs, it is already so charged with moisture that it cannot take up and carry off that which encumbers his lungs, and which nature has caused to be deposited there, that this atmosphere may take up and carry off. At other times the air is dry and hot: he feels that it is conveying off matter from the lungs too fast; he realizes the idea that it is consuming him, and he calls it "parching."

MISERY acquaints a man with strange bedfellows.



### Enterprising Men of the Present Age.

In the then quiet little village of Castleton, on Staten Island, lived, at the commencement of the present century, the family of the Vanderbilts, who had been amongst the first settlers of this lovely spot. The father, a man remarkable for strong common sense, was a waterman, cultivating, however, when not engaged in his regular business pursuits, a small farm, in which he was assisted by his family, at that time consisting of three boys and six girls. The fourth child and second son of this family is the present CORNELIUS VANDERBILT, a name which, during the past few years, has become familiar to us as that of one of the most thoroughly practical men our generation and country have produced. Like many of our other great men—indeed, like Washington himself—Vanderbilt owes the formation of his character, and perhaps also some portion of that brilliant success with which all his undertakings have been so eminently crowned, to the skillful training of his mother, who was a large, masculine woman, and endowed with considerable energy of character.

During the winter months, the future pioneer of the Nicaragua route attended the school of his district; while the summer months were divided between the bay and the farm. At sixteen, however, he left home for good, and betook himself nearly wholly to the bay and river, where his boat might at any time be seen, either shooting into one of the numerous harbors of Staten Island, or swiftly gliding past the Battery at New York. Even at this early period his energy and skill enabled him to accomplish what, at this time, very few young men succeed in bringing about; for although he had paid over to his mother, out of his regular earnings, one thousand dollars every year since he had left home, yet before he was twenty he had accumulated sufficient means to warrant him in offering his hand to Miss Sophia Johnson, also a Castleton lady, and a neighbor's child.

We select one little incident, out of several we have heard related of him as occurring at this period of his life, which will show not only his courage and skilful management of a boat, but at the same time that self-reliance which, in later years, enabled him to establish the ocean steamers known as the Nicaragua line, and, still more recently, that one now running between New York and Havre.

Late in the winter of 1817, news reached New York that a large vessel from Europe, with a valuable cargo and half a million of dollars in specie, had been cast away on Sandy Hook, and was rapidly breaking up. The news had reached the city early in the morning, and the authorities, and those more immediately interested, had at once despatched to the unfortunate ship all the assistance they could command. The weather, however, was bad, and even the temptation of great gain, could not induce either the owners or crews of the craft engaged to risk all in what, from the first, had appeared a forlorn hope.

Mid-day came, and all was consternation in Wall street; while an anxious crowd on Broadway and the Battery, every moment expecting to receive news from the sinking ship, waited in fearful expectation for the announcement of what now seemed most likely to be the terrible result. Amongst them was young Vanderbilt. He had often, alone, been obliged to manage his boat in severe tempests, but the storm

that was now raging appalled even his strong heart. He leaned quietly, however, against the railing of the Battery, and attentively surveyed the gloomy sky and the raging flood. He well understood both, and his mind was rapidly made up. Quickly, but quietly, he pushed his way through the trembling crowd, and hastened to the news bulletin. Here, on a small card, he announced his intention of starting, in his little sail-boat, for the wreck at 3 P.M. Even at that day people had confidence in his accomplishing whatever he proposed to undertake; and it was not long before the cashier of the United States Bank—whose half million was now considered as irretrievably lost—called upon him, and asked what he expected to do down at the wreck.

"Get the money out, and bring it up to New York," was the reply.

"We have already sent," said the cashier, unwilling, possibly, that the brave man should risk his

was immediately engaged, at a salary of \$60 a month, by the late Thomas Gibbons, of New Jersey, who was then engaged in breaking up the steam navigation monopoly of Livingston and Company. He had not, however, been in Mr. Gibbons's employment more than three months, before his great energy and extraordinary skill in navigation procured him a ready, but unsought, acknowledgment at the hands of his employer in an increase of salary. After remaining twelve years in the service of Mr. Gibbons, Vanderbilt, finding that his family was becoming large, determined that it was about time that he should begin to look more actively after their immediate interest. During these twelve years of unflinching perseverance on his part, Mr. Gibbons had died, and his son succeeded to the business. Perhaps not so much accustomed as his father to the necessary details of the large concern which he had inherited, young Gibbons felt that the loss of

Vanderbilt's services would materially affect his future success.

"You must not," he said, "leave if money is an object; take \$5000 a year and remain with me; for I feel that my business must be wound up if you go."

Vanderbilt, however, refused this brilliant offer, alleging that, as the other captains in Mr. Gibbons's service got no more than a thousand dollars a year, he could not, consistently with the general interests of all concerned, agree to receive so much larger a salary than they did.

Mr. Gibbons was not satisfied with this reply, and at once asked—"How much is my stage and steam-boat property between New York and Philadelphia worth?"

"One hundred and three thousand dollars," replied Vanderbilt.

"Well, then, take it at your own valuation, and pay me when you have made the money; for without your aid I will not carry on the concern a single day."

This was indeed a tempting offer, and one which few men in Vanderbilt's position would have been able to resist. The business profits were \$40,000 the year, and there was, consequently, every prospect that a few years would have made him not only a free but a wealthy man. Vanderbilt, however, felt that he could not accept the offer proposed, as Mr. Gibbons's partners were men with whom he could not in any way cooperate. "I can fight your battles," he urged, in declining, "but am not disposed to wage a continuous war with my partners."

It will still be in the recollection of many of our readers that, soon after the discovery of steam, the

legislature of New York granted certain privileges for navigating the waters of the Hudson to Livingston & Co. The State of New Jersey, in consideration of the river flowing between the two States, naturally took umbrage at this monopoly. Mr. Thomas Gibbons, assisted by some of his own personal friends, determined to break it up, and ran several steamers on the river in spite of the acts of the New York legislature. At the time of Mr. Vanderbilt's first engagement to the company, the struggle was at its height. For months afterwards he was arrested every time he ran a steamer in on the New York side of the river. To his energy, perseverance, and skill, however, the effectual breaking up of this extraordinary monopoly must be attributed—although, some six years before he finally left Mr. Gibbons, the Courts of the United States had declared any such laws unconstitutional. Vanderbilt felt, consequently, that he was now fully at liberty to consult



CORNELIUS VANDERBILT

life, a steamer, a revenue cutter, and several boats to her assistance, and what can be done, they will do."

"That may well be," rejoined young Vanderbilt, "but you have not got the man there to do the thing; I will bring that money up to-night."

He did so. In the first early hour of the morning he informed the cashier the bullion was safe. The cashier's fears were now at rest, and quietly, no doubt, and calmly he slept until the morning, when he generously presented Vanderbilt, by whose skilfully applied energy the money had alone been saved, with one thousand dollars!

The first three years of his married life were highly successful, since at their close he already found himself in possession of \$7,500, wholly earned by his boats. At this time, 1817, being in his twenty-third year, he determined to sell out his boats and remove his family to New York, where he



his own personal interests, and therefore determined to commence business again on his own account.

In 1828, then, he leased, for twelve years, the Elizabethtown ferry from his late employer, who had been running his steamers at a loss for some

the ferry back again, for little over half the sum they had originally paid him. He ran it now again for three years, and, by his skilful management, succeeded in making a handsome profit. He then sold it to its present owners for the neat little sum of \$100,000.

regarded with no small amount of disfavor by a portion of the public. But, under the circumstances, there is little doubt but that Mr. Vanderbilt acted throughout in accordance with that spirit and energy which form such marked features of his character.

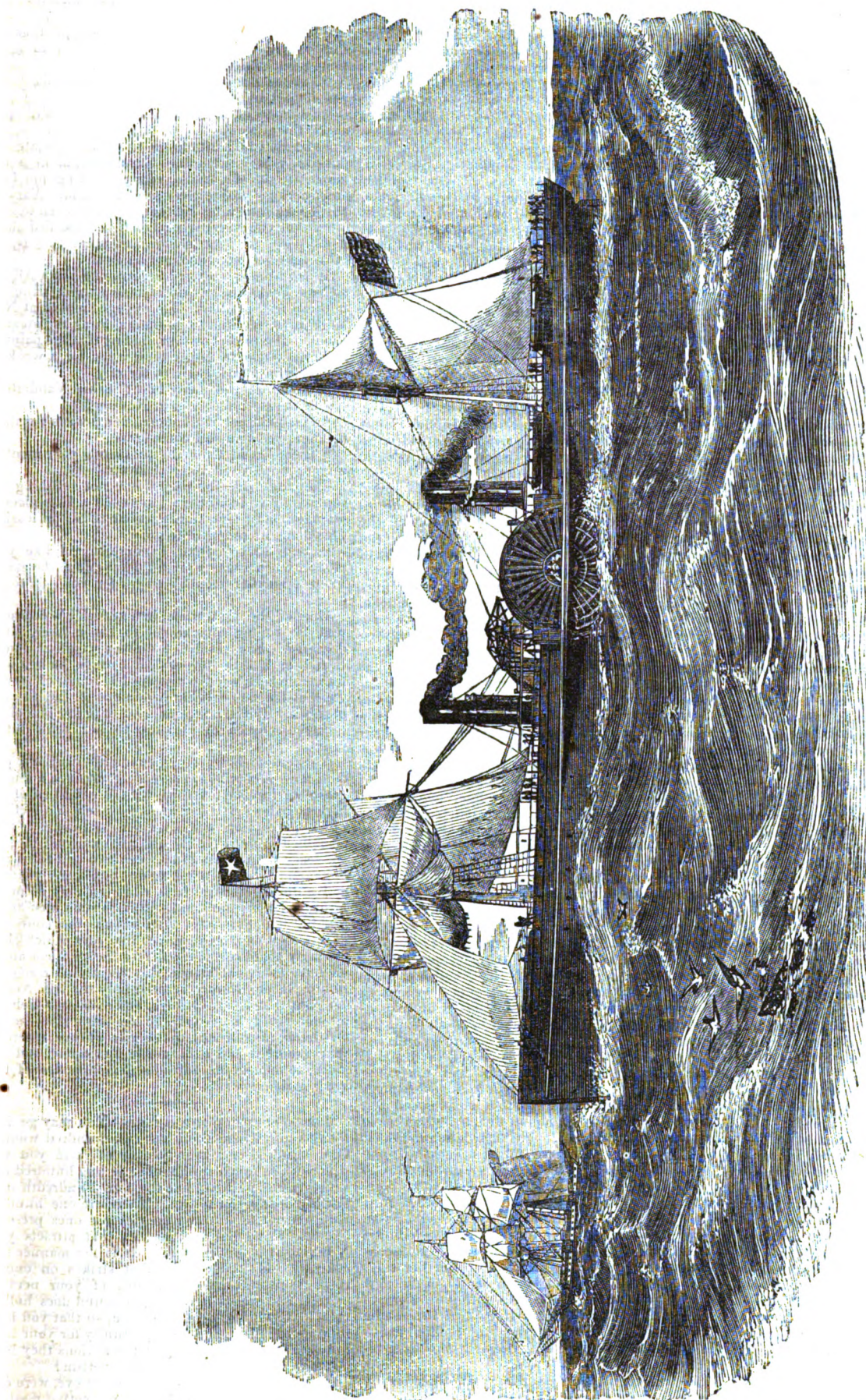
Mr. Gibbons had already sold out his interest in the concern, and Mr. Gibbons was the only one of the company who can be said to have been the patron of young Vanderbilt. The Stevens', of Hoboken, and several others, had succeeded to the interest of Mr. Gibbons, and had altered the whole aspect of the company. It was now a joint-stock concern, regularly organized, the shares being \$1000 each. Every captain who had ever been in the service of the original company was offered shares, except Vanderbilt alone. He consequently could not feel bound to them in any way; and since the interests of the public required it, he started the "Dispatch Line," which he conducted with such an amount of vigor as to compel the Stevens' and their company to stifle the opposition by an arrangement. Under this arrangement it has been supposed that Mr. Vanderbilt obtained a large sum. But this is far from being the case; he himself received nothing; and only insisted that those associates who, formerly belonging to the original Gibbons' company, had joined him, should be protected from any loss. The number of his steamers was rapidly increasing. In 1830 he successfully established a line between Norwalk, Bridgeport, and New York. Two years afterwards he had a line of steamboats on the North River, making regular passages between Peekskill, Sing Sing, and this city. In 1834 the great North River companies started an opposition, with the declared determination of running Captain Vanderbilt off the river. In order to meet this opposition, Vanderbilt immediately withdrew his "way line," and started with first-class steamers, running all the way from Albany to New York. This was the first struggle on the river. After running throughout the summer, at the reduced rate of fifty cents a passage, at that time an unheard of reduction of fare, Vanderbilt, in the following spring, agreed to withdraw his steamers on the old companies paying him for the loss he had incurred by the destruction of his business connected with the Peekskill line. His principal reason, however, for withdrawing was, that wider fields for his skill and enterprise were now opening out before him.

In 1837 he not only ran an independent line of steamers between Hartford and New York, but also bought out the New York and New Haven line, both of which he carried on successfully until the establishment of the railroads between the above cities,

time. In the first eight years he made \$80,000, and then sold out the balance of the lease for a similar sum to the Elizabethtown Ferry Company, which, however, failed to make the business pay. After a lapse of five years, the company sold Mr. Vanderbilt

During this time Mr. Vanderbilt had established the "Dispatch Line" between New York and Philadelphia. This was an opposition line to the one with which he had been so long connected. At the period in question, the establishment of this line was

when he sold out the latter line to the railroad company to avoid competition. Before he did this, however, he had established a steamboat line between New York and Providence, as some reply to an attack made upon him by the different steamboat



THE STEAM-SHIP NORTH STAR



companies running through Stonington, Norwich, and Worcester. But he soon found this line would not work well unless at the same time he had one engaged in running to Boston, *via* Providence; and, consequently, immediately on the opening of the Stonington railroad he put his two splendid steamers, the *Lexington* and *Narragansett*, on this route. He worked the line very successfully for one year, and then sold it out to the present company, with an express verbal understanding that neither party should in any way afterwards interfere with the interests of the others in their future steamboat operations. The steamer *Lexington*, as many of our readers will still recollect, was unfortunately burnt: we need hardly say that this sad accident occurred after Mr. Vanderbilt ceased to have any connection with the line. Mr. Vanderbilt hitherto, indeed, in spite of having so many large steamers constantly afloat, either through his own active general superintendence, or that good fortune which some sailors are said to be born with, has never yet had to regret any great loss of life, through any accident that may have occurred to his various vessels.

Some three years after this time, the company to which Vanderbilt had sold his line—and this notwithstanding the agreement they had entered into with him—united with his opponents on the Norwich and Worcester line in getting up an opposition line between New York and New Haven. This conduct on their part necessarily created no little trouble between themselves and Vanderbilt. From the first he wished, and through his exertions ultimately was able, to bring them to agree to refer the whole question at issue between them to disinterested parties. The referees decided at once in Vanderbilt's favor, having awarded him very heavy damages for the losses he had been subjected to. The day succeeding, however, this decision, he was informed that the parties had already entered into such arrangements as would wholly prevent them from withdrawing their opposition, and they therefore refused to abide by the award even of their own referees. This conduct Vanderbilt could not understand, and it was not in his nature to consent willingly and without a struggle to be crowded down. He consequently said in this terse way—

"I give you, gentlemen, thirty days to comply with the decision that has been made. Should you still refuse, I will not resort to the law, for its action is too slow, but will punish you for breaking your agreement in a more effectual manner by at once putting on a competing line to Boston, *via* Providence."

Vanderbilt now entered into an agreement with the President of the Boston and Providence Railroad, by which the President undertook to carry his passengers on as fair terms as those by the Stonington line. This course of action at once compelled the Stonington line to withdraw their steamers. The defeated company now formed a combination with the Norwich and Worcester line, and the Boston and Providence Railroad, to force Vanderbilt to raise his fare from New York to Boston to four dollars, or suffer from the disagreeable alternative of the railroad refusing to carry his passengers. This combination represented altogether a capital of about seven millions of dollars; but Vanderbilt was still not to be beaten down, and firmly declared that no combination whatever should regulate the fare on his boats. And so he continued his line throughout the season, carrying his passengers from New York to Boston for one dollar each—the whole of which he had to pay as regular fare to the railroad.

This operation could of course be carried on only at a severe loss to all parties concerned, but more especially so to the combination, which eventually sued for peace. This was at last granted on somewhat easy terms, Vanderbilt only insisting that certain parties who had been very active in introducing the opposition to the New Haven line, and which was the origin of the whole difficulty, should not participate in any advantages to accrue from matters being amicably arranged. Vanderbilt now withdrew the Boston and Providence line and placed it immediately on the Norwich route, as the proprietors of the Norwich line had been instrumental in creating the opposition at New Haven. The Norwich line was entirely successful; so much so, indeed, as to have compelled the old line to leave the field entirely free to Vanderbilt. On the opening of the Long Island Railroad he sold all out to that company, and so ended his Eastern operations.

In 1851, when great complaints were made that the accommodation for passengers to California was not only too small but by far too expensive, Mr. Vanderbilt started a line of steamers, running from New York to Nicaragua and St. John's River. This

line was energetically continued until 1853, in the teeth of a very strong opposition, which was supported by a grant from the United States government of nearly \$800,000, and under the direction of George Law. In this year (1853), however, he sold his Atlantic and Pacific steamers to the company which has so ably made the successful building of a railroad across the Isthmus of Panama one more glorious proof of American industry and skill.

At this time Mr. Vanderbilt possessed considerable property on Staten Island and elsewhere, amounting to upwards of five hundred thousand dollars; and besides many other vessels, &c., he held the three lines of steamboats running to New Brighton, Factoryville, Port Richmond, the Quarantine, Stapleton, Perth Amboy, and other places. These, together with the docks, landings, buildings, and water rights, he sold out to a company, in order that he might have time and leisure to proceed with his family to Europe in the *North Star*. This vessel was built under his own immediate supervision, and, as our readers will perceive from our engraving, is a model of beauty, combined with strength and durability. She is now on her first voyage to Europe as a passenger vessel; and although connoisseurs in naval architecture bespeak for her a speed equal to any of the Collins or Cunard lines, yet it was not so much the design of her owner to produce the fastest vessel afloat as to present a noble specimen of American mechanical skill. However, in the course of Mr. Vanderbilt's pleasure trip to Europe, her log shows that during one twenty-four hours she ran 344 miles—the greatest number ever made by an Atlantic steamer by 15 miles in 24 hours.

On the 21st of May, 1853, Mr. Vanderbilt sailed from New York for Southampton, and before he returned visited the North Sea, the Baltic, and the Mediterranean. Wherever he went he was the "observed of all observers," giving the monarchs of the Old World a more perfect idea than they hitherto had of the wealth, commercial prosperity, and refinement which exists in our great western republic. During this visit to Europe, Mr. Vanderbilt became satisfied that the facilities of communication between America and England were altogether insufficient, and that the interests of our growing commerce imperatively required that they should be greatly increased in extent and improved in description. The subsequent withdrawal, in a great measure, of the Cunard line to the transport service of Great Britain brought the subject forcibly to his attention that soon after his return he made an offer to the Postmaster-General to run a semi-monthly line, which, by alternating with "the Collins' line," would form an independent weekly communication, requiring for the performance of the mail service \$15,000 the voyage out and home, a sum somewhat less than half that paid to Mr. Collins. Had the general government accepted his offer, Vanderbilt would have been able to show the world that we can stand up in any trade without greater protection than the British government give to their citizens. As it is, with the prospect of a long European war before us, and the certainty of most of the steamers of the Cunard line being taken up by the English government for war purposes, we must quietly submit to have our mails from Europe reach us not only somewhat irregularly but at far longer intervals than the commercial prosperity of our country and our rapidly-increasing trade would seem to demand. Convinced, however, that boats can cross the Atlantic without any aid whatever from government, and make money, Mr. Vanderbilt commenced last month to address an argument to his adversaries of the most powerful kind. He has determined that he will no longer found his future arguments upon theory, but upon practice. And so, on the 21st of April last, the *North Star* took her place on an independent line which he has established between New York and Havre, in France, to be succeeded by an entirely new steamer, the *Ariel*. Mr. Vanderbilt is also building for this line a new steamship at Greenpoint, which will be the largest vessel of her class afloat. The inauguration, consequently, of this new line gives us ten ocean steamers from New York, of which Vanderbilt will own and control three—the same number as those forming the Collins' line—while the present Havre and Bremen lines have respectively two each.

Floating about amongst the "old salts," many anecdotes about the earlier days of the pioneer of independent ocean steam navigation are still to be met with; but we have little room now to spare, and can only indulge our readers with one or two, observing, however, beforehand, that if they seem somewhat rough, they are nevertheless characteristic of the man.

Years ago, then, Vanderbilt being with some few

of his friends on board of one of his numerous river steamers, the pilot intimated to him that it was a little hazardous to go poking around the harbor with such a large vessel. Vanderbilt, however, gave him peremptory orders to do as he was directed, and hold his tongue.

"We'll ground there, sir," urged the pilot, as the ship neared Governor's Island, in order to reach some point designated by the owner.

"I'm commander here," cried Vanderbilt, "and you do just as I tell you!"

"Be aground in two minutes more, sir," persisted the pilot.

Vanderbilt told him to go to a warm climate and put the vessel through. Sure enough, in a few moments, up she came, nearly breaking her back and knocking all her guests off their feet. Vanderbilt looked somewhat confused, but hastened to say:

"Pilot, you were right; but if you had lied about it, I'd have put you ashore instant; as it is, I'll raise your wages ten dollars a month!"

When he was engaged in running from Albany to New York, one of his steamers was at Hudson, refitting and painting. He engaged a pilot at New York, directing him to go up and bring the steamer down. The pilot, however, finding that the painters were not likely to finish their work for a week or two, returned back again to the city.

"What are you doing here?" asked Vanderbilt; "why the d—! ain't you in Hudson?"

"The painters ain't done, sir; I wasn't wanted up there yet, and so I came down."

"There," said Vanderbilt, "there's your month's wages; don't want you; clear out."

The pilot took the wages, but not relishing the summary dismissal, gave Vanderbilt a little piece of his mind, after a fashion peculiar to his profession. This done, he prepared to go.

"Come back!" cried Vanderbilt, "I like your pluck; when I was a pilot, I'd have done the same! There's another month's wages for you—go to the boat!"

One of the best traits in Vanderbilt's character was his strong attachment to his mother, lately deceased. She resided for many years at Staten Island, in a little low-walled cottage he had built for her, whose windows peeped through clustering vines at the ever-moving panorama of the bay and narrows. But she is gone, and with her one of the greatest sources of pleasure to her son's future years.

Vanderbilt, however, is eminently cautious, prudent, and self-reliant, possessing at once a mighty grasp of intellect, united with capabilities of the highest order. His knowledge of men, his tact, his quick perception and dignified self-control have combined to make his life hitherto one great success. Possessing a fortune of between two and three millions, and having in all probability many years of active life still before him, what he may do in the future, time can only tell. But to such men as he, nothing is impossible. And should the course of events take, in coming years, that turn which alone probably could call him out into the political arena, we have every confidence that we should recognise in him, through every act, not only the true American, but that vigor, courage, and success which has attended every movement he has made since he left Castleton, (a poor lad), to the present time, when his vast resources and skill enable him alone, and unaided, to oppose the subsidised monopolies of two great nations.

**THE WOUNDS OF THE HEART.**—You may go into a ball-room where there are two hundred women. One hundred and ninety-nine of them you will pass with as much indifference as one hundred and ninety-nine pullets; but the two hundredth irresistibly draws you to her. There are one hundred handsomer and ninety-nine cleverer ones present; but she alone has the magnet that attracts you. Now, what is that magnet? Is it her manner that charms? Is it her voice that strikes on one of those thousand-and-one chords of your nervous system, and makes it vibrate, as sound does hollow glass? Or do her eyes affect you, so that you have no time to reflect, and no opportunity for your head to judge how you can digest the notions they have put into it? Or is it animal magnetism?

Two boys, one of them blind of an eye, were discoursing on the merits of their respective masters. "How many hours do you get for sleep?" said one. "Eight!" replied the other. "Eight!" why I only get four." "Ah!" said the first, "but recollect you have only one eye to close, and I have two."

**PLAYING BY EAR.**—"Do you play by the ear?" inquired a pupil of a dancing-school fiddler. "No, my dear, I play by the night!"



## Outlines of Popular Science.

Continued from page 238.

"Well, time admonishes me to be brief with this element, oxygen—admonishes me to pass on to the consideration of other subjects. Proceeding, therefore, with our investigations, it is very natural for us to try to discover, and I am sure you would like to know, since Oxygen is the virtue, the power of atmospheric air, what the other part of atmospheric air consists of. I did not introduce oxygen to you for a long time by name, but went on describing quality after quality; now I shall follow the opposite plan with its associate, and term it nitrogen at once. Some chemists term it azote, meaning the life destroyer; but there are many other gases equally capable of destroying life, although none else are capable, when united with oxygen and potash in a particular way, of forming the substance nitre; therefore, surely the term nitrogen, which expresses this quality, is more appropriate of the two. How shall we generate nitrogen? Think a little, and I am sure the principle will occur to you. If the air consists of oxygen and nitrogen, and if oxygen alone is burned away by combustion, is it not evident that nitrogen, mixed with the product of combustion, must remain? On this principle we obtain nitrogen, and the mode of obtaining it as follows:—

"An empty bell glass, as in ordinary language we should call it, that is to say, a bell glass containing atmospheric air, is inverted over a little flame, containing ignited phosphorus, and placed swimming on the surface of some water. The phosphorus burns as usual, and in the operation of burning removes the whole of the oxygen present, combining

with it and forming these white, flocculent, particles, which, perhaps, you may remember as being composed of phosphoric acid, and which may easily be removed by agitation with water. This being done, nitrogen remains. Nitrogen is, altogether, a very peculiar body. I can show an experiment illustrative of its power, as I did with oxygen. All I shall show you is an experiment which you will perhaps say, shows nothing at all, although, it is an experiment which really shows a great deal. In the first place, you see it will not allow the combustion of a taper immersed in it to proceed, but immediately puts out the flame. In this it does not differ from the gas developed by burning charcoal in oxygen; therefore, for anything we know at present to the contrary, they may both be the same. We shall soon prove, however, that they are not the same, because, if I throw a portion of lime water, perfectly clear and transparent, into the jar in which the charcoal was burned, and shake the whole together, the lime-water turns white; whereas, if I do the same with nitrogen gas, no whiteness results. By this simple test, then, may we distinguish these two invisible gases.

"If this is the only thing nitrogen can do, you may, perhaps, say with yourselves, if it can only not whiten lime-water—this nitrogen must be altogether a powerless substance, and its glorious associate, oxygen, is called the virtue of atmospheric air to some purpose. Arrive at no such rash conclusion; it would be very wrong. Nitrogen, although seemingly powerless in itself, is possessed of the most extraordinary powers.

"Very few elements, perhaps, can display such numerous qualities—can do, as we may term it, so many different things as nitrogen can. In certain proportions it can associate itself with oxygen, and constitute the atmosphere we breathe—whilst, in other proportions, the very same elements generate, by their union, the powerful corrosive liquid, called aquafortis. Is not this extraordinary? We all know how bland, how innocent, how harmless is atmospheric air, how it bathes our skin, and pervades our lungs, although we are scarcely conscious of its presence; consider, then, what the effect would have been had we been surrounded with aquafortis! If you are engaged much in chemical experiments, you will, as the chances are, soon have evidences of its corrosive action on your fingers and dress. One does not, however, purposely seek for this evidence, for which reason, I find a substitute in a sheet of dry parchment. Upon this I pour a few drops of nitric acid, (aquafortis), and you see the result. The parchment becomes yellow and shrivelled, crumbling up, smoking—and eventually it is destroyed."

"We have now examined several combustible bodies, and we have seen each in succession pre-

sent different qualities to our notice; but, during all our investigations, we have not yet met with a combustible gas. There are many such, however; but the one to which I shall first draw your attention is hydrogen, an expression which signifies the water-former; because, when this gas burns, the result of its combustion is neither a solid, nor a permanent gas, but steam, the vapor of water. Accordingly, water, thought by the ancients to have been an element, is really a compound of hydrogen and something else; and this something, you are now prepared to understand, is hydrogen. It should follow, therefore, that hydrogen should be capable of extraction from water; and it is in this way we do extract it for the purpose of experiment. There are various processes for obtaining hydrogen, all of them depending on its extraction by methods more or less direct from the liquid water."

The lecturer now proceeded to extract hydrogen gas by the most direct means known to chemists; namely, by subjecting water, in a convenient apparatus, to the action of voltaic or galvanic electricity. The reader will scarcely have the means of performing the experiment, but we shall describe it nevertheless. It is one of those experiments which can be understood on paper, without performance; and which, being understood, facilitate the comprehension of the subject to which they refer. The apparatus necessary for separating water into its

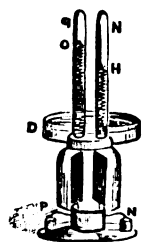


Fig. 28.

two component gases is as follows:—P and N represent respectively two glass tubes, placed standing upright, as we have frequently described, in a dish, D, of glass, or porcelain. N<sup>+</sup> P<sup>+</sup>, are platinum wires communicating each with its own glass tube, at one end, and with the poles of a galvanic battery at the points N<sup>+</sup> P<sup>+</sup>. Now, immediately the voltaic influence is communicated to the platinum wires, the two upright tubes, already filled with water, become pervaded with bubbles of gas, and these bubbles gradually rising through the column of water ultimately unite and form gaseous spaces in the upper or closed part of the tubes. Let us here remark, that in the above diagram, P and P<sup>+</sup> stand for positive; N and N<sup>+</sup> for negative; finally O and H for hydrogen and oxygen respectively. Hence, from an examination of the diagram, it will be observed that in the decomposition of water, hydrogen goes to the negative and oxygen to the positive tube. It will be observed, moreover, that if the operation be stopped at any given period, the total amount of hydrogen developed, will be double, by measure, the amount of oxygen. Hence, it necessarily follows, that water must be a compound of two parts, by measure,—of hydrogen, combined with one part, by measure, of oxygen. The latter statement will be plainly evident; and scarcely less evident will it be that the composition of water by volume may be represented in a diagram, thus, where the amount of hydrogen contained is indicated by a square, and the corresponding amount of oxygen by half a square.



Fig. 29.

"We have now obtained hydrogen," continued Professor Faraday, appealing to the result of the previously described experiment; "but we have also obtained oxygen. The water has been rent into its two elements, hydrogen and oxygen, each developed in a separate form. As regards oxygen, our old friend, we can easily recognise it by the well-known quality of increasing the combustion of an incandescent piece of wood. Let us, therefore, try,—yes, you observe there can be no doubt about its nature; this gas is oxygen. Now for the other gas, hydrogen, I must tell you beforehand that it is considerably lighter than atmospheric air; for which reason, in conducting any experiments on this gas, contained in jars or tubes, we must hold them upside down, mouth downwards. Accordingly, I hold the mouth of the tube containing hydrogen, upside down, and insert a lighted chip. The combustion, you will observe, is immediately extinguished, a fact which demonstrates the gas in question not to be oxygen, not to be atmospheric air. Continuing to observe the appearances which take place (and, here, I may state, that philosophers should be ever observing); continuing, I say, to observe the appearances which take place, it will be seen, that, although the gas itself does not support combustion, yet itself burns whenever it comes in contact with the external air; thus giving rise to a bluish lambent flame surrounding the mouth of the tube.

"Hence you have been shown the leading characteristics of hydrogen gas; its freedom from odor,

its lightness, its power of burning, although not capable of supporting combustion. It is true I have developed hydrogen immediately from water, by means of voltaic influence, as you have seen. I adopted this process as a sort of introduction, calculated to display the nature of water; but it is not the process usually adopted by chemists, or calculated to yield hydrogen with the greatest facility."

The usual plan of developing hydrogen in large quantities was thus shown, and the steps of which shall now be described. If into a clean Florence flask, supplied with perforated cork and bent tube, some fragments of the metal zinc or iron, be put into a mixture of one part, by measure, of oil of vitriol, to which about six of water, be added, copious evolution of hydrogen will ensue, not so pure as when obtained by the galvanization of water, inasmuch as it combines with certain impurities, from which neither zinc nor iron is ever free, but developed in far greater quantities. From this source, and in this manner, let the reader procure his stock of hydrogen, attending to the following instructions. First of all, as concerns the metal, zinc. It must be used divided into small pieces, and this division may be effected, at a great expenditure of trouble, by clipping sheets of zinc with a pair of scissors. Chemists, however, do not follow this plan. It is far too inconvenient and too tardy. They take some of the metal zinc; it matters not in what form, whether in sheet, or in lump. They fuse the metal in an iron ladle (it fuses with scarcely greater difficulty than lead), and, finally, when fused, they pour it in a very small stream into a vessel of cold water. The result of this treatment is, that the metal gets divided into innumerable little granules of different sizes and shapes. Zinc, in this condition, is, therefore, said to be granulated, and granulated zinc is the proper form in which it should be used for the purpose of developing hydrogen.

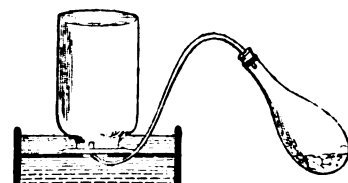


Fig. 30.

With an apparatus, such as that we have described, and which is represented in the accompanying sketch, hydrogen may be very readily prepared and collected, either in bottles, as our diagram represents, or in glass jars. One of the leading characteristics of hydrogen, namely, its combustible power, may be illustrated by an apparatus still more simple than that above described, a bottle, supplied with perforated cork and tobacco-pipe shank. The proper mixture of oil of vitriol and water, being put into a bottle of this kind, along with granulated zinc, hydrogen in abundance is given off, and passes through the tobacco-pipe shank, at which point it may be ignited, or to which a moistened bladder, or a bag of gold-beater's skin, may be attached by means of a piece of string. In using such an instrument, however, as just described, one point is essentially necessary to remember. The first portions of gas evolved, should neither be ignited or collected, inasmuch as they are necessarily contaminated with that portion of atmospheric air originally existing in the Florence flask.



Fig. 31.

This bottle, supplied with perforated cork and tobacco-pipe, the reader should prepare, even in addition to the other apparatus, than which it will be more convenient for the performance of certain experiments hereafter to be indicated.

"And so," continued the lecturer, "water, is a compound of oxygen and hydrogen, in the proportion of one of the former to two of the latter. If, therefore, we mix these gases, in such proportions, water, you say, in your own mind, should be the result. Well, so it is; but not as the result of mixture alone. We may mix oxygen gas with hydrogen gas, in any proportions, and they will remain in contact for an indefinite time without combination ensuing; but immediately we apply flame, or the electric spark, then combination takes place; combustion ensues, perhaps an explosion, and water is the sole result."

Arrived at this point in the execution of our sketch, we, not having the Royal Institution, with its magnificent apparatus at our disposal, must think of some means, by which our readers, without



any considerable expenditure in apparatus, may contrive to produce the necessary results. In the first place, then, let some hydrogen gas be collected in a thinly blown turkey crop, or a bag of goldbeater's skin, sold under the name of an air-balloon. In laboratories properly appointed, this collection is effected by means of a glass-receiving jar, to the neck of which a stopcock is attached, in the manner represented by our diagram. Supposing the jar to be filled with gas, and the bag or bladder attached, to be now thrust down in a vessel of water, it follows that, supposing the stopcock open, water will ascend into the jar, and force the gas held by it into the bag or bladder. This is the usual plan adopted, but as it requires the possession of a stopcock, and a gas-jar with brass collar and fittings, we will employ a less expensive substitute, which shall be the bottled fitted with perforated cork and tobacco-pipe shank. To the latter, by a little dexterous management, an air-tight bag, or a moistened flaccid bladder, may be connected by means of a length of string, and retained until quite full. If a thin bag of goldbeater's skin, have been filled as described, its orifice may be twisted by the finger and thumb, and then the bag set loose. It will ascend like a balloon,—a very fair representative of which it is,—and it will remain suspended until a certain portion of gas has exuded from its invisible pores; then it will fall. It must be here remembered, that neither hydrogen nor any other gas can be long retained pure in bladders or bags. Gradually the gas comes through certain invisible pores, and atmospheric air entering the same, takes its place, in such a manner, that the bag or bladder seems as full as it was originally; the fullness, however, being now due to a mixture of the original gas with atmospheric air. The ascent of a balloon is dependent on a cause precisely similar to the one which determines the ascent of a piece of cork, or other light substance through water; in either case the heavier substance sinks underneath, and presses up the lighter one.

In the early part of the first, or great French revolution, balloons were employed in the French army, for the purpose of taking observations of what was going on in the enemy's camp. For this purpose, the balloons were not allowed to ascend, and travel at random, but were retained at a certain elevation, by means of ropes. In this way, balloons rendered considerable military service, but the difficulty of keeping them in order during actual warfare led to their discontinuance. The subject of military balloons naturally leads us to a consideration of the method employed for obtaining hydrogen gas, in quantities sufficient for warlike use, and with sufficient rapidity. We beg, therefore, to introduce at this time, an experiment which Professor Faraday introduced, somewhat later in his discourse; the process of generating hydrogen by contact of water with red hot iron. This is a very pretty, a very instructive experiment, and although the apparatus necessary for its performance may appear, when seen on the lecture-table of a Professor, rather beyond the power of a child to manufacture, this is not, in truth, the case.

Let the reader take a clay flower-pot, represented in the preceding diagram by *f*. Let him bind this flower-pot tightly, by encircling it in several bands of copper-wire, not represented in the diagram; this being done, let him make several holes in the flower-pot, by means of a mason's pick-hammer, or any other convenient instrument that his own ingenuity may suggest. It matters little as to the number or the size of the holes, or, indeed, as to the position of all, save two, one of which must be exactly opposite the other, and rather below it, in order that the piece of iron gas-pipe (*d*) may be enabled to pass through the flower-pot, used as a fur-



Fig. 32.

nace at a proper angle. The next stage of the manufacture consists in making a sort of iron fire-grate for the little furnace. This a child can easily manage, by means of some stout iron wire, in the binding and cutting of which he will find a pair of bellhanger's cutting pliers useful, though a pair of old scissors, or even an old knife blade will suffice upon an emergency. The firegrate being dropped in, it now remains to thrust across the furnace thus constructed, a length of iron tubing; either such as is employed by gas-fitters, or a gun-barrel open at either end. A perforated cork, supplied with a bent glass tube, either of pewter, or of glass, terminating under a receiver, standing in the pneumatic trough, is now to be added, as represented in the diagram. Small pieces of iron (small nails will answer perfectly well), are now to be put into the iron tube, until three parts filled; when, finally, the upper perforated cork, with its tube, is to be adapted. The other end of this tube is attached to a Florence flask, containing a little water, and underneath the Florence flask is represented a spirit-lamp, for the purpose of converting the water into steam.

Now, from a consideration of the various parts of this apparatus, it is evident that as the steam evolved from water in the Florence flask, must necessarily traverse the iron tube containing small pieces of the same metal. Hence, on making the tube red-hot, every portion of it which comes into contact with the passing vapour, also every portion of the contained iron, robs the steam of its oxygen, and permits hydrogen to pass through alone.

By means of this process, Professor Faraday developed some hydrogen gas, and proved it to be hydrogen, by collecting it, and demonstrating that its properties were exactly similar to those possessed by hydrogen developed by any other means.

**PERUVIAN SEPULCHRES.**—At the foot of a high mountain which rises from the shore of a small bay called Chacota, to the south of Arica, are a great number of ancient sepulchres. These are covered over, like the adjacent soil, with a species of earth very much impregnated with salt; and to this may be doubtless attributed the preservation of this memento of the unhappy aborigines of the country. In 1790, several of these sepulchres were examined by Don Felipe Bauza, a captain of the Spanish navy, who found the greater part of the bodies in an entire condition, but withered to a skeleton, covered with a dark brown skin, and the hair of some quite of a red color. The niches in which they were deposited were generally cut out of the stone from four to five feet in length; some being rudely carved, and having at the bottom a mat made of rushes. The bodies were placed on this mat, the same attitude being generally observed in all. They were seated cross-legged, with the hands placed over the breast, and so contracted as to occupy the least possible space. Others were seated with their knees bent up near the mouth, the hands likewise being crossed over the breast, and all placed with their faces towards the west. The body of a young man was taken out, that had been wrapped in cloth, and his features were still distinct: that of a woman was also examined whose hair was in perfect preservation—it was about half a yard in length, and divided into two parts. Some of the bodies were wrapped in a sort of coarse woollen cloth from the head to the feet, the mouth being tied up; others were wrapped in coarse nets made of "pita," and all of them had a small bag hung round the neck, which was found at the time to contain nothing but earth and dust, whatever it might originally have been. Various little pots, made of clay, were found round the bodies, and some larger ones of curious forms. In addition to these, some fragments, apparently of plates, an ear of corn, some pita, and other trifling articles, were found; also some small pieces of copper cut in the shape of coins. In Ylo, and other parts of this coast, these sepulchres are common.

**MATRIMONIAL FORBEARANCES.**—Man and wife are equally concerned to avoid all offences of each other in the beginning of their conversation: every little thing can blast an infant blossom; and the breath of the south can shake the little rings of the vine, when first they begin to curl like the locks of a new-weaned boy; but when, by age and consolidation, they stiffen

into the hardness of a stem, and have, by the warm embraces of the sun and the kisses of heaven, brought forth their clusters, they can endure the storms of the north, and the loud noises of a tempest, and yet never be broken. So are the early unions of an unfixed marriage; watchful and observant, jealous and busy, inquisitive and careful, and apt to take alarm at every unkind word: for infirmities do not manifest themselves in the first scenes, but in the succession of a long society; and it is not chance or weakness when it appears at first, but it is want of love or prudence, or it will be so expounded; and that which appears ill at first, usually affrights the inexperienced man or woman, who makes unequal conjectures, and fancies mighty sorrows by the proportions of the new and early unkindness.

**EXTRAORDINARY ARTICLE IN THE ECCLIASTICAL CODE OF ICELAND.**—In the ecclesiastical code of this country an article is extant, singular, perhaps, in its nature, but admirable in its design, which gives to the bishop, or even to the inferior clergy, the right of preventing any marriage where the female is unable to read. This, which provides so powerful a pledge for the instruction of the rising generation, is still occasionally acted upon, though, probably, not with so much strictness as in former times. The books in the possession of the lower classes are generally of a religious nature, a great number of such works having been printed in Iceland during the last two or three centuries, and very generally circulated through the country. In many parishes there is a small collection of books belonging to the church, from which, under the superintendence of the priest, each family in the district may derive some little addition to its means of instruction and improvement.

**SNOW HOUSES.**—The winter habitations of the Esquimaux who visit Churchill are built of snow, and, judging from one constructed by Augustus today, they are very comfortable dwellings. Having selected a spot on the river where the snow was about two feet deep, and sufficiently compact, he commenced by tracing out a circle twelve feet in diameter. The snow in the interior of the circle was next divided with a broad knife, having a long handle, into slabs three feet long, six inches thick, and two deep, being the thickness to the layer of snow. These slabs were tenacious enough to admit of being moved about without breaking, or even losing the sharpness of their angles, and they had a slight degree of curvature corresponding with that of the circle from which they were cut. They were piled upon each other, exactly like courses of hewn stone, around the circle which was traced out, and care was taken to smooth the beds of the different courses with the knife, and to cut them so as to give the wall a slight inclination inwards. The dome was closed somewhat suddenly and flatly, by cutting the upper slabs in a wedge form, instead of the more rectangular shape of those below. The roof was about eight feet high, and the last aperture was shut up by a small conical piece. The whole was built from within, and each slab was cut so that it retained its position without requiring support until another was placed beside it, the lightness of the slabs greatly facilitating the operation. When the building was covered in, a little loose snow was thrown over it to close up every chink, and a low door was cut through the walls with the knife. A bed-place was next formed, and neatly faced up with slabs of snow, which was then covered with a thin layer of fine branches, to prevent them from being melted by the heat of the body. At each end of the bed a pillar of snow was erected to place a lamp upon, and lastly, a porch was built before the door, and a piece of clear ice was placed in an aperture cut in the wall for a window. The purity of the material of which the house was framed, the elegance of its construction, and the translucency of its walls, which transmitted a very pleasant light, gave it an appearance far superior to a marble building; and one might survey it with feelings somewhat akin to those produced by the contemplation of a Grecian temple raised by Phidias; both are temples of art, inimitable in their kinds.

**CHINESE BARBERS.**—The barbers, in the towns of China, go about ringing bells to get customers. They carry with them a stool, a basin, a towel, and a pot containing fire. When any person calls them, they run to him; and, planting their stool in a convenient place in the street, shave the head, clean the ears, dress the eyebrows, and brush the shoulders;—all for the value of little more than a halfpenny. They then ring the bell again, and start in pursuit of another customer.

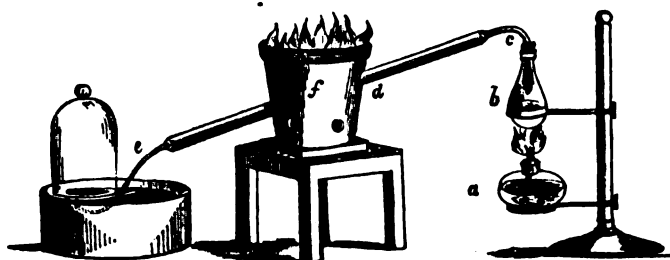
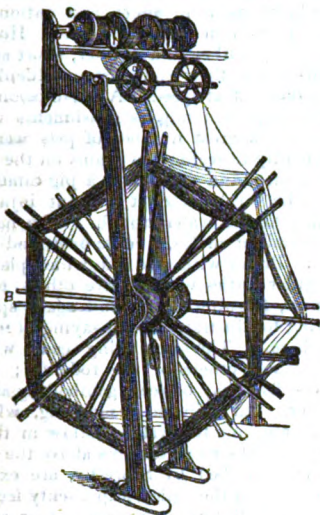


Fig. 33.



### The Silkworm.

The *winding engine*, although during the last few years it has undergone considerable improvement, still retains its original feature of the "swift" and bobbins. The "swift" is like an unfinished wheel, containing only the nave and spokes, as may be seen in the engraving; it consists of a nave, from whence six pairs of slender, round bars stand out to a distance of about fifteen inches; these pairs of bars are attached at some distance from their extremities by movable loops of twine, by which they can be adapted to the different diameters of the various hanks, and thus form a light framework upon which the hank of silk can easily be strained.



WINDING ENGINE.

- A Frame of wood called a "swift."
- B Hank of silk stretched on the swift.
- C Bobbin on which the silk is being wound.
- D Wire loop, or guide.
- E Straight eye.

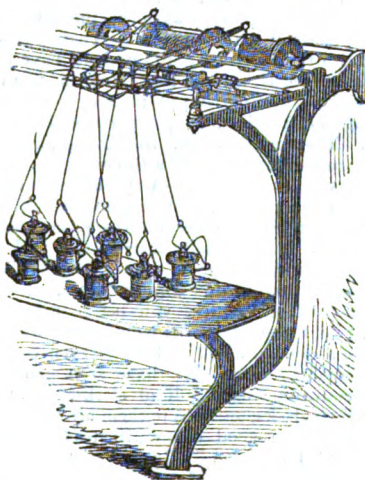
The hank having been stretched upon the swift, forms an hexagonal wheel of elegant proportions. A number of the swifts are placed side by side, extending to the whole length of the room, and each being attached to a separate axle; above them are placed a corresponding number of bobbins, turned by means of a series of small wheels and rollers running beneath them. In front of the bobbins is a bar of wood, or metal, on which what are technically called "guides" and "strait eyes" are placed. The hank of silk having been stretched on the swift, the end of the thread is caught up, and having been passed through the wire guide and the strait eye, is attached to the bobbin; the machinery being set in motion, the bobbins, by the action of the wheels and rollers, revolve with considerable rapidity, and gradually draw the thread from the swift. The attendants watch the progress of the work, mend the threads when broken, remove the bobbins when filled with silk, replace them with others to be similarly filled, and supply fresh hanks to the swifts as the others are unwound. As the swifts rotate solely by the impulse given to them by the bobbin as it revolves, when the thread breaks, the swift stops, and, by the arrangement of a weight attached to the roller, the bobbin also ceases to rotate. It will naturally be supposed that by the thread being drawn from the hank in a regular line, that it must accumulate in winding on one part only of the bobbin; but this is effectually obviated by giving an oscillating motion to the bar with the guides, which, traversing to and fro sideways, distributes the silk evenly over the whole surface of the bobbins. The straight eyes we have spoken of are upright pieces of steel, with a cleft in their centres, through which the fine silken thread passes; and the cleft being only of the exact width of the thread when perfect, all irregularities in thickness are thus removed.

For some purposes the next operation is that of "spinning," or what is frequently called by the general term "throwing;" but for other objects the silk is next passed through the "doubling frame." The "spinning engine" is a very complicated-looking machine, although the process which it accomplishes is remarkably simple, viz., that of twisting the fibres or threads together, and rendering them fit for weaving or other uses. Each engine has a set of bobbins which rotate horizontally, and another whose axes are vertical, and the twisting of the thread takes place as it passes between the two. The vertical bobbins do not revolve, but the axle which passes through their centre does, and

upon it is fixed a little loop, called a "flyer," which with great velocity rotates around the bobbin, and, after twisting the silk, winds it upon its surface. The silk throwster can regulate, by the speed at which he allows the flyer to rotate, the hardness or softness of the twist he is preparing. As we shall have to speak of machines of analogous structure hereafter, we will now trace the progress of the hank of silk to the *doubling frame*.

The "doubling" process, as its name implies, consists in the combination of two or more threads so as to form a strong and thicker material. The number of threads to be combined varies according to the purpose for which it is required, and they are simply laid together without any twisting being imparted to them. Formerly the *doubling* was done by hand, in the usual manner of the ordinary spinning-wheel, and this is still adopted in some mills; the machine we are about to describe, however, is now generally in use. The machine will be best understood from the following engraving, where it will be seen that a row of bobbins are placed horizontally, end to end, with intervening spaces for rests and wheels, and below them, on a kind of shelf, a number of bobbins are placed vertically; these latter bobbins are those we have just seen filled from the swifts. We will suppose (as in the engraving) that the thread is intended to be composed of three of the original filaments of silk. Three bobbins are then placed vertically on the shelf to each of the horizontal ones; on each vertical bobbin are a couple of bent wire loops, through which the ends of the silk is passed; the threads of each of the three bobbins are then caught up, and each passed through another wire loop in front of the horizontal bobbins, when they are taken together and passed through a third loop, from whence they are wound on the bobbins. It must be obvious that if any one of the three threads should break, and the process still proceed, that the result would be an imperfect thread, part of it being composed of only two filaments. To obviate this, a simple but beautiful contrivance has been adopted. We have said that each thread is passed through a separate loop in front of the horizontal bobbins; these loops are nicely fixed on a kind of pivot. The thread, before passing through the loop, passes over a fine brass rod, and again over a similar one on leaving the loop; from this it is obvious that the thread being pulled tight by winding, the loops will be raised level with the brass bars. Beneath the loops a delicately poised lever is so placed, that when any of the threads break, the little loop through which it has passed depresses, in falling, one end, whilst the other, rising at the same moment, catches a cog-wheel attached to the bobbin, which it instantly stops.

The horizontal bobbins being now filled with the "doubled" thread are removed to the *reeling frame*, shown in our next engraving. In this engine the bobbins are placed vertically on a kind of shelf, whilst a wooden frame revolves above them. Each bobbin is provided with similar wire loops to those before described, and the end of the thread having



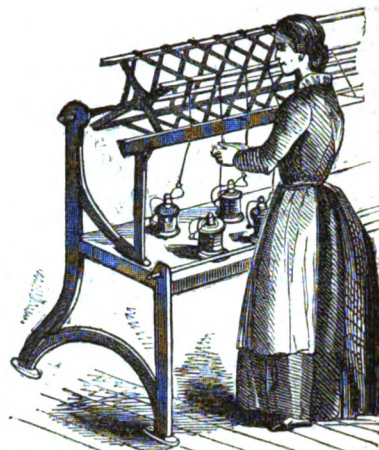
DOUBLING FRAME.

been passed through them, is carried up through another loop, or guide, on a traversing bar, and from thence passed to the frame; the silk is thus drawn from the bobbins and again formed into hanks.

The hanks thus made are now ready to be dyed to any colour required for manufacturing purposes. On returning from the dyer, they are sent to what are termed the "soft-silk engines," where they are

again wound on bobbins, though this time of much smaller dimensions.

We have now traced the silk through its different processes to its preparation for manufacture into articles for sale.



REELING FRAME.

We feel persuaded there are many of our readers who are unacquainted with the curious and very interesting processes through which these apparently trifling objects are passed, preparatory to their being applied to domestic uses. In the present enlightened times, it is obviously the duty of every one to make himself well acquainted with such details.

**WARNING TO YOUNG LADIES.**—To keep the skin in a healthy state, in cold and variable climates, we must prevent sudden chills by warm and dry clothing at all times, but especially at that age which is particularly obnoxious to the attacks of consumption and scrofula; that period in the female's life which comprises the development of womanhood. During the earlier years of life—childhood and girlhood—care has probably been taken that the clothing shall have been sufficiently dry and warm, and, with respect to the feet, good warm stockings have, in all probability, or ought to have, maintained a proper temperature, while the neck and chest have been protected from the vicissitudes of the weather by high clothing—thus preventing outward chilliness and inward congestion; but when the fair girl is entering into polished society, or coming out, as it is called, the father-sin, pride, causes an alteration in all these matters, substitutes thin stockings for the comfortable and substantial woollen ones hitherto worn; and, to add to the mischief, a tight dress and low corsage are adopted as changeable fashion may order. The delicate being is further exposed to mischief from great and sudden changes of temperature, passing, as she often must do, from the air of the ball-room at once to the cold wind of the hall or street. If parents thus sow the seeds of disease in their offspring, can we wonder that they reap the only fitting return, danger and death.—*Dr. James.*

**THE PROGRESS OF NATIONS.**—The political as well as the scientific history of nations shows us three periods. In the first, the qualities and faculties of men are developed in all their varieties and contrasts: weakness submits to strength; wisdom and the gift of invention are honored as god-like qualities; the general conditions of the compact are laid down in the form of commandments—all these commandments begin with the words "Thou shalt"—men have duties, but no rights. In the next period are developed the relations of mutual dependence among these qualities: the contest between opposite qualities leads to the adoption of laws; from the consciousness of that which is right is developed the sense of the possession of rights, political and social; by the union of similar rights political powers arise; the struggle of opposite powers (such as democracy, oligarchy, and monarchy) leads to revolutions, and revolution is the name given to those processes by which a disturbed equilibrium is restored. In the third, or last period, that amount, degree, or proportion of mutual dependence among all qualities, rights, and powers, which secure to the individual, without injury to others, the fullest and freest development of all his faculties, is fixed, and thenceforth revolutions are at an end.

An avaricious man is like a sandy desert, that sucks in all the rain, but yields no fruitful herbs to the inhabitants.



## Varieties.

THE mind, in proportion as it is expanded, exposes a larger surface to impression.

THE heart of a good man resembles the cocoa-nut, which, though hard without, contains refreshing water and food within.

LOGIC.—Logic is a large drawer, containing some useful instruments, and many more that are superfluous. But a wise man will look into it for two purposes—to avail himself of those instruments that are really useful, and to admire the ingenuity with which those that are not so are assorted and arranged.

HOPEFULNESS.—True hope is based on the energy of character. A strong mind always hopes, and has always cause to hope, because it knows the mutability of human affairs, and how slight a circumstance may change the whole course of events. Such a spirit, too, rests upon itself; it is not confined to partial views, or to one particular object. And if, at last, all should be lost, it has saved itself—its own integrity and worth.—*Van Knebel.*

WOMEN AND SECRET-KEEPING.—It is quite a mistaken idea that a woman cannot keep a secret—nobody so well. Trust her but with half, or try to keep it from her altogether, and she is sure to beat you; because her pride prompts her to find out what the man thinks it right to conceal, and then her vanity induces her to tell what she has found out, and this in order to show her power of discovery.

IRON FURNITURE.—The *Boston Transcript* says: "The manufacture of iron furniture is creating a revolution. Iron is being substituted for wood wherever it can be done; and as it has now been demonstrated that furniture and household ornaments of every description can be manufactured of iron, of far more artistic forms, with far more beautiful polish, and with far greater economy to the manufacturer and to the consumer than wood, it is not strange that iron furniture is becoming so popular, and being so rapidly introduced. It never wears out; it is capable of being wrought into far more splendid forms; it is susceptible of a far higher degree of polish, gilding, and finish; and articles there are on exhibition which are finished in imitation of the finest Sèvres porcelain; sofas, settees, chairs, and other articles of iron, with clocks in *papier mache*, bronze, gilding, wood, and all other colors and imitations. Some are inlaid with pearl, richly colored and tinted, and, in fact, we have never seen, in this country, furniture manufactured with so much elegance and taste. A very great change has been wrought in a year or two on this subject, and greatly for the advantage of the entire community. The physicians of the hospitals in New York have banished wooden bedsteads and furniture as fast as they could from the walls of these institutions.

SELF-CAPPING RIFLE.—At the close of the meeting of the Institution of Civil Engineers on January 9th, 1855, Monsieur Néron, of Paris, exhibited an ingenious mode of placing detonating caps on the nipple of a rifle or a musket. The apparatus consisted of a tube containing twenty-two caps, placed parallel with and close beside the barrel, being partially inserted in the stock, and so arranged, that whilst the near end was attached by a pin to the hammer, the further extremity was free to travel in a slot. Its action was very simple; the tube being filled with caps from a reservoir, several of which would occupy but a very small space, the end cover was turned down upon it. After firing, if any portion of the copper remained attached to the cap, it was removed by a small picker preceding the tube, on its being again drawn forward to repeat the operation. It was evident that by this simple and cheap addition to any fire-arm much time must be saved in loading, and a great waste of caps must be avoided, whilst about 25 per cent. of copper was saved in making the caps, and they were kept dry in the reservoir, instead of being exposed to damp, and running the risk of not exploding, as had occurred frequently in action on recent occasions in the Crimea. The system was stated to have obtained the approbation of the highest military authorities in France, and with the characteristic alacrity of the Government of that country, to be already in process of adaptation to the Minie rifles and to fire-arms of all kinds for the army; it had, only within the last few days, been brought to England to lay before the Government, and was submitted for the inspection of the institution of Civil Engineers.

THE SUPPLY OF CARBON.—Carbonic acid is everywhere unceasingly generated, and especially in those regions of the earth where volcanoes are active, or probably were active in a former age. It

is generated at the Grotto del Cane, near Naples, at Pyrmont, in Westphalia, and in the neighborhood of the Lake of Laache, &c.; and it oozes in a constant current from various crevices in different parts of the earth, and in all ordinary combustions. In the respiration of men and animals, as may easily be proved by blowing the air coming from the lungs through a glass tube into lime-water, carbonate of lime is formed, which renders the clear liquid turbid. It is also generated in the fermentation which occurs in the making of wine, beer, and brandy. In this process the sugar is resolved into alcohol and carbonic acid: the former remains in the liquor, and imparts to it an intoxicating power, while the carbonic acid escapes into the air. It is produced by the decay and putrefaction of all animal and vegetable substances. Carbon is also contained in all organic bodies: during decay it is converted gradually by the oxygen of the air into carbonic acid; hence, wherever plants and animals exist, whether upon the earth, in the sea, or in the air, carbonic acid must be formed. All the carbonic acid thus formed is received into the air. If it should continue there, however, the air would become gradually deteriorated, more especially, as in all the processes of breathing, combustion, and decay, free oxygen, or vital air, is taken from it. But this is not the case. The oxygen does not decrease, the carbonic acid does not increase. An unfathomable wisdom has appointed the vegetable kingdom as the protector of animal life, and with wonderful simplicity has provided that plants should absorb from the air, as their principal means of support, the carbonic acid exhaled as useless by men and animals, and should yield oxygen to them in return.—*Stockhardt's Experimental Chemistry.*

EXTRAORDINARY EMIGRATION OF THE GIPSIES FROM HUNGARY.—A people of mysterious origin, inaccessible to all civilisation, and insensible to all religion, after a repose of four hundred years, has once more grasped the pilgrim's staff to fly beyond the reach of modern legislation, and seek out for itself a new country. Alarmed at the reorganisation of the kingdom of Hungary by the usurpations of the Austrian Government in that country, where they have so long enjoyed the immunities of an uninterrupted freedom, they have been for some time wandering in swarms, and in all directions, throughout the Austrian monarchy, seeking an outlet into another more friendly land. Accustomed for centuries in Hungary to live apart from the rest of its population as unmolested dwellers in holes and caves, earning the scanty necessities of life without much exertion, they have found themselves narrowly watched. Averse to, and incensed at, this state of surveillance, it has wrought them into an unheard-of state of excitement, and to the desperate resolve to leave for ever their wonted hearths, to seek out once more the ancient country from which, so many centuries ago, they were driven by some unknown power. To see this people in their present impulsive act of emigration is said to be truly wonderful. Like the wild denizens of the forest, inclosed on all sides, they seek an issue out of the frontier pale of Europe; numbers have penetrated on their pilgrimage as far as the Tyrol, and even Switzerland; Bohemia and Austria Proper swarm with their hordes, and numbers have penetrated southwards across the Turkish frontiers. They speak of nothing but of their new country—where are no frontiers, no passports, and no gendarmes. They say they came from Egypt, and must now return thither.—*Pilnitz's Hungary.*

GREETINGS IN VIENNA.—A peculiarity of the Viennese is the multitude of greetings which they use in salutations, whether on the promenade, in the social circle, or in daily intercourse. "I wish that you have had a good dinner," is by far the most usual salutation after dinner, instead of "good afternoon." If they meet you before dinner, an hour or two, the salutation is usually, "I wish you may have a good dinner." This is even common among business men. We have seen gentlemen enter a counting-house full of clerks, silent and busy at their desks, and excite them all by wishing they may have a good dinner, instead of simply saying, "good morning." In the better circles it is not at all uncommon for the dinner party, the repast being ended, to rise, shake hands all round, and express the wish to each other that no ill effects may be experienced from the dinner. The parting salutation at night is infinitely more expressive than our "good night." The Germans say, "May you sleep well," "A pleasant repose," "Pleasant dreams." Their "good bye" is always a strong farewell: "*Lebhn so wohl*" (May you live well). The gentlemen kiss each other on meeting, as our fair sex do at home; and we have more than once

enjoyed a hearty laugh in our sleeve on meeting some fiercely-whiskered and moustached friend, and submitting to his hugs and kisses, and "my dears," before the host of promenaders. During these charming performances, bands of music stationed at different points play lively tunes, and altogether we have a lively time.—*Ladies' Repository.*

PLAYFULNESS OF ANIMALS.—Erdl, who had bestowed great attention on the habits of the crustacea, says that he has seen the Cancer Moenas play with little round stones and empty shells, as cats do with a cork, or small ball. Dogs, particularly young ones, are carried away with the impulse, rolling over and chasing each other in circles, seizing and shaking objects as if in anger, and enticing even their masters to join in their games. Horses, in freedom, gallop hither and thither, snort and paw the air, advance to their groom, stop suddenly short, and again dash off at speed. A horse belonging to one of the large brewing establishments in London, at which a great number of pets were kept, used frequently to scatter the grains on the ground with his mouth, and as soon as a pig came within his reach, he would seize it without injury, and plunge it into the water-trough. The hare will gambol round in circles, tumble over, and fly here and there. Brehn witnessed one which played the most singular antics with twelve others, coursing round them, feigning death, and again springing up, seeming to illustrate the old saying of "Mad as a March hare." The same thing occurs with rabbits, and many others of the rodentia; and on warm days fish may be seen gambolling about in shoal water. Carp, in early morning, while the mist still hangs on the water, wallow in the shallows, exposing their broad backs above the surface. Whales, as described by Scoresby, are extremely frolicsome, and in their play leap twenty feet out of the water. Small birds chase each other about in play; but perhaps the conduct of the crane and trumpeter (*Psophia crepitans*) is the most extraordinary. The latter stands on one leg, hops about in the most eccentric manner, and throws somersets. The Americans call it the mad bird, on account of these singularities. The crane expands its wings, runs round in circles, leaps, and throwing little stones and pieces of wood in the air, endeavors to catch them again, or pretends to avoid them, as if afraid.—*The Passions of Animals.*

CIRCUMSTANTIAL EVIDENCE.—As a judge, Bushe was merciful, and owing to an incident in his early career as a lawyer, he was somewhat slow to convict on circumstantial evidence. A short time after he was called to the bar, he was retained at the Wexford assizes, to defend a prisoner accused of murder. The victim's name was Walter Meyler, and it was supposed that he had been killed by a party of rebels, of whom one became an approver, and was the chief witness for the crown. Like most approvers, the witness was correct and careful in all his details. He stated that the body of Meyler had been buried close to the shore, wrapped on a coat of the same texture and color as that stated to have been worn by the deceased. Bushe neither cross-examined the witness, nor called evidence upon the part of his client and before the judge commenced his charge, the jury stated that they were prepared with their verdict. Bushe said, "Wait a moment, gentlemen—did any of you know Walter Meyler, the deceased?" The reply was, that all the jury knew him well—and immediately Bushe shouted, to the dismay of the auditors, "Walter Meyler, come into court." The supposed deceased rushed upon the table, and, pointing to him, Bushe exclaimed:—There, gentlemen, is my defence!"

"SAMBO, whar you get dat watch you wear to meetin' last Sunday?" "How you know I hab watch?" "Bekase I seed de chain hang out de pocket in front." "Go 'way, nigger! 'Spouse you see halter round my neck, you tink dar is horse inside ob me?"

CON. FOR OUR FAIR READERS.—When is a pigeon like a young lady in the sulks? When it's a pouter.

## Epitaph

ON A YOUTH WHO DIED OF EATING FRUIT.

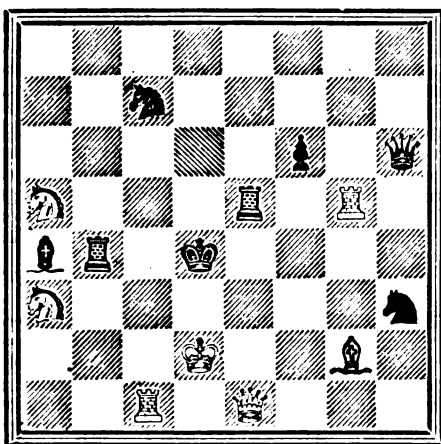
Currents have checked the current of my blood,  
And berries brought me to be buried here;  
Pearls have pared off my body's hardihood,  
And plums and plumpers spare not one to spare  
Fam would I feign my fall; so fair a fate  
Lesson's not fate, yet 'tis a lesson good;  
Gilt will not hide guilt, such thin washed ware  
Wear's quickly and its rude touch soon is rude,  
Grave on my grave some sentence grave and terse,  
That lies lies not, as it lies upon my clay,  
But in a gentler unstained verse  
Prays all to pity a poor patty's prey;  
Rehearses I was faithful to my heart,  
Tells that my days are told, and soon I'm told away.



## CHESS.

PROBLEM No. VI.—By Mr. P. DRAGON, of Bruges.—White playing first, mates in five moves.

Black.



White.

GAME No. VI.—Played at Valenciennes, 5th February, 1850, between Mr. HARRWITZ and Mr. LAIGLE, one of the best French players; the former giving the odds of P. and two moves. (Remove K. B. P. (Black) from the board.)

White—M. Laigle.

Black—Mr. Harwitz.

WHITE.	BLACK.
1 K and Q P 2.	1 Q Kt to B 3.
2 K B to Q 3.	2 Q P 2.
3 K P 1.	3 Q B to K 3.
4 Q B P 1.	4 Q to Q 2.
5 Q to Q B 2.	5 K Kt P 1.
6 K Kt to B 3.	6 K Kt to R 2.
7 Q B to K 3.	7 Q B to K B 4.
8 Q Kt to Q 2.	8 K P 1.
9 Q Kt. P 2.	9 K B to Kt 2.
10 Castles on K side.	10 Castles on K side.
11 Q Kt to Q Kt 3.	11 Q Kt P 1.
12 Q R P 2.	12 Q B to K Kt 5.
13 K Kt to R 4.	13 Q Kt to K 2.
14 Q R P 1.	14 K Kt to K B 4.
15 Q B to K Kt 5.	15 Kt takes Kt.
16 B takes Kt.	16 K B to K R 3 (a.)
17 Q B to K B 6.	17 K B to K Kt 2.
18 B takes Kt.	18 Q takes B.
19 K B P 1.	19 B to B 4.
20 B takes B.	20 R takes B.
21 K B P 1.	21 Q R to K B sq.
22 K Kt P 1.	22 K Kt P 1.
23 Q R P takes P.	23 R P takes P.
24 P takes R.	24 Q takes K Kt P.
25 R takes R.	25 R takes R.
26 Q to Q 2 (b.)	26 Q to K R 4.
27 K to K 8 (ch.)	27 K to B 2 (c.)
28 R to R 7.	28 B to R 3.
29 R takes P (ch.)	29 K to Kt 3.
30 Q to Q 3 (d.)	30 B to K B 6 (ch.)
31 K to Kt 2 (e.)	31 Q to K 6 (ch.)
32 K to R 2.	32 K to R 3 (f.)

And White resigns.

Solution to Problem V.

WHITE.	BLACK.
1 B to K B 3 (ch.)	1 Kt P 1.
2 Kt P 1.	2 R to K Kt sq.
3 R takes K Kt P.	3 R to Kt 4 (ch.)
4 R takes R. Double check and mate.	

## NOTES TO GAME VI.

- To prevent White from playing K B P 2.
- To avoid the check at K 6.
- Temporarily White to win another pawn, by which, however, his Rook gets out of play.
- This seems his best move.
- Had he taken the Bishop, mate would have followed in two moves.
- Threatening to mate next move, which can only be avoided by a heavy sacrifice.

## FAMILY PASTIME.

## Recreations in Science.

**The Mineral Chameleon.**—When one part of black oxide of manganese and three parts of nitrate of potash, both reduced to powder, and mixed together, are as long as any gas continues to be disengaged, a compound of highly oxidized manganese and potash, possessed of some very curious properties, is obtained. *Experiment 1.* A few grains of this compound, put into a wine-glassful of water, produces a green color; an increase of the quantity changes the color to a blue; more still to a purple; and a yet further increase produces a beautiful deep purple. *Experiment 2.* Put equal quantities of this substance into two separate wine-glasses, and add to the one hot, and to the other cold, water. The hot solution will be of a beautiful green color; the cold one of a deep purple. By using more glasses, and water more or less in quantity, and at different temperatures, a great variety of colors will be produced in this way from the same substance.

## Enigmas.

1.

An Egmatical Flower-Garden.

The sun's reign, a falsehood, and an article. 2. A

sticky substance, and what travellers, when in a dilemma would say to a passer-by. 3. Half of a celebrated park, a vowel, and five-sevenths of a heathen goddess. 4. A celebrated city of England, and what we frequently use at a door. 5. A valuable manufacture, and the queen of flowers. 6. A sweetmeat, and what grows in every garden and hedge. 7. A precious metal used as an adjective, and an idle child's terror. 8. A vegetable, the fifth with letter, and a part of the body. 9. What I should say to the person who awakes me in the morning, when I intend to get up. 10. Half of a precious stone, and my property. 11. A wonderful city of England, and a bad quality. 12. A female name, and a valuable metal. 13. A beautiful planet, and her reflector. 14. The most humble plant and the queen of flowers. 15. A conjunction, and something that friends oft give each other. 16. A secluded man, and part of his dress. 17. A verb, a relation, and a pronoun. 18. A verb, an island, and a pronoun. 19. A bird, and a part of a horseman's dress. 20. A prince of Turkey. 21. Half of a female's name, and a requisite for the toilet. 22. A wild animal, and a part of the dress. 23. Kitchen utensils, and a part of the head. 24. An educated man, a personal pronoun, an article, and a female name.

2.

Answer of a Lady to a Gentleman who proposed to her.

I'm most conspicuous, tho' I'm formed to hide,  
I'm of much use even when I'm laid aside;  
I aid the viewer, yet obstruct the sight,  
And love the day, tho' set against the light.  
From Italy I take my name and birth,  
And now my fame extends o'er all the earth;  
The different forms I take, I'm mostly seen  
True to one color, nature's favorite green.

3.

I am the eldest of a numerous family, of very ancient origin; and although the nobility, aye, even royalty itself, are intimately acquainted with me, yet I have to support all my relations. I am a traveller, for I may be found at all times, in all quarters of the globe. I dwell in the sea as well as in land, and in the air too. I belong equally to the Christian, Heathen, Mussulman, and to the beast as well as to man. I am possessed both by sailor and landman, and may be seen in the heat of battle. I am found in Africa and India, amongst the savage nations. I belong also to some strangers of the "deep;" even the great sea serpent and hippopotamus are intimately acquainted with me. I enter into the composition of both man and woman, still I belong to the vegetable, and mineral, as well as to the animal kingdoms. I am seen in the day-time, in the parks, regattas, races, and I always attend public balls, theatres, &c., although I never leave my own habitation. I am engraven indelibly in every heart, and no lady ever walks out without me. I have existed in all ages. I lived like Adam, in the garden of Eden, and was possessed equally by Noah, President Pierce, and Queen Victoria. I am present at marriages, baptisms, deaths, and funerals. No painting is complete without me, still I am never seen in a picture. I am found in every family and every estate in America. To sum up all my qualities, I am never seen at night, but I appear in the dawn of day, and you may see me whenever you like in a looking-glass. Now may I not well say, "I am in all things?"

4.

I have been in rapid motion for thousands of years, and yet have ever retained the same position. I am a chief agent in many a deed of darkness done on earth, but am also associated with the warmest actions of benevolence and pity. I am unimpressible as a marble statue, and yet am found to be soft as the yielding snow in the strong beams of the sun. My moods are exceedingly changeable: I respond to the richest notes of joy in the human bosom; and also re-echo its deepest tones of agony. I am so inconstant that I am unworthy of the lightest trust; and yet there have been instances in which I have stood nobly true in the very face of death. I am alike invaluable to the peer and the peasant, and even occupy a place beside the queen herself as her first counsellor. The time advances when I shall be hushed into the deepest quietude, and then no human skill will be sufficient to restore my powers.

## Paradox.

Into my house came neighbor John,  
With three legs and a wooden one;  
If one were taken from the swain,  
Just five, ye wits, would then remain.

## Arithmetical Questions.

1.

Two companions having a number of guineas, H said to I, "if you will give me one of yours, I shall have as many as you will have left." I replied, "if you will give me one of yours, I shall have twice as many as you will have left." How many had each of them?

2.

Divide the number 50 into two such parts that, if the greater part be divided by 7, and the less multiplied by 3, the sum of the quotient and the product will make 50.

3.

An ornament with ease you'll find,  
From what is underneath subjoin'd,  
Which greatly doth become the fair,  
In every season of the year.

The name of the ornament is composed of three letters in the alphabet: the place of the first letter is three times that of the second; the place of the third is five times that of the first, plus 1, and the sum of the three letters' places is 30.

## Electrical Recreations.

1.

**The Animated Feather.**—Electrify a smooth glass tube with a rubber, and hold a small feather (or a piece of leaf gold) at a short distance from it. The feather will fly to it, and adhere to it a short time, and then fly off,—and the tube can never be brought close to the feather till it touches some body that communicates with the ground; the same side of the feather will be constantly opposite the tube.

2.

**The Magic Picture.**—This picture must have a frame and glass, about two inches off the border of the print to cut off all around. The upper and under part of the middle of the

glass is covered with tinfoil, that communicates with the bottom of the frame: over this tinfoil the print is pasted. Now if the tinfoil on both sides of the glass be moderately electrified, and a person take hold of the bottom of the frame with one hand, so that his fingers touch the tinfoil, and with the other hand endeavor to take off the crown, he will receive a very smart blow, and fall in the attempt. A five dollar piece or a quarter will do as well. When a ring of persons take a shock among them, the experiment is called "The Conspirators."

3.

**The Tantalian Cup.**—Place a metal cup on a cake of wax, fill it with any sort of liquor, and communicate it to the branch by a small chain; when moderately electrified, desire a person to taste the liquor without touching the cup with his hands.

4.

**The Magical Dance.**—From the conductor suspend three bells, the two outer by chains, that in the middle by a silk string, while a chain connects it to the floor.—This for music. Then suspend a plate of metal, and exactly under it a plate of the same size: on the plate place figures of men, &c., cut in paper of leaf gold, and pretty sharply pointed at both ends. If a piece of gold be cut at a large angle at one extremity, and a very acute angle at the other, it will want no stand, but will hang by its large angle at a small distance from the conductor.

5.

**The Marvellous Fountain.**—Suspend a vessel of water from the arch, and place in the vessel a capillary syphon. The water will at first issue by drops only; but when the wheel is put in motion, there will be one continual stream of water; and if the electrification be strong, a number of streams will issue in the form of a cone. The stream will appear quite luminous in the dark.

6.

**The Magician's Chase—the Planetarium.**—From the branch suspend six concentric hoops of metal, and under them, on a stand, place a metal plate, at the distance of half an inch: then place on the plate, near each hoop, a round glass bubble, blown very light. If the room be darkened, the several glass balls will be beautifully illuminated.

**The Incendiaries.**—A person standing on a cake of wax, holds a chain that is connected with the branch, and putting his finger into a dish containing spirits of wine, made warm, it will blaze.

## Queries.

1.

When did a barber imprison some letters in the alphabet?

2.

Why is it more difficult to spell Brown than Green?

3.

My first or you or I can do,  
But we've no idle time at present;  
My second neither I nor you,  
Although, methinks, 'twere very pleasant;  
My whole, beneath the sun's hot beam,  
Will drive the cattle to the stream.

4.

Five letters do compose my name,  
Backwards or forwards I'm the same;  
Perhaps not easy to explain;  
But when perceived I'm always plain

5.

Shepherds on my first in golden ages lay,  
To hear my second caroll'd from each spray;  
My whole they never knew, nor should we now behold,  
If we of modern days lived in an age of gold.

6.

Where infants willingly repose their head,  
Transpose and find a rugged rock instead.

## Answers to Riddles, Charades, &amp;c.

## ENIGMAS.

- The Atmosphere.
- BAMBOO.—1. Color, of the wood differs—yellow, brown, pale blue, elegant tree. 2. The Bamboo rises to the height of forty, sixty, eighty feet. 3. Shoes and hats in China partly made of Bamboo. 4. Except hooks and nets, all implements in fishery, and vessels of bamboo. 5. All sorts of ornaments made of bamboo. 6. Writing-pens, or reeds, of bamboo. 7. The early shoots served at tables as asparagus. 8. Decoction of the leaves for coughs and sore throat. 9. All kinds of agricultural implements of bamboo. 10. Sweets of several sorts, made from the leaves. 11. The juggler performs feats with bamboo sticks. 12. Bamboo cloaks for the poor. 13. Pillows made of bamboo, and bedsteads. 14. Bird-cages of all descriptions. 15. Interwoven in lattice-work to admit light and air. 16. The poor subsist entirely on it, in times of scarcity. 17. Bamboo habit, to prevent from sinking if in danger. 18. Many musical instruments, made of bamboo. 19. Watchmen's rattles, made of bamboo. 20. In Thibet employed for pipes, to transmit water into gardens. 21. Paper made by bruising and steeping the bark, by which a paste is procured that is made into paper.
- The letter S.—1. S. a. d. 2. The possessive case. 3. By making substantives plural. 4. Needless. 5. S prefixed to it. 6. Sword. 7. Laughter. 8. The collar of SS, or Eases, was worn in that reign. 9. Being prefixed. 10. P. eculations. 11. Steam. 12. Soil. 13. A tale. 14. Tory. 15. The plural number. 16. Scorn. 17, 18, 19. The letters in the words. 20. Pain. 21. Port. 22. Because s comes before t. 23. Crooked s. 24. f. 25. The first letter. 26. The last letter. 27. Sage. 28. She. 29. He. 30. The first letter. 31. The last letter. 32. The first letter. 33. The last letter. 34. Caress.

## CHARADES.

- Pension.
- Lovely.
- Can-not.
- Misfortune.
- Night-cap.
- A Blush.

## REBUSSES.

- Spain, Edward I., Alfred, Sulla, Ethelred the Unready, Raymond of Toulouse, Farin, Engaged, Nero, Tasso.—Sea-serpent.
- Cash.
- Clown.

## TRANSPPOSITIONS.

- Shore—Horse.
- Bread—Beard.
- Foal—Loaf.



### The Hunter's Feast.

[CAPTAIN MAYNE REID, in his "Hunter's Feast," gives the following graphic account of a thrilling adventure he had on one of the American rivers. While in search of the Scarlet Ibis, his boat floated away and left him on a barren island. He tells his story thus.]

I LAY in a stupor almost unconscious, how long I know not; but many hours I am certain. I knew this by the sun; it was going down when I awoke, if I may so term the recovery of my sickened senses. I was aroused by a strange circumstance: I was surrounded by dark objects of hideous shape and hue—reptiles they were. They had been before my eyes for some time, but I had not seen them. I had only a sort of dreamy consciousness of their presence; but I heard them at length: my ear was in better tune, and the strange noises they uttered reached my intellect. It seemed like the blowing of great bellows, with now and then a note harder and louder, like the roaring of a bull. This startled me, and I looked up, and bent my eyes upon the objects: they were forms of the *crocodilidae*, the giant lizards—they were alligators. Huge ones they were, some of them; and many were they in number—a hundred at least were crawling over the islet, before, behind, and on all sides around me. Their long gaunt jaws and channelled snouts projected forward so as almost to touch my body; and their eyes, usually leaden, seemed to glare. Impelled by this new danger, I sprang to my feet, when, recognising the upright form of man, the reptiles scuttled off, and plunging hurriedly into the lake, hid their hideous bodies under the water.

The incident in some measure revived me. I saw that I was not alone: there was company even in the crocodiles. I gradually became more myself, and began to reflect with some degree of coolness on the circumstances that surrounded me. My eyes wandered over the islet; every inch of it came under my glance; every object upon it was scrutinized; the moulten feathers of wild fowl, the pieces of sand, the fresh-water muscles (*unias*) strewn upon the beach—all were examined. Still the barren answer, no means of escape.

The islet was but the head of a sand-bar formed by the eddy, perhaps gathered together within the year. It was bare of herbage, with the exception of a few tufts of grass. There was neither tree nor bush upon it; not a stick. A raft, indeed! There was not wood enough to make a raft that would have floated a frog. The idea of a raft was but briefly entertained; such a thought had certainly crossed my mind, but a single glance around the islet dispelled it before it had taken shape. I paced my prison from end to end; from side to side I walked it over, I tried the water's depth; on all sides I sounded it, wading recklessly in; everywhere it deepened rapidly as I advanced. Three lengths of myself from the islet's edge, and I was up to my neck. The huge reptiles swam around, snorting and blowing; they were bolder in this element. I could not have waded safely ashore, even had the water been shallow. To swim it—no—even though I swam like a duck, they would have closed upon and quartered me before I could have made a dozen strokes. Horrified by their demonstrations, I turned back upon dry ground, and paced the islet with dripping garments. I continued walking until night, which gathered round me dark and dismal. With night came new voices, the hideous voices of the nocturnal swamp; the quack of the night-heron, the screech of the swamp owl, the cry of the bittern, el-l-uk of the great water-toad, the tinkling of the bell-frog, and the chirp of the savannah cricket, all fell upon my ear. Sounds still harsher and more hideous were heard around me—the splashing of the alligator, and the roaring of his voice; these reminded me that I must not go to sleep. To sleep! I durst not have slept for a single instant. Even when I lay for a few minutes motionless, the dark reptiles came crawling round me, so close that I could have put forth my hand and touched them.

At intervals I sprang to my feet, shouted, swept my gun around and chased them back to the water, into which they betook themselves with a sullen plunge, but with little semblance of fear. At each fresh demonstration on my part they showed less alarm, until I could no longer drive them, either with shouts or threatening gestures. They only retreated a few feet, forming an irregular circle round me.

Thus hemmed in, I became frightened in turn. I loaded my gun, and fired; I killed none. They are impervious to a bullet, except in the eye, or under the fore arm. It was too dark to aim at those parts; and my shots glanced harmlessly from the pyramidal scales of their bodies. The loud report, however, and the blaze frightened them, and

they fled to return again, after a long interval. I was asleep when they returned; I had gone to sleep in spite of my efforts to keep awake. I was startled by the touch of something cold; and, half stifled by the strong musky odor that filled the air, I threw out my arms. My fingers rested upon an object slippery and clammy; it was one of these monsters—one of gigantic size. He had crawled close along side me, and was preparing to make his attack, as I saw that he was bent in the form of a bow, and I knew that these creatures assumed that attitude when about to strike their victim. I was just in time to spring aside and avoid the stroke of his powerful tail, that the next moment swept the ground where I had lain. Again I fired, and he with the rest, once more retreated to the lake.

All thoughts of going to sleep were at an end. Not that I felt wakeful; on the contrary, wearied with my day's exertions—for I had had a long pull under a tropical sun—I could have laid down upon the earth, in the mud, anywhere, and slept in an instant. Nothing but the dread certainty of my peril kept me awake. Once again before morning, I was compelled to battle with the hideous reptiles, and chased them away with a shot from my gun.

Morning came at length, but with no change in my perilous position. The light only showed me my island prison, but revealed no way of escape from it. Indeed, the change could not be called for the better, for the fervid rays of an almost vertical sun poured down upon me until my skin blistered. I was already speckled by the bites of a thousand swamp-flies and mosquitoes that all night had preyed upon me. There was not a cloud in the heavens to shade me: and the sunbeams smote the surface of the dead bayou with a double intensity.

Towards evening I began to hunger; no wonder at that. I had not eaten since leaving the village settlement. To assuage thirst, I drank the water of the lake, turbid and slimy as it was, I drank it in large quantities, for it was hot, and only moistened my palate without quenching the cravings of my appetite. Of water there was enough: I had more fear from want of food. What could I eat? The Ibis. But how to cook it? There was nothing wherewith to make a fire—not a stick. No matter for that. Cooking is a modern invention, a luxury for pampered palates. I divested the Ibis of its brilliant plumage, and ate it raw. I spoiled my specimen, but at the time there was little thought of that. There was not much of the naturalist left in me. I anathematised the hour I had ever promised to procure the bird: I wished my friend up to his neck in a swamp. The Ibis did not weigh above three pounds, bones and all. It served me for a second meal, a breakfast; but at this *dejeuner sans fourchette* I picked the bones.

What next? Starve? No—not yet. In the battles I had had with the alligators during the second night, one of them had received a shot that proved mortal. The hideous carcass of the reptile lay dead upon the beach. I need not starve; I could eat that. Such were my reflections. I must hunger, though, before I could bring myself to touch the musky morsel. Two days more fasting conquered my squeamishness. I drew out my knife, cut a steak from the alligator's tail and ate it—not the one I had first killed, but a second; the other was now putrid, rapidly decomposing under the hot sun—its odor filled the islet.

The stench had grown intolerable. There was not a breath of air stirring; otherwise I might have shunned it by keeping to windward. The whole atmosphere of the islet, as well as a large circle round it, was impregnated with the fearful effluvia. I could bear it no longer. With the aid of my gun I pushed the half decomposed carcass into the lake. Perhaps the current might carry it away. It did; I had the satisfaction to see it float off. This circumstance led me into a train of reflections. Why did the body of the alligator float? It was swollen, inflated with gases. Ha!

An idea shot suddenly through my mind—one of these brilliant ideas, the children of necessity. I thought of the floating alligator, its intestines—what if I inflated them? Yes, yes! buoys and bladders, floats and life-preservers! That was the thought. I would open the alligators, and make a buoy of their intestines, and that would bear me from the islet!

I did not lose a moment's time; I was full of energy: hope had given me new life. My gun was loaded—a huge crocodile that swam near the shore received the shot in his eye. I dragged him on the beach; with my knife I laid open his entrails. Few they were, but enough for my purpose. A plume quill from the wing of the ibis served me for a blow-pipe. I saw the bladder-like skin ex-

pand, until I was surrounded by objects like great sausages. These were tied together, and fastened to my body, and then with a plunge, I entered the waters of the lake and floated downward. I had tied on my life preservers in such a way that I sat in an upright position, holding my gun with both hands. This I intended to have used as a club in case I should be attacked by the alligators; but I had chosen the hot hour of noon when these creatures lie in a half torpid state, and to my joy I was not molested. Half an hour's drifting with the current carried me to the end of the lake, and I found myself at the *debouchure* of the bayou. Here to my great delight I saw my boat in the swamp, where it had been caught and held fast by the sedge. A few minutes more and I had swung myself over the gunwale and was sculling with eager strokes down the smooth waters of the bayou.

**HINTS TO POTICHOMANIACS.**—(By a fashionable *Enthusiast*.)—The lady who devotes all her time to potichomaniaing, may be said to be of that bold, careless nature, that she would probably stick at nothing. It is as well not to leave your dragons, and mandarins, and flowers lying littered ready-pasted about the room. I knew a poor dear of an Italian greyhound, who, by rolling itself among the pictorial scraps, came out, to the great horror of its spinsterial mistress, a most ridiculous object, for it was daubed all over, from its head to its tail, with Chinese monstrosities and Dutch tulips. The case of the mischievous little boy, who got hold of his mamma's large opera-glass, and stuck curious little figures on the glasses inside, regularly potichomaniaing it in fact, must still be fresh in the recollection of every one. It is advisable after you have been "messing" with the different liquids to wipe your fingers. It is very embarrassing to find your hand fastened in the large fat digits of a stupid gawky boy, who has just dropped in to pay you a visit. You try to get your hand away, and the vain young puppy, fancying you have some motive for leaving it there, goes on squeezing it tenderly. I don't know of anything so awkward. In general it may be said that potichomania is favorable to table-cloth makers and carpet warehousemen.

**THE HORSE CHESTNUT.**—I know of no tree which, when in bloom, affords a more magnificent spectacle than the horse chestnut; nor is the pleasure conferred by it confined alone to the eye; the nose is delighted by its fragrance, and the ear with the stirring hum of the bees that are attracted by the nectared sweets contained in its blossoms; and last, not least, the mind is led to the contemplation of the perfections of that wonderful Being who could design such a noble object, and to the reflection that it should imitate the conduct of the busy insects, in devoting its whole energies to the fulfilment of those duties for which men were placed upon earth. The fruit, or rather the seed, is much valued in the south of Europe as food for fattening sheep; and it has been used by some persons as a substitute for coffee. Like the acorn, it possesses an astringent principle, which exists likewise in the bark; and this latter part of the tree has been recommended as a valuable febrifuge in intermittent and other fevers. This property has already rendered a decoction of the bark serviceable in some cases of gangrene, in which particular it resembles a nearly allied tree, the *Tinguy*, which is similarly employed in Brazil to heal sores in horses caused by stinging insects.

**CURIOSITIES OF NEW YORK.**—We make Mr. Tims a present of the following "Curiosities." He is perfectly at liberty to make use of them in the next edition of his interesting book:—A good cigar bought at a betting shop. A play bill that spoke the truth. A fresh laid egg that was less than a month old. A statue that was an ornament to the metropolis. A stage that was not going to start directly. A bargain, bought at an "awful failure" store, that did not turn out a do. A policeman with spectacles. A blue-coat boy on horseback. A chimney sweep with an umbrella. A quaker with a bull-dog. A fountain that was not supremely ridiculous. A Belgravian James in a hurry. A bishop carrying a baby.

**ECONOMY.**—It is no small commendation to manage a little well. He is a good waggoner that can turn in a little room. To live well in abundance, is the praise of the estate—not of the person. I will study more how to give a good account of my little, than how to make it more.

A TREETALLER objected to the study of geology, because he heard it included quartz.

A MAN who make dress his hobby, may be said to ride a clothes-horse.





I. Eupatoria. II. Lake Sasik. III. River and Mountains of the Alma. IV. River and Bends of Katcha. V. The Belbec. VI. The Town and Forts of Sebastopol. VII. Kamiesch Bay. VIII. Cape and Lighthouse of Chersonesus. IX. Monastery of St. George. X. Balaklava. XI. The Genoese Fort. XII. The British Camp. XIII. Village of Kadikoi. XIV. Road to the Camp from Balaklava. XV. British Line. XVI. Camp of General Bosquet. XVII. French Camp. XVIII. French Attack. XIX. British Attack. XX. Lancaster Batteries. XXI. British Camp. XXII. Valley and Ruins of Inkermann and Russian Camps.

#### General View of Sebastopol and Neighborhood.

The great features of the illustration are the English and French camps and lines of attack, stretching from Kamiesch Bay to the heights which terminate at Balaklava and separate the allied armies from the enemy who, having free access from the north side of Sebastopol, roam about the country in the hope to discover the besiegers asleep or vulnerable at some weakly guarded point.

The two camps and lines of attack may thus generally be described: The whole country for miles around, in the rear of the Diamond, the Greenhill, and Wasp Batteries, is filled with shot—some of an enormous size—to an extent that really defies description. If one could bring himself to imagine a hail-storm of cannon balls, he might then only properly picture to himself the manner in which these messengers of death now lie strewn over the face of the land. In all the valleys and ravines, and in every spot where a slope existed to allow of the "pocketing" of the balls, they exist in piles. The whole country appears as if the contents of Woolwich Arsenal had been poured out upon it. Some of them are rather dangerous toys to



middle with, as they are unexploded shells, that require but slight provocation to go off. The Greenhill Battery is a long line of fortifications running down on both flanks into two deep, precipitous gorges. On the right flank, beyond this, upon an elevated plateau, stands the Diamond, Koh-i-Noor, or 21-gun Battery, as it variously called. On the left flank, beyond the other gorge, stands the Wasp Battery. From this point the French covered way and parallels begin, and the zigzag is well nigh into the town of Sebastopol. The Wasp Battery is planted on the elevated rock at the head of one of the creeks of the great harbor. The French lines run along the left of this creek, over the water. The English lines course along the right bank of the same place. In the suburban gardens along the sloping sides of the small inlet or bay, Russian riflemen are posted in caves and in pits, protected by sand bags. Between them and the allied pickets a constant fire is kept up. When you show your head over the parapet, you quickly see numerous tiny clouds of smoke spurted out from numberless holes in all directions, and presently a flight of Minié balls pass over the spot whence you looked—some with a humming noise, others with a sudden, plaintive scream, and many with a shrill whistle, according as the wind catches them in their course; now and then a gun booms from either side, to show that all are on the alert. Sometimes, when we least expect one, and just as we sit down under the parapet to discuss biscuit and cold pork, a heavy shot ploughs up our embrasures, sending the soil and showers of splinters over our scanty fare. Occasionally a gun is struck and disabled: this is a terrible loss when it does occur, for it imposes on us all the trouble of a fresh remount, and the gun has to be drawn all the way from Balaklava. The Round Tower, destroyed by the Diamond Battery, has its interior quite laid open to view, exhibiting its casemates which were not bomb-proof, although built as such. The lunette at its base is again admirably set up by the Russian engineers, and its embrasures are again radiant with guns; and, in fact, the land front is one uninterrupted chain of guns and intrenchments, palisaded and *chevaux-de-frized*. There appears to be an immense stock of heavy guns in their arsenals for remounts, in case of need. In the French work there are some heavy batteries of guns, as well as mortars. A line-of-battle ship now alongside the dockyard or arsenal must be crushed by their fire. The trenches of the French are well formed and deeply cut, and they have been worked out under a destructive fire, as the shot and shell on every side sufficiently testify.

From the French trenches a very fine view can be had of Sebastopol. On a fine day the town looks beautiful; and although the individual buildings have received some damage from shot hurled not against them, but against the defences—yet those wounds do not detract from the general beauty of the place. True, there is a dirty-looking shattered suburb, but the interior of the city can boast of its classic colonnades and buildings after the plan of Grecian temples—one, not unlike the temple of Theseus, occupies a conspicuous position, and is called by the besiegers "The Library." A church dome, of the minaret character, with a copper-covered roof, gleams beside it; and not far distant is a remarkable looking tower, with a flag-staff, which is called the "Telegraph Station." The huge Forts Constantine, Maximilian, the great "Redan," and all the other vast line of works, looked to advantage, and were reflected on the placid water of the harbor. The English and French have now got mounted upwards of three hundred guns, and as the Russians can bring five hundred to bear, when those two opposing forces of cannon open anew upon each other, verily the Crimea must rock to its very centre—for never within the memory of man will such a terrific iron tempest have swept over any land.

#### Ancient Well Worship.

On the western side of the beautiful valley through which flows the Trelawny river, and near Hobb's Park, in the parish of Pelynt, Cornwall, is St. Nun's or St. Ninnie's Well. Its position was, until very lately, to be discovered by the oak tree matted with ivy, and the thicket of willow and bramble which grew upon its roof. The front of the well is of a pointed form, and has a rude entrance, about four feet high, and spanned above by a single flat stone, which leads into a grotto with an arched roof. The walls on the interior are draped with the luxuriant fronts of spleenwort, hart's-tongue, and a rich under-covering of liverwort. At the further end of the floor is a round granite basin, with a deeply-moulded brim, and ornamented on its circumference with a

series of rings, each enclosing a cross or a ball. The water weeps into it from an opening in the back, and escapes again by a hole in the bottom. This interesting piece of antiquity has been protected by a tradition which we could almost wish to attach to some of our cromlechs and circles in danger of spoliation.

An old farmer (so runs the legend) once set his eyes upon the granite basin and coveted it; for it was not wrong in his eyes to convert the holy font to the base uses of the pigsty; and accordingly he drove his oxen and wain to the gateway above, for the purpose of removing it. Taking his beasts to the entrance of the well, he essayed to drag the trough from its ancient bed. For a long time it resisted the efforts of the oxen, but at length they succeeded in starting it, and dragged it slowly up the hill side to where the wain was standing. Here, however, it burst away from the chains which held it, and rolling back again to the well, made a sharp turn and regained its old position, where it has remained ever since. Nor will any one again attempt its removal, seeing that the farmer, who was previously well to do in the world, never prospered from that day forward. Some people say, indeed, that retribution overtook him on the spot, the oxen falling dead, and the owner being struck lame and speechless.

Though the superstitious hinds had spared the well, time and the storms of winter had been slowly ruining it. The oak which grew upon its roof had, by its roots, dislodged several stones of the arch, and swaying about in the wind, had shaken down a large mass of masonry in the interior, and the greater part of the front. On its ruinous condition being made known to the Trelawny family (on whose property it is situated), they ordered its restoration, and the walls were replaced after its original plan.

This well, and a small chapel (the site of which is no longer to be traced, though still pointed out by the older tenantry) were dedicated, it is supposed, to St. Nonnet, or St. Nun, a female saint. The people of the neighborhood know the well by the names St. Ninnie, St. Nun's, and Pixie's well. It is probable that the latter is, after all, the older name, and that the guardianship of the spring was usurped at a later period by the saint whose name it occasionally bears. The water was doubtless used for sacramental purposes; yet its mystic properties, if they were ever supposed to be dispensed by the saint, have been again transferred, in the popular belief, to the pixies.

In the basin of the well may be found a great number of pins, thrown in by those who have visited it out of curiosity, or to avail themselves of the virtues of its waters. I was anxious to know what meaning the peasantry attached to this strange custom, and on asking a man who was at work near the spot, was told that it was done "to get the good will of the pixies," who after the tribute of a pin not only ceased to mislead them, but rendered fortunate the operations of husbandry.

At Madron well, near Penzance, I observed the custom of hanging rags on the thorns which grew in the enclosure. Both customs obtains very widely—their original intention being, no doubt, to procure the favor of the tutelary spirit of the fountain, or to testify gratitude for restored health.

In Ireland, where patterns and pilgrimages to holy wells are still common, similar customs are observed. The following extract may be allowed, as it serves to show that the Irish peasantry entertain nearly the same idea as our own respecting the meaning of these observances.

Dr. O'Connor, in the third of his *Letters of Columbanus*, addressing his brother, says: I have often inquired of your tenants what they themselves thought of their pilgrimages to the wells of Kill-Archt, Tobbar-Brighde, Tobbar-Muire, near Elphin, and Moore, near Castlereagh, where multitudes assembled annually to celebrate what they, in broken English, termed patterns' (patron's day); and when I pressed a very old man Owen Hester, to state what possible advantage he expected to derive from the singular custom of frequenting, in particular, such old wells as were contiguous to an old blasted oak, or an upright unhewn stone, and what the meaning was of the yet more singular custom of sticking rags on the branches of such tree, and spitting on them, his answer, and the answer of the oldest men was, that their ancestors always did it; that it was a preservative against the sorceries of the Druids; that their cattle were preserved by it from infectious disorders; that the fairies were kept in good humor by it; and so thoroughly persuaded were they of the sanctity of these pagan practices, that they would travel, bareheaded and barefooted, from ten to twenty miles for the purpose of crawling

on their knees round these wells and upright stones, and oak trees, westward as the sun travels, some three times, some six, some nine, and so on in uneven numbers, until their voluntary penance was completely fulfilled." "Hundreds of votive rags and bandages," says Crofton Croker, in his *Travels into Persia*, "are nailed against the cross and hung upon it, by those whose faith has made them whole. Hanway, speaking of a similar Oriental custom, says that the rags were left 'in fond expectation of leaving their diseases also on the same spot.'"

The practice of throwing in pins is observed by those who visit the beautiful Gothic well at the foot of Menacuddle Grove, near St. Austle, Cornwall. The *History of Cornwall* says: "On approaching the margin, each visitor, if he hoped for good luck through life, was expected to throw a crooked pin into the water, and it was presumed that the other pins which had been deposited there by former devotees might be seen rising from their beds to meet it before it reached the bottom."

In these customs, as observed at the latter well and others in Cornwall, we may notice some remains of the practice of hydromancy, or magic by means of water, which was probably one of the departments of augury among the Druids. Intimations of the future are given by the presence or absence, &c., of bubbles which may follow the dropping of the pin.

Many of the Cornish wells, especially those under the protection of their saints, have, as in the case of St. Nun's, connected with them some tradition, intended by those who first gave it currency to protect their structures from injury. The fine old well of St. Cleer, its ruined baptistry, and venerable cross, though no longer the object of superstitious regard, have been so spared, that it would not be difficult to effect an almost entire restoration from the ruins which lie scattered round. I learnt from a native of the parish that some of the stones of the well have been, at various times, carted away to serve meaner purposes, but that they have been, by some mysterious agency, brought back again during the night.

The reputed virtues of Saint's Well, near Polperro, have survived the entire destruction of the edifice which enclosed the spring; for it is still resorted to by those afflicted with inflamed eyes and other ailments, and if "ceremonies due" are done aright, with great benefit.

PLEASURE and action make the hours seem short.

Good temper is like a sunny day; it sheds a brightness over everything. It is the sweetener of toil, and the soother of disquietude. A preserved temper is a good preserver.

INDUSTRIAL EMPLOYMENT OF THE EARTHLY METALS.—The great affinity of aluminum for carbon, with which it forms a very stable and exceedingly hard alloy, renders it very valuable in the system of manufacturing steel. It serves to fix the carbon in the metal, so that the same piece of steel may be heated and tempered several times without alteration. Aluminum generally gives steels and alloys of great hardness, very white, dull, and damasked; these alloys are ductile and malleable. The alloys of silicium, on the contrary, have a short granular fracture, of a dull white, without lustre; they are excessively hard, but brittle, and become more and more so in proportion as the quantity of silicium is increased: five or six per cent. of silicium renders metals and alloys capable of being pounded like stones under the pestle.

CHINESE CUSTOMS.—A lady authoress of the *Flowery Land* informs us that—"When a son is born he sleeps upon a bed; he is clothed with robes, and plays with pearls; every one obeys his princely cries. But when a girl is born, she sleeps upon the ground, is merely wrapped up in a cloth, plays with a tile, and is incapable of acting either virtuously or viciously. She has nothing to think of but preparing food, and making wine, and not vexing her parents." When a proposal of marriage is made, the father of the young girl is applied to, and the following style of answer is considered polished:—I have received with respect the marks of your goodness. The choice that you design to make of my daughter to become the wife of your son, shows me that you esteem my poor and cold family more than it deserves. My daughter is coarse and stupid, and I have not had the talent to bring her up well; yet I shall nevertheless glory in obeying you on this occasion." Their treatment of women is in most respects conformable to this standard; and were not individuals more virtuous than the laws, a family bound together by happy and cordial relations would not often be found in China.



## Random Readings.

**BLACK CURRENT JAM.**—A collision on the Thames. **JUMPING TO A CONCLUSION.**—A bore of our acquaintance insists that geniuses must have wooden heads, or they would soon be demolished, by being continually struck with ideas.

**A RETIRED SCHOOLMASTER** excuses his passion for angling by saying that, from constant habit, he never feels quite himself unless he's handling the rod.

**A HINT TO THE VAIN.**—When you become the centre of attraction, does it ever strike you that perhaps you are playing the "fool in the middle?"

**PUNISHMENT FOR OVER-ENTHUSIASTIC PEOPLE.**—Being taken up with admiration, carried away by rapture, and transported with ecstasy.

**SWEETS OF TRAVELLING BY AN EXPRESS TRAIN.**—Being treated to a jam on the way.

**A CORRESPONDENT** observes, that we need not be at all surprised at the Turks proving to be such fine soldiers, as the highest opinion has always been entertained of the Damascus blades.

**FOR THE CONSIDERATION OF ARTISTS.**—If a picture is well hung, does it follow as a matter of course that it's well executed?

**RATHER.**—The most liberal rouge-pot is the brandy bottle—because it colors the face all over.

The man who fell off his chair while "how-come-you-so," is supposed to have been knocked off by the chair's arm in indignation.

**TALENTS, merit, beauty, rank, fortune, are responsibilities sufficient, without adding to them ostentation.**

**PULL TOGETHER.**—"I have somewhere read," says the Rev. Dr. Wise, in his "Bridal Greetings" "of a bridegroom who gloried in his eccentricities. He requested his bride to accompany him into the garden a day or two after the wedding. He then threw a line over the roof of their cottage. Giving his wife one end of it, he retreated to the other side, and exclaimed: 'Pull the line!' She pulled it, at his request, as far as she could. He cried: 'Pull it over!' 'I can't!' she replied. 'Pull with all your might!' shouted the whimsical husband. But in vain were all the efforts of the bride to pull over the line, so long as the husband held on to the opposite end. But when he came round, and they both pulled at one end, it came over with great ease. 'There,' he said, as the line fell from the roof, 'you see how hard and ineffectual was our labor when we pulled in opposition to each other; but how easy and pleasant it is when we both pull together! If we oppose each other, it will be hard work; if we act together, it will be pleasant to live! Let us therefore always pull together!'"

**SHERIDAN AND HIS SON TOM.**—Sheridan had a great distaste to anything like metaphysical discussions, whereas Tom had taken a liking for them. Tom one day tried to discuss with his father the doctrine of necessity. "Pray, my good father," said he, "did you ever do anything in a state of perfect indifference—without motive, I mean, of some kind or other?" Sheridan, who saw what was coming, and by no means relished such subjects, even from Tom, or any one else, said: "Yes, certainly!" "Indeed?" "Yes, indeed?" "What, total indifference—total entire, thorough indifference?" "Yes, total, entire thorough indifference!" "My dear father, tell me what it is that you can do with—mind!—total, entire thorough indifference?" "Why, listen to you, Tom!" said Sheridan. This rebuff, as Tom told me, so disconcerted him, that he had never forgotten it, nor had he ever again troubled his father with any of his metaphysics.

**THE ISLE OF SERPENTS.**—Many years ago, when I was resident in Turkey, I had occasion to make frequent reference to Arrian. On finding that the Island of Serpents was lately appointed as the rendezvous for the expedition against the Crimea, I was reminded of the gift of that Island by Thetis to Achilles, and of the pretty fable respecting the manner in which the temple of that hero was kept clean. According to Arrian, a multitude of aquatic birds of all sorts abounded there, which alone had the care of the temple. They repaired every morning to the sea, where they bathed their wings, afterwards sweeping with their plumage the sacred pavement. From the immense number of these birds, and from the color of their dung, the island was known to the Greeks by the name of *Leuce*. The shades of both Achilles and Patroclus, who were equally worshipped there, are also said to have appeared in dreams to those who visited the island, and to have pointed out the safest place for landing. Whether this invaluable faculty still continues to exist, and whether it extends to the neighboring shores of the Crimea, may now be a matter of doubt; which, it is to be hoped, may be cleared up, if the allied admirals kept a record of their dreams when they were at the Isle of Serpents.

**MACAULAY.**—An amusing and absurd anecdote of Mr. Macaulay is making the tour of the papers. According to an unknown story-teller, Mr. Macaulay being desirous of obtaining information respecting eighteenth century poetry, as material for his new volumes, took his way from the Albany to White-chapel, and bought a roll of London ballads of a singing-boy. Happening to turn round, as he reached his home, he perceived the boy with a circle of young friends, keeping close at his heels. "Have I not given your price, sir?" asks the historian. "All right, guv'ner," was the response, "we're only waiting till you begin to sing." Of course the story is apocryphal.

**COAL VERSUS SINKERS.**—"It has been proved," says Professor Henry, President of the Mechanics' Institute, at Washington, "that, on an average, four ounces of coal are sufficient to draw on a railroad one ton a mile. It has also been found, on experiment, that a man working continually on a treadmill for eight hours, will elevate 1,500,000 lbs. one foot high. Now, Cornish engines will perform the same work by the expenditure of 1½ lb. of coal. It follows from these data, that about five tons of coal would evolve as much power during its combustion as would be equal to the continued labor of an able-bodied man for twenty years, at the rate of eight hours per day—or, in other words, to the active power of a man during the active period of life."

## My own Sweet Wife and I.

(ORIGINAL.)

THIS world's a world of care and pain,  
And trials thickly strew it;  
A greater share of loss than gain  
Most find in passing through it.  
But wherefore at our lot repine?  
To-day the storm sweeps by,  
To-morrow's sun we trust will shine—  
My own sweet wife and I.

Two years and more have we been wed,  
And dark has been the weather;  
Yet never lack'd we daily bread,  
Nor comfort when together.  
We walk, perchance, while others ride,  
Yet laugh while others sigh,  
And lift our heads in honest pride—  
My own sweet wife and I.

My cheek to thine has oft been prest,  
My true, my own sweet dove;  
And each the other still hath bless'd  
With uncomplaining love.  
True love's a blessing evermore,  
Riches take wings and fly;  
We pine not for the miser's store—  
My own sweet wife and I.

Then let the world go as it will,  
Still hopefully we'll try,  
If not our purse with gold to fill,  
To gild our home with joy.  
And when the eve of life comes on,  
Resting our hope on high,  
We shall not rue the moments gone—  
My own sweet wife and I.

**GUARDIAN ANGELS.**—There are those who believe that it is the especial privilege of the "loved and lost" to be thereafter the guardian watchers of the living who are left behind. Such a persuasion has dried many a mourner's tear. In the overwhelming grief which death brings, it is a relief unspeakable to think that the lamented parent, the cherished partner, or the darling child are still with us, separated only by a division thin as air, sympathizing with us, watching over us, silently persuading us to holy actions. Often has such a conviction checked the rising thought of evil, and turned the tempted and erring back to the paths of virtue. We would fain believe that those sweet innocents who are given to their parents for awhile, and who are then taken away just as they have begun to weave themselves about our hearts, are angels in disguise, sent to wean us from earthly things, and revive in our souls the longing for paradise. God spiritualizes us in this way, when all other means fail. There are praying mothers, whose sons are far away, to whom this belief has sometimes come with peculiar beauty. Oh! what inexpressible joy to think that guardian angels attend the wanderer in the watches of the night, in the storm at sea, on the wide prairie, on the bleak sierra. Grown men, separated by vast oceans from their early homes, often feel as if some invisible presence was with them: a presence as though a celestial spirit, won by a mother's petitions, constantly protected their footsteps. There is a German legend which says that each of us, at birth, has a guardian angel appointed, who remains with us until death, unless driven away by our remorseless wickedness. Alas! for those who have banished their invisible attendant. What a dissolution theirs must be, as they go out into the dark eternity to come, lonely wanderers whom no messenger from Paradise takes by the hand.—*Peterson.*

The most ignorant have sufficient knowledge to detect the faults of others; the most clear-sighted are blind to their own.

**CHINESE FISHING.**—Just as our pleasant journey on the Pinghou was approaching its termination, we encountered a long file of fishing boats, which were rowing back to their ports. Instead of nets, they carried a great number of cormorants, perched on the edges of the boats. It is a curious spectacle to see these creatures engaged in fishing, diving into the water, and always coming up with a fish in their beak. As the Chinese fear the vigorous appetite of their feathered associates, they fasten round their necks an iron ring, large enough to allow of their breathing, but too small to admit the passage of the fish they seize: to prevent their straying about in the water and wasting the time destined for work, a cord is attached to the ring and to one claw of the cormorant, by which he is pulled up when inclined to stay too long under water. When tired, he is permitted to rest for a few minutes, but if he abuses this indulgence and forgets his business, a few strokes of a bamboo recall him to duty, and the poor diver patiently resumes his laborious occupation. In passing from one fishing-ground to another, the cormorants perch side by side on the edge of the boat, and their instinct teaches them to range themselves in nearly equal numbers on each side, so as not to disturb the equilibrium of the frail vessel; we saw them thus ranged throughout the little fleet of fishing smacks on Lake Pinghou.

**POMPEII.**—Pompeii was nothing but a small provincial town, mimicking the luxuries and vices of the capital—a retreat for banished voluptuaries, pensioned officers, and moralising poets. It would be ridiculous to expect to find within its walls any traces of the ancient grandeur of antique Rome. Taste in ornamentation, skill in design, we look for and find—and in the City of the Dead we discover, as we might expect to do, more traces of the private life of the Roman citizen than we could find in the Pantheon or the Coliseum. The Coliseum seems a work that might have come from the hands of the Titans; the buildings of Pompeii and Herculaneum, though mere toys in comparison, appear to be the work of men of nearly our own rank in creation. We find still standing at Pompeii what at Rome are mere ruins—we mean the theatres, Basilica, and Forum. Pompeii might be a city from which the inhabitants had but just fled. It wants only roofs on the houses, and the sound of life within the chambers, to realise the Odes of Horace or the Satires of Juvenal. The traveller can scarcely believe that eighteen centuries have passed since the red rain of Vesuvius fell on those roofs and drove out their inhabitants. The following condensation of the last survey of Pompeii will be interesting to our readers. The edifices of the town are built in the Greek style, modified by Roman customs. They are generally small, but nothing is forgotten to render them convenient. The decoration is in so uniform a taste, that Mazois was at first inclined to think that it was the work of the same artists, directed by one and the same man. Marbles are found rarely, except in the temples and theatres; the chief decorations being mural paintings, either mosaic or stucco arabesques. The most striking feature of the city is the profusion of ornamental detail even in the meanest house. The walls are painted in fresco, black, red, yellow, blue, or green. The arabesques were painted on dry ground, and are not encaustic. Mosaic pavements were universal in this little city of artists and art-lovers. The simplest are white, with black borders; others are labyrinths of black and white cubes, and a few are richly colored. The houses were flimsy, built of lava, brick, and petrified concrete. The wooden planks have all perished; and iron was often used by the Pompeians where the richer Romans would have used bronze. The streets were narrow in order to keep out the sun; and this was no inconvenience as the chariots were few and small, and horses and mules were used as beasts of burden. The paving is of brick, asphalt, and even marble and mosaic. The roads were paved with huge polygons of lava, clamped with iron, and filled up with loose granite, marble, or flints. In the rainy season of December and January, the streets must become mere torrents. High stepping-stones are still found to enable passengers to cross. Before the store doors are frequently found blocks of stone, pierced with holes, which were used to fasten horses. At the angle of most of the streets are fountains; these are ornamented with reliefs and carved masks. The house walls facing the streets are covered with innumerable inscriptions, votive or secular, with advertisements of shows and fights, lampoons or caricatures.





"SHE NEVER TOLD HER LOVE."

Mrs. Partington says there must be some sort of kin between poets and pullets, for they both are always chanting their lays.

A little boy going to church on Sunday, remarked, "Ma, there goes a woman with a hat on, and oh! see, mother, she's got boots on, too!"—"Oh, no, my son, you are mistaken; it is only a gentleman with a woman's shawl on!" replied the mother.

The Earl of Carlisle, as president at the dinner of the Society for Diseases of the Chest, lately gave as a toast the "ladies," observing, "that though he could not wish they might abstain from inflicting wounds of the heart upon others, he hoped they would never experience disease of the chest themselves."

An Irish girl, the other day, complained to her mistress that the cow wouldn't eat her "mess." She "scalded the male, and she salted it—but devil a bit would the old cow touch." On examination it was found that Biddy's "male" was nothing but saw-dust. The cow was evidently not used to such fine board!

"Now, gentlemen, said a nobleman to his guests on one occasion, as the ladies left the room, 'let us understand each other—are we to drink like men or like brutes?' The guests, somewhat indignant, exclaimed, 'Like men, of course!' 'Then,' replied he, 'we are going to get jolly drunk, for brutes never drink more than they want.'"

It is a curious fact, that at parties, balls, or wherever a refreshment-table is spread, every man seems to regard it as his just duty to fill himself to the very mouth with all the "delicacies of the season," and to accomplish it in the least time possible—as if he was a gun, and anxious to ascertain his calibre, and find out how quickly he could be loaded in case of necessity.

At a meeting of clergymen not long since a reverend gentleman by the name of Loss, of dimensions somewhat extended, both laterally and altitudinally, presented himself. Says one of the brethren to him, "When you left your people you were a great Loss." "Yes," said another, "but when dies he will be no Loss." "Nay," said a third, "he will be a dead Loss."

Three Protestant ladies took shelter in a Catholic chapel in Ireland during a storm. The priest noticing and knowing them, whispered to his attendant, "Three chairs for the Protestant ladies." The sacristan, mistaking the priest, stood up and shouted out to the congregation, "Three cheers for the Protestant ladies," which the congregation immediately took up, and gave three hearty cheers, while the clergyman actually stood dumbfounded.

After an accident the other day, on one of our railways, an Irishman was found among the

rubbish of a broken car, knocked into insensibility. He was taken to a neighbouring house, where he was soon after restored to consciousness. The first words he uttered were—"By the powers! an wasn't it a Know Nothing I was for a few moments, gentlemen?" The ludicrous remark dissipated for the time being the gloom occasioned by the disaster.

Why is it dangerous to walk in woods in early spring? Because the trees are shooting.

A Texas paper says that the earth is so kind in that State, "that just tickle her with a hoe, and she will laugh with a harvest."

An old lady, while indulging a few evenings since in reminiscences of her girlhood when she had lots of beaux, exclaimed, "Why the truth is, that at one time I was so happy that I was fairly uncomfortable."

A student once remarking in company that he could make an impromptu rhyme upon any words that might be given to him, was requested to try his powers on "di-do-dum," whereupon he gave the following:

When Dido's lover would not to Dido come,  
Dido sat moping, and was Dido dumb.

"I have just been amused," writes a correspondent before Sebastopol, "by the efforts of my civil servant to obtain grog for himself and my soldier servant, St. Patrick's night being set forth as the excuse. I said, 'Go along, neither of you are Irishmen.' Oh no, sir," was the reply, 'but Johnson's wife is!' and as the argument was so conclusively Irish, it was, of course, irresistible."



"MEET ME BY MOONLIGHT ALONE."



DESIGN FOR A NEW MAINE LAW JUG, RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED TO THE CARSON LEAGUE.

The Wanderer of Vienna relates the following: A Jewish banker of Frankfort, while proceeding to Vienna by railway not long since, fell into conversation with a gentleman of very pleasing manners, who was in the same carriage with him; and so delighted was the banker with his new acquaintance, that he offered to give him a letter of recommendation to his daughter, who was well married in Vienna, and might be of service to him. The gentleman thanked him, and, with a smile, said, "I also have one of my daughters married at Vienna, and she has made a very tolerable match." "Pray, may I presume," said the banker, "to ask the name of her husband?" "It is the Emperor of Austria," was the answer; the gentleman being Prince Maximilian of Bavaria.

METAPHYSICS.—They debate strange questions down east. The first was—"What is the difference between the Bridge of Sighs and the size of a bridge?" The next is to be—"The difference between a fac simile and a sick family!"

ALL THE DIFFERENCE.—"Ah, Sam, so you've been in trouble, eh?" "Yes, Tim, yes." "Well, well, cheer up man, adversity tries us, and shows up our better qualities." "Ah, but adversity *didn't* try me; it was an Old Bailey judge, and he showed up my worst qualities."

DIFFERENT CIRCLES OF CIVILISATION.—Where there is a looking-glass in the room you will generally find a knot of Frenchmen assembled round it. Where there is a fire in the room you will generally find a group of Englishmen hanging in front of it, with the backs of two or three of them, their coat-tails uplifted, turned elegantly towards it.

BURRS ON THE BENCH AND BAR.—The man who is fond of bringing actions against other people is seldom accountable for his own.

The first motive with the jury, in retiring, is to consider their verdict; the second, to consider themselves.

Briefs show their arguments on one side only; lawyers can display them on either.

An attorney's business is from ten to four; his pleasure, six-and-eight.

The best counsel for plaintiff and defendant—Don't go to law.

#### Sentimentalities.

The heart is a nursery of the tenderest plants to which the least chill often proves most destructive.

White hair is the chalk with which Time keeps its score—two, three, or four score, as the case may be—on a man's head.

Two's a secret, but three's none.

The heart-strings will snap, just like harp-strings, from excess of cold and neglect.



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## THE SOLDIER OF FORTUNE:

A TALE OF THE WAR.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "STANFIELD HALL," "MINNIE GREY," ETC.

Continued from Vol. I., page 361.

### CHAPTER VI.

WHEN the train in which Sir Edward's messenger travelled stopped within twelve miles of London,

several fresh passengers entered the carriage, amongst them were three shabby-genteel men, such as may be seen daily lounging in the low-class billiard-rooms, betting-offices, or on the race-course at Epsom and Newmarket—a fourth was an innocent-looking country lad, dressed in a smart livery, he nodded familiarly to Jack, who, without the least hesitation, returned the salute.

There is a sort of freemasonry amongst the gentle-

men of the plush and laced hat, which dispenses with the formality of a regular introduction.

"Going to town?" said the boy.

"Yes."

"So am I; how lucky! I like to have a companion."

To while away the time, the three shabby-genteel-looking passengers began to play at cards. At first without inviting any one to join them, but as



INTERVIEW BETWEEN BEATRIX CHALLONER AND CHARLES LAVASSEUR.



observations were made respecting the chances of the game, their feeling of exclusiveness gave way; and the one who acted as banker asked if any gentleman would like to join them.

"Simplest game in the world?" he said, at the same time cutting the pack into five parts, "place your money upon any one you like—call your color red or black—ven you vins, I doubles the stake, ven you loses, I takes it. Its the only game vitch the Queen allows Prince Halbert to play, cos, as her Majesty justly observes, there ain't no dodge in it." "Well, it does seem very fair," whispered the boy to Jack. "I've a great mind to try; will you stand with me?"

"Don't be a fool!" replied the groom, "it's a regular do; I tried it last Ipswich races, and got spoon'd out of a pound."

Despite the well-meant advice, his new friend insisted upon trying his luck; to Jack's great astonishment, he won fifteen shillings in half the number of minutes.

"It is fair!" exclaimed the boy in high glee.

"Fair!" repeated the man, "in course it is. I hopes as how no gentleman present takes us for prigs—the game is so easy, a baby might understand it. I cuts the cards into five packs—you puts what money you like upon any packet you likes, and call your color—black or red—at the hoption of the player."

Jack began to think that it really did appear fair, and thrusting his hand into the breast pocket of his great coat, drew out a handful of silver, and, alas! for the mutability of human resolution, played and lost it: three sovereigns quickly followed.

Buttoning up his coat with sullen determination, he refused to play any more.

The lad in the smart livery continued the game, and before they arrived at the Eastern Counties station in Shoreditch, had expended not only his winnings, but a sovereign and three sixpences.

"I told you it was a do," muttered Jack, in a surly tone.

"I was a great fool!" said the lad, dolefully. "You appear to have plenty of money—but I have lost all I had to take me down to Windsor, where my master's regiment is quartered."

Despite his own loss, the honest groom sympathized with his brother in misfortune, and told him he would see him through it; adding, with an air of defiance, that they had not cleared him out yet; an observation, which, whether or not intended for the especial information of the three shabby-genteel card-players, was not thrown away upon them.

The boy swore he was a trump, and should not lose by him.

The instant the train stopped, the three card-players disappeared; possibly, it was merely the result of their anxiety to meet their friends. Jack, however, thought it looked very suspicious, and it confirmed him in the idea, that he and his companion, who had taken his arm with the most touching confidence, had been fleeced. Scarcely had they quitted the station, when they recognised them among the crowd of cabmen and idlers collected within the rails; the gentleman who had acted as spokesman in introducing the game, and banker, advanced towards his dupe, and touching the rim of his greasy hat, informed him that if he was not *very particularly engaged*, he wished to speak a few words with him.

"Speak out!" said the groom.

"High and my two friends as been wery much hurt *hat* the manner in *vich* ve as been treated; and to convince you that ve as no *hideah* of acting *unansum*, are villing to give you your revenge. Simplest game in the world, as her blessed Majesty observed to Prince Halbert when she gave him leave to learn it; there ain't a dodge in it."

"I think it is a fair game," said the boy, "though I have lost at it; but I am cleared out, or I'd try it again."

"More fool you," said Jack; "but you ain't lost your milk teeth yet, I've cut my wisdom ones, tho' nobody would think it; to hear how I've been spooned by these prigs."

"Prigs!" echoed the three gentlemen in shabby clothes, at the same time looking very fiercely.

"This comes of *bemeaning* ourselves by playing just to pass the *ours* away with a flunkie; If I thought he'd resent it, I'd pull his nose."

"O, don't fight, don't fight," exclaimed the boy. Jack's blood was up; it was too much for human endurance to be cheated of his money and insulted at the same time; he replied by a blow which sent the card-player reeling.

In an instant a ring was formed by the crowd of idlers, and cries of "Go it, plush," "Well done, dirty-swell," after a round, in which the last-named

personage took great care not to come within reach of his opponent's fists, for he danced about most curiously, and sank upon the knee which one of his companions made for him, as if to recover breath.

Jack, who had been teased in a similar manner to a bull around whose head a hornet had been buzzing, looked very red in the face, anger and his great coat had almost choked him.

"You had better take it off," whispered his new friend. "I'll hold it for you, you'll be sure to lick him then."

This insidious advice was taken as quickly as it was given, and round the second commenced; it lasted but a very few minutes, for a cry was raised that the police were coming; all was confusion, the card-players took to their heels, there was a mysterious jostling amongst the cabmen and mob, and without knowing exactly how he came there, the groom found himself outside the station-yard, minus his hat and great-coat.

For some time he felt perfectly assured that they were safe, and wondered what had become of the dear friend who had so kindly taken charge of them.

By slow, and very painful degrees, a sort of mist appeared gradually to clear from the brain of Jack Curlin; he gave an expressive whistle, then muttered to himself what sounded like anything but a blessing upon the head of the simple looking lad who had cheated him.

The poor fellow thrust his hand between his shirt and the lining of his waistcoat, and felt considerably relieved when he discovered that the letters and the rest of his money was safe; little did he imagine that the mild eyes of the innocent youth noticed the action from the window of the cab which drove rapidly past him.

Philosophically reflecting that it might have been much worse, our honest rustic made his way up Shoreditch without his hat, subject to the occasional friendly inquiries of the cabmen and boys, who felt anxious to ascertain the important fact of his maternal parent's being aware whether he was out or not.

Just as he reached Bishopsgate Church, he noticed a lad walking leisurely before him, dressed, as he thought, in the identical livery of his late companion; he could not be deceived, it was the same height and figure; to seize him with the grip of a vice by the back of the neck was the work of a moment.

"What have you done with my hat and coat, you young crocodile?" he demanded.

The boy struggled and kicked to release himself, till Jack, by way of quieting him, gave him a gentle tap on the side of his head.

There is nothing which collects so quickly in the streets of London as a mob, unless indeed, it be the mud after a shower of rain; they were surrounded in an instant, some called to the groom to "let the lad alone," others to "give it him."

The police at last came up; Jack declared that he had been robbed by his prisoner.

"Robbed!" repeated the youth, turning sharply round, "why, you never saw my face before."

It was true; his assailant discovered to his confusion he had been mistaken; it was in vain that he offered to apologise; the boy talked about compensation, not only for the blow he had received, but for the injury done to his character by being called a thief in the public streets; and added that his master, Lord Suffield, would see him righted.

On hearing that the speaker served a lord, the policeman instantly collared his assailant, and dragged him off to the police-station, which fortunately was only a few yards from the spot where the scene we have described had taken place. The charge was duly entered in the sergeant's sheet, and Jack politely invited to follow the jailor, who undertook to find him an apartment for the night.

"If I could see my face now," thought the prisoner, as soon as he was alone, "I have no doubt but a jackass would look quite *telligent* loike, by the side of it."

He sat down upon the only stool in the cell, and began to reflect seriously how he should extricate himself from the dilemma in which he was placed.

"What," he said, "will Master Charles say? What will Sir Edward and his daughter say? and what will Susan say? I shall never hear the last of it in the stables and servants' hall, if it be known at the Moat."

As his thoughts became clearer, a smile gradually curled the corners of his lips, and once or twice he slapped his hand knowingly on his right boot, a favorite action whenever an idea had suddenly struck him.

"I'll nick them yet," he chuckled.

The boy whom he had unfortunately mistaken for the thief had declared himself in the service of Lord Suffield; this Jack knew to be false, for he was perfectly acquainted with his lordship's livery, having a cousin in his service, a shrewd little fellow, whom his noble master had promoted from the stables to the dignity of tiger.

This relative he resolved to send for, convinced that, if in town, the lad would be sure to come and help him at his pinch.

"How Snap will laugh at me," he thought; not that Snap was his cousin's real name: it had been given him by the peer on account of his diminutive stature, which resembled that of a boy of eleven or twelve, rather than a youth of seventeen; and a certain fanciful resemblance, both physical and moral, to a toy terrier, his limbs being models of symmetry, and his features sharp and intelligent.

Whilst considering how he should get his message conveyed, the door of his cell opened, and a man dressed in a rusty suit of black, with a sort of half professional look about him, was ushered in by the jailor.

He was one of those harpies, who, under pretence of being lawyers, infest the police courts, and prey on the unwary.

Finding that he could not succeed *professionally*, his visitor so far descended from his dignity as to become his messenger to his cousin, who in the course of the evening made his appearance at the station, accompanied by the stud-groom, and one of the trainers.

"Well, Goliah," exclaimed the little man, with a grin, when he saw his relative—"fallen into the hands of the Philistines, and sent for David to help you out of them."

Jack did not quite understand the allusion, so he tried to look knowing, and related his adventure.

Snap laughed immoderately when he heard how the prisoner had been gulled at cards, and taken in by the innocent-looking youth in livery—at the episode of the fight—loss of his coat and money, both he and his companions absolutely screamed with delight, it was so very refreshing they declared, to meet with a real native.

"Snap," said the head-groom, "is this original really your cousin?"

"By the mother's side."

The trainer, after eyeing the stalwart build of one, and the delicate limbs of the other, declared "that there must have been a cross in the breed, somewhere."

"Don't mind them, Jack," exclaimed his lordship's tiger; blood is blood, say what they will. I'll soon have you out of this hole—must go before the beak, though, in the morning."

"And who is the beak?" demanded the captive, dolefully.

"Latin for magistrate, my boy."

Pulling out his purse, he offered a portion of its contents to his relative, advising him to make himself as comfortable as he could for the night, and promised to be with him at an early hour the next day.

"Then you are a brick, after all," observed Jack; "but I don't want your money, it's your advice I require; lend me a knife."

His request was complied with; and, untipping the lining of his waistcoat, he drew from it four five-pound notes, one after the other, which Sir Edward Challoner had given him to defray the expenses of his journey and residence in town.

"And you," said the little man, sliding his purse back again into his pocket, "not half such a fool as I took you for—make something of him at last," he added, turning to his companions.

So humbled was the honest rustic in his own opinion, that the commendation of his cousin, whom he had treated as a mere child in the country, was a relief to him.

"What I can't make out," he said, "is, that the fellow who brought me into this trouble, declared he was in the service of Lord Suffield."

The visitors regarded each other with surprise.

"What's his name?"

"Spike!"

"A plan," observed the third groom; "no sich name in our family."

"Describe his *pints*," added the trainer.

The poor fellow did so as well as he was able, and added that the messenger whom he had sent for his cousin had tried to persuade him to compromise the affair, promising him that if he gave him ten pounds the complainant should not appear against him.

"Ten pounds!" exclaimed Snap, in a tone of virtuous indignation, "why I never was fined more than forty shillings for thrashing a fellow by any beak in London; this has been a plant, altogether."

"A what?" asked Jack in a very humble tone.



"A regular do," continued the tiger; "but I'll settle it for you, and perhaps get you your money back."

"I don't care about the money, it's my liberty I want."

"And when you get it," observed the little man, in a patronizing tone, "I suppose I must take care of you till I can send you into the country again; what sir Edward could be thinking of to trust you up here I can't imagine; luckily, my lord is out of town, so I can see you in the morning."

Bidding his cousin—who began to entertain a far less exalted opinion of himself than the one he had set out from the Moat with—good night, the speaker quitted the station with his two companions, having first invited a purple-nosed sergeant, who was off duty, to accompany them to the nearest public-house.

Having sucked the policeman's brains of all they wanted to learn, the trio called for a cab and returned to the west-end, almost stifled, as Snap declared, whilst puffing one of his lordship's prime cigars, with the stench of pipes and the taste of British brandy.

## CHAPTER VII.

In the catalogue ye pass for men,  
As hounds, and greyhounds, mongrels, spaniels, curs,  
Shaughs, water rugs, and demi-wolves, are cleped,  
All by the name of dogs.

SHAKESPEARE.

WHAT a degrading picture of poor humanity the police courts of London daily present; what a study to the philosopher; a field to the philanthropist! In its precincts may be seen crime in every stage; from the gray-haired man, hardened in his career of shame, weighing in his mind the evidence against him, and coolly calculating his chance of escape from the strong hand of justice—down to the trembling urchin arraigned for the first time at its bar. Brutality in every phase—the bruised and beaten wife, reluctantly and tremblingly driven to demand protection from the brutal ruffian upon whom not only her own bread, but that of the starved, sickly infant in her arms depends—pleading for her tyrant with lingering womanly affection, or terrified by the menacing scowl which reminds her of the future, softening her evidence against him.

Sometimes a dissipated, elegantly-dressed youth is placed before the magistrate, charged with being drunk, resisting the police, smashing the windows of a tavern, or outraging the weak, unprotected wanderer, to whom vice and misery have left no shelter, save the streets.

Mark how the magistrate smiles as the accused gives the abominably ill-used name of Smith, which, by common consent, half the rogues and rascals of London assume as an incognito to shelter their follies or misdeeds; and how knowingly the sergeant and inspector wink at each other.

He pleads having dined with a few friends as an excuse—listens with a smile to the advice of the bench—pays the penalty inflicted, to him a mere bagatelle—and entering his brougham, which probably has some well-known armorial shield, or possibly a coronet, upon its panels, drives to the west end.

Ten to one, but the same day, when dining at his club, he relates his adventure of the preceding night as an excellent jest.

We never could understand upon what principle English justice is so much more lenient to the man who has dined than to the man who has not dined; probably it looks upon the former fact as a certificate of respectability, and the latter one as strengthening the case against him. If so, hunger is the very worst plea that can be urged in a police court.

When Jack and the rest of the detainees were brought into court, the gentleman who had proposed the arrangement of the charge against him for the moderate sum of ten pounds, whispered that it was not too late; finding that the prisoner turned a deaf ear to his disinterested suggestion, he hinted that he thought it might possibly be done for five—a ridiculously small sum compared with the fine, he added, which the magistrate would be sure to inflict.

"Not a penny," replied the prisoner, who relied with implicit confidence on his cousin's promise to see him safely out of his trouble, and the certainty that the lad made a false statement, when he represented himself as being in the service of Lord Suffield. "I have been robbed once already."

His disinterested adviser drew on one of his rusty gloves—they were left-handed ones, not a pair—buttoned up his threadbare coat with an air of professional dignity, and muttering something about doing his duty to his client despite the interest he had been weak enough to feel in so obstinate a person, took his seat at the table in front of the bench.

Shortly afterwards, Snap made his appearance in court, accompanied by his friends, the stud-groom and his lordship's trainer. After nodding familiarly to Jack, and winking at the pimply-nosed police sergeant whom he had treated the preceding evening, the little man mixed with the crowd of idlers which thronged the court.

After several cases had been disposed of, Jack's was called on; at the same instant the complainant stepped with a confident air into the witness-box.

The charge was read by the clerk, and the lad was duly sworn.

He stated that, having been sent by his master, Lord Suffield, with a message to a man, who resided in Bishopgate-street, respecting a sporting dog, he was returning quietly home, when the prisoner assaulted him, and accused him of theft, although, as he afterwards acknowledged in presence of the officer who took him, he had never seen his face before.

"Were you much hurt?" enquired the magistrate. "Dreadfully, your worship; particularly 'bout the 'ed."

As a matter of form, the prisoner was asked in a severe tone if he had anything to say.

"I should think he has," ejaculated Snap.

The gentleman on the bench looked exceedingly angry, and the clerk called for silence, which order the police vociferously repeated.

Jack, after pulling his forelock to the bench, made his simple statement; described how he had been cheated at cards in the train—his quarrel with the card-players—and the treacherous conduct of the boy who held his coat and hat, adding, that from his livery being exactly the same as the complainant's, he had been led into the mistake.

The air of truthfulness, the broad Suffolk dialect in which he spoke, prepossessed the magistrate in his favor; and, after a few moments' reflection, he suggested that they should retire and see if they could not settle the matter amicably between them.

As the injured innocent was about to step with considerable alacrity from the witness-box, Snap politely requested him not to be in such a hurry.

"Silence!" once more shouted the clerk.

"Nothing of the sort," said the little man; "please, your worship, I'm a witness."

"What is your name?"

"Snap; at least," added the speaker, recollecting himself, "that's what my lord generally calls me."

"Lord who?" demanded the magistrate.

"Lord Suffield, your worship."

"Are you in his service?"

"Ever since I was a kid."

"A what?"

The clerk explained that the witness meant ever since he was a boy.

"Exactly!" said the little man.

"And pray, sir," continued the justice, "what office may you hold in his lordship's establishment?"

"Tiger," was the reply.

At this there was a general titter in the court amongst the officials and idlers; Snap looked indignantly round him, unable to comprehend what there possibly could be, either in his appearance or answer, to laugh at; suddenly recollecting that he was in a locality somewhere between Temple-bar and Mesopotamia, he recovered his equanimity in the contempt he felt for the vulgar herd.

No sooner had he declared that he was in the service of Lord Suffield, than two persons in the court began to feel exceedingly uneasy; one was the complainant, the other, the benevolent-minded gentleman who had endeavored to persuade Jack to compromise the charge; the first appeared exceedingly anxious to shuffle out of the witness-box, the latter to retire from his seat at the table; both were kept in their places by the stud-groom and trainer, who had each taken up a position which prevented their passing.

"Now, sir," said the clerk, as soon as the witness had been sworn, "what is your name?"

"Tom Curlin."

"What name did he say?" inquired his worship.

"Same as the prisoner's, sir."

Barring the handle," observed Snap, with a knowing wink to his two friends.

"And what do you know of the assault?" demanded the clerk, getting very red in the face.

"Nothing; I didn't see it."

"What brought you here, then?"

"Nothing particular," replied the tiger, "only just to tell his worship that this very respectable young man, whose feelings and character had been so very much hurt, ain't no more in my lord's service than you are; you might have seen it with half an eye," he added, at the same time casting a glance of profound contempt upon the complainant, "we don't keep such cattle in our establishment."

"Why, he has sworn to it!" exclaimed the astonished magistrate.

"Not the first lie he has sworn to, I'll be bound," coolly observed the witness; "but if you doubt me, ask Nutkins, the stud-groom; he was foaled in his lordship's stable."

Mr. Nutkins was directed to stand forward and give his evidence; which he did, after seeing that a policeman had taken his place, so as to prevent the escape of the respectable young man in livery.

Whilst the above examination was taking place, the gentleman with the odd gloves and exceedingly shabby black coat, who had once or twice intimated, in the blandest manner possible, his desire to the trainer to be permitted to pass him, now insisted upon doing so in a more peremptory manner, adding, with great dignity, that he had an important case to argue before the Lord Chancellor at Westminster—that he would not keep the court or his lordship waiting for a hundred pounds.

The young man gave him a knowing wink.

"Extraordinary conduct!" muttered the gentleman, "very extraordinary!"

"Where's the *kinchin*?" demanded Snap's friend, in a whisper.

At the name of the *kinchin*, the indignation of the personage to whom the question was addressed vanished in an instant; he resumed his seat with a very humble air, and a whispered conversation took place between them. Shortly afterwards they left the Police Court, accompanied by the little tiger and the pimply-nosed sergeant of police.

The stud-groom, who, as his friend had stated to the magistrate, had been born in the family of his lordship, swore that ever since he could remember up to the present time, the complainant had never been in the service of his noble master, and added, with a significant glance, that he did not think it very likely that he ever would be.

When called upon to explain, if possible, what appeared to the bench an act of deliberate perjury, the youth entered into a rambling statement of his having been hired the preceding day by a gentleman whom he met in the street, who represented himself as Lord Suffield, and sent by him on a message to the East-end. Of course not a person in the court believed him.

"And where does this person live?" demanded the magistrate.

The complainant did not know.

"Did he give you the livery you now wear?"

No reply.

"Where do you reside?"

The very respectable young man was troubled by so severe and sudden a loss of memory, he could not even recollect the name of the street or the number of the house in which he lodged.

"In that case," said his worship, "it will be my duty to commit you for three months to the house of correction, as a rogue and a vagabond; as to the assault, that has been proved by the prisoner's own admission; but the justice of the case will be sufficiently met, if I fine him five shillings, and order his discharge."

Jack, who had been a very passive personage during the hearing of his case, instantly left the bar, paid the penalty, and shook hands with the trainer.

"You are discharged," said the clerk.

"Thank your honor," replied the poor fellow.

"And let me advise you," added the magistrate, "to be exceedingly cautious what company you fall into whilst you remain in London, or whom you play cards with again; it is an exceedingly dangerous place for so very simple-minded a person as yourself; your cousin, no doubt, will take care of you: you evidently require it."

Jack felt terribly humbled in his self-esteem, at being so schooled, and recommended to the care of Snap, whom he had been accustomed to consider a mere child, and looked upon with a patronising air in the country. He touched his forelock to the speaker very submissively.

During the investigation, he had observed one or two shabby-genteel-looking personages in the court busily occupied taking notes, and a vague suspicion of the nature of their employment crept over him.

"What are those men doing?" he whispered to the trainer.

"They are reporters," replied the man; "follows who make accidents, describe enormous gooseberries and police cases for the newspapers. Bless you, they will live upon a murder for a week; a highway robbery is a Sunday's dinner to them; and a good fire finds them in coals for a month."

"And do you think that I shall appear in print?" demanded the poor fellow in a tone of mortification.

"In capital letters," replied his informant, with a broad grin; "headed most likely, Suffolk Cal, or



Country Simplicity: you've been a regular godsend to them."

Jack Curlin groaned; never had he so fallen in his own opinion; the idea of his adventure being read at Harleyford and the Moat annoyed him terribly. "What," he asked himself, "would Sir Edward say, after all his boasting? What would Susan say?" One thing was certain; he would never be able to show his face in the servants' hall or the stables, without provoking a laugh at his expense.

"Do you think," he said, in a confidential tone, "that if I stand something they would—"

"No go," interrupted the trainer: "they would only laugh at you; they are to be bought, but you are not rich enough. Bless you," he added, "I've known as much as three hundred pounds given to prevent a report from appearing in the papers; even then, somehow or other, it was sure to leak out."

Jack began to entertain serious thoughts of enlisting for a soldier, going to sea, or doing anything equally rash, as he followed his new friend out of the court.

Mr. Nutkins led him to the public-house where the police sergeant had been treated by them the preceding evening. They had not been long in the little back parlor, before Snap and his companion made their appearance.

"Here," said the tiger, handing him the coat he had been robbed of; "case yourself."

His cousin obeyed him mechanically.

"And put that on your nut-cracker," added the speaker, at the same time giving him his hat.

The poor fellow received them in mute astonishment. Had his knowing little relative drawn a live rhinoceros or a boa constrictor from his pocket, he could scarcely have felt more surprised.

"Where did you get them?" he demanded.

"Where they *was* to be had," replied his relative, with a triumphant smile. "London, Jack, is not like the country; it won't do for a man to walk about asleep here; the next time they will take your skin, and sell it to the Museum as a natural curiosity. Now as I can't undertake to get that back, seeing that *certain* skins are so very much alike, the best thing you can do is to take the train and return to Harleyford."

"I'm hanged if I do," said the messenger of Sir Edward, sharply; "I should never hear the last of their guff jaws."

"Not unlikely," philosophically remarked his cousin.

"Besides," continued Jack, "it be a matter o' life and death for poor Master Charles; and hang me if I don't find un, *thaf* I walk London over barefoot, and lose twenty skins."

"Mr. Curlin," observed the stud groom, "can deliver his letters, and yet return to-night."

"No I can't; I've lost the address."

"Feel in the pocket," said Snap.

The poor fellow did as he was directed, and to his still greater astonishment found his money; but the address was gone. The kinsman, the slang name of the simple-looking lad who had robbed him of it, as a matter of precaution, had destroyed every scrap of paper he found in it.

Here we may as well explain how Snap—guided by the rogue's confederate, the pretended lawyer, had discovered the young gentleman's abode, and given him his choice of giving up his plunder, or accompanying him before a magistrate. Not feeling desirous of such an introduction, he chose the former; perhaps he thought that one relative at court was sufficient. Aware that his dupe had more money in his possession, he had changed coats and hats with his brother soon after quitting the Eastern Counties Station; the object was to lead Jack to commit an assault upon the wrong man, and thus make him pay smartly to compromise the matter.

The combination, as the stud-groom observed, was so beautifully ingenious that it deserved to succeed.

"And you won't go home?" said the tiger.

"No! I won't go whoam," exclaimed his cousin; "may be they won't catch I so easily a second time. We mun all pay for our *larnin*. If I could only find dear Master Charles!"

"I'll find him for you," said Snap, after a few moments' reflection.

It would be impossible to describe the look of intense gratitude with which his relative regarded him.

"How?" asked the trainer.

"Advertise him. I once recovered his lordship's favorite terrier so, and why not a young man? there *ain't* no fear of his been stolen, I take it."

Full of this idea he called for a sheet of paper, pen and ink, and sat down at the table to concoct

his advertisement. After sundry corrections and alterations, he read his production to his admiring friends.

"*Strayed*—from his friends in Suffolk—a young gentleman who answers to the name of Charles. He stands seventeen hands and a half, dark hair and eyes, thorough-bred in all his points, and has a small scar on his right cheek.

"Whoever will bring him to Mr. Snap, at Harrison's Mews, Piccadilly, shall receive five pounds reward.

It was pronounced perfect: poor Jack had a secret misgiving how his young master might take it. But he had been so humbled in his own estimation during the last twenty-four hours, that he did not dare to object.

Before night the handbill was printed and circulated half over the metropolis.

#### CHAPTER VIII.

A mighty mass of brick, and smoke, and shipping,

Dirty and dusky; but as wide as eye

Could reach, with here and there a sail just skipping

In sight, then lost amid the forestry

Of masts; a wilderness of steeples peeping

On tiptoe, through their sea-coal canopy;

A huge dim cupola, like a foolscap crown

On a fool's head—and there is London town.—BYRON.

NEVER had Charles Vavasour known what solitude really meant, till he found himself alone in the crowded streets of London; not a hand stretched out to his, or one kind familiar face to welcome him. His was the worst of solitudes, that of the heart; and he wandered in the busy mart of men till the sense of desolation became almost oppressive.

The vessel in which he was to sail to Hamburg did not start for five days, and time, the treasure of which youth is so prodigal and old age so chary, hung heavily upon his hands.

On the second day of his sojourn in the metropolis, he recollected that the son of his late father's steward held a situation in the office of an eminent stock-broker in the city; he had seen him, and been pleased with his society during the young man's visits to Harleyford, and he determined to call upon him.

With this intention he started for Lombard street. "Is your business very important?" demanded the stock-broker, who happened to be in the office when our hero inquired for his clerk.

There was something in the tone and manner in which the question was asked which stung the pride of Charles Vavasour.

"Not very," he replied; "perhaps you will oblige me by letting him have this card."

The speaker turned upon his heel, and was about to quit the place. No sooner did the city man read the name and address, than his manner changed in an instant.

"Ten thousand pardons, Mr. Vavasour," he said. I took you for a very different person. Call Bailey from the inner office," he added, turning to one of the clerks. "The fact is," he continued, "the young man in whom your late respected father took so warm an interest, has not altogether conducted himself as I could wish—he has become the associate of the veriest gamblers upon 'Change; and to my certain knowledge lost considerably, considering his position."

"Poor old man?" mentally ejaculated Charles, "his father's poverty is explained."

"In justice to him," continued the man of business, "I must add that Bailey's accounts have proved correct to a fraction. So far, the firm has nothing to complain of; but the habit is most dangerous."

Little as he knew of the world, his visitor could plainly perceive that a very unfavorable impression had been created in the mind of the speaker—one which it would require years of steadiness and good conduct to remove.

Your city merchants and brokers are shrewd calculators.

When Francis Bailey saw who it was that had inquired for him he colored deeply; possibly he might have suspected that his employer had been speaking of him—or it might have been surprise and pleasure at the honor of such a visit.

Our hero could scarcely refrain from smiling at the contrast between his present quiet sober suit, and the very dashing costume which had dazzled the eyes of the natives of Harleyford, on the clerk's visit to his father; the enormous Albert chain had diminished to a simple ribbon; his fingers were innocent of the half dozen rings; three inoffensive mother-of-pearl studs had replaced the extraordinary fast pin in his shirt; and his waistcoat of many colors had been exchanged for an unpretending one of black.

He muttered something in which the words condescension and pleasure were the only ones distinctly heard.

"Do you remain long in town?" inquired the stock-broker, who was not aware of the change which had taken place in the fortunes of his visitor.

"A few days only," replied the youth, "when I start for Russia."

The city man was too well bred to ask why a gentleman who had just succeeded to a large fortune, as he supposed, should undertake so disagreeable a journey.

"Perhaps you will require the services of Bailey," he observed; "if so, he is at your service. By-the-by," he added, turning to the clerk, "are those letters written?"

"They lie on the desk, sir, for your signature."

"And Ballard's account?"

"I brought it with me," replied the clerk, giving him a paper.

His employer looked carefully over it.

"You need not return to the office," he said, "till the morning. I trust, Mr. Vavasour," he added, "that when it is your intention to sell out, our firm will be honored by your confidence."

Charles assured him, with great truth, that at the present moment he had not the slightest intention of selling out, and took his leave.

"Prudent young fellow," thought the stock broker; "funds are low."

Little did he imagine that two hundred pounds was all the son of the wealthy Geoffrey Vavasour could now call his own.

Charles could not avoid observing the gradual change in the tone and manner of his companion, as they walked toward the West end. Whilst in Lombard street, Francis Bailey was the steady, quiet clerk, picking his way with a plodding, business-like air; in Cheapside he unbent a little, and positively indulged in a joke on reaching the Strand; but it was not till they had passed Charing cross that the chameleon showed itself in its true colors.

"Of course, Mr. Vavasour," he said, "you will do me the honor of dining with me."

"At Islington?" inquired our hero, having heard from the steward that his son resided in that suburban locality, and wondering that he should have led him so far out of the neighborhood.

"Islington be hanged!" exclaimed the clerk, in an affected tone. "True, I have my *pied-à-terre* there, as the French say; but that is a mere blind to the superannuated piece of imbecility I condescend to serve, whose ideas, like himself, appear coeval with the ark. The stock broker's clerk resides there, but Francis Bailey, the go-ahead fellow, the dashing speculator, whose fertile brain has set more schemes afloat on the Exchange than half the moneyed men in the city, has his chambers at the west end of town. You appear surprised," he added; "the fact is, I bid fair to become a millionaire. My first scheme, the Great Brazilian Diamond-Washing Company, would have been a success, but for an unlucky *contretemps*."

"And may I ask what that unlucky *contretemps* was?" demanded Charles.

"The stupidity of a fellow whom I had placed in the list of directors. A board was formed, offices taken, scrip already quoted on the Exchange, when the idiot, thinking no doubt that he had hit on a clever stroke of policy, ostentatiously displayed at a meeting of shareholders a number of rough crystals as specimens of diamonds from the River Plata. An old jeweller who was present detected them—the affair was blown."

"And the company dissolved?" said his companion.

"Exactly so," replied the speculator.

"But is this honest?"

"Honest!" repeated the clerk. "Everything, my dear sir, is honest in this world *which pays*, and cannot be legally proved a fraud. We had obtained a lease of a certain portion of land on the banks of the river, a license from the imperial government to wash for diamonds; if none were found, the fault would have been in the locality, not in the directors, who meanwhile would have disposed of the scrip at a glorious premium. This is the age of speculation," he continued. "I could name to you a company who bought land in Australia; shares were absolutely a drug in the market—positively given away. The gold mania came; and those who had previously hugged themselves at having crept out of the affair, discovered they had lost a fortune. Had I foreseen that, I might have been a millionaire."

"And have you any present adventure in hand?" inquired Charles Vavasour.

"Brilliant! magnificent! extraordinary! one that promises immense success," replied Francis Bailey.

"And now I think of it," he added, in a more



serious tone, "it is only just that you should have some shares in it."

"I!" said the astonished youth. "You forget that I have no money. Two hundred pounds is all I possess in the world."

"Sorry for it," exclaimed the enthusiast, in a tone of regret. "I am devilish poor, too, for the moment, or I would have bought 'em for you. Preliminaries are so deucedly expensive; printing, rent, clerks, and puffs must be paid for at starting. The public is like a wayward child; the pill must be well sugared before they can be made to swallow it, although it is to do them good. By-the-by," he added, struck with a sudden idea, "your name would look well in the list of directors; it might be arranged, and if so—"

"Never with my consent," interrupted our hero, firmly. "It is all that is left me, and I must not risk it lightly. What is the nature of this promising scheme of yours?"

By this time they had reached the top of the Haymarket. His companion stopped, and pointed with an air of intense self-complacency to one of the houses at the corner of the opposite street. A gaudily-painted board occupied the entire width of the building; on it was written in large letters:

"CONSOLIDATED MANURE AND FERTILISING LAND COMPANY."

"There!" he exclaimed; "there is the idea that shall produce millions, immortalise my name, and win you back the Vavasour estate. Your uncle—pardon the expression—would sell his soul for money. The property lies in a ring-fence; we will offer him as many sovereigns as, placed together, will enclose it in one of gold. If that won't tempt him, we must edge them. I shall not enjoy my future wealth," he added, "if you remain poor."

Although Charles was not a little surprised at this sudden outburst of friendship, he could not do less than thank the speaker for his kind feeling towards him.

Had he known more of the world, he would have asked himself why his companion should evince so deep an interest in his welfare.

With an air of importance worthy of his future prospects, Francis Bailey strutted into the office of the newly-formed company, in which three or four clerks and a sleek-looking elderly personage were pretending to be occupied.

Everything in the place appeared painfully new—ledgers, desks, down to the cheque-book carelessly left upon the polished mahogany counter. There was an unbusiness-like odor of cigars, too, in the room.

The old gentleman informed Mr. Bailey that Lord Elk was waiting to see him in the directors' private office.

"Mustn't keep a peer kicking his heels," observed the speculator to his companion. "Back in a few minutes; just amuse yourself with a prospectus till my return. Silver, give my friend, Mr. Vavasour, a prospectus."

Silver instantly handed our hero one, and, ignorant of what might be the object of his visit, opened an enormous ledger.

"Lord Dunbar's shares registered?" he inquired of one of the clerks.

The young man opened a second great book, and after running his pen through a column of figures, answered that they were.

"Call the numbers."

"Three thousand and eighty-three, to three thousand two hundred and eighty-three."

"Right!" said the old gentleman. "Bishop of London's application for shares answered?"

"Hundred allotted."

"But he applied for two hundred," observed Mr. Silver.

"Directors refuse to grant more," replied the clerk, with imperturbable gravity; "there are the minutes of the last meeting."

All this pretended amount of business entries, and calling the numbers of shares, was nothing more than a comedy enacted in the hope of catching a dupe in the person of Charles Vavasour, who continued quietly to read the prospectus.

Like most similar schemes, it promised miracles. The soil of London was to be conveyed by rail and tunnel to different parts of the kingdom. Salisbury Plain was to be one of the first places brought under cultivation; it already had been mapped out, showing the projected improvements. And exceedingly pretty upon the map it appeared; comfortable-looking farms, thriving villages, and close to Stonehenge, what was modestly hinted in a few years would become a thriving town.

The capital of the company was limited for the

present to five millions, with the usual power of increasing it as the necessity of extending their sphere of action should arise.

"Gigantic affair, sir," observed Mr. Silver.

"Very."

"You will observe that we do not bind ourselves to pay a dividend of more than ten per cent. for the first year; the directors, with praiseworthy caution, determined to err on the right side."

"Ten per cent!" repeated Charles, with a slight smile. "Perhaps it might not have been prudent to have promised one."

The old gentleman looked at him very hard in the face—very hard indeed.

"I really wish his lordship would not smoke," he observed to one of the clerks, who with difficulty repressed a grin, for it was the speaker himself who had been indulging in a cigar. "Very improper in a place of business like ours."

"Very," repeated the young man. "But as he is one of our directors—"

"I don't care," interrupted Mr. Silver; "I shall speak about it. We have twenty directors quite as wealthy as Lord Elk. By-the-by, remind me that I draw the cheque for ten thousand pounds for the board to sign."

"Certainly, sir."

"As I observed before, sir," continued the old gentleman, "this is a gigantic affair; not one of those wild speculations which burst like air-bubbles, but solid, based on a certain foundation. Why, the ammonia alone which we shall be able to extract from the soil will pay the expenses of the company. I have invested largely in it."

"Time or capital, may I ask?" said Charles.

The old gentleman looked at him a few moments very steadily, and resumed his occupation at the ledger.

"Well, Mr. Vavasour, what do you think of my scheme?" demanded Francis Bailey, as they quitted the offices of the Consolidated Manure and Land Fertilising Company, and directed their way to the chambers of the speaker in Albemarle street.

"Magnificent, if it were only practicable," was the reply; "how are you to pay the enormous expense of such an undertaking?"

"By shares."

"The tunnelling?"

"Shares."

"The railroad?"

"Shares."

"The purchase of the lands to be brought under cultivation?"

"Shares! shares! shares!" repeated the speculator. "The scheme is in high favor; numberless old ladies, who object to the Thames water in their tea, have bitten eagerly. I shall soon get them quoted upon Change—run them up—and—"

"Be ruined," observed his companion.

"No, sell out," replied Bailey, "at the first premium I realize."

Our hero thought that if he waited till then it would be long before he entered on the enjoyment of the fortune he was so sanguine of.

"With such prospects in view," he said, "why do you remain in so subordinate a position? I do not see your name in the list of directors?"

The founder of the company explained to him that he was far too wise for that; besides, it might compromise his situation in the office of the stock-broker, where he could more effectually ensure its interests upon Change.

"Is this honorable?" demanded Charles.

"It is the world," replied the enthusiast. "The largest fortunes have been made by similar means; speculation is a game in which each player must bid higher than his neighbor, if he wishes to hold the winning card. After all, the thing is practicable to genius."

"Yes, with millions at command."

"But I have millions."

"In what?" said our hero.

"In shares," replied Francis Bailey, once more repeating what appeared his talismanic word.

#### CHAPTER IX

I love the people, but do not like  
To stage me in their eyes.—SHAKESPEARE.

At an early hour the following morning, Charles Vavasour quitted his hotel, with the intention of visiting some of the public monuments of the modern Babylon, as London has somewhat poetically been named, and directed his steps toward Westminster Abbey, where history has been chiselled on stone. As he was proceeding down Parliament street, he heard a voice behind him distinctly pronounce the name of Charles. His first impulse was to turn, expecting to recognise some familiar face.

A sharp-featured, little old man in a clean white apron was the only person near him. For an instant they regarded each other fixedly in the face.

"I must have been deceived," thought our hero; "how should he know my name?" and he resumed his walk.

At the Horse Guards he stopped to set his watch. There was the usual crowd of idlers; some reading the bills which announced that her Majesty required a few fine young men for such-and-such a regiment, adding, as a lure, that plunder and promotion were certain—others, boys and women chiefly, regarding with intense admiration the statue-like mounted sentinels under the archways.

The word Charles was a second time pronounced.

This time it was a saucy-looking lad with a butcher's tray upon his shoulder.

He began to think the repetition of his name very singular.

"Charles! Charles! Charles!" exclaimed several of the mob, one or two of whom began laughing or whistling as if they were calling to a dog.

There could be no mistake this time. The eyes of the speakers were rivetted upon his features, and one of the boys, more impudent than the rest, added an affectionate inquiry why he did not go home to his mother; a second asked him how many hands high he stood.

A general laugh followed the queries.

Never was a poor fellow so bewildered; he looked first at one of his tormentors, then at another; finally, beginning to lose all patience, at what he considered a gratuitous piece of impudence, he raised his cane with the intention of clearing a passage through the crowd, which by this time had closed round him.

"Come, come," said the little man in the white apron, who had joined the group; "none of that nonsense, young gentleman; it won't do."

"What do you mean, fellow?" haughtily demanded Charles Vavasour.

"That you are found; that's all."

"Found!" repeated our hero, more puzzled than ever to comprehend why he should have been thus singled out for the amusement of the crowd.

"Yes, and I've found you, no bad day's work. Ain't your name Charles?"

"Certainly my name is Charles."

"You hear, he owns it!" exclaimed his original persecutor. "I've won the reward, so come along to your disconsolate friends."

The little man stretched forth his hand with the evident intention of grasping our hero, when a blow from the cane fell sharply on his knuckles.

A loud shout of laughter followed the achievement. Several persons declared that they had as much claim to the recompense as the speaker; the butcher's boy was particularly vociferous in making his claim heard.

"In the name of heaven!" said the young man, addressing a policeman who drew near, "will you ask the meaning of this outrage?"

"It ain't no outrage," shouted one of the crowd.

"He's run away from his home," added a second.

"There's a reward for him," cried a third.

"Don't let him escape."

At the mention of a reward, the police-officer drew so near to Charles Vavasour that it was impossible for him to escape, even if the circle, which had gathered round him, had been less compact.

"Yes, there is a reward," observed his persecutor in the white apron, blowing his knuckles between every word; "and I have earned it."

The gentleman in the blue uniform and white band on his wrist, pushed the speaker back with the point of his staff. The idea of any person claiming a reward, if one had been really offered, whilst he was present, appeared an infringement upon his privileges, and he had serious thoughts of taking the little man in charge.

"You had better come with me to the station," he said; "the mistake, if there is any, can be cleared up there."

"Don't go," shouted the boys; "he wants to get the five pounds to his own cheek."

Charles positively refused to comply with the polite invitation of the policeman, who, ignorant whether he was accused of murder, highway-robbery, or picking pockets, felt puzzled how to act. In this dilemma he was induced to ask the crowd why they interfered with the gentleman.

"Because he has run away from his friends?"

"Five pounds are offered for him!"

"Look at the handbills!"

At this moment an elegantly-dressed youth, apparently of his own age, made way through the speakers, and addressing our hero in a slightly-



foreign accent, asked if he could be of any service to him.

"Read that!" shouted the man in the apron, before the object of his persecution could reply to the offered assistance of the speaker.

At the same time he thrust a dirty piece of crumpled paper, with printing on it, into the hands of the policeman, who immediately read it aloud for his own information and the great edification of the mob.

"Strayed from his friends, in Suffolk, a young gentleman, who answers to the name of Charles!"

A dozen voices bore witness that our hero had answered to it.

"Stands seventeen hands and a half high."

"There or thereabouts," observed the butcher's boy, the only person present capable of forming a judgment upon the point.

"Dark hair and eyes," resumed the policeman, "thorough-bred in all his points, and has a small scar upon his right cheek."

A dozen dirty fingers pointed to the one on the face of Charles Vavasour.

"This is some inconceivable piece of impertinence," he said: "there is little doubt but I am really the person designated in this infamous hand-bill."

"He owns to it!" exclaimed the man in the apron.

"*Quelle mauvaise plaisanterie!*" said the stranger, shrugging his shoulders.

"*A furriner,*" shouted the crowd.

"Aye, they be *always* coming to take the bread out of our mouths."

"Heave a brick at him!"

The presence of the officer in all probability alone prevented this very humane suggestion from being carried out.

The idea of taking a fine young fellow, who stood nearly six feet high, whether he would or not, to the address indicated, appeared too preposterous, even to a London policeman, to entertain. At the request of our hero, who expressed his intention of proceeding at once to the Mews, to discover the author of the annoyance to which he had been subjected, he called a cab.

The man who had first identified him brought one to the kerb in an instant.

"I really think," said the stranger, with a smile, "that the best thing I can do is to accompany you; for the crowd appear scarcely less displeased at my interference than at your escape."

The offer was gladly accepted, and they drove off amid the shouts of the disappointed mob, many of whom followed the vehicle as far as Charing-cross, calling to the little man in the apron, who had mounted the box, not to be done out of the reward.

"The scene you have just witnessed must give you no very favorable idea of my countrymen," observed Charles Vavasour to his companion.

"*English liberty*, I suppose," said the gentleman, drily; at the same time giving the speaker his card, on which was the name of Henri de la Tour. "As one of your authors observes, we manage these things much better in France. Without wishing to appear impertinent," he added, "I should really like to see the end of this adventure."

Charles begged that he would accompany him to the Mews.

During their ride, Monsieur de la Tour informed his new acquaintance that it was almost the last day he should spend in England; adding, that he was on the point of leaving London for Russia on important business.

"Russia!" repeated our hero; "why I am about to proceed there."

On comparing notes they discovered that they had engaged berths in the same steamer for Hamburg; and from that hour a feeling of sympathy gradually established itself between them.

Both were of that age when friendship appears necessary to existence. The bitter frost of experience, which one by one destroys all our illusions, had not yet withered the flower, whose germ is indigenous in the human heart. It is a sad lesson which teaches us to doubt of everything—even of ourselves.

"It is a singular country," observed Charles, "for one of your nation to visit for pleasure merely."

Henri de la Tour remained silent.

"Pleasure is not my only object," he said, after a pause. "And you?"

"I was born there," replied our hero, evasively.

"I took you for an Englishman!" exclaimed his companion, in a tone of disappointment.

"And so I am—heart, soul, feeling, and race."

"I am glad of that," said the young Frenchman, warmly. "You will doubtless think the avowal

strange—prejudiced, perhaps—but I never could entertain a feeling of regard for a genuine Russian. I, as well as those who are dearest to me, have suffered too deeply from them."

It was evident that each wished to conceal the real motive of his journey to Russia from the other; but neither doubted that, whatever it might be, it was an honest one.

The tiger was standing, or rather leaning against the stable door, descanting on the chances for the Derby, and indulging in his usual love of chaff—we use the word for want of a more expressive one—to a crowd of stable-men and helpers, when the cab drove into the Mews. The man in the white apron bustled from the box with an important air, and inquired for Mr. Snap.

"And what may you want with him?" demanded the owner of the *soubriquet*.

"That's my business."

"Perhaps you'll find him then, since you are so short in your answers," observed the little fellow, with a knowing smile to those around him.

"I tell you I want Mr. Snap, my lad."

"Well, then, *I am Master Snap*, my man. Now, what have you to say?"

Before the expectant of the promised reward could answer him, the door of the cab was opened, and the two gentlemen alighted in the yard.

"Your name is Charles Vavasour?" said the tiger, touching his hat to our hero, whom, having seen, when on a visit to his cousin Jack, at Harleyford, he instantly recognised.

"It is; and I wish to know by what authority—"

"I brought him!" shouted the man.

"So gratuitous a piece of impertinence," continued the gentleman, "has been enacted?"

"Five pounds!" interrupted the former.

"For which I have a great mind to—"

"Stop, gentlemen!" exclaimed the tiger, wisely retreating from the reach of the speaker's cane; "one at a time, if you please. Tom," he added, turning to one of the grooms, "take this fellow into the coach-house; I'll return and settle with him in a moment. No offence, sir," he continued, turning to Charles Vavasour, "none in the least; only step this way, and everything shall be explained."

The two gentlemen followed him into the stable, where Jack Curlin, the very picture of misery, was sitting on a truss of hay, smoking a short pipe with a most disconsolate air.

The instant he saw his young master he fell upon his knees, exclaiming—

"Don't be angry, Master Charles; or if you are, beat I—kill I—but it was the only way left for me to find 'ee. And I didn't dare return whoam without giving thee Sir Edward and Miss Beatrix's letters. They would never have forgiven I."

The poor faithful fellow thrust his hand into his pocket, and held out the letters to our hero, whose anger, despite the ridiculous position in which he had been placed, vanished in an instant; for he at once comprehended that the bearer had been sent in search of him.

Never were letters more welcome; for they proved that he was not the isolated forgotten being which for the last three days he had imagined himself—that kind and loving hearts still felt warmly for his welfare. Ten to one, had he been alone, but he would have pressed the one written by Beatrix to his lips.

To the great amusement of the young men, Jack proceeded to relate his adventures since he quitted the Moat, and added, by way of exculpation, that the precious handbill had been concocted by his cousin.

"Do forgive I, Master Charley," he said, "and I shan't mind goin' for a sodger then."

"Going for a soldier!" repeated his former master, with surprise. "Why, Miss Challoner informs me that her father has taken you into his service."

"Ees, so he had; but I can't show mysen at the Moat agin."

"Why not?"

"Why not!" repeated the groom; "has he seen them cussed newspapers, Master Charley; they ha' put I in print. It be as bad as a play acting to read it; all Harleyford be agog wi' it by this time. Noa, I mun go for a sodger; unless," he added, with a beseeching look, "thee let I go to furrin parts with 'ee."

"My poor fellow," replied our hero, "you know with what regret I parted with you; unfortunately, the same necessity exists—I am too poor now to keep a servant."

"But I'll serve 'ee for nothing," interrupted Jack.

Charles shook his head. He dared not trust him-

self to utter the harsh negative which prudence rendered imperative.

"If you have no objection, Mr. Vavasour," observed Henri de la Tour, speaking to him in French, "I will engage him as my servant; I really require one, and as we are to be fellow-travellers he can attend upon us both during the voyage."

The assent, as a matter of course, was instantly given, and Jack at once engaged. His delight had something almost grotesque in it, when he discovered that he was not to be separated from his own young master, for a certain time, at least.

"What have you done with the man?" enquired our hero, as Snap made his appearance in the stable.

"Ducked him," replied the tiger, with a chuckle.

"Ducked him!"

"Yes, sir. Impudent rascal! try to impose on me! *Why, you brought him here, I find.* Not to be done, if I am a little one—up to a thing or two."

With his usual cunning, the tiger had wormed out of the fellow an account of all that had taken place; and afterwards, to avoid paying him the five pounds which the man never really deserved, as well as to punish him for his impertinence to Charles, placed him under the pump, with the assistance of the grooms and stable-men. But although such were Mr. Snap's ideas of justice, they did not suit our hero's; poor as he was, he paid the poor shivering wretch, whom he recognised as he drove from the Mews, the promised recompense.

"Like him!" exclaimed Jack, when he related the act of generosity to his cousin. Bless un, he be a gentleman, every inch of un."

## CHAPTER X.

Friendship is cunning in its offices,  
As love in its devices; both can hide  
Their honest secrets, fearing to wound  
A pride as honest.—OLD PLAY.

THE wish of Sir Edward Challoner that before starting for Russia, Charles should see and consult with his lawyers, backed by the urgent advice, nay, almost the entreaties of Beatrix, appeared to their friend sacred as a last request, which it would be ungrateful not to comply with; and apologising to his new friend, whom he appointed to meet again at dinner, he drove at once to the office of Messrs. Scratchet and Quibble, in Lincoln's Inn.

"Advice," he repeated several times to himself, during his ride; "yes, I may accept that without humiliation, without giving any one the right to control my actions, or incurring the debt of obligation. Dear Beatrix," he added, "how warmly, how kindly she writes—how like a sister! As Sir Edward observed, she will doubtless be married before we meet again; pray heaven it may be to one who will prove worthy of her!"

Somehow or other, the idea of his former play-fellow's marriage did not afford the same feeling of satisfaction which he had expressed to her father only a few days previously; mentally he passed in review the characters, tastes, habits, and pretensions of the young men in the neighbourhood of Harleyford, who, from their rank and fortune, might aspire to her hand, and, strange to say, found an insuperable objection to all of them—not one appeared worthy of such a treasure.

It is astonishing, long before it has read its own secret, how discerning the heart sometimes becomes. A week, one little week previously, and had any one hinted at the possibility of his falling in love with the heiress, he would have laughed at the suggestion.

In fact, he was very far from being aware that such was the case at present.

On reaching the offices of the lawyers, he was asked into the private room of the heads of the firm, who appeared busily occupied at their respective desks; they received him with a coolness which, to a practised man of the world, must have appeared studied, till they had read his letter of introduction from Sir Edward Challoner.

Mr. Scratchet, the senior partner, was a remarkably tall, thin, elderly man, with sharp, angular features, and an eye like a ferret's. Nothing could be more respectable than his appearance; his suit of black was faultless, both in quality and neatness; a small diamond sparkled on the little finger of his left hand, and a heavy aristocratic-looking seal peeped unobtrusively from the rim of his waistcoat. There was something peculiarly bland in the tone of his voice when, after reading the letter from his wealthy client, he politely requested his visitor to be seated.

Mr. Quibble, on the contrary, was a short, portly-looking personage, not more than forty years of age, with a merry twinkle in his small hazel eye, a nose *un peu retroussé*, and a mouth which forcibly



reminded one of the muzzle of a fox—there was something mocking and cunning in its expression.

The clerks, when speaking of their employers, familiarly called them the long and the short of the firm.

"Exceedingly glad to make your acquaintance, Mr. Vavas seur," said Scratchet, at the same time handing the letter to his partner. "Our respected client, Sir Edward Challoner, hints that you wish to consult us on family matters of delicacy and importance; we shall be only too happy to advise you."

"Exceedingly happy," echoed Mr. Quibble.

Our hero instantly commenced a plain and, considering his years and inexperience, a not very prolix statement of his affairs, which as our readers are already acquainted with, we shall spare them the repetition. The two lawyers listened apparently with exemplary patience, the elder with his eyes half closed, his remarkably long spindle legs stretched to their full length, his body thrown gently back, and his hands interlaced before him. The attitude of his partner, though equally attentive, was far less elegant; in fact, Mr. Quibble sacrificed but little to the Graces; his right leg was tucked over his left knee, whilst his round, bullet-shaped head reposed upon a hand whose fore digit formed a parallel line with his nasal organ.

Little did the speaker imagine that not a word he uttered was heard by them; one was absorbed in an intricate bankruptcy case, the other in devising the means to break through a deed of settlement, whose clauses were somewhat too stringent.

We can only explain this seeming inconsistency by supposing that they already knew as much of their new client's affairs as he did himself. So completely had they been absorbed by their speculations, that he had ceased speaking some time before they became aware of it.

"Hem!—clear; in fact, I may say, very clearly put," observed Mr. Scratchet, who was the first to recover himself; "a decided case to go into court with. Treated by the late Geoffrey Vavas seur as his son—introduced everywhere as his son—born in Russia—foreign mother, most likely—documents mislaid, or lost."

"A thousand pities," observed his partner, "that you allowed your uncle to take possession of the property; for, disguise it as we will, possession is a great fact, whilst right is only a supposition. The law always deals very tenderly with facts."

"I would rather feel strong in my right," observed Charles Vavas seur, with noble frankness, "than in possession; I would prefer proving myself the legitimate inheritor of my father's name than the heir of his fortune."

The lawyers smiled at what they considered the simplicity of such a choice.

"Very honorable, no doubt," observed the polished Mr. Scratchet.

"And very absurd," observed his more practical partner. "Don't feel offended at the expression," he added, seeing that their visitor colored at the word; "a lawyer is privileged to speak the truth to his client. Money, my dear sir, money is the only real substantial good in this world."

"True," said the young man bitterly; "it has replaced the Deity upon his own altar, and the idolatry of the age falls down and worships it."

"And a very excusable idolatry, too," said Mr. Quibble, with a chuckle. "What is a man fit for without money? nothing, absolutely nothing! He may have genius and starve upon it—high birth and want a dinner; for mankind pay but little respect to the herald's coat-of-arms when its owner's body-coat is out of elbows. Money is everything. We have a client," he continued, "who resides in a garret and lives upon a crust, but who boasts that he is the possessor of the finest palace—most beautiful wife—exquisite pictures—statues—library—horses and equipages in town. How do you suppose he explains the inconsistency?"

"By his madness, I presume," replied his visitor.

"It is a very sensible madness, then," observed the lawyers, with a sigh of envy. "No sir, he explains it by pointing to his stock receipts for two millions in the three-per-cents, and he is right; in those two millions he has all and more than he boasts of."

"You forget," interrupted Mr. Scratchet, "that Mr. Vavas seur is too young to understand your philosophy."

"He will learn it in time," answered his partner, drily.

"Never!" exclaimed the young man impetuously; "I would sooner become a misanthrope than sink into the disciple of so coarse, so degrading a materialism. I sought your advice, gentlemen, at

the request of a dear and valued friend; I fear," he added, "the trouble I have given you will prove useless."

It did not require the least interchange of ideas or comparing of notes, for the two men of law to arrive at the same conclusion.

"Decidedly mad," they both mentally exclaimed, and agreed that Sir Edward Challoner was right, when, in his private letter, he stated that, so bent was his young friend upon his journey to Russia, that any attempt to shake it would prove useless; he had written to them to assist, and not to thwart it; but satisfied of their own powers of reasoning and persuasion, they had decided on making the attempt.

"You must forgive Quibble's zeal to serve you," observed Mr. Scratchet; "his words are generally stronger than his opinions. This expedition to Russia," he continued, "is far from being advisable, when you have so strong a case in equity—a bill in chancery."

"I have a horror of chancery," interrupted Charles Vavas seur.

Although far from partaking of his objections to that venerable, but somewhat dilatory court, this observation rather raised the speaker than otherwise in the opinion of the lawyers, who began to suspect that he was not so simple as he seemed.

"Besides," he continued, "two hundred pounds is all I possess in the world; I should starve before the first hearing of my cause."

The partners thought it not unlikely. The avowal of his poverty was the very point they wished to bring him too.

"Two hundred pounds!" repeated Quibble, with well-affected surprise. "Have you reflected, my dear sir, on the expense of a sojourn at St. Petersburg, one of the nearest capitals in Europe! To succeed, you must be provided with the means of paying for information; your father's marriage, of which no reasonable doubt can be entertained, was doubtless a secret one. Your means are ridiculously small for the end in view."

"I must husband them the more," quietly observed our hero.

"But why put yourself to such inconvenience?" said his partner. "With such prospects as yours, you need not be at a loss for money, which, like every other commodity in the world, it is to be had for paying for."

Had he used the word *friend* instead of *money*, the suspicions of our hero would have been roused. He would have imagined he saw the benevolent hand stretched out to him, whose liberality he wished to avoid.

"I do not quite understand you," he said. Certainly, if there are any honorable means of procuring money, I would willingly avail myself of them."

The gentlemen explained to him, that there were a class of men always ready to advance capital to persons who, like himself, had rights or contingencies; in fact, it was their trade.

"We never do anything of the kind ourselves," they added, "or, so well-founded do your claims appear, that we should be happy to serve you."

"How can I be placed in communication with them?"

"Nothing more easy," replied the senior partner; "let me see—Greffit?"

"No no," interrupted Quibble seriously, "he would require too much; eight per cent, at least. Now, in Mr. Vavas seur's case, I should consider seven sufficient."

"Certainly," said Scratchet, "and excellent interest too. Silkey is the man."

So well was the little comedy between the speakers enacted, that their new client had not the slightest suspicion it was a pre-arranged scheme to serve him—a scheme invented by lawyers at the request of Sir Edward Challoner.

The address of Mr. Silkey was gratefully accepted.

"Should he be out of funds, or decline the transaction," observed Mr. Scratchet, "return to us at once; we can give you the names of several who will be glad to entertain it. Of course," he added, "you are perfectly at liberty, Mr. Vavas seur, to refer to us. The person you are about to visit belongs to a very cautious class of men; they like to know whom they transact business with."

With many expressions of gratitude, Charles took his leave, and drove at once to the address of the pretended money-lender, in the city.

"Had he remained much longer," exclaimed the little man, with a fat chuckling laugh, "my countenance would have betrayed me. What simplicity!"

"Quite refreshing," said his partner; "one so seldom meets with it."

"As if any man in his senses would advance a shilling upon such a chance," continued Quibble.

"Preposterous!"

"I would not give a sixpence for his claims."

"He would have made an excellent client," observed Mr. Scratchet, "if we could only have persuaded him to have tried chancery instead of this wild-goose chase journey to Russia."

The junior member of the firm regarded his senior with surprise.

"Of course, I mean," added the speaker, "with Sir Edward Challoner to back him; but we must not complain, we have done tolerably well as it is; three hundred pounds—"

"And expenses," added Quibble.

"Certainly," said the former; "expenses are the very essence of a lawyer's bill; none but fools could contract with a rich client."

Opening a ledger, which the speaker drew from a desk before him, he made the following entries, which, notwithstanding the book was marked private, we shall avail ourselves of our author's privilege to extract for the amusement and warning of our readers.

"Sir Ed. Challoner to Messrs Scratchet and Quibble.

"Item, For reading your letter of instructions, six and eight pence.

"For referring same to partner, ditto.

"For consulting with partner upon the aforesaid letter, five pounds five.

"For seeking a fit and proper person to represent money-lender, ten pounds.

"For finding fit and proper person, ten pounds.

"To the aforesaid fit and proper person, who is found, to undertake the lending of the money, fifty pounds.

"For consultation with Mr. Vavas seur, two guineas."

"For correspondence, incidental expenses, etc. etc., fifteen pounds."

"Hem!" ejaculated the writer, with an air of satisfaction; "not a bad day's work. How beautifully calm the mind feels after the performance of a praiseworthy, humane action! We have obliged our old and valued client, Sir Edward Challoner; assisted an excellent young man; put five guineas into the pocket of our old clerk, Silkey, who is too feeble to continue in the office; and made—"

"Pooh!" interrupted his partner, "leave off moralising; there is no one here but ourselves."

"Four hundred and one pounds eight shillings and fourpence, minus the five pounds paid to our poor clerk, Silkey."

In his charges to Sir Edward, the conscientious speaker had put it down at fifty; but as he had just observed to Quibble, expenses are the very essence of a lawyer's bill.

When Charles Vavas seur arrived at the pretended money-lender's address, which said address, *par parentheses*, had been arranged for the occasion, he was introduced to an exceedingly soft-spoken old man, who acknowledged that he was Mr. Silkey, and that he sometimes did advance money to gentlemen in his position; but added, by way of giving an air of reality to his assertion, that he was exceedingly particular as to the circumstances under which such advances were made.

With the most honorable frankness, the young man entered into all the necessary details, which it is unnecessary to repeat to our readers.

When he had concluded, Mr. Silkey inquired how much he proposed to borrow to enable him to pursue his inquiries in Russia.

Our hero stated that he should require the moderate sum of five hundred pounds.

"Five hundred pounds!" repeated the old man, who, of course, had received his instructions. "The affair is much too small for me to entertain; in fact, it would scarcely answer my purpose. My old acquaintance, Mr. Scratchet, might have informed you that I never entered into any transactions involving a less sum than two thousand pounds. Two thousand pounds," he repeated emphatically, "is the very lowest."

Of course his visitor, who mentally pronounced him the most liberal of money-lenders, did not object to that amount. Little did he imagine that the man who offered it did not possess as many farthings in the world.

"And I should expect," continued the speaker, "let me see—seven—no, there is the risk; although, perhaps with your claims and expectations, it is not a very hazardous one. Yes, I must have seven and a-half per cent."

This too was agreed to.

"And you must be at the expense of the deed and stamps."



Our hero admitted that nothing could be more reasonable.

"Well, then," said Mr. Silkey, meet me tomorrow morning at Scratchet and Quibble's office—I always employ them, excellent steady men—and provided they confirm your representations, which I have no reason to doubt from their introducing you to me, you shall have the money."

A weight was removed from the heart of his visitor. Two thousand pounds!—in his ignorance of the world, it appeared to him an inexhaustible sum. He could now take poor Jack Curlin into his service—visit Russia with ample means for the prosecution of the inquiries in which his honor and interests were alike concerned. Nothing could appear more liberal, more honorable, than the terms proposed. They gave him a better opinion of human nature, and the value of his claims to the inheritance of his father's name and fortune. He promised to see the lawyers himself on his way back from the city.

"But mind," said the money-lender, "they must confirm all the particulars you have stated."

"Doubt it not."

"The arrangements depend upon that," added the old man, as Charles took his leave. "I never do business with those who once deceive me. I refused the Duke of Doncaster ten thousand pounds only three days since, although the security was unexceptionable, because he had not informed of a life charge upon the entailed estate. You must not feel offended," he added, "at my bluntness; but honor is the soul of confidence."

The borrower assured him that he had nothing to doubt on that score, and took his leave, calling, as he had promised, upon Scratchet and Quibble, to direct them to prepare the deed.

The lawyers received his instructions as a matter of course, and drew five-and-twenty pounds from him for stamps and expenses, which five-and-twenty pounds, by some extraordinary lapse of memory, they afterwards put down to the account of Sir Edward Challoner.

#### CHAPTER XI.

All tastes, all pleasures, all delights,  
That animate this mortal frame,  
Are but ministers of LOVE,  
And tend to feed his flame.—COLERIDGE.

BEATRIX and her father were seated at table in the breakfast-room at the Moat. Three days had elapsed since the departure of our hero and their messenger, and still no tidings had been received of either. The young lady, as was her privilege, felt the most impatient of the two; for, somehow or other, her mind had been more occupied by Charles Vavasaur and his misfortunes than she had hitherto permitted it to dwell on any human being.

Of course, as she several times repeated to herself, when struck by the singularity of the fact, it arose from no other feelings than those of friendship and pity; but as Dryden, in his incomparable "Ode," observes:

"'Twas but a kindred sound to move,  
For pity melts the mind to love."

The baronet by turns was irascible and desponding.

"I was mad, Tricksey," he exclaimed; "positively mad, to send that idiot Jack Curlin after the dear boy, who has doubtless, ere this time, left the shores of poor old England on his wild-geese expedition to Russia, with only a wretched two hundred pounds in his pocket!" gone he repeated, "gone! and all your fine scheme to serve him falls to the ground."

"And yet Jack appeared faithful," observed Beatrix.

"Pshaw! there is nothing faithful, nothing constant in the world," continued the testy old gentleman, "except misfortune and disappointment, and they certainly do stick to a man. Just as I had arranged in my own mind to—no matter what: I was a fool for thinking of it. First poor Geoffrey Vavasaur, as hale and hearty-looking a fellow as any in the country, dies, on purpose, no doubt, to plague me; then Dickon, his brother, turns rogue, with the same amiable intention, no doubt; and poor Charley runs restive as an unbroken colt. I suppose I shall have you next," he added, "following his example, and throwing yourself away upon some fine-scented poodle of a husband, who will despise your father and his country ways."

"Oh, papa! papa!"

"Let me catch you—that's all," said the baronet, "and I'll found an hospital for idiots with the Challoner estate; and become one of the first inmates myself for my pains," he added, seeing that

Beatrix felt annoyed at his ill-humor. "There, Tricksey! it's all over; kiss your old father. You ought to know by experience that his growl is worse than his bite."

"True, my dear papa," replied his daughter, with a faint smile; "but then you growl so very often."

"All the better, saucy minx; you have had plenty of time to get used to it."

The butler entered the breakfast-room with the letter-bag, which he placed upon the table. Sir Edward opened it impatiently, and examined its contents.

"Not a line!" he exclaimed, in a tone of disappointment. "Charley cannot have received my letter."

"He would have answered mine at least," thought Beatrix, with an involuntary sigh.

The baronet had been for several minutes absorbed in reading one of the daily papers, when suddenly he broke out into a string of incoherent exclamations, in which the words "dolt!" "idiot!" "ass!" were alone distinguishable. The young lady looked at him with surprise.

"This comes," said her father, "of trusting to fidelity, as you call it. 'What is the use of fidelity when coupled with stupidity?'"

"Anything happened to poor Jack, papa?" demanded Beatrix, anxiously.

"Poor Jack!" repeated the irascible old gentleman. "I wish I had him within whiplength. Read—read—his folly has ruined our plans."

He placed in her hands the paper containing the police report of Jack's appearance before the magistrate; his adventure with the card-players, the simplicity with which he had been plundered, first of his money, then of his coat and hat, were rapidly told. Despite her disappointment, the fair girl could hardly restrain a smile.

"But he was discharged, papa," she observed.

"So much the worse; the magistrate was as great an idiot as he. Had he been brought before me," added the baronet, "I would have transported the fool."

"Poor Charley!" sighed his daughter.

Sir Edward Challoner, who in his excitement had started from the breakfast-table, took two or three strides up and down the room, then suddenly stopped and rang the bell. It was answered by the butler.

"Let the carriage be at the door in half an hour," said his master; "and bid that lazy rascal James have a trunk packed in twenty minutes. Tell him if he exceeds the time by a second I'll break every bone in his skin."

The butler withdrew to communicate the orders he had received to the valet and coachman.

"Tricksey," continued the old gentleman, "in how many minutes do you think you can have your furbelows and woman's trumpery ready?"

The baronet had been threatening for the last two days to drive over to Ipswich, and pass a week with his sister, a spinster who resembled him in only the worst points of his character; for Miss Margaret Challoner had inherited more than his share of the crab-apple, without any of the richer qualities of the peach which neutralised it. The thought of a visit to such a person, and at such a time, was anything but tempting to Beatrix, in her present frame of mind.

"Impossible, papa," she replied, in a very decided tone. "I have not a thing fit to be seen in; positively, I could not leave home under a fortnight."

"Then I must go to London without you."

At the word London, the warm-hearted girl bounded from her seat. London was a very different affair; her countenance became in an instant radiant with smiles.

"In less than half an hour, papa," she exclaimed, at the same time throwing her arms round the old man's neck, and kissing him with the freedom of a spoilt but affectionate child. "Why didn't you say at first where you intended to go?"

Sir Edward drew out his watch and drily observed that four minutes had been wasted already; his daughter left the room, repeating, "Half an hour, only be patient, papa." The next instant her voice was heard calling for her waiting-maid. Strange to say, the young lady kept her word, for by the time the carriage was at the door, and James had placed his master's trunk in the boot, one of the footmen brought down the heiress's baggage.

"Two minutes to the half hour, by Jove!" muttered Sir Edward, with a chuckle.

Before the aforesaid two minutes had expired, Beatrix made her appearance dressed in her riding habit, followed by Susan carrying half a dozen parcels, every one of which she declared contained

something which it was impossible her young mistress could do without.

"Yourself among the number, I suppose," observed the old man; "for I see you are dressed to accompany us."

"Of course I am, Sir Edward," replied the pretty Susan, as she mounted the box. "What would my young lady do in London, I should like to know, without me?"

Exactly as the half-hour struck by the village clock, the carriage started from the Moat for Ipswich, which they reached in time to catch the train.

In after years the baronet used to recount the journey, and the expedition with which his daughter made her preparation for it, as an achievement till then unheard of in the history of female travellers.

On reaching London they drove to Mivert's Hotel, from whence a note was instantly dispatched to our hero; who that very morning had signed the requisite bond to the money-lender, who had paid in to his account at Coutts's the stipulated sum of two thousand pounds.

Charles Vavasaur and his new friend, Henri de la Tour, were at dinner when the messenger of Sir Edward arrived with his letter; the young Frenchman marked the sudden flush and smile with which his companion read it.

"From a woman," he exclaimed, "on my life! lucky fellow."

"On the contrary," replied Charles, "it is from a gentleman; an old and valued friend of my late father."

"He has a pretty daughter then," observed Henri with a laugh, "or my instinct has deceived me. Ah! you are silent. I thought there was a certain degree of hesitation in your voice and eye, when you assured me that hitherto you had been a stranger to the tender passion; as if any young fellow of spirit," he added, "could reach the age of nineteen without falling in love! Why, at fifteen I felt the premonitory symptoms, and in less than a year afterwards had experienced three serious attacks."

"They must have been serious indeed," retorted Charles. "Three in the space of twelve months! You would persuade me that Frenchmen are sad volatile beings."

"And you," replied his companion, "that Englishmen are terribly phlegmatic ones. I suspect that we have been mutually caricaturing ourselves—but time will prove. The arrival of this dear and valued old friend of your father, I presume, will deprive me of your society for the rest of the evening."

Charles admitted that such would be the case, and would have apologised had not Henri interrupted him.

"Not a word," he said; "ceremony is the grave of friendship, and if we are not friends yet, I intend that we very soon shall be. I know what it is," he added in a saddened tone, "to part from those we love—the wound it makes—the scar it leaves; although I seldom show my scars, for the world is ever more ready to mock than to sympathise with them."

"Welcome—a thousand times welcome—my dear boy!" exclaimed Sir Edward Challoner, as our hero made his appearance in the drawing-room at Mivert's Hotel. "Most unexpected and important business has brought me from the Moat—just as the fly-fishing had commenced, too; but never mind that, since it has procured me the pleasure of shaking you once more by the hand, and bidding heaven speed you on your enterprise."

Fidelle, who had been comfortably reposing on the lap of its young mistress, no sooner heard the voice of Charles, than it sprang upon the carpet, barking joyously and performing all kinds of gyrations to the accompaniment.

"Down, Fidelle, down," said the young man, holding out his hand to Beatrix, who, without knowing why, blushed deeply as she gave her own.

Long and fondly did he clasp it, and his heart trembled with delight as he felt, or fancied that he felt, the pressure slightly returned.

Although Beatrix had declared to her father, before starting, that she had not a thing fit to be seen in, her former playfellow thought he had never before seen her so becomingly dressed or looking so femininely beautiful. It is extraordinary how quickly love sharpens the perceptive faculties.

"I had written to you," observed the baronet, "and not having your address in time, sent my letter by that precious bargain you recommended to me, Jack Curlin. I presume you have seen the papers! During my journey, I debated the question seriously with myself, whether he or I were the greatest idiots: he for undertaking to find you out in this Babel of a city, or I for trusting him."

"You must forgive poor Jack," replied his visi-



tor, "since he contrived to execute his commission at last, although the means by which he discovered me were not the most agreeable in the world. My reply to yours and Miss Challoner's kind communications must have crossed you *en route*."

"Miss Challoner!" repeated her father, pettishly; "pah! Why don't you call her Tricksey; as for the name of Beatrix, I don't wonder at your dislike of that, it was her poor mother's choice. For my own part I never could abide it."

"Mr. Vavasaur," observed the young lady slightly piqued, although secretly assured that had the baronet not been present, Charles would have addressed her in a less formal manner, "is determined to stand upon ceremony with his friends."

"Mr. Vavasaur!" exclaimed the old gentleman; "you are determined both of you to drive me mad or put me in a passion. I say Charley and Tricksey! and I insist I may not hear any more such formality and nonsense. Zounds!" he added; "I have a right to choose what name my own child shall be called by, at least till she changes it."

"Which she is in no hurry to do, my dear papa," observed the young lady with a smile; "you are too indulgent, too kind to your wayward girl for her to think of leaving you."

A sudden moisture dimmed the usually bright eyes of Sir Edward Challoner, as he gazed upon his child and listened to her words of affection.

By way of compromise, for the rest of the evening the young people addressed each other as Charles and Beatrix. Charley and Tricksey appeared too familiar.

Our hero read, to the great astonishment of his friends, the handbill which Mr. Snap had concocted; described the persecution he had endured in Parliament street, and the final result. The baronet laughed heartily, declared that Jack was not half so great a fool as he had taken him for; and added, that he might remain in his service as long as there was a horse in the stables.

"I was about to ask a favor, my dear Sir Edward," observed his visitor. "Poor Jack declares that he cannot be happy away from me, and I confess I should like to take him with me; I am used to the fellow, and—"

"Two hundred pounds, Charley," interrupted the

baronet, "is very little to travel in Russia and keep a servant upon."

His friend explained how his monetary difficulties had been removed, by the exceedingly liberal conduct of the money-lender. Father and daughter both heard him without a smile, and secretly rejoiced that their friendly scheme had succeeded.

"You have taken a weight from my heart," said the former. "The fact is, my dear boy, that I intended to reason you out of the absurd, over-strained feeling of delicacy which prevented your receiving assistance from an old friend; as it is, I almost feel inclined to quarrel with you on the subject. Seven-and-a-half per cent. for two thousand pounds! when you might have had five times the amount, without a penny of interest for it."

"Fortunately, my dear Sir Edward," observed Charles Vavasaur, "we are not called to discuss that question."

"To prefer some mercenary rogue of a money-lender to me!" added the old gentleman, in a petulant tone.

A glance from Beatrix warned the speaker that he was treading upon delicate ground. Her father took the hint, and since the great object of assisting his young favorite was achieved, he felt that it would be unwise to quarrel with him about the means; he, therefore, changed the conversation by expressing a wish to see Jack.

"I took the liberty of bringing him to the hotel with me," said our hero, "in order that he might ask your permission to change masters. In the letter which I wrote to you, I made the same request."

"Granted, my dear boy, granted!" exclaimed the baronet. "Take anything I have—heartily at your service."

The eyes of the youth encountered those of Beatrix, and they both blushed.

"Anything he has," mentally repeated the former; "how quickly his kind feeling would change, were I to demand the hand of his child."

Little did he imagine that his whimsical friend would have granted it with far more pleasure than his request to part with Jack; but as he observed to him, on the morning of their quarrel at the Moat, "some puppies won't see, even after their eyes

have been opened." Not that we mean to insinuate Charles Vavasaur was a puppy: the comparison is Sir Edward Challoner's, not ours.

Jack Curlin looked exceedingly sheepish, when, in obedience to the summons he had received, he entered into the drawing-room. His face was red as scarlet, and he kept twisting and turning his hands in the most extraordinary manner. Poor fellow! the teasing and biting sarcasm of the pretty Susan, who had been cruel enough to read him the history of his adventures from the daily paper, were as nothing to what he expected from the satirical baronet.

"So Jack," he commenced, "tired of my service?"

"If you please, Sir Edward," replied the groom, scraping his foot upon the rich Turkey carpet, and pulling his forelock; "that is," he added, "not tired, but I want to go back to my young master; he won't laugh at me, and I shall never be able to show my face in Harleyford agin."

"Why not?" demanded his tormenter, gravely.

"With your experience of London life, you must be more than a match for the unsophisticated bumpkins in the country; why, you will be looked upon as a hero."

"But I ain't no match for women's tongues," observed Jack, who was still smarting from the attack which Susan had made upon him.

"Very true," said Beatrix, coming to his relief.

"And I ain't no *vero* miss," added the poor fellow; "nor I ain't the *fast* donkey that fancied himself a racer; if I ha' been a *fool*, at least I know it; and that be summut."

The candor of the admission disarmed all further criticism.

"And so it is, Jack," replied his young master; "we shall both grow wiser in time."

With this consoling reflection, which Jack felt particularly grateful for, he was dismissed from the drawing-room to the general one for servants, whose masters were residing at the hotel.

The hour was late before he and his master took their leave.

Whilst Susan was assisting her young lady in her arrangements for the night, the latter, who had grown quite an experienced diplomat within the



EXAMINATION OF PASSPORTS, LUGGAGE, &c., ON BOARD THE STEAM-VESSEL.



last few days, hinted that the rustic coquette had been rather too severe upon the groom.

"Lord! miss," exclaimed the waiting-maid, "how was it possible to help it? You should have heard Sir Thomas Bainbridge's valet read the account in the newspaper; it was quite refreshing, as he observed, to meet with such a genuine native."

"You forget that you are a native, as you term it," observed her mistress, drily.

Susan's eyes instantly filled with tears; she saw that Beatrix was displeased with her.

"And that I am a native," continued the speaker; "or, in other words, a simple-minded country person, unused to the wickedness and tricks of London life; that must be what Sir Thomas Bainbridge's valet meant by the word; so that, after all, his impertinence applied as fully to yourself as to Jack, who is not only an honest lad, but exceedingly well looking, and devotedly attached to his master."

"If he is not," mentally thought the waiting-maid, "I know who is;" a knowledge which she very wisely kept to herself.

"The valet is an impertinent fellow," she said, "and a cowardly one too; for after Jack threatened to beat him, he never uttered another word. I'll not speak to him again, though we remain the house a twelvemonth."

"A puppy, no doubt," observed Miss Challoner; "Jack, with all his simplicity, is worth a dozen of him."

"And so he is, miss," exclaimed Susan, who began to feel exceedingly indignant at the idea of any one presuming to set either herself or her young mistress down as natives.

"Papa has a very great regard for Jack," continued the heiress; "and I have no doubt if he conducts himself well, will provide for him handsomely on his return from Russia; so you see what an excellent chance you have lost by your folly."

Her maid began both to look and feel like a person exceedingly puzzled.

"I hope you are not angry with me," she said. "Not angry with you," replied Beatrix; "you are too good a girl for that; only I was thinking that if you and Jack had continued friends—"

"But we have never been friends, Miss," interrupted Susan.

"Well, then, if you had made friends, that in all probability he would have written to you occasionally; and we, that is papa, I mean, would have heard how Mr. Vavasour succeeded in Russia."

As she uttered this indirect expression of her wishes, the fair girl blushed deeply and secretly accused herself of disingenuousness.

"Of course, miss," replied the waiting-maid, who had suddenly grown as diplomatic as her young lady, "I always intended to make friends with him before he left. We have known each other by sight ever since we were children—both come from the same place. We ought to be friends—we will be friends. It would break my heart to part at enmity with any one."

Miss Challoner retired to rest, more convinced than ever that Susan was a sensible, right-minded young person, and feeling an extraordinary interest in her welfare and Jack's.

When Charles called at the hotel on the following morning, he found Sir Edward on the point of paying a visit to his friend Lord Clarendon at the Foreign Office, in order to procure letters to the English ambassador at St. Petersburg for his young favorite. Beatrix not having anything fit to be seen in—of course she had no other motive—declined going out; consequently the young people were left alone to entertain each other as well as they could. At first, their conversation turned upon the recollections of their childhood—their quarrels, reconciliations, and the many pleasant hours they had passed together.

"You must write regularly to papa," observed the young lady, "for you know that he regards you as a son."

Our hero longed to confess that it was the name he now felt most ambitious of having a claim to; but the sense of his altered position, the dictates of honor and delicacy, restrained him.

"She would despise me," he thought, "and deem my love a mercenary love. No, Beatrix! I must regain the name and inheritance which have been wrested from me, or the secret shall die with me."

How many young high-spirited fellows have come to a similar resolution! But, somehow or other, there are secrets which it is impossible to keep—they will escape—and love is doubtless one of these.

"I should be the most ungrateful wretch on earth," he exclaimed, with a deep-drawn sigh, "to neglect so kind, so true a friend."

"Russia!" repeated Beatrix, half unconsciously; "I remember reading about it when a child. The men, they say, are crafty and treacherous, savages aping civilisation; but the women are remarkable for their beauty. Take care of your heart, Charles," she added, with a faint smile. "If I had been a boy, instead of a helpless, useless girl, I might have gone with you—travelled—seen the world."

"It would not have improved you," observed the young man, deeply moved by the tender interest which her words conveyed.

"Do you begin to flatter?" exclaimed the fair girl. "I shall think you are mocking me."

"Mock you! By heavens! Beatrix, I—"

He paused: honor once more withheld the avowal which trembled on his lips.

"I am glad you have sufficient sincerity left to acknowledge it," continued Miss Challoner; "but I know my own defects, Charles, and forgive you."

"Charles!" Had she called him "Charles," our hero might have still held firm to his resolution; but there was something in the old familiar name, and still more in the tone in which it was pronounced, that mastered him.

"Beatrix," he said; "my heart is full, so full that I must speak or it will break. I love you—deeply love you—despise me, hate me if you will, for my presumption—the penalty will be less terrible than silence. From the hour we parted at Harleyford, I have struggled against the conviction of my passion, but it overwhelms me. This confession, I am aware, places me in the light of a dishonored man—one who has abused your confidence and your father's friendship. I shall never offend again; let me, I implore you, bear with me the consolation of your forgiveness."

Miss Challoner was so overcome by the sudden avowal, that she was unable for some moments to speak. Like her lover, she too had struggled with the conviction that her affections were no longer in her own keeping—but from a very different cause—the humiliating suspicion that they were not returned.

"Have I then sinned past hope?" he demanded in mournful accents. "O Beatrix, never till this hour did I feel the bitterness of humiliation."

"Charles," faltered the blushing girl, as she extended her hand to him, "we have nothing to forgive when the fault is shared."

The change from despair to joy was almost too much for the fortitude of the youth to bear; he pressed her in his arms, close to a heart as true and manly as ever beat with love for woman; thanking her with passionate tenderness for the avowal, which was at once his pride and consolation.

"I can endure now," he said, "even the indignant reproaches of your father."

"My father!" repeated Beatrix; "and why should he reproach you?"

"I have betrayed his confidence—aspired to a love of which I am unworthy," replied our hero; "I, a nameless, impoverished man."

"You will tell him—"

"Everything," said her lover proudly; "I may have wronged, but cannot descend to deceive him."

Beatrix smiled through her tears; she was very far from anticipating that Sir Edward's anger would prove as difficult to appease, as in his humility and over-strained sense of honor Charles Vavasour expected.

"You know he loves you," she said.

"True," answered her lover, with a sigh; "and that knowledge must make me appear the more ungrateful."

"How he loves me," added the fair girl with increased confidence; "tell him that my happiness as well as yours depends on his forgiveness; tell him—"

At this instant the door of the drawing-room opened, and the baronet, who had just returned from the Foreign Office, made his appearance, holding several letters in his hand.

"And pray what is he to tell me?" demanded the old gentleman, with a good humored smile.

His daughter darted past him, and took refuge in her dressing-room.

"What, in the name of all that is absurd and incomprehensible, is the meaning of this?"

"It means," replied Charles Vavasour, sinking on his knees; "that I have betrayed your confidence and friendship—wronged the noblest, best of men."

"The features of the baronet suddenly flushed, but whether with anger or pleasure, it was impossible for him to express; for the unhappy youth, anxious to make a full confession of his supposed crime, continued with increased energy.

"Hate me you must, when I tell you that despite my poverty and shame, I have dared to feel and

and express my love for Beatrix, and that she, angel as she is, has forgiven me."

"And accepted you?" impatiently demanded Sir Edward.

"No, sir, with all my madness, I have not carried my unworthiness too far."

"Get up, you young villain—my dear boy, I mean, exclaimed the old gentleman; "and go and ask her if she will have you directly. But first shake hands with me."

"Is it possible?"

"My dear boy," said the baronet, "I always intended her for you, only you would not see. Your eyes are opened at last. You are the only man to whom I would willingly confide the happiness of my child. I have watched you from boyhood, Charles; studied your disposition, principles, your very heart—"

"But my poverty—"

"What stuff are you talking about poverty?" impatiently interrupted his old friend. "Forty thousand a year is enough for any reasonable man, even if it does entail the encumbrance of a wife along with it."

"The doubt upon my birth?" added the young man, mournfully.

"Why that, Charles, I confess I should like to see cleared up, more for your satisfaction, though, than my own. From the Conquest down to the present day, there has never appeared the bar sinister on our escutcheon."

"Nor shall there now, sir. The hope you have given me inspires my heart with courage. I will rend the mystery from the tomb, if it be concealed there."

"You persist, then, in this journey to Russia?"

"Now more than ever, dear Sir Edward; I dare not offer Beatrix a doubtful name; she must never be made to blush for her choice, however unworthy of her merits. We are both young; a year will soon pass away; by that time I shall have obtained the proofs I seek, or—"

"Return to us without them," observed the baronet, finishing the sentence for him. Charles Vavasour, he added, "it is to the man I give my daughter's hand, not to his name or fortune. Ned Challoner never yet broke his word. Return when you will and how you will, provided it be with honor, Beatrix and my blessing are yours."

#### CHAPTER XII.

England, farewell! fresh shores will rise,  
When thy white cliffs are lost to view,  
With other climes and clearer skies;  
But will their hearts like them be true?

AUTHOR'S SCRAP-BOOK.

WHEN Beatrix Challoner heard her lover's determination to pursue his journey to Russia, the high-spirited girl approved of his decision. The effort to discover the proofs of his birth was due alike, she considered, to the memory of his parents, his own honor, and the generous friendship of her father.

"We are both young," she said; "a year's absence will give me time to improve myself, to render me more worthy of you."

Charles, with all proper gallantry, declared, "it was impossible!" In his eyes she already was perfection.

And such were his honest convictions; love had blinded him to what had formerly appeared the defects in her character, or rather her education. His heart appreciated her frankness and noble sentiments, her devoted attachment to her father, her disinterested generous affection for himself.

Never had the hours seemed to fly so swiftly as on the last day they were destined—for months, perhaps for years—to pass together. More than once Sir Edward, who saw how happy they appeared in each other's society, felt strongly inclined to urge his future son-in-law to remain, but a sense of honor restrained him.

"The path of duty," he reflected, "may be the most rugged one, but it is sure to lead to happiness in the end;" added to which, experience told him that our hero was not one of those who easily forego a resolution once seriously taken.

For her father's, as well as her lover's sake, Beatrix bore the separation with a firmness which astonished herself; she asked no vow, for her reliance was unbounded on his honor; she could as easily have doubted the constancy of heaven as her lover's. She knew her own heart, and judged Charles's from the knowledge.

Time will show whether or not he remained worthy of her confidence.

"Bless you, my own sweet girl!" he whispered, as he pressed her fondly in his arms; "the memory of this moment, the hope of my return, must be my

solace in many a lonely hour. Should danger cross my path, I shall know that an angel's lips have prayed for me, and the thought will nerve my soul with courage. Sir Edward, benefactor! friend! father! heaven bless you! and farewell!"

He pressed his lips passionately to her's, and wringing the hand of the baronet, rushed from the room. It was not till after he had quitted her that the self-possession of Beatrix gave way, and she wept bitterly upon the shoulder of her father.

"Would I had prevented this departure," murmured the old man, deeply moved by her distress; "made it the condition of—"

"He would have spurned it," sobbed Beatrix; "and I should have despised him for such weakness. The man I love," she added, "must prove worthy of my love, or lose me. Poor as the gift may be, it can only be bestowed upon honor and devotion, such as Charles has shown."

Whilst the scene we have attempted to describe was taking place in the drawing-room, one equally tender, though somewhat less touching, was being enacted in the dressing-room of Beatrix, where Jack Curlin had found his way to bid the pretty Susan farewell.

With all her coquetting and love of teasing, the waiting-maid was one of those soft-hearted creatures whom nature seems to have made for no other purpose than to love. She was as melting as wax; with this additional merit, the impression was somewhat more lasting. We do not mean to hint that it was impossible to efface it, but it would wear a very reasonable time first.

How ever Jack ventured to declare his love, to the last day of his existence, always remained a mystery to him. It came out, as he used to say, "afore he know'd it."

"And these won't laugh at I with that fine gentleman of a valet, as he thinks himself when I be gone to furrin parts with Master Charles," he said, as he gently stole his honest, rough hand round her waist.

"No, Jack, that I won't," sobbed Susan.

"Or tell folk down at Moat what a *fule* I ha' been made on by the sharp Lunnun chaps at cards."

"They know it, Jack, already," was the reply. "You know the butler always reads the papers after Sir Edward has done with them, in the housekeeper's room. But I'll tell you what I'll do," she added, with a faint smile; "I'll promise you no one shall laugh a second time at you in my presence."

With this promise her suitor was obliged to appear content.

"Of course, Susan," he whispered, "thee will be faithful to I, when away?"

The waiting maid dried her tears in an instant; her very soul was in arms at the supposition of her changing.

"Do you be as faithful as I shall prove," she exclaimed, "and you will act very differently from the generality of your sex. I shall judge of your affections," she added, "by the regularity with which you write to me."

The poor fellow said that not a day should pass without his writing to her.

Hearing the voice of his master, who had just left the drawing-room, Jack knew that the moment of separation had arrived: giving his sweetheart a hearty kiss, which so astonished her that he had time to repeat it twice before she recovered herself, he ran bellowing from the dressing-room, and reached the street just in time to mount behind Sir Edward's carriage, which was waiting to convey our hero to the steamer.

"Well! well!" he mentally ejaculated, "who would ha' thought a month sin' that I should have fallen in love wi' Susan, and *follored* Master Charley to furrin parts? It do all appear to I like a dream. The kiss wor real," he added, with a sigh of tender recollection. "I wor wide awake then, at any rate; she be a good girl, and I be an honest lad, so there is no harm in it; let parson Dickon preach as much about the sin and imprudence of poor folk falling in love as he likes. He thinks more o' poor rates, I reckon, than his Bible."

Jack's estimation of the rector's judgment probably was not very far from wrong.

For more than an hour Charles Vavasour paced the deck of the Hamburg steamer, wrapt in sad, yet pleasing meditations. The evening was a lovely one; scarcely a breath of air was stirring. Henri de la Tour had amused himself by watching the stars reflected on the smooth—and would we could add clean—water of the Thames, whose banks in the moonlight were distinctly visible on either side.

When he thought that his friend had indulged sufficiently in his melancholy humor, he rose from his seat at the stern of the vessel, and touched him on the arm.

"My dear fellow," he said, "I congratulate you."

"Congratulate me!" repeated his companion, bitterly.

"Yes."

"On what, I pray you?"

"On your very sorrow," replied the young Frenchman. "It proves that you have parted from friends who love you; who will watch anxiously for your return, think of you, pray for you. Doubtless it is a sad feeling to separate from such; but there is one yet more sad; it is, to feel that we stand alone in the world, uncared for, unregretted."

"Such cannot be your fate," observed Charles, warmly.

"So near it," continued Henri, "that the desolate being I have described would find little to envy me, did he know my history. If I thought that it would while away your sorrows, I would tell it you; for there is a pleasure in confiding our troubles to the sympathy of friendship."

Our hero assured him that he should listen to him with the deepest interest.

"My story," continued the young Frenchman, "is so intimately connected with my present voyage, that one will explain the other."

"My grandfather, the Count de la Tour, at the age of twenty-four had obtained the high rank of colonel in the Imperial Guard. Unlike you English, he had not purchased his grade, but won it, step by step, in many a hard fought field. During the treacherous calm which preceded the disastrous expedition to Russia, he married; and at the time the summons of the Emperor called him from his home, was the father of a son.

"You may imagine the agony which wrung his heart, as he blessed his wife and unconscious child. But the voice of honor surmounted every other consideration; he tore himself from their embrace, and joined the army. The disasters of the campaign I need not relate; its history was written in the blazing fire of Moscow; its progress may be traced in the unbleached bones strewed over the plains of Russia. From that campaign my poor grandfather never returned; never again beheld the genial sun of that France for which he had so often bled, or the wife and child whom he had left to mourn his absence."

"It was a soldier's destiny," observed Charles Vavasour; "at least he did his duty, and died on the field of honor; his descendants may well be proud of such a man."

"You shall hear," continued Henri. "My poor grandfather had left the beings dearest to him to the guardianship of a man whom he believed his friend—a Polish emigrant, as he represented himself, but whom, it has since been proved, was a spy of Russia. Well, sir, this man, or rather fiend, had the infamy to conceive a violent passion for the wife confided to his honor. When the intelligence of our disasters came, he affected to mourn with her; it was a deeply-calculated game he played, but fortunately for the lady's honor, an unsuccessful one; he spoke at last of love, offered her his hand; although he well knew, when he proffered it, that the friend and husband he had betrayed, and affected to mourn, was by his infernal arts a prisoner in Siberia."

"Horrible!" ejaculated our hero. "Can there have been such a villain?"

"I do not wonder at your surprise," observed his friend; "I was once as incredulous as you are, for I knew and loved the man."

"And the unhappy lady, how did she escape his deep-laid scheme?"

"The memory of him she deemed dead protected her. His prayers, his solicitations were in vain; he was rejected, firmly but kindly; and to the last the deceived and broken-hearted woman looked upon him as her truest friend; nay, almost accused herself of ingratitude that she could not love him. At her death she left my father to his guardianship; fortunately, from a deep sense of religion, a very worthy man, the Abbé Augré, was joined with him in the trust."

"The villain would have betrayed it," ejaculated Charles, "as he had done the first and far more sacred one."

"You are right," resumed Henri. "Several times, under pretence of improving the fortunes of my father, he tried to persuade the Abbé, to consent to a sale of certain portions of the property; the priest was firm, and the scheme of plunder defeated. Well, sir, my father arrived at man's estate at last; married, and entered on the possession of his inheritance. About a year since, the Count Polak-i, the name of the monster I have described, died, suddenly, miserably; remorse in his heart and raging madness in the brain. His papers were examined; and judge of our horror and astonishment, when we discovered three letters, written at differ-

ent periods from Siberia by my grandfather, imploring the aid of his friend—the aid of the man who betrayed him—to restore him to his country and his family."

"Horrible!"

"The last of these was written only eight years since; the possibility was, that the gallant outraged soldier of France still lived. Application was made through the ambassador at St. Petersburg. The Russian government, ashamed probably of the villainy of its agents, denied all knowledge of the existence of such a prisoner."

"Infamous!"

"Do you wonder at my hatred of all that bear the name of Russian?" demanded the narrator of this terrible history; "at the burning thirst I feel for vengeance on the heartless, pitiless oppressors? The rest of my tale is soon told," he added, in a calmer tone. "My father, whose health had always been exceedingly frail, broken by disappointment, died three months since, charging me on his blessing to seek out my grandsire; to ascertain his fate if possible; and I have devoted myself to the task."

"It is a noble one," exclaimed Charles Vavasour, grasping his hand; "though too probably a hopeless one. Sorrow and disappointment long ere this may have done their work."

"At least," replied Henri de la Tour, "I will attempt it. I will not leave his bones in their inhospitable grave, but return with them to that France he loved and suffered for."

Confidence naturally begets confidence. Our hero in return for that repose in him by his new friend, related his own story and the motives which urged him to seek the laud of despotism and oppression.

One circumstance alone did he guard as a secret within his own breast; it was his knowledge of the language of the people they were about to visit. This he withheld, from no doubt of Henri de la Tour's fidelity, but from a promise which, before parting, Sir Edward Challoner had exacted from him.

Some hint which the baronet had, doubtless, received from Lord Clarendon, had induced him to make the request.

On the evening of the second day, the steamer arrived at Hamburg, to the great delight of Jack Curlin, who began to entertain very serious doubts in his own mind whether they should ever succeed in finding land again.

"Heaven help the poor things!" he observed to his young master, when he discovered that the people spoke a different language from his own, or only a few words of broken English; "they nunn be sad ignorant creatures. Why, even the children in Harleyford would shame them."

From Hamburg Jack and Charles both wrote their first letters to England; that of the groom, we scarcely need inform our readers, was addressed to the pretty Susan. As all love-epistles are very much alike, we shall only transcribe the postscript.

"You must excuse all faults, seeing as I write this with a *furrin* pen, which can't be expected to spell like an English one. This be a queer place: they rasp the beef, which ain't particular bad, considering all things; and boil the geese, which they salt and smoke like a side of bacon; sich ways, sich houses, and sich strange people; you wouldn't understand a word they say, though Master Charley do talk to un fast enough—it be a fine thing to be *larned*, bean't it, Susan?"

From this portion of his letter, it was evident that Jack had refreshed himself with some of the dried flanks of beef, and the breast of the solan goose; no bad relish for a hungry traveller at the end of a voyage.

From Hamburg they engaged a conveyance to Lubeck; from which place they embarked in a second steamer, which was to convey them direct to St. Petersburg.

As this is a tale and not an itinerary, we shall not inflict upon our readers an account of every place they touched at, but bring our hero and his companions at once to the mouth of the Neva; which river they entered exactly fifteen days after they had quitted the less magnificent but free waters of the Thames.

They had several Russians on board, travellers, who having obtained, at an enormous sacrifice, the permission of the government to visit other countries, were now returning to their prison—for that land cannot be called a country whose children, from the noble to the peasant, are chained like serfs to the soil.

The two friends could not avoid being struck by the sudden change which appeared in the character of their fellow passengers, as the low, marshy banks of the Neva appeared on either side, with Cronstadt scowling at them in the centre of the river; mistrust



replaced the frankness and gaiety which had hitherto prevailed; each one regarded his fellow with suspicion, and seemed endeavoring to recal in his own mind whether he had uttered some incautious word or not which might be construed into an offence by those who were the masters of his destiny. Those who had been most taciturn appeared most at their ease.

As foreigners, Charles and Henri were carefully avoided.

When within a mile of Cronstadt, the steamer was boarded by a number of custom-house officers and agents of police, who proceeded at once to the principal cabin, and called the passengers one by one before them, examining every passport with minutest care, holding it up to the light to see if any erasure had been made. The answers of the bearers to the various questions put to them, as to the motives of their visit, the probable length of their stay, were carefully written down.

The luggage underwent, if possible, a more scrupulous examination; as a matter of course, every book was taken possession of, and their owners politely told that if found unobjectionable they would be returned to them on their arrival at St. Petersburg. All this was gone through with an affectation of politeness, which rendered the ceremony, if possible, more offensive.

Nothing is more galling than the barbarism which aces civilisation.

An artist, who had exceeded his leave of absence three months, was very severely questioned. It was in vain that he pleaded illness, the traces of which were painfully visible in his emaciated features, as an excuse. He was sternly ordered to present himself, the instant he landed, at the central office of the police.

"But my mother, sir," he exclaimed; "my poor widowed mother, whose husband and father both died in the service of the Czar, is counting every instant till she sees me."

The order was repeated still more emphatically, with a significant hint as to the probable consequence in case of disobedience.

When it came to Jack's turn to be examined, the honest fellow requested the officer to speak English, observing, with more truth than politeness, that he couldn't speak any of their furrin gibberish. To his great delight, his request was immediately complied with, most of the *employes* being excellent linguists.

"Your name?"

"Jack Curlin."

"Your age?"

"Don't know. I was born somewhere about Michaelmas, but can't tell the year; you may as well say rising twenty; it be there, or thereabouts."

"And what brought you to Russia?" demanded the officer.

"Why, steamer to be sure," answered the groom, with a broad grin. "Does 'ee think I swummed over?"

"Have you a passport?" inquired the official.

"What be that?"

"You will perceive that my servant is an uneducated person," observed Charles Vasseur, who felt it was high time to come to Jack's relief. "It is the first time he has ever quitted England, which will excuse, I trust, his seeming want of respect."

"That be right," exclaimed the lad; "talk to un, Master Charley; thee canst speak their cussed lingo."

The officers of police instantly exchanged glances at the unfortunate observation of the speaker, and one of them immediately asked if our hero could really speak Russian.

"I speak German and French," was the reply; "and have a slight acquaintance with Italian; my servant, in his ignorance, gives me credit for a greater knowledge of languages than Babel ever heard. Permit me to offer you my passport."

As it bore the seal of the Foreign office in London, and had the *visa* of the Russian ambassador; no further questions were asked: but it was evident that the suspicions of the officials were excited.

The last passenger examined was a female, who had kept herself carefully apart from the rest of her fellow-travellers during the voyage; she was closely veiled, but, at the command of the officer, instantly raised it, and discovered a countenance exceedingly animated and beautiful. Her passport was examined as minutely as the preceding ones had been; but, strange to say, the only question asked was the address of the hotel at which she intended to remain.

To the surprise of the two friends, she named the Hotel de Coulon, to which they had been recommended.

After a ceremony, equally tedious, had been gone through with the custom-house officers, the steamer

was permitted to proceed; and, after five hours' delay, landed her cargo of prisoners, for such most of the passengers felt they had become, on the English quay at St. Petersburg.

The female whose appearance had so deeply interested the youthful travellers, no sooner landed, than she looked anxiously around her, as if she expected to meet some one, or felt uncertain how to proceed.

Henri de la Tour, with the gallantry natural to his nation, addressed her in French, and offered her services.

The lady replied in German—which obliged Charles, whose friend did not speak that language, to interfere; with many apologies at what he considered his presumption, he repeated the offer his companion had made.

The fair creature gazed upon him long and earnestly. There was an expression of doubt, amounting almost to agony, in her deep blue eyes, which created a wondrous sympathy in the heart of our hero.

"I fear you doubt me," he observed, still addressing her in German.

"No," replied the stranger; "you are an Englishman, and I have ever been taught to consider those of your country as friends of the oppressed. I do, indeed, require the service of a friend."

"Then why refuse mine?"

"Because there may be danger in serving me," was the reply; "and wretched as I am, I would not involve one being in my fate. Yet," she added, after a few moments' reflection, "with all their cunning, they never can suspect that you, a stranger—yes—yes—conduct me to the hotel Coulon."

Charles directed one of the numerous commissioners who thronged the quay, proffering their services to the newly-landed passengers, to procure a vehicle; one was instantly brought, and they drove at once to their destination.

Madame Coulon appeared exceedingly doubtful whether or not she could accommodate her female guest, till the latter placed a card, which she drew from her bosom, in her hands. Charles saw distinctly that but one word was written upon it, and that word was in Russian. The instant she read it, the landlady's hesitation vanished. Calling to her husband, a lazy, good-humored Frenchman, to attend to the gentlemen, she conducted the stranger into the hotel, telling her in French to lower her veil, which she had raised whilst thanking her late companions for the service they had rendered her.

The lady evidently understood the language, for she instantly complied with her request.

"Distanced, by Jupiter!" exclaimed Henri de la Tour, with a good humored smile; "evidently our mysterious incognito had no confidence in me. Our adventures have commenced sooner than we expected. Who can she be?"

"Most probably some victim of persecution," replied his friend.

"Gentlemen," said Monsieur Coulon, with one of his politest bows, "permit me to remind you of a circumstance which you seem to have forgotten."

The two friends regarded him with surprise.

"It is," added the innkeeper, in a whisper, "that you are in Russia, where a prudent man should never express surprise at anything. Allow me to show you to your apartment."

The gentlemen took the well-meant hint, and followed the speaker into the hotel.

#### CHAPTER XIII.

Look, look! the summer rises in her cheeks;  
A blush, as hot as June, comes flooding o'er  
Her too proud paleness. Burning modesty  
Warms all her brow, and beauty, quite abash'd,  
Drops her twin stars to earthward.—PROCTOR.

It was evening, the two friends had dined, and were indulging in a variety of speculations regarding their adventure with their mysterious fellow-traveller, when Madame Coulon entered their apartment. The little Frenchwoman appeared to labor under a considerable degree of embarrassment, as she inquired if the arrangements which had been made for them met with their approbation.

"Perfect, my dear madam," answered Henri. "But tell me—your guest—"

"It is of her I came to speak," replied the kind-hearted landlady. "For her own sake I dare not permit her to remain here; the risk is too great. I tremble at every sound I hear in the court-yard of the hotel. She is lost—unless," she added, fixing her eyes upon them beseechingly, "you will undertake to save her."

Both the young men assured her that the unknown might command their services.

Their visitor placed a plan of the city of St.

Petersburg upon the table before them, and pointing to one of the principal streets, the Nerwinski Strasse, and the situation of her own house, bade them observe every turn which led to it.

A very few moments' observation made them sufficiently master of the route.

"And you think you can find it?"

"Sure of it!" eagerly answered her guests.

"Then one caution—ask no question in the streets; you will be sure to be followed if you do, and all the precautions we have taken prove in vain. When you have conducted the poor lady to the fourth house on the right-hand side of the Nerwinski Strasse, return as quickly as possible to the hotel. Perhaps," she added, "it might be as well to stop in the square and examine the statue of Peter the Great; artists say it looks best by moonlight. One thing I forgot to tell you: the fugitive, for such she is, has changed the attire of her sex for the dress of yours; fortunately the clothes of my eldest boy fitted her exactly."

"By heavens!" exclaimed Henri, whose enthusiasm was deeply excited, "we will defend her at the hazard of our lives."

"If you act prudently," observed Madame, "no such necessity will arrive; should it, resistance would be madness—submit at once. Promise me this," she added, "or deeply as I feel interested in the safety of my guest, I must decline to compromise yours."

Very reluctantly the young men made her the promise she required.

"Steal into the court-yard at the back of the hotel," said the landlady; "on your right hand you will see a pavilion—you cannot mistake it; there you will find the desolate creature, who has no hope but in your protection. As you have sisters—sisters who love you," she added, "respect her helplessness and innocence."

Without waiting a reply, the kind-hearted Frenchwoman quitted the apartment, leaving Henri and Charles burning with impatience to see the end of their adventure.

The latter, on quitting the room, considerably took with him a cloak, which he had brought with him from the steamer; his baggage being still at the custom-house.

On reaching the pavilion which Madame Coulon had described, they found the unknown anxiously expecting their arrival. So complete was the metamorphose, that neither of the friends could possibly recognise her, had they not been prepared for the change.

In addition to her boy's dress, the stranger had stained her features to a swarthy hue; her hair was carefully concealed under a cap of sable. The deep blush of wounded delicacy flushed through the dark color on her cheeks as the young men entered the pavilion.

"Permit me to add this to your disguise," said Charles, offering her the cloak; "it will render it more perfect."

"What must you think?" exclaimed the object of his solicitude, in a voice broken by emotion.

"That you are unfortunate."

"Most unfortunate," repeated the female; "but not the wretched, loathsome thing you must suppose me. Could you but know my motives!"

"We have no time to hear them now," interrupted Henri de la Tour; "every moment seems an age till we have placed you in safety—if, indeed, safety for outraged innocence is to be found in this land of despotism and terror."

The lady assured them that once beneath the roof where she was anxiously expected, all danger, at least for the present, would be past.

"At the present moment," she continued, "I can explain nothing; I am poor, even in thanks, for true gratitude is seldom eloquent in words. One caution let me give you: should your share in my escape be suspected, a hundred schemes will be tried to entrap your confidence. Speak of me to no one who does not wear this ring upon his right hand."

She withdrew her glove as she spoke, and displayed an emerald, in an antique setting, of such extraordinary brilliancy, that it was impossible they could ever mistake it.

"You will know it again?" she said.

"From a hundred," replied the young men; adding, that if at any time fresh danger threatened her, and they could serve her, she had only to send that ring, and it should be a token between them.

"Now, silence," said the unknown; "not a word must be spoken in the streets; and may heaven protect me!"

"Amen!" replied Henri and Charles, offering her their arms as they sallied forth into the street at the back of the hotel. Not a human being was near, and they glided like shadows rather than living

things under the shade of the houses, till they reached the Admiralty quay, at the end of which half their perilous journey was accomplished. As they turned into the street leading to the Nerwinski Strasse, Henri de la Tour found that they were followed.

"Proceed," he whispered in a low voice. "I will await you here."

Charles understood this hint, and though he trembled for the danger of his friend, continued to hurry his charge along.

The young Frenchman was not mistaken; a person in a half-military dress soon overtook him. The spy—for such he undoubtedly was—started as the youth advanced from the deep shade of the houses into the moonlight, and confronted him.

"May I ask if you speak English, sir," he said.

"I do," replied the man, eagerly.

"Then I am exceedingly fortunate. I only arrived at St. Petersburg this day, and tempted by the beauty of the evening, have wandered from my hotel, and lost my way. Could you direct me to the Hotel Coulon?"

"But you are not alone," interrupted the party whom he had addressed.

"Of course not."

"You admit it?"

"How can I be alone in the society of so perfect a gentleman?" observed Henri, with one of his most elegant bows.

"Pshaw!" replied the agent of police; "it is not that I mean. I saw you afar several minutes ago preceding me. You had two companions—men. I will swear it."

"Then, on my honor, you would swear to a very great mistake," coolly replied the young Frenchman, who felt that by this time Charles and his companion were most probably beyond danger. "I have only spoken to one gentleman since I quitted the hotel."

"Possibly," replied the man, "but you walked with two."

"There again you are mistaken. I only walked with one, and he quitted me to look for the celebrated statue of your great Czar, Peter, which, by-the-by, I should feel equally grateful if you would direct me to."

From the cursory examination he had made of the plan of the city, the speaker well knew that the statue was situated in an opposite direction from the one which the fugitive and her protector had taken.

Half-convinced by the earnestness of his assertion and the youth of the speaker, the spy began to think it possible that he might have been mistaken. At any rate, deceived or not, it was now too late to attempt to follow the persons who had excited his suspicions, and by conducting the stranger, as he desired, he might possibly obtain a reward; for even in Russia those who follow his disgraceful trade are not too well paid; they as frequently betray the government who employs them as the incautious beings who fall into the snare they set for them. With great professions of desire to serve him, he conducted Henri, therefore, to the statue in the grand square, endeavoring, as they walked together, to draw him into conversation on the motives which brought him to the country. His intended dupe, however, was on his guard.

To Henri's great relief, on entering the square he recognised Charles, who had resumed his cloak, contemplating the colossal work of Falconet at his leisure. The artist has represented the imperial monster, whom flatterers have deified with the epithet of Great, on the verge of an enormous rock of granite, the horse being secured to its pedestal by the not unskilful contrivance of a serpent, which it is trampling upon. It is intended to represent the barbarism which he affected to subdue. What a caricature! As if anything could be more barbarous than his own passions, to which Peter was an abject slave.

He murdered his own son, whom he lured from the secure asylum to which terror had driven him, by the most sacred promises; and in his drunken orgies frequently displayed his prowess by enacting the executioner. The founder of St. Petersburg has been known to strike off as many as twenty heads in a single night; the unhappy Strelitz guard, who had revolted against his authority, being kept like sheep in pens, and brought out to gratify the ferocious cruelty of the monster whose conduct justified their treason.

On one occasion, Peter "the Great," by way of paying the Prussian ambassador a delicate compliment, invited him to try his skill by striking off half-a-dozen heads, which he placed at his disposition for that purpose.

To the credit of the Prussian, the offer was re-

spectfully declined, and the Czar, mad with wine and blood, achieved the brutal task himself.

Perceiving that his friend was accompanied by a stranger, Charles at once comprehended the danger they had escaped, and saluted him as if their meeting had been one of the most accidental things in the world. Both began to admire the statue, which in the moonlight certainly does present an imposing appearance, although very far from standing the test of severe criticism.

"He was the founder of Russia," observed the spy, saluting the senseless bronze as he would have done the living monarch.

This was another attempt to draw forth an opinion, which the two travellers were too cautious to give.

"He possessed at least wondrous energy," said our hero, who felt the necessity of making some reply; "and his successors have proved worthy of him."

The man turned aside with a discontented air. This was not the sort of observation he wished, although, as our readers will perceive, it might be construed both ways.

After conversing some time on various topics, all tending to elicit the opinions of the friends on the government and country, Charles Vavasour inquired of their exceedingly polite companion whether he could guide him to the residence of an English merchant named Markham, the name of the gentleman who had been his late father's partner.

The spy willingly offered his services, and led them by the Nerwinski Strasse to the English quay. As they passed the fourth house on the right-hand side, our hero silently pressed the arm of Henri de la Tour, who at once comprehended that it was there the mysterious fugitive had found a refuge.

"Noble street," observed their guide.

"Magnificent!" ejaculated both the young men.

"Neither Paris nor London can boast anything to equal it," observed the man.

"Perhaps not," replied the Englishman; "each country has its advantages."

"And what may be advantages of yours?"

Henri longed to answer, to breathe the air of heaven freely, to be able to exchange thoughts without fear, to think, act, and speak as the heart dictates. But he wisely restrained himself, and informed his new acquaintance that he must live there to comprehend them.

"This is the residence of the English merchant you inquired after," said the man, in a sullen tone; for he felt that his time, so far as his duties of spy were concerned, had been thrown away.

The friends politely thanked him.

Their guide muttered something about the propriety of offering him a recompense for the trouble he had been at; the hint was taken, and a couple of silver roubles placed in his hand. Finding there was nothing more to be gained, the fellow left them.

"Thank heaven he is gone!" exclaimed Henri de la Tour; "my patience was nearly exhausted; once or twice I felt strongly tempted to toss him into the Neva."

"Thank heaven you did not!"

"Our charge?"

"Is safe," replied Charles Vavasour; "her parting words were of gratitude and caution for our safety. I confess I feel singularly interested in her fate; she is very beautiful."

"In love?" said his companion, with a smile.

"Little fear of that," observed our hero, with a sigh. "My heart is no longer in my keeping; it did not accompany me to Russia."

"I am glad of that," exclaimed Henri de la Tour; "for I have fallen desperately in love with her myself, and it would never do for us to be rivals. If I must contend," he added, "for the heart of the woman I love, I would rather it should be against half-a-dozen rivals of any other nation than one Englishman—they are so terribly in earnest."

Mr. Markham gave the son of his old friend and partner a true English welcome, and eagerly inquired after the health of his father. Great was his surprise and sorrow on hearing of his sudden death; intelligence of which, from the brief time which had elapsed, had not yet reached him.

"Dead!" he repeated several times to himself; then, sir, the world has lost as honorable a man as ever adorned society—I, a true and valued friend, and you a tender parent. But how is it," he added, with an expression of surprise, "that I find you, so soon after so painful an event, in St. Petersburg?"

His visitor related all the circumstances which had followed his loss. How not only his inheritance, but his very name had been disputed by his unnatural uncle.

Mr. Markham listened to him with the deepest interest.

"Sorry to hear it," he exclaimed; "sorry to hear

it; for, to my certain knowledge, poor Geoffrey acted liberally to his brother. Unfortunately I cannot furnish you with any direct evidence of your father's marriage, although I have every moral certitude that it took place. It was the only secret, I believe, he ever kept from me."

"But the name of my mother?"

"That, too, I am equally a stranger to. I never saw her; there was a mystery in the whole affair which delicacy and friendship alike forbade me to inquire into. I remember," continued the merchant, thoughtfully, "his telling me on one occasion, when some allusion was made to it, that the proofs were safe in England, but that circumstances rendered it necessary it should not be made public in Russia."

"But have you no idea—no clue?"

"Not the least."

Charles turned aside to conceal the bitter pang of disappointment; one of the friends he most relied on had declared his inability to serve him.

"Don't be dull," continued the worthy man; "the restriction which prevented my making inquiries at the time are removed by your dear father's death; I now feel it my duty to do so. I must introduce you to my family; doubtless you have forgotten your former playfellows, Richard and Kate; they will be delighted to see you. You must consult, too, with my wife; women are keen observers; she may have noticed circumstances which have escaped me."

Shaking his guest once more cordially by the hand, he conducted him and Henri into a handsomely-furnished drawing-room, in which his wife, son, and two lovely girls were seated.

"Whom do you imagine I have brought with me?" demanded, Mr. Markham, with a good-humored smile.

For some moments the party thus interrogated appeared at a loss to guess; suddenly, the eldest girl pronounced, in a joyous tone, the name of Charley.

"Mr. Charles Vavasour, my love, you mean," observed her father, gravely.

The face of the fair girl in an instant was suffused with blushes.

"Call me Charley—pray call me Charley!" exclaimed our hero, as he grasped a hand of each of his former playmates, "it reminds me of the olden time."

Mrs. Markham gazed upon her visitor with an expression of the deepest interest, as she welcomed him to St. Petersburg.

During the evening their visitor noticed that a whispered conversation took place between the merchant and his wife; that he was the subject of it he was not permitted to doubt, for their glances were continually directed towards him.

"How singular that Kate should have remembered you," observed young Markham, "before I could recollect your features to my mind. Not that I am the less happy to see you, we were always such excellent friends. How often I have entreated my father to let me visit England," added the youth, with a sigh; "but his answer has always been the same: 'Not yet—not yet.' I detest Russia, with its heartlessness, pretended civilisation, and terror."

"Richard," said the merchant, reprovingly, "how often must I caution you?"

"True," replied the youth, submissively; "it's a crime to think or feel here."

"It is rash to speak, you mean," observed his father.

The hours flew rapidly with the friends thus unexpectedly united after so many years of absence. Old recollections were revived and talked over; poor Kate had to endure a terrible amount of badinage from her brother and sister, at having been the first to recognise our hero. It was nearly midnight before the visitors took their leave, but not till they had promised to dine the following day with the merchant, who insisted on sending them to their hotel in his carriage, observing that the streets of St. Petersburg, despite the exertions of the police, were not over safe, especially for strangers, at so late an hour.

"Come early," he whispered to Charles, as he shook his hand at the door of his mansion, "my wife wishes to see you particularly."

The emphasis with which the speaker pronounced the last word caused the heart of our hero to bound with joy. "Doubtless," he thought, "Mrs. Markham possesses some clue to which her husband is a stranger."

On reaching the hotel, they found everything in confusion. A party of police had taken possession of it, and made a most minute search for the fair fugitive. Every guest had been examined in their turn; and the chief of the emissaries of despotism were now waiting the return of the two friends in order to question them.



"Be firm," whispered Madame Coulon, as they passed her in the entrance-hall, "and all will be well."

Charles re-assured her by a tranquil smile.

On reaching their apartments, they were politely interrogated where they had passed the night.

The young men replied simultaneously, at the house of the English merchant, Mr. Markham; and the answer appeared to annoy the official.

"At what hour did you go there?"

"About nine, as nearly as I can guess," replied Charles. "I and my friend first amused ourselves by strolling along the quays and examining the public buildings."

"At night!" observed the officer, incredulously. Henri reminded him that it was a delicious moon-light one.

"Name the streets you passed through."

"Is it of importance?"

"The utmost."

"Then," said our hero, whose pride and spirit began to rebel at being submitted to such an interrogation, "you must apply to a gentleman, who is, if I err not, in the same honorable employment as yourself; my friend encountered him by accident on one of the quays, and he was our cicerone. If you require any further information respecting me, I must refer you to my ambassador; to whom, you will perceive by these letters, I am especially recommended by the English government."

The police-officer regarded the seals of the Foreign Office with a longing eye; could he have obtained possession of the letters, even for a few seconds, doubtless he would have given an excellent account of their contents to his superiors; but to violate them in the presence of their bearer, was a stretch of authority from which even he recoiled. He contented himself by directing the friends to present themselves, at an early hour the following morning, before the chief of the police.

"And this is Russia!" exclaimed Charles Vavasour to his friend, as soon as they were alone. "Thank Heaven, I am an Englishman!"

"And I a Frenchman," observed Henri de la Tour. "I should die of *ennui* had destiny cast my birth in this land of terror. Who can our mysterious incognito be, that the authorities are so anxious to discover?"

"Hush!" whispered his companion; "not a word; here even the walls have ears."

#### CHAPTER XIV.

Suspicion is a heavy armor; and  
With its own weight impedes, more than it protects.  
BYRON.

THE government of Russia may be defined by one emphatic word—terror. It is the means by which every aspiration towards liberty is checked, and even genius compelled to wear the hideous mask of hypocrisy; in fact, it is the key to a vast and complicated machine, and even he who holds it is subject to its influence. The Czar, all powerful as he is, is like a man who has caught a venomous serpent by the neck; he can neither release it, cast it from him, nor relax his grasp, lest it should turn and sting him.

Hence, mistrust pervades every portion of society, from the haughty noble to the humble drosky-driver. So many spies are employed, that every second man is one upon his fellow. Unfortunately, this degrading office, which few can avoid, is not confined to our sex alone; the princess in her palace measures every word she utters in the presence of her *femme-de-chambre*; the wife of a minister of state cannot give a ball without being obliged to receive certain guests whose invitations are dictated by the police. Even members of the Imperial family are not exempt from this gigantic system of espionage. Their conversations, actions, and, as far as may be divined, their very thoughts are subjects of daily reports to the Emperor; who, with the fate of his father Paul before his eyes, regards his own children with suspicion.

Thus despotism, like most crimes, carries its punishment along with it.

It is well known, that in Russia the old Muscovite party wish for the accession of Constantine, the second son of the Czar, instead of the eldest one. Of this the latter is perfectly aware, and each brother has his spies upon the other as well as his partisans and friends; whilst both are equally under the surveillance of the agents of their father.

Nicholas used to shake with terror, when summoned to the presence of the late Emperor Alexander; for terror in Russia is the seal of power, its unity and sceptre; even the sovereign is as much its slave as the meanest of his subjects.

In obedience to the order he had received, and

which it would have been madness to have disputed or evaded, Charles Vavasour presented himself at the bureau of the minister of police the following morning. After having been kept upwards of an hour in the anti-chamber, he was admitted at last into the presence of that terrible functionary, who holds the liberty of every Russian in his hands; when we say every Russian, of course we except the Czar. *He would only tamper with his life*, as Count Pahlen did with that of Paul.

Few Russian sovereigns die of old age. Peter the Great was poisoned; his grandson shared the same fate. Paul was strangled. Alexander and his widow undoubtedly were assassinated. Constantine, whose abdication could not protect him, shared a similar fate. As for the present Emperor, *nous verrons*, as the French say. Regicide at St. Petersburg has not exploded yet. The Imperial palace like that of the Doges in Venice, is indeed

"A den of drunkards with the blood of princes."

Count Orloff, the minister of police, received our hero and Henri de la Tour with a certain degree of politeness, for as yet he had nothing stronger than suspicion against them; and it is part of the tactics of those who are high in office in Russia to appear amiable with foreigners of distinction, their brutality being reserved for those who are hopelessly at their mercy.

After expressing his regret that a young Englishman of Charles' rank should have compromised himself so soon after his arrival at St. Petersburg, by assisting the enemies of the Emperor, Count Orloff suddenly put the question of

"Where is Lelia Mullah?"

"Whom did your excellency inquire for?" demanded Charles, in a tone of surprise, for it was the first time in his life he had ever heard the name.

"Lelia Mullah, the daughter of the rebel Circassian chief Hassam Mullah, the Imam of Dargo, now a prisoner in the fortress of Schlussemburg," replied the minister.

Both the friends protested that it was the first time in their lives they had ever heard the name of the lady.

Count Orloff regarded them for several moments in silence.

"And yet she was your fellow-passenger," he observed, after referring to a paper which he held in his hand, "from Lubeck to St. Petersburg."

The young men very naturally argued that such might be the case, without in the slightest degree impugning their statement.

"Possibly," slowly answered the minister; "but your acquaintance did not end on board the steamer; the fugitive accompanied you to the Hotel Coulon."

"I know the person to whom your excellency alludes," exclaimed Charles Vavasour, with well-acted frankness; "though till this moment I never heard her name; for, whilst on board the steamer, we never exchanged a word with the lady, who studiously kept herself apart from her fellow-travellers. Seeing a stranger in an embarrassed position on the quay, my friend and myself naturally offered our services. They were accepted. Madame Coulon, who appeared disinclined to receive her as a guest, will tell you that we separated from her in the court-yard of the hotel, dined in our own apartment, and left the house in the evening for a stroll by moonlight on the magnificent quays of the city."

"Alone?" demanded the Count.

"A youth, whom our hostess informed us was her son, accompanied us as our guide."

This tallied so exactly with the examination of Madame Coulon, and the report of the spy, that the minister of police began to waver in his suspicion of their complicity in the escape of the beautiful Circassian.

"If your excellency will only reflect for an instant," observed Henri de la Tour, "you will perceive at once the improbability of myself and friend being in any way implicated in this disagreeable affair. Perfect strangers, mere travellers for pleasure, unacquainted with the localities of the city, incapable of finding our way without a guide ourselves."

The minister, without replying to the speaker, rang a small silver bell on the table before him; the door opened, and a youth about seventeen years of age entered the cabinet. He appeared terribly nervous, and fixed his eyes with an anxious expression upon the two friends.

"Look at me," exclaimed the Count, sternly.

The boy did as he was directed.

Charles fancied that he could detect a resemblance between the youth and the mistress of the hotel; he was still further confirmed in the belief that it was her

son, by the sable cap and tassel, exactly resembling the one which the fugitive had worn.

"Are you acquainted with this youth, gentlemen?" demanded the minister of police.

Both instantly answered that he was their guide of the preceding evening.

Count Orloff betrayed considerable vexation at their reply; the clue, which he fancied he held in his hand, was beginning to escape him.

"Why did you tremble and look so confused?" he said, addressing the boy.

"I was afraid the gentlemen might have forgotten me," replied the young man; "for it was evening when I joined them in the court-yard, and they dismissed me as soon as we reached the Admiralty-quay."

This was uttered in a tone of self-possession which contrasted so naturally with his previous terror, that even the experienced Orloff was deceived; and, after questioning the friends on the motives of their visit, what acquaintance they had in St. Petersburg, and the probable length of their stay, he dismissed them, with a strict caution to observe the laws and regulations of the country they were in.

"The Imperial government is more than tolerant," he said; "it is indulgent towards those who visit Russia with a proper spirit; but it admits of no propagandism of revolutionary principles which of late years have spread like an epidemic over the rest of Europe. One word more," he added, "by way of advice, not of command. The less you allude to our interview in conversation with your friends, the more agreeable you will find your residence in St. Petersburg."

"What are you thinking of, Henri?" demanded his friend, as they returned to the hotel. "Our escape from the police, whose chief reminded me of an inquisitor in uniform? What a cold, yet penetrating glance he has!"

"Cold as an icicle, my dear fellow," answered the young Frenchman, with a smile. "Count Orloff certainly is one of the most remarkable-looking men I have ever come in contact with: his father, I believe, was one of the assassins of Paul. If I were Czar, I should not like to intrust my safety too much to the fidelity of such a man. But I was thinking of a far more interesting personage than the minister of police, all-powerful as he is."

"Of the fair Circassian?"

"Of Lelia," exclaimed Henri. "What a name! There is music in the letters which compose it—a sound to murmur in one's sleep—a name for the soul to dream on."

"In love!" said Charles.

"Why not?" demanded his companion. "Would you have the heart grow rusty for want of use?"

"She is a stranger," observed his friend.

"So much the better," continued the volatile youth; "the unknown is always beautiful."

"Or terrible," added Charles Vavasour, in a serious tone.

"Both are sources of excitement," exclaimed Henri de la Tour; "and you shall not reason me out of my illusion."

"Is this your philosophy?"

"Philosophy!" repeated the young man in a tone of contempt. "What is that? A word that has cheated the world out of more happiness in one year, than the founders of the schools conferred in the whole course of their useless existence. Your philosopher is a dreamer, who analyses enjoyment till the essence escapes him."

"And you are really in love?" said Charles.

"Madly! deeply! devotedly! eternally!" exclaimed Henri.

His friend repeated the word *eternally*, in rather a satirical tone.

"And constantly," continued the young Frenchman. "There is a romance in our meeting with this girl which fascinates me. Then her name, Lelia—there is music in its sound. From boyhood I have always found a peculiar charm in certain names. I must see her again."

"Perhaps!"

"There is no perhaps, when the heart is resolute," replied Henri. "I will not insult your friendship," he added, "by asking if you will assist me in my enterprise. I rely on it."

"And you may, with the fullest confidence," observed our hero; "but let me intreat you, for the poor girl's sake, to be cautious. 'Tis evident that she has powerful motives for concealing her presence in St. Petersburg, where her liberty, if not her life, may be in danger."

"What mean you? Her life! No! no!—impossible! Brutal as the despotism of the Czar's

government undoubtedly is, it could never tamper with the life of an angel."

"You forget what Count Orloff stated," continued his companion, gravely; "that her father is a prisoner in the dungeons of Schlüsselburg; doubtless he is one of the Circassian chiefs, who have struggled so long and bravely for the independence of their country; the motive which has brought her to this city of terror may be easily divined. Besides," added the speaker, "in this dream of love and romance—pardon the word—there is one thing which you seem to have forgotten."

"And that is, whether she loves me," said Henri. "She will."

"Not that alone, but her religion. The minister, in speaking of her father, styled him the Imam of Dargo; now Imam signifies both a priest and a prince. Should Lelia prove a Mohammedan?"

"I'll convert her!" exclaimed the Frenchman.

"What a sensation we should create in Paris!—a Circassian princess! That which to you appears a difficulty, is to me a certain omen of success; since heaven itself, in common gratitude, is bound to assist me."

Charles saw that it was useless to reason with his friend, so wisely dropped the subject. Some natures, naturally pliant, become firm by opposition, and Henri de la Tour's appeared to be one of them. Our hero considered, that in all probability, the young Frenchman and Lelia would never meet again.

On calling at the residence of his father's former partner, Charles Vavasour was received with the same cordiality as on the preceding evening. The hour being so much later than the one appointed for his visit, he was compelled to relate a portion of his adventure with the fair Circassian, and the summons to appear before the minister of police, to account for his want of punctuality.

"This is most unfortunate!" exclaimed the merchant in a tone of vexation; "for you are now a marked man in Russia. Every word you utter will be reported, your steps watched, your actions distorted. How could you be so imprudent?"

"Imprudent!" repeated his visitor, with a smile. "Pardon me, my dear sir, but I cannot see the imprudence of travelling in the same steamer with a lady whose name I never heard till this very day, and with whom I never exchanged a single word, till I offered my services on the quay of St. Petersburg."

"You forget that you are in Russia!" observed Mr. Markham, drily.

"And where you have one enemy, who is only too powerful already."

"An enemy!" repeated our hero, in a tone of surprise. "I never injured any human being in my life, or willingly offended one; how then can I have excited the enmity of a stranger?"

"Waiter," said the merchant, addressing his son, "had you not better attend to those bills of exchange upon Moscow?"

The young man took the hint, and left the room; his sister was dismissed to her governess by her mother, and the master and mistress of the house left alone with their visitor.

"I must leave you," said the former; "I have an appointment upon Change. I told you last night that I was ignorant of the circumstances attending your father's marriage, but possibly my wife might afford you some information; it is less positive than I expected," he added, "but it may direct your searches in the right direction."

With these words he left the room.

"Did you ever hear your late father mention the name of Gerald Harewood?" inquired the lady.

"Never, madam."

"Strange!" observed Mrs. Markham, half speaking to herself. "It must have been ever in his memory when he gazed upon you. I see I must commence my explanation further back than I anticipated."

"Gerald Harewood," she resumed, "was an English gentleman of small fortune, who devoted his youth to the pursuit of science. In the course of his studies, he made some important discovery in the working of mines—extracting the metal from the lode, I believe—by which an enormous saving could be effected. Full of hope and confidence, he started, with his wife and children, a boy and girl, for London, in order to bring his process before government. Never shall I forget," continued the speaker, "the bitterness with which he used to speak of the treatment he received. Referred from one department to another, neglected, insulted by men who had neither the genius to comprehend, or the patriotism to secure the advantage to their country. In a fit of desperation, he offered to carry on the experiments at his own expense, and demon-

strate practically the value of his discovery. A cold consent was given. After an intense labor of eight months, and at the sacrifice of his last guinea, he accomplished all that he promised. Fame, rank, and fortune appeared within his reach; the toil of years, as he imagined, was about to be rewarded; the report of the board, which had been constituted to decide on the merits of his process, at last was sent to him. It was pronounced ingenious, but valueless."

"I can imagine what he must have felt at the destruction of his dream," observed Charles.

"It was no dream," replied Mrs. Markham; "for that same process has for the last thirty years been employed at the gold mines in the Ural Mountains, and been one, if not the chief source of their great productiveness. In fact, so jealous is the government of the secret, that permission to travel is never granted to those to whom it is once imparted. It has proved a source both of wealth and honor to Gerald Harewood and his son."

"The Russian government purchased it, then?"

"You shall hear," continued the lady. "It is necessary that the early life and sufferings of the ill-used man I have named should be known to you, that you may comprehend what follows. Beggared in fortune as well as prospects, he struggled for several months with want in its most appalling form. One by one, his books and instruments were parted with to procure bread for his wife and children. Not till the last article of value he possessed was sold, and starvation stared him in the face, did he offer his discovery to the ambassador of Russia, who referred it at once to St. Petersburg for approval."

"And they did approve it!" observed Charles Vavasour, who felt deeply interested in the struggles and privations she described.

"The reply," said Mrs. Markham, "reached him on the very day he had followed his wife to the grave, to which she was conveyed in a coffin furnished by the parish. From that hour the most intense hatred of England, and of all who bore the name of Englishmen, took possession of his heart; it was something more than a passion—it became a madness with him. His first act, on arriving at St. Petersburg, was to naturalise himself and children Russian subjects."

"I pity almost as much as blame him," exclaimed our hero, with a sigh. "Is he still living?"

"Gerald Harewood died long since, loaded with wealth and honors, a wretched, broken-hearted man, but constant to the hatred he had sworn, to the last hour of his existence."

"And his children?"

"The boy, now Colonel Harewood, still lives, high in favor with the Emperor."

"And his sister?"

"Dead, Charles!" said Mrs. Markham, bursting into tears. "She was the friend of my youth; the sweetest, purest being; the gentlest victim ever sacrificed to human passion. Pardon this emotion; but the sight of you recalls her so vividly to my recollection, that I could almost imagine I saw her features in her son's."

"Great heaven!" exclaimed the young man. "I, the grandson of Gerald Harewood?"

"I have no proof but my convictions, and the extraordinary resemblance you bear to her," replied the lady; "a resemblance too remarkable to result from accident. As I told you, Lucy Harewood and I were friends, having been born in St. Petersburg, where my father settled in early life as a physician. Gerald Harewood looked upon me as a Russian, rather than an Englishwoman."

Charles drew from his bosom the portrait which the house steward had discovered on the body of his father, and placed it in her hands.

"One word," he said, "and I am convinced."

"It is the likeness of poor Lucy," replied Mrs. Markham, pressing it to her lips, "and I believe of your mother. Geoffrey Vavasour, I know, loved her deeply; proposed for her hand, but was refused by her stern parent. From that time even my intercourse with his daughter was regarded with suspicion; my visits were coldly received, and we were seldom permitted to be alone."

"But her fate? Oh, speak to me of her!"

"It was a sad one," answered the merchant's wife. "She was commanded to accept the hand of a Russian noble, who was director of the mines. To the astonishment of all who knew her gentle nature, she refused, braved the authority of her father; nay, more, the positive commands of the Czar, which none in this wretched land may dispute with impunity. By an imperial order, she was suddenly removed to a convent at Moscow, where she died."

"Tyrant! infamous, unmanly tyrant!" exclaimed our hero, deeply excited. Heaven will requite her

sufferings. May its avenging bolt strike him in his pride of power! May he die alone, unpitied, hopeless and abhorred! May—

"Hush!" interrupted his hostess, pale with terror. "Master the indignation of your heart. Remember that for one such word you may be denounced—banished to Siberia,—

"I care not."

"Draw ruin upon me and on my children," added the lady, imploringly.

"On you!" repeated the young man, his eyes filled with tears. "On you, who were the friend of my dear persecuted mother; who loved and sympathised in all her suffering! Oh, never, never; Though my heart break, I will master its emotions. There—I am calm, quite calm, you see. I could meet the imperial monster now, and smile in his very face."

"Perhaps the Emperor was deceived."

"Deceived!" said Charles, in a tone of anguish.

"Poor excuse! What right has one worm to persecute its fellow; to blight a whole existence. Omniscience pauses ere it strikes; man only, madly blinded by his passions, intoxicated with unholy power, crushes without reflection, and tramples upon the dearest laws of nature, without pity or remorse."

"I had just given birth to Walter," continued Mrs. Markham, anxious to change the current of his ideas, "when your father, who had been absent from St. Petersburg, returned, bringing you, a helpless infant, with him. Never shall I forget his haggard look, his features pale with the ravages of mental suffering, as he placed you in my arms and intreated me to be a mother to his child. I promised."

With a look of intense gratitude, the young man raised her hand respectfully to his lips.

"And nobly you fulfilled it," he replied. "Could you read my heart, dear madam, you would find I am not ungrateful."

"From that day," continued the generous woman, "Geoffrey Vavasour became a changed man. You will think it strange, perhaps, that I made no inquiry, asked no question. Had you not quitted Russia so young, you would cease to wonder at my not doing so. It might have proved dangerous to me and mine; your father felt this, and hence the motive of his silence."

"As an Englishman, what could he have to fear?"

"For himself, perhaps, from open violence, nothing," replied Mrs. Markham; "but for you, everything."

"For me!" repeated Charles, with intense surprise.

"Your mother having been naturalised, you are a Russian subject," whispered the lady; "hence the care with which every circumstance connected with his marriage and your birth were carefully concealed within his own breast."

"I am an Englishman," exclaimed our hero, proudly, "in blood as well as heart and mind. Gerald Harewood might renounce his birthright and become a Russian serf, if it so pleased him in his mad resentment; but he had no power to entail slavery on his descendants."

"This sad history," observed the merchant's wife, "is nearly ended. What follows, I trust, will put you on your guard. I told you you had an enemy."

"You did."

"When your unnatural grandfather died, a will was found, made many years previously, leaving his immense wealth in equal portions to his children. Should his son, Colonel Harewood, suspect that his sister left a son, he would set every engine at his command on foot to crush you. Beware of him," she added; "for he, at least, has become a true Russian."

Before taking his leave of his mother's earliest friend, Charles Vavasour engaged himself and Henri to accompany her and her family to a masked ball to be given at the Opera-house.

"It is one of the most brilliant scenes in St. Petersburg," she observed; "and the imperial family are sure to be present."

Although her visitor felt but slightly disposed to participate in such gaiety, he promised, and took his leave, resolving to call on his way to the hotel at the bank, to make inquiries respecting Anna Petroff and her husband; also to deliver his letters from the Foreign Office to Sir Hamilton Seymour, the English ambassador.

"A Russian subject!" he several times repeated to himself. "Never! never! I was not born to crouch beneath the iron sceptre of despotism, which blisters even the hand which grasps it. They may banish me to Siberia; torture me, if they will, but they shall never wring from me the renunciation of my birthright!"

[To be continued.]



### The Chepstow Railway Bridge.

THE railways of England certainly take rank among the noblest features of the age. They are magnificent undertakings for one generation to commence and complete; and it has felicitously been remarked, that for beauty, strength, and durability, they rival all the famous structures of antiquity. Twenty years ago the whole system was in its infancy, and the experiment of an iron pathway from Liverpool to Manchester viewed with apprehension, not unmingled with distrust of its safety and remunerative character. Now the surface of the three kingdoms is intersected by these lines of conveyance, and railway travelling is the rule where formerly it was the exception. The most formidable obstacles have not prevented its extension, for where nature has imposed apparently insurmountable barriers, art and science have enabled man to overleap them, and transport himself over wide rivers and deep straits as easily as a bird wings its flight. The tubular bridge over the Menai Straits, described at length in No. 4 of the *NEW YORK JOURNAL*, was the most extraordinary of those daring attempts; and its success suggested a mode by which the Wye, at Chepstow, might be crossed without going to the ruinous expense of constructing an enormous tunnel under the bed of that rather rapid river.

In our present number we give an illustration of this splendid addition to the railway architecture of that country, and have only to remark that the process of raising the tube to its position was precisely the same as that employed with the monster masses of iron that span the Menai Straits. The operation was brilliantly performed in April, 1852. It is on the same principle as the Britannia tube, and has a very light and graceful effect. But it differs from the Britannia tube in the important feature, that the bridge itself, or the portion over which the trains run, is suspended from an upper tube, which spans the river, and rests upon two towers, as will be seen by the accompanying engraving. But the principle of suspension and transit is the same. It is a tubular bridge; and, viewed in connection with the considerations that suggested its execution, is a stupendous undertaking, and will exercise important and salutary effects, not only on the traffic on the South Wales Railway, but on the connection between that portion of the Principality and England. A saving of three-quarters of an hour will be effected; and as a very large mineral traffic will run over the line from Swansea and Carmarthenshire, to its junction with the Great Western Railway at Gloucester, this will be an immense gain to the company, and a boon to the public. To the English

metropolis, this addition to their extraordinary railway facilities will be invaluable; for the Welsh coal district will be opened up to London, and of course considerably cheapen that indispensable domestic commodity. Altogether, the work is one worthy of the highest commendation; and the tube itself, with all its manifold appurtenances, are stupendous specimens of the inventive genius and engineering skill of this extremely wonderful age. It is a substantial achievement; and when we consider that increased internal communication multiplies the sources of labor, and so stimulates the population to habits of greater industry, it must also be considered as a gratifying addition to the prosperity of the country at large.

**REAL LIFE.**—How surprisingly interesting is real life, when we get an insight into it. Occasionally, a great genius lifts up the veil of history, and we see men who once really were alive, who did not always live only in history. Or, amidst the dreary page of battles, levies, sieges, and the sleep-inducing weavings and unweavings of political combination, we come, ourselves, across some spoken or written words of the great actors of the time; and are then fascinated by the life and reality of these things. Could you have the life of any man really portrayed to you, sun-drawn, as it were, its hopes—its fears, its revolutions of opinion in each day, its most anxious wishes attained, and then, perhaps, crystallising into its blackest regrets—such a work would go far to contain all histories, and be the greatest lesson of love, humility, and tolerance that men had ever read.

**DIFFIDENCE.**—It is a sure indication of good sense to be diffident of it. We then, and not till then, are growing wise, when we begin to discern how weak and unwise we are. An absolute perfection of understanding is impossible: he makes the nearest approaches to it who has the sense to discern, and the humility to acknowledge, its imperfections. Modesty always sits gracefully upon youth; it covers a multitude of faults, and doubles the lustre of every virtue which it seems to hide; the perfections of men being like those of flowers, which appear more beautiful when their leaves are a little contracted and folded up, than when they are full-blown, and display themselves without reserve to the view.

**HOME LOVE.**—Home love has a sweet poetry of its own, created out of the simplest materials, and haunting, more or less, the secret recesses of every human heart; or rather it is divided into a thousand separate poems, full of individual interest, and little

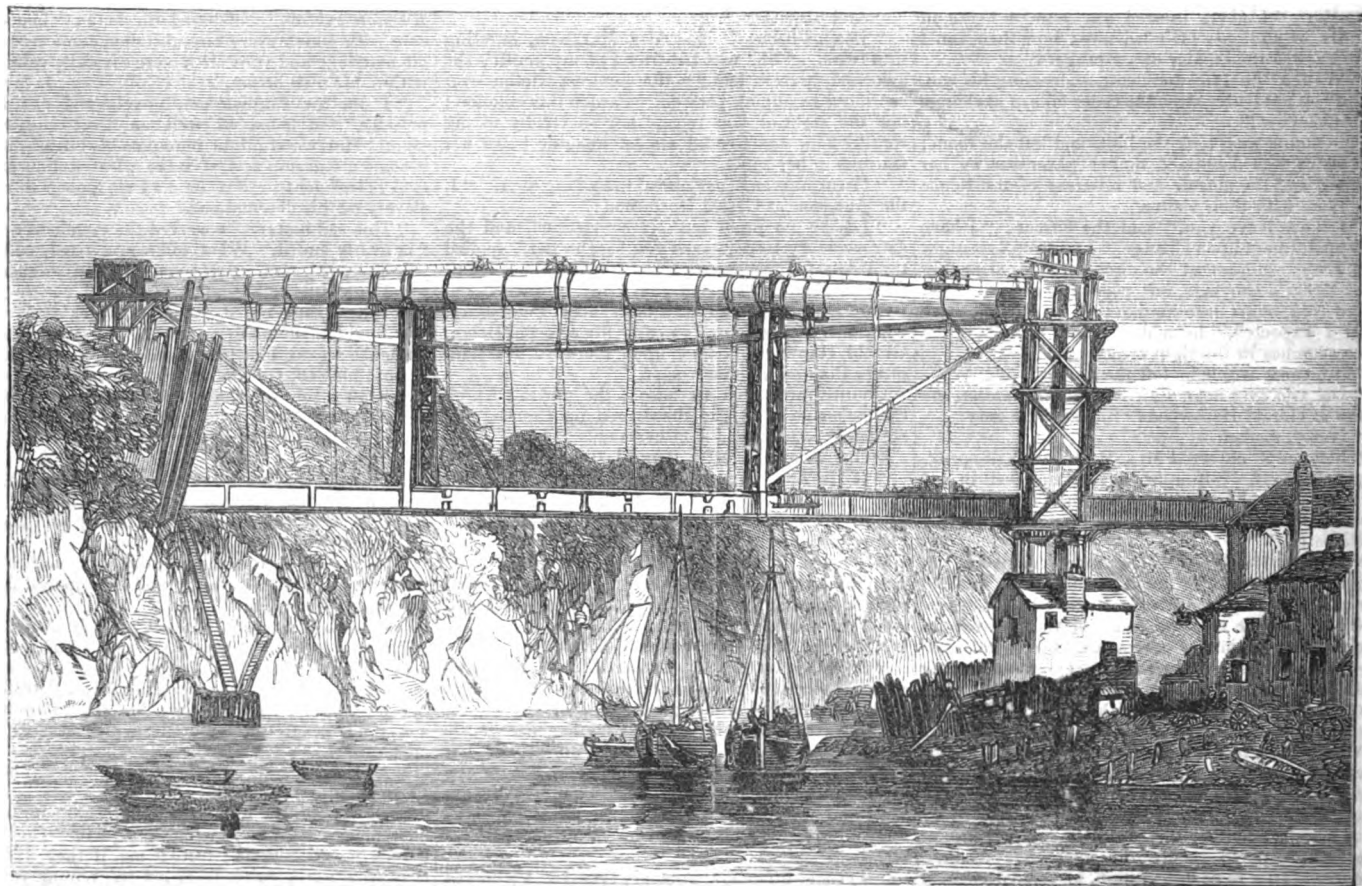
quiet touches of feeling and golden recollections interwoven with our very being—common things, hallowed and made beautiful by the spell of memory and association, and owing all their glory to the halo of our own fond affection. The eye of a stranger rests coldly on such revelations, their simple pathos is hard to be understood; and they smile oftentimes at the quaintness of those passages which make others weep. With the beautiful instinct of true affection, home love retains only the good. There were clouds then, even, as now, darkening the horizon of daily life, and breaking tears of wild stories above our heads; but we remember nothing save the sunshine, and fancy, somehow, that it has never shone so bright since. There are not in the unseen world voices more gentle or more true, that may be more implicitly relied on, or that are so certain to give none but the tenderest counsel, as the voices in which the spirits of the fireside and the hearth address themselves to human kind.

**FALSE HAPPINESS.**—False happiness is like false money; it passes for a time as well as the true, and serves some ordinary occasions; but when it is brought to the touch, we find the lightness and alloy, and feel the loss.

**A GOOD RESOLUTION.**—I never loved those salamanders that are never well but when they are in the fire of contention. I will rather suffer a thousand wrongs than offer one: I will suffer a hundred rather than return one: I will suffer many ere I will complain of one, and endeavor to right it by contending. I have ever found that to strive with my superior is furious; with my equal, doubtful; with my inferior, sordid and base; with any, full of unquietness.—*Bishop Hall.*

**EDUCATION.**—I consider a human soul without education like marble in the quarry, which shows none of its inherent beauties, until the skill of the polisher fetches out the colors, makes the surface shine, and discovers every ornamental cloud, spot, and vein, that runs through the body of it. Education, after the same manner, when it works upon a noble mind, draws out to view every latent virtue and perfection, which, without such helps, are never able to make their appearance.

**BREWING.**—Colette, of London, has patented improvements in the manufacture of beer. This invention consists of methods of forcing water through malt in a closed mash-tun, of forcing water through malt in several closed mash-tuns successively, of forcing wort through hops in a closed hop-tun, and of apparatus "for the fermentation process when applied to one fermentation cask, and a modification of it applied to several casks."



TUBULAR BRIDGE AT CHEPSTOW, ENGLAND.



**Iron Clock Tower for Geelong.**

Nothing like iron would seem to be an industrial maxim of the present times, which may, indeed, be designated "iron-aval." Poets have sung of "the iron tongue of midnight"—of which, by the way, we are just now forcibly reminded.

The height of the tower, including nave and base, is about sixty feet; and the width of the shaft about seven feet. It is formed of a frame work of iron; between the framings are inserted stout tiles, made by Minton, of a neat drab or stone color; each tile is about fourteen inches by eleven inches. As they approach the gallery they become ornamental, and proceed thus to the clock face, and around it, giving a very pleasing ornamental finish. The balustrades and footway of the gallery are of iron-work, of elegant design. The doorway at the base is in the Moorish style. The tower can only be used for the one purpose—viz., for the clock, as a good space will be occupied by the weights, &c. From the base project four lamps.

The iron-work has been executed from the design of Mr. James Edmeston, architect, by Messrs. Silvester & Co., of Great Russell street, Bloomsbury, England. The clock has four illuminated dials, and has been constructed by Messrs. Moore, of Clerkenwell-close. It is a gift to the town from Mr. James Austin, the second mayor of Geelong.

In this tower, the first structure of its kind, the combination of iron framing and tiles, or slabs of burnt earth, offers infinite opportunities for variety of ornamentation. It is better fitted, even as regards strength, for a dwelling-house or church, than for such an erection as the present. A metal net, stretched on the inner rib, and then plastered on, leaving a space between it and the wall of terra-cotta, would make a comfortable room, warm in winter and cool in summer, and be infinitely superior to the houses of wood or corrugated iron.

**MOTIVE POWER BY ELECTRICITY.**—Mr. G. E. Dering, of Lockley, Herts, has taken out a patent for obtaining motive power from electricity. The arrangement consists of a flat surface, composed of a series of electro-magnets, on which is made to rock or roll by their galvanic action a cylinder, which either itself constitutes a keeper or armature for all the magnets, or it carries, or has suspended to it, a number of armatures corresponding with the electro-magnets. The object of this arrangement is, that by a succession of small pulls one long stroke is obtained, and thus the full power of every magnet is secured, without the loss hitherto sustained in most arrangements for producing motive power.

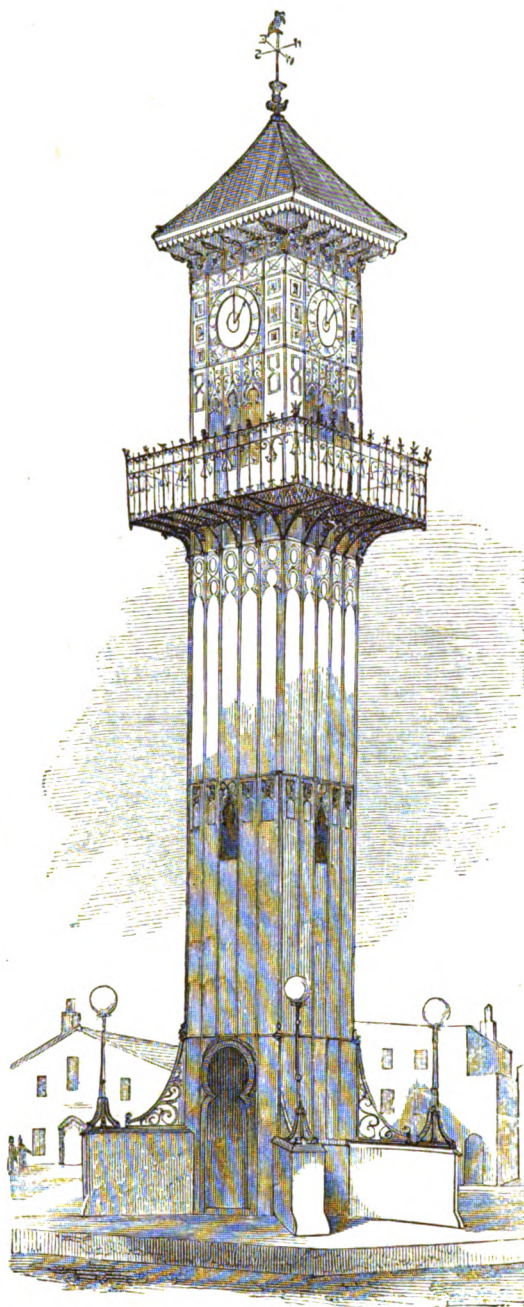
**NEW AMERICAN LOCOMOTIVE.**—At a late meeting of the Maryland Institute, a gold medal was awarded to Mr. John Cochrane, engineer of the Union Iron Works, Baltimore, for a locomotive engine of novel construction. Its chief peculiarities consist of a double set of cylinders, and their driving appendages, with a peculiar arrangement of axles, whereby the motion over curves is much facilitated. There are two sets of driving wheels, front and back, each acted on by a separate pair of piston-rods and cylinders: the front wheels are acted on by a crank motion, and the hinder by crank pins in them. Each pair forms an independent motion, yet are not capable of separate action—being so combined as to secure simultaneous movements in starting, backing, stopping, and the general management of the engine. This is effected by combining both systems of cylinders by one steam chest and valve, combining complete unity of action in both.

**NEW PROCESS OF ELECTRO-GILDING.**—Mr. Brient's process, verified by M. Jacoby, was made by him the object of a very favorable report to the Academy of Sciences of St. Petersburg. It consists in the substitution of oxide of gold for the chloride of gold, and in the employment of a very feeble current engendered by an element of Daniell. The following are the details of the process: Fifty-two grammes of gold are to be dissolved in nitro-muriatic acid, and the solution evaporated, in order to obtain the chloride of gold dry, and with as little acid as possible. The chloride is then dissolved in five kilogrammes of hot water, and 100 grammes of well-sifted magnesia added, and allowed to digest at a moderate temperature. The oxide of gold which is separated is found in combination with magnesia. This deposit, well washed, is then treated with water acidulated with nitric acid in the

proportion of 375 grammes of acid to five kilogrammes of water; by its contact with this liquid the deposit cedes the magnesia, and is then simply hydrated oxide of gold, which is then to be washed on a filter, until the washing water no longer colors litmus paper. It is with the oxide of gold that Mr. Brient proposes to form his bath: he takes of

Yellow prussiate of potash, . . .	500 grammes,
Caustic potash, . . . . .	120 "
Water, . . . . .	5 kilogrammes.

and having dissolved them, the oxide of gold with its filter is added, and the whole boiled during twenty minutes. The oxide of gold dissolves, and there is formed at the same time a precipitate of sesqui-oxide of iron. It is allowed to cool, and is then filtered, by which a yellow liquid, fit for use, is



CAST-IRON CLOCK TOWER FOR GEELONG.

obtained. The objects to be gilt should be well cleaned, and attached to the zinc pole of an element of Daniell, while the upper pole is connected with a platinum plate. The gilding may be effected in a warm or cold solution: in the first case, the deposit forms more rapidly, but with less delicacy. In order to obtain a durable deposit, and analogous to fire gilding, several hours are required. When the liquid is exhausted, oxide of gold is again added, by which a fresh precipitation of oxide of iron is produced. The gilding thus obtained perfectly admits of being burnished, and of undergoing all the operations employed to produce mat. or dead gold.

**WHY EPIDEMICS RAGE AT NIGHT.**—It was in one night that four thousand persons perished of the plague in London. It was by night that the army

of Sennacherib was destroyed. Both in England and on the continent a large proportion of cholera cases, in its several forms, have been observed to have occurred between one and two o'clock in the morning. The danger of exposure to the night air has been the theme of physicians from time immemorial; but it is remarkable that they have never yet called in the aid of chemistry to account for the fact. It is at night that the stratum of air nearest the ground must always be the most charged with the particles of animalised matter given out from the skin and deleterious gases—such as carbonic acid gas, the product of respiration, and sulphuretted hydrogen, the product of the sewers. In the day, gases and various substances of all kinds rise in the air by the rarefaction of the heat. At night, when this rarefaction ceases, they fall by an increase of gravity, if imperfectly mixed with the atmosphere; while the gases evolved during the night, instead of ascending, remain at nearly the same level. It is known that carbonic acid gas, at a low temperature, partakes so nearly of the nature of a fluid, that it may be poured out of one vessel into another. It rises at the temperature at which it is exhaled from the lungs, but its tendency is towards the floor or the bed of the sleeper in cold and unventilated rooms. At Hamburg, the alarm of cholera at night in some parts of the city was so great that many refused to go to bed, lest they should be attacked unawares in their sleep. Sitting up, they probably kept their stoves or open fires burning, for the sake of warmth—and that warmth, giving the expansion to any deleterious gases present, which would best promote their escape, and promote their dilution in the atmosphere, the means of safety were then unconsciously assured. At Sierra Leone, the natives have a practice in the sickly season of keeping fires constantly burning in the huts at night—assigning that the fires keep away the evil spirits, to which, in their ignorance, they attribute fever and ague. Latterly Europeans have begun to adopt the same practice, and those who have tried it assert that they have now entire immunity from the tropical fevers to which they were before subjected. In the epidemics of the middle ages, fires used to be lighted in the streets for the purification of the air; and in the plague of London, in 1665, fires in the streets were at one time kept burning incessantly till extinguished by a violent storm of rain. Latterly trains of gunpowder have been fired and cannon discharged, for the same object; but it is obvious that these measures, although sound in principle, must necessarily, though out of doors, be on too small a scale, as measured against an ocean of atmospheric air, to produce any sensible effect. Within doors, however, the case is different. It is quite possible to heat a room sufficiently to produce a rarefaction and consequent dilution of any malignant gases it may contain; and it is of course the air of the room—and that alone—at night, which comes in contact with the lungs of the person sleeping.

**ADULTERATION OF FLOUR.**—A miller has been fined by the Stockport magistrates for having in his possession a large quantity of sulphate of lime and other ingredients for the adulteration of flour.

**SEA-FOWLS' EGGS.**—San Francisco is supplied with an abundance of eggs of the sea-fowl called "murre," the thick-billed Guillemot of ornithology. In less than two months of last summer more than 500,000 of these eggs were sold in San Francisco, all taken from the rookery of Great Farallon, an island in the Bay of San Francisco, where these birds swarm in myriads. The eggs are about three and a half inches long, and are said to be delicate eating.

**HABITS OF THE FOX.**—A gentleman possessed a number of fine turkeys, which usually roosted on the branches of some tall firs. Reynard had an eye to these, and resorted to the following stratagem to catch them. He first scratched the ground with his fore feet, and then ran round the tree in rapid rings. The turkeys, aware of their danger, followed his quick movements with their eyes, and became confused and dizzy. Two of the birds soon fell to the ground, and were instantly killed and borne off to the earth.

**STEER'S OPODELDOC.**—Dissolve 2 lbs. of white soap and 1 lb. of yellow soap in three pints of water; now dissolve four ounces of camphor, one ounce of oil of rosemary, six drachms of oil of origanum, in three pints of spirit of wine; mix both solutions, and then add three ounces of water of ammonia.



## The Old Soldier's Story.

FROM THE NEW NOVEL OF "BLANCHE DEARWOOD."

"Your grandfather, Rodman——"

"My grandfather!" exclaimed Rodman, in great surprise.

"To be sure, lad," replied the captain; "I don't know how it was, but I'm every bit as sure that Rodman Willow was your grandfather, as if he was here to say so this very minute. You are just like him, lad. I haven't quite made it out, but I'm sure, very sure."

"But——" exclaimed Rodman.

"Let him believe so, if he will," whispered Blanche in her companion's ear.

"Well," resumed the old man, "when, my lad, your grandfather, Rodman Willow, and I set out together on that fine day in June, of the year 1777, to join the great and the good Washington, to help fight the battles of our blessed country. I was a boy, merely, only sixteen years of age. But I was a tall, strong, likely boy, and I was filled to the full with the spirit of liberty, and hatred of the Britishers. So you see I strapped up my little wardrobe, slung it on a stick over my shoulder, and walked forth by the side of my friend and senior, Rodman Willow."

"I won't stop to tell you all he adventures we encountered on our journey, and what a long, dangerous expedition it was, made entirely on foot, from our Hudson homes to where Washington's armies were encamped, near Philadelphia. I won't tell you, either, about our joining the army, nor about the drillings them French generals exercised us in, nor about the many skirmishes we had. I am going to come right at once to the first regular pitched battle Rodman Willow and I were engaged in, and that was the battle of Germantown."

"I don't know much about Washington's and Howe's manoeuvres, as they tell about in the histories, but what I saw I know. Colonel Waldron—a glory for ever rest upon his name—commanded a company of dragoons, and he had obtained the admission of Rodman and myself into his command. We had been stationed upon the brow of a little hill, with our right flank resting against a wood. The morning was very foggy, and so dense was the mist that it enveloped us as if we were in a cloud. We could scarcely see our neighbor's horses; and the fog sent such a damp chill through us that some of us were shivering continually with the cold. Besides, it was rather awful, somehow, to be standing there stock still, never doing a thing, nor seeing a thing, but hearing all the while the musketry and the cannon booming away like everything, and sometimes feeling one's self covered with dust and dirt as some cannon-ball came tearing through our ranks."

"There was a good deal of galloping to and fro all this while, and orders and messages passing from General Washington to our brave colonel, when just as the fog seemed to settle down thicker 'an ever, the word passed along for the charge. I don't know much how other people feel in their first battle, but I confess, right up and down, that there were a fluttering in my heart, and a gasping like in my throat, when we all moved off together on a slow trot. I wouldn't have felt so bad, I don't think, if I could have but caught just one glimpse of where on earth we were going to. But our trot soon grew faster, and in a moment more we were galloping down the long but slight descent, when all of a sudden up went the fog like a curtain, and there, blessed heaven! right before us, with their bayonets a-glistening in the sun that were breaking through the mist, a solid, frowning, terrible mass of steel barring our way! I tell you my heart did give one mighty leap up into my throat, and I say so, too, without feeling much ashamed, for I believe it was every bit natural."

"Charge! Upon 'em!" shouted out our colonel, and somehow these words inspired me, and sent a thrill through my blood. Our horses, too, seemed to feel the effect of those words, and they sprang forward furious, I tell you. Them Britishers must have been made of stern stuff, to see us come thunderin' along, the ground a-shaking under us, our sabres a-whirling above our heads, and we all the time shouting like fury; and yet never move an inch, but, with bayonets fixed, wait for our coming."

"Suddenly that whole glittering mass of steel were lit up by a blaze that ran along its entire length, with a blinding flash, and then there poured out of it such a volley of cold lead, that in an instant full one half of our regiment sank down into the ground, and the rest of us recoiled, and were hurled back from that steel wall. I shall always remember that moment, and it fairly seems to me now as if it all took place but yesterday, it is so clear and plain like. There were wounded, frightened horses, with-

out any riders, galloping about, and some flying wild, with their masters dragging under them by the heels. And then all the ground were thick—thick with writhing, bleeding bodies. It did not take me more than a second to see all this, and I hadn't more time either to take for looking about, for there were Colonel Waldron a-dashing about amongst us, with his hair all flying, his eyes fairly blazing, and shouting to us to form and charge upon the enemy once more.

"The sight of our glorious colonel sent all the fear out of my body quick. I felt just then somehow such a tingling and rushing in my veins, and my heart beat with such a bounding, that I shouted out with all my might the cheering words of the colonel, whose enthusiasm and example were fast gathering together our bescattered ranks. It wasn't long before we had formed and were dashing again upon the enemy, following the waving sword of Colonel Waldron. For me, I never had felt before such a wild and real delightful thrill as then ran through my breast, when I shook my sabre, and spurred my horse with all my might. On we charged, shouting; and, never heeding the now feeble fire the enemy saluted us with, we dashed upon them so fierce and impetuous, that in an instant we broke clean through their ranks, and scattered them, or trampled them down before us. Just as we were in the midst of our victory, and shouting gladly, a sudden, sharp pain ran through my body, my head grew dizzy, the sky, so blue, and the earth, so red, were oddly mingled, and then a stunning oblivion settled down upon me, and all was like death."

"I can't remember what followed after that, though, when I came to my senses, I could remember that, during all the length of my swoon, I was still conscious, dully though, of a pain, or ringing in my head. I must have been just sensible enough to feel this pain, for when I came to, I found myself lying with my head upon my hand. The first thing that I felt of returning consciousness was a gleam now and then darting through the darkness that was all about, and then a feeling of numbness, with a confused ringing in my ears, and at last my consciousness returned. My eyes opened on the moon a-shining so calmly above, with flecky clouds floating about, and the stars were twinkling so bright as they always had, but all were so sweetly and beautifully still, I couldn't tell first where I were. I tried to think how I came in that spot, and it was hard work indeed to recollect it all, my head, somehow, was so poorly. I attempted to rise, but my head grew dizzy, a pain shot through my limbs, and I fell back upon the ground. I then remembered all about it—about the battle, and the charge, and being wounded. I tried once more to rise, for a fear were taking possession of me, and that was, that I were left there to die; and, with difficulty, I managed to get up on one elbow. What a strange and terrible picture presented itself! I wondered fairly to see the blessed moonlight resting so sweetly upon its horrors. There were dead bodies lying thick all about, stark, stiff, and silent; liquid pools, that looked like blood, glistened in the silver light of the moon; dismounted cannon and broken carriages lay mingled with the carcasses of war-horses; broken swords, discarded muskets, and gayish trappings lay on every side; but over them all brooded such an air of silence—the dark, stiff figures seemed so terrifying, the sweet moonlight falling upon every object so strangely, making more white faces that were already ghastly—that a feeling of such awe came stealing over me as I never had felt before."

"I were lying in the shadow cast by a dense forest, and at first could scarcely see the objects right around me; but when I attempted to rise, I found my limbs bound to the earth by a human body, and on stretching out my hand, it rested on the cold brow of a death-stricken soldier, who was lying by my side. I shrunk from the touch with horror, and then shouted aloud with all the little strength I had; but there was no answer to my cry. That same awful silence rested upon everything, and more than anything else, made a coldish shudder creep over my heart. I began to feel that I were doomed to die there, all alone, among those white, stiff forms around, and this thought made my heart sink lower and lower in downright despair. By-and-by I grew a bit desperate, and all of a sudden, hearing what sounded like a distant murmur of voices, and trying hard to get up again on my elbow, I saw as I did so, a group of people a-hurrying across the field, but a long way off from me. I hallooed when I saw them, with all my might and strength, but they didn't seem to hear me, and hurried on, just as if my voice was a ghost's, and they were running from it. Indeed, I think it some-

likely they did think it a supernatural voice, and I don't much wonder either, for on that night I were myself as much afraid of ghosts as if I really believed in them. But when I saw them hurrying on so fast, the thought of being left there to die seemed so real horrible, that I grew desperate like, and hallooed to 'em with all the loudness that I could. Finding they still did not hear, I gave one shrill, stunning yell, and then dropped down, faintin'."

"When I came to from this faintin' fit, I found myself in a large garret, lying upon a pile of straw, and with me another wounded man, who had managed some way to drag himself over to a window, where he might lie and feel the sweet air of heaven. When I had looked round a bit, I called out to the stranger, and said:

"Sir, be we fellow-prisoners, or only fellow-patients?"

"He looked round and said, with a pleasant smile and a right noble manner:

"Both, I b'lieve, sir. But, really, I'm glad to see you restored to your senses again. How does your head feel?"

"I put up my hand and found my head bandaged up, and looking down, there were my right leg bandaged too. Just at this moment in there entered a pretty young lass, almost as beautiful as you are, Blanche, and with such a sweet smile! She spoke in a tender, soft voice, and set my bandages right, and asked me if my head were feverish, and if there were anything she could bring to make us comfortable. And then she bustled about, and put things right, and answered all our questions in such a modest, pretty way, that my fellow sick one and I were really delighted."

"My story is getting longer than I expected, so I must be briefer and shorter."

"That young girl, that I described, were Sally Clare. Her father and some of his work people had found both me and my companion upon the battlefield, and brought us home, although he were out and out a tory. He couldn't bear to see us die upon the field, although it were his intention, when we got better, to take us prisoners to the Britishers. All this is what Sally told us, and more 'an once I saw the tears roll down her sweet, pretty cheek, when she would say how sorry she was father would insist in giving us up to the enemy."

"My companion were Lieutenant Allstone, and he were a trump, that's a fact! He were always in good spirits, always. He were always laughing or smiling, and made himself and others so happy. I soon began to see that he and Sally took to each other. And that were no wonder, for Sally was a golden lass, and Allstone a perfect prince."

"Meanwhile our wounds grew better, and we were allowed a daily walk before the house; but winter was now come on, and our sickly bodies couldn't stand the cold air over and above well. At last we had got so smart that Sally came to us one day, her eyes red, and her cheek pale, to tell us that her father intended to deliver us up to the first body of Britishers that came by."

"And I am afraid," said she, "that they will take you on to New York, and confine you in those frightful prison-ships, where the poor prisoners die every day from starvation and impure air. Oh, I have heard such sickening and terrible stories about them ships!"

"We were a good deal alarmed ourselves at this information. We couldn't bear the idea of falling into the hands of the enemy."

"What shall we do?" said I.

"Is there no possible way of escaping?" said Allstone.

"I think," replied Sally, "that I might manage to get you out of the house; but you don't know the country hereabouts, nor which way to go, to keep out of the hands of the enemy."

"If we could find a friend who would be our guide," said Allstone.

"Alas! I know of no one," said Sally; and then, all of a sudden, she blushed as red as yon sky were a few moments ago, and after a few minutes of what seemed a struggle with her feelings, she said: "I think that I might conduct you safely to the American army. I know all the country as well as I know my primer."

"You, Sally?" said both Allstone and I together.

"I know you think I'm a weak girl," said she.

"But you would be detected. You would be punished as a traitor, and your reputation, too, would suffer."

"I can aid you, if you will let me," said she; and then, blushing red, she continued: "I will disguise myself as a boy. Nobody would know me, and I can conduct you as well as any one to a place of safety."

"Poor Sally clung to her resolve, and wouldn't heed all we had to say. She said she could save us, and she would. So we had to give it up, and it was arranged that that night we would escape all together."

"It were about midnight, when our door softly opened, and there stood Sally, dressed up like a boy, and even in the faint moonlight that came through the window, we could see her blushing and shrinking like as if half ashamed. But she put her finger to her lips and beckoned us to follow her. We did so softly, and sliding on tip-toe down stairs, we let ourselves out into the open air. There were a wood near, and toward it we walked rapidly, and were soon secure from notice."

"For three nights we travelled, guided by Sally, and during daylight we would lay close under cover. On the third night, just as daylight began to break, and we were looking about for a secure place to hide, all of a sudden, two Hessian soldiers sprang from behind a clump of cedars, and called out for us to surrender."

"Fly, fly," cried out Sally.

"No," said Allstone, "let us conquer the fellows. Villains, surrender!" saying which, he rushed upon them so quick, that before they could fire, he had caught the musket of one fellow by the muzzle.

"Ralph, into the other," shouted the other.

"I made a rush for the other one just as he let fire, missing his aim, however, and grabbing his musket—I were a strong youngster then—I wrenched it from him and knocked him over the poll. Meantime, Allstone were having a desperate fight with his antagonist, who was a strapping big Hessian, and as ugly as sin. I thought I would rush in and help my friend, when the Hessian—Satan I ought to call him—stepped back a little, and drawing a pistol fired it at Allstone. The fellow missed his aim, but the report of the pistol had hardly ceased when I heard a frightful scream. Looking around, there were Sally staggering backward, as white as snow, and a great shower of blood a flowing out of her breast. I ran up to catch her, and Allstone, who saw her as well as I, with a fierce-like yell, made a rush at the devilish German with his sword, which, during his captivity, had never been taken away, and sent in his blows so furious and desperate like, that he beat down the fellow's guard, and struck him dead before him."

"Meanwhile, I held Sally, trying to stop the blood from running. She had fainted away entire. When Allstone came up to her and saw her lying so like dead in my arms, he dropped down on his knees and cried, and beat his brow, and writhed in pain like. I told you before, that they took to each other, and I really believe they had agreed to love each other. When I saw Allstone so overcome, I fairly cried too, and in truth my heart ain't often ached more than it did on that day."

"All we could do wern't of any use. We tried to bind up the wound, but it were only too clear Sally were dying. She grew paler and paler, and her breath came shorter and shorter."

"Oh, Sally," said Allstone, "do not die. Dear Sally, live to love us all!"

"I am dying, dear Edwin," said she; "don't cry, don't feel so very sorry. I'm going to blessed Heaven, where my dear mother has gone already."

"Don't say so, Sally, don't say so!" sobbed out Edwin.

"Tell father it were all my doing. Tell him not to blame you. Tell him that I died blessing him, and you, and all."

"Oh, it were a pitiful sight to see that sweet girl a-dying there, and her lover pouring his tears like rain upon her brow. I never can think of that time, although it were sixty years ago, without feeling my old eyes grow full of water."

"I thought," said she, "that Heaven would let us, Edwin, love, and live happily for many years. Ah, my heart were full of bliss. It weren't to be. Good bye, dear Edwin. Kiss me, Edwin."

"Allstone stooped down and pressed his lips to hers long and fervently, and as he rose up again, a shadow like flitted over her face, her beautiful limbs stretched out, and then Allstone fainted by her side almost as dead as she."

"We bore her back to her father's home. Ah, it were a sad, sad procession. Her father upbraided us with curses, until he knew how she had loved Allstone, and then he somehow looked upon us more friendly."

"I shall never forget the time when we put her in the ground. It were a very snowy day. The ground were covered thick with the white snow, and so were every tree, and branch, and twig, and bush. Everything were white, and so hushed, and perfectly still, as if Nature were paying solemn respect to her."

"It were a solemn scene, indeed, when we all stood in the little churchyard, the snow falling fast and thick upon us, making white her grave and her coffin, and our muffled forms. Before the grave stood the old grey-haired minister, the snow a falling upon his bare head, and upon the book before him. Around, everything were so startling still. Our very breaths, as it were, terrified us by their sound. Soon the old minister's voice were raised, and that were the only sound you could hear until they began to let her body down, and then Allstone and I sobbed out like children."

The old man stopped, and then his auditors drew long breaths. Blanche turned her head aside to wipe away a tear, and Rodman coughed and choked as if he too were feeling some emotion at the story. "Dear Captain Dartan," said Blanche, "we thank you for your sad but beautiful story."

The old man now got up and said that it was late, and he must hurry his departure for home. Rodman proposed to ride over with him.

"You will have a pleasant moonlight drive," said Blanche.

The captain bustled about making his few preparations, and a servant brought his little pony chaise up to the door. These few minutes sufficed for Rodman and Blanche to take a brief turn in the garden, and exchange their parting words.

Just as the captain stood by his chaise preparing to start, Amelia came up to him, and laying her hand upon his arm, pointed towards the garden, and said:

"I am afraid, my dear sir, that your story-making will hardly accomplish our aim."

The captain looked in the direction Amelia pointed, and there were Rodman and Blanche standing out in the clear moonlight, Rodman holding Blanche by the hand, and Blanche plucking rose after rose from a bush by her side, and scattering the leaves thick about her feet.

#### The Peopling of Polynesia.

THE vast expanse of the Pacific is dotted with numerous groups of islands, various in their extent and elevation. Widely separated from each other, and far from the shores of Asia and America, these groups are peopled by tribes more closely allied than those which inhabit the continents. They are evidently all of one origin, and yet are a distinct race from any of the native peoples of Asia, Australasia, or America. But between the Polynesian tribes and those of Malaysia there is a considerable resemblance, and Humboldt has established the affinity to the satisfaction of scientific men. It is from the Indian Archipelago, therefore, that these numerous and beautiful islands have been peopled, and the course of migration appears to have been first eastward, and then towards the south.

Mr. Shortland, who, from his long residence in New Zealand, and intimate acquaintance with the manners and language of the people, is well qualified to write on this subject, commences his recently published work on the "Traditions and Superstitions of the New Zealanders," with an inquiry into the probable origin of the population of the islands. "It seems probable," says he, "that the course of migration to Polynesian Proper was principally by way of the Sandwich Islands; because it would have been impossible for the brown race to pass eastward by the more direct route of New Guinea, and the chain of islands stretching from it to Polynesia, without encountering a hostile race, whom they had only been able partially to overcome; and because, after quitting the Ladrone Islands, by keeping to the northward until they fell in with westerly winds, they might reach the Sandwich Islands, and from thence the Marquesas or Society Islands, quite as easily as by steering a more direct course towards them in opposition to the trade-wind. The voyage from the Sandwich Islands to the Marquesas or Society Islands would not be attended with so great difficulties for a canoe, as might perhaps be thought; for a canoe, unlike a boat, is most safe when kept in the trough of the sea, and the course that a north-east trade would therefore oblige a canoe to be steered, would carry her from the Sandwich Islands towards the more eastern Polynesian Islands."

Against the probabilities here brought forward, there are the traditions of the Sandwich Islanders that their ancestors came from Tahiti in the canoe, and found the group uninhabited, which indicate the Society Islands as the group first peopled. A tradition of the New Zealanders informs us that their ancestors came in canoes from an unknown island to the north, which they called Hawaiki, a name which agrees very close with Hawaii, the chief of the Sandwich Islands. These discrepancies do not, however, at all militate against the proba-

bility of the rest of Polynesia having been peopled by colonies from the Sandwich Islands, as the traditions of the New Zealanders allege to have been the case with their own islands. The Polynesian tribes, like their progenitors, the Malays, are fond of maritime enterprises, in which they engage with much daring and resolution. Without these qualities, these remote groups of islands, so far apart from each other, could never have become peopled. A fleet of canoes, sailing southward from the Sandwich Islands, might pass through the whole of the numerous groups without falling in with any of them. On encountering the southeast trade-wind, they would find it necessary to steer a more westerly course; and on losing the trade-wind, the prevailing winds in the Pacific in the summer season—the northerly and easterly—would carry them towards the shores of New Zealand. The remainder of the Polynesian groups were probably peopled in the same way, by colonies either from Tahiti or the Sandwich Islands.

The Tahitians are regarded by Lesson as the type of the Polynesian race. There is a great general resemblance among all these oceanic tribes, and the languages have evidently had a common origin; they afford another proof that from some spot in the southwest of Asia the human race spread in concentric circles over the globe. When the Malays, pressed by the Mongolians on the north and by the Caucasian tribes on the west, were forced into the south-eastern corner of Asia, they spread over the Indian Archipelago, driving southward the Alforas, or oceanic negro tribes, and from thence sent off colonies to people the islands of the Pacific.

#### "Tattletoo! Tattletoo!"

A FRENCHMAN, after spending some time in England, thought he had acquired a very tolerable acquaintance with the English tongue; but he had lamented to several friends, while at a dinner party, "Dere is von vord you use every day in so many different significations, of which I cannot saier l'acceptation—it is te word *tattletoo*." In reply to the remarks of his English hearers, that no such word was known to them, monsieur, with much animation, proceeded to explain: "Ah, you say it is not Anglais, and, *nom de nom*, you use it *constamment*! Suppose von child trink glass of watare, de nourrice tell him 'Tattletoo, dear!' Suppose two friends take von promenade, ven von is fatigue he say to de oder, 'Tattletoo.' Suppose in te parlement, un membre say something trop ridicule, de assembly make te chambre *mentir* with vociferations of, *Vel, tattletoo, tattletoo.*" Suppose, *enfin*, von individu has *suffisant* of any ting, and vant no more, he say, 'Tattletoo.' And vat! you always use de word a toutsan times a day, and encore you say it is not Anglais! I am not von ignorant of Anglais, and yet, *je voudrais bien savoir*, I should like to know what you mean by 'Tattletoo, tattletoo!'"

Here arose an altercation; none of the Englishmen knew what *tattletoo* was; all denied ever having heard it before. Johnson, Walker, and other lexicographers, were produced to prove the non-existence of the word in *Angle-land*, while Webster was conclusive authority for its non-manufacture in *Yankee-land*. In short, the fire was so heavy against monsieur, that, with many exclamations of "Comment, messieurs! you doubt my honneur; you dispute de tattletoo when I say it is Anglais," he was fumbling for his card-case, with evident intentions of regarding the question as a *personal* matter, when the master of the house politely changed the subject; at the same time he rang the bell, and told the servant to put a few coals on the fire. Pat, as usual, without reflection, threw a heavy load of fuel into the grate, and was on the point of adding a second discharge from the capacious coal-scuttle, when his master cried out, "Stop, stop, Pat! *that'll do.*" "Voilà!" burst out the Frenchman, triumphantly, "*voilà, encore une fois, votre sacré tattletoo!* You tell de garçon to put coal on de fire, and den you say 'Tattletoo! tattletoo!' Parbleu: que vous etes des fous, when you tell me dat *tattletoo* is not Anglais! Tattletoo!"

THE ROSE AND THE MISTLETOE.—A remarkably intelligent young botanist of our acquaintance asserts it as his firm conviction, strengthened by his public observation, not the less than by his private experience, that plants have a decided influence upon the actions of mankind in general, and of womankind, perhaps, in particular. In illustration of this axiom, he adduces with some shrewdness the indisputable fact, that many a delicate young lady who would shrink, with maiden modesty, from being kissed under the mistletoe, has yet not the slightest objection to that ceremony if it be performed under the rose.



### The Wilderness of Sin.

This is 'the most remarkable of the many wadys in the neighborhood of Sinai, in which are seen rude inscriptions on the sandstone rocks, accompanied with figures of mountain goats and camels, in some cases mounted with riders. Wady Mokatteb extends for three hours in a south-east direction towards Wady Feiran, bordering on the great desert. For nearly the whole of this space, the cliffs are covered with inscriptions, with occasional brief intervals. They consist of short lines written from right to left, the same character commencing each line.

Little attention was drawn to the Sianite inscriptions till the year 1723, when the *Prefetto* of the Franciscans at Grand Cairo, on his return from Mount Sinai, having passed the Wady Mokatteb, describes the rocks as engraved with ancient unknown characters, in some places twelve or fourteen feet distance from the ground; and tho', he adds, 'we had in our company persons who were acquainted with the Arabic, Greek, Hebrew, Syriac, Coptic, Latin, Armenian, Turkish, English, Illyrican, German, and Bohemian languages, yet none of them had any knowledge of these characters, which have nevertheless been cut into the hard rock with the greatest industry, in a place where there is neither water, nor anything to be gotten to eat.' The worthy superior therefore concludes, "they contain some very secret mysteries, and that they were engraved either by the Chaldeans, or some other persons, long before the coming of Christ."

Since then other travellers have occasionally made copies; but the most recent and satisfactory account is given by Laborde. "The bed of the Wady Mokatteb is hollowed out in rocks of freestone, which extend at the feet of high mountains of granite. The effect of the running waters, as well as of the humidity of the atmosphere, is to undermine at the base the crumbly rocks; having thus no support, upon any convulsion they fall away, and leave behind them a soft and uniform surface. The first aspect of this conformation is striking, and it accounts for the great number of inscriptions which are found in this Wady, while in others they are to be discovered very rarely scattered here and there.

"The rocks were undermined at the base, when one of those earthquakes, of which evident traces remain, disturbed them with sufficient violence to cause the whole of the covering so unsupported to fall to pieces. The walls of the valley then appeared, such as they are at the present day, uniform through-

out their whole extent, and defended at bottom by the masses that were detached from them. Pilgrims, passing, found these immense pages too inviting not to multiply upon them their names, their wishes, and the usual exclamations of travellers. The rocks, not having been at that time hardened by the air, easily received those detached phrases."

The inscriptions are "rather scratched than graven, and the irregularity of the lines betrays the unskilfulness of the writers. Before they can all be deciphered, greater progress than has yet been attained

on the river Zaire, commonly called the Congo, found below *Lombe* modern sculptures on the rocks resembling the earliest of the characters seen in the peninsula of Sinai." The most general opinion is, that they were the work of pilgrims who visited Sinai about the sixth century.

Laborde adds, that "his view of the Wady Mokatteb," of which our engraving is a copy, "is the first that has been made of it: it is taken from the south-east; the caravan which is seen in the distance is approaching from Suez by Wady Taibe and the coast."



### The River Nile.

The origin of the word Nile is a subject of dispute, some deriving it from a supposed King Neilus, others from two Egyptian words, which signify a *periodical increase*. From the point of junction the course of the Nile is bounded by two ridges of hills of no great elevation, though the western range in the neighborhood of Thebes rises upwards of a thousand feet. The hills on the east are intersected by a number of defiles opening toward the Red Sea.

About 40 miles north of Syene the valley widens, and leaves in some parts a space of eight or ten miles between the river and the hills. Beyond the western range is the immense Libyan desert, in which, running parallel to the river, are the celebrated Oases. The most noted are the Oasis Magna, or El Kargeh; the Oasis Parva, or El Kassar; and the Northern Oasis. They consist of clusters of cultivated spots, resembling islands, the largest of which covers a breadth of a hundred miles. Not only is the Nile of immense importance as the chief means of communication thro' its whole extent of 2,000 miles, but the very existence of Egypt as a habitable region depends upon the periodical overflowings of this, its only river. These are caused by the tropical rains, which, falling upon the more elevated lands of

the interior, are supposed to form large temporary lakes, which, becoming overcharged, pour forth their superfluous waters into the river, and occasion the inundation, which extends in some places to the very foot of the mountains, saturating the parched ground with moisture, and depositing a rich slimy mould. The swell varies in depth from thirty feet in the upper parts of the country to four feet in the northern parts of the Delta. As the Nile is devoid of tributaries, and there falls almost no rain, Egypt, without this remarkable arrangement of Divine Providence, must have been and remained a desert.

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THE WILDERNESS OF SIN.



### The River Jordan.

THE Jordan is said to take its rise at the foot of Anti-Libanus, near the town of Cæsarea Philippi, or Dan; hence the name Jor-dan, the river of Dan. Sandys, upon the authority of Josephus, patronizes an idea, which has since been exploded, that "he fetcheth his birthe from Phiala, a round deep well, 120 furlongs off," and after a subterraneous course, rises near Cæsarea Philippi. From this town it takes a southward direction; and, having joined the Baneas, passes successively through the lakes Merom (the ancient Semechonitis) and Tiberias. Then, with many windings, "as if to delay its ill destinie, it glides through the plains of Jericho, not far below where that city stood; and is at length devoured by that cursed lake Asphaltites, so named of the bitumen which it vomiteth." Before the destruction of the cities of the plain, the Jordan probably continued its course to the Red Sea. It is now engulfed in the salt lake, which has no visible outlet for its waters—a phenomenon noticed in two other salt lakes of Western Asia, the Caspian Sea, and Lake Aral. The former, though receiving some very large rivers, is supposed, from appearances on its shores, to be at present lower in its level than at a former period.

The country to the south of the Dead Sea has been for centuries so completely shut up, that the course which the Jordan took before the formation of the Salt Lake has been discovered within these few years only. The southern extremity of the Dead Sea terminates in a bay, with some marsh ground beyond, which is occasionally overflowed. Upon this opens a valley, termed the Wady Araba, first discovered by Burckhardt, who crossed it, and latterly traversed by M. Laborde and his companions, from the Red Sea upwards to a distance of nearly twenty-two leagues, about half its extent. "Wady Araba," says this latter traveller, "since it has been deserted by the river, has become encumber'd in some parts with heaps of sand; but enclosed as it is, between mountains of granite or porphyry, there can be no doubt as to its natural and ancient direction."

The general character of the Jordan is not probably greatly changed, since Joshua with the Israelites approached the fords or passages about two miles from the mouth. Like all rivers in mountainous districts, its volume of water varies according to the season. The melting of the snows on Lebanon swells the stream, which encroaches upon the quantity of jungle that covers its banks, forcing the wild beasts that have their dens there, "to go up from

the swellings of Jordan." There have thus been formed two banks; one, according to Maundrel, a furlong's distance from the other. At present the river, however flooded, is said never to reach the outer bank; probably, as Maundrel suggests, from the bed of the stream being deepened. In the summer, the level of the river is about ten feet below the inner bank, and as the average height of the upper bank has been estimated at fifteen feet, the bed of the river is full twenty-five feet below the general level of the plain. Its "swellings" occur between the end of January and March, and rise nine or ten feet at the fords, where the rush of its waters is con-

upper plain of the Ghor, which is at least forty feet above the level of the river." Hence, though the Jordan in this part be in ordinary seasons fordable, the miracle wrought by God was not only in attestation of his power for the terror of his enemies, but a measure of mercy to the immense multitude whom Joshua led over: the more so as they crossed it at the time of the barley harvest, when "the Jordan overflowed all its banks."

Nothing, it is said, can be conceived more picturesque than these shores—tamarisks, oleanders, and willows, springing from the very water's edge. Lamartine describes it as "one continued grassplot of

the brightest green, with tufts and rushes in blossom, and bulbous plants, whose large and brilliant corollas enamelled the grass, and the foot of trees, with stars of every color. There were groves of tall and slender shrubs, the branches of which fell back like plumes over their trunks; lofty Persian poplars with light foliage, not rising into pyramids like ours, but spreading their branches freely on every side, as nervous as the oak, and with bark which glittered in the changing rays of the morning sun; forests of willow of every species; and tall osiers so thick that it was impossible to penetrate them, so closely were they interwoven by innumerable liane-plants, which crept round their roots, and twisting from stem to stem, formed an inextricable net-work between them."

The merit of a pilgrimage to the holy places would be considered very defective if the devotee should return without having bathed in the waters of the Jordan. After the Easter festival, an annual procession is made to the river by hosts of pilgrims; and as the intermediate country between Jerusalem and the Jordan is unsafe, they are attended by a military escort, accompanied frequently by the governor himself. The place chosen is the supposed site of our Lord's baptism; and as a difference of opinion exists between the Latins and Greeks upon this subject, the former maintaining

siderable, though the depth and breadth are variously estimated by travellers. The rapidity of the current under any circumstances renders the fords dangerous.

"The lower valley," says Burckhardt, "is covered with high trees of a luxuriant verdure, which afford a striking contrast with the sandy slopes that border it on both sides. The river, where we passed it, was about eighty paces broad, and about three feet deep; but this was in the midst of summer. In the winter it inundates the plain in the bottom of the narrow valley, but never rises to the level of the

that the event took place some miles higher up the stream than the fords, each class bathe at their respective places. No sooner do they reach the stream, than men, women, and children rush to the water in a mingled crowd—the men frequently in a state of nudity, and the women improperly exposed. Some, in imitation of Christ's baptism, have water poured on their heads, and the children are plunged under the water like lambs.

To live is a gift, to die is a debt; this life is only a prelude to eternity.



THE RIVER JORDAN.



### Nature in Motion.

**ROCKS AND STONES.**—No vulgar error has perhaps longer prevailed among men, than that of the permanency and immutability of our globe. The peace in which our mother earth seems to slumber, is but an illusion in all nature nothing is ever at rest. The moon around the earth, the earth around the sun, that sun around another great centre, and all the heavenly bodies in one unbroken circle around the throne of the Almighty—all are in restless motion, treading their path in the great world of the Lord, and praising his name in never ceasing anthems.

But even at home, our own great mother earth is not, as many still believe, at rest; and its very foundations are every now and then giving signs of the mysterious life which is throbbing in this vast globe. Meteoric stones, also, come like aerial messengers from distant, unknown spheres, and speak loudly of the life in spaces unknown to human vision. For stones travel as well as life-endowed organic bodies; they are, in fact, the very oldest travellers on earth of whom we have any knowledge. The mountains are not everlasting, and the sea is not eternal. Thousands of years ago, rocks began to shiver in the fierce cold of the Polar regions; even Sweden and Norway, Greenland and Spitzbergen became intolerable, and they set out on their great journey to the warmer south. But huge, unwieldy travellers as they were, they soon tired and rested awhile in the wide, sandy wastes which stretch through Northern Europe and Asia. Some, the large ones, remained there, bleak, blasted masses of rock, sterile and stern, like grim giants of dark old ages. Their lighter companions, smaller and swifter, rolled merrily on towards the foot of mountains, and there they also lie, scattered over the plains of Europe and Siberia. Science calls them "erratic" stones, the people know them as "foundlings," for there they are, like lost children; belonging to another climate and a different race from those which surround them. When they travelled, man knows not. It must have been in times of yore, however, when the great Northern Ocean covered yet, with its dark waves, mountain and forest in the very heart of the continent. Other blocks travelled against their will, packed up in snow and ice. Whole islands of ice, we know, were torn off by terrible convulsions from the coast of Scandinavia; the storm-tossed sea hurled them into her powerful currents, and thus they were carried southward, bearing on their broad shoulders huge masses of rock that had rolled down from their native mountains. These gigantic guests from the north soon stranded against the mountains of the continent; they melted under a more genial sun, and their burden fell to the ground. When, afterwards, the bottom of this vast sea rose and became dry land, these foreign visitors also rose and found themselves, with amazement, in a southern country under a southern sun. Thus it is that the famous statue of Peter the Great, which adorns one of the magnificent open squares of his city, was hewn out of Swedish granite—the same stone from the far north which furnished the colossal vase before the Museum in Berlin.

How long ago these early travels were made by rock and stone, we know not; but they are by no means at an end. The same process is still going on, even now. The Arctic still sends her children out to dwell in warmer climes, and year after year sees wandering stones come from high, icy regions, and tumble into the Atlantic, or strand on the low shore at the mouth of the St. Lawrence. If the bottom of the sea on the banks of Newfoundland is ever to see the sweet light of heaven, it will be found strewn with mighty rocks from Greenland, and we may yet erect a monument to the great father of our country, hewn out of Greenland stone.

Other rocks are sea-born. Lofty mountains, now capped with snow and wrapped in clouds, bear unmistakable evidence that they once dwelt at the very bottom of the ocean. Sandstone blocks, piled up high until they form large mountain chains, on which gigantic trees are deeply rooted, and the birds of heaven dwell; to whose summit men painfully climb to look down upon the sunny plain, were once mere loose, fragile sand, down in the depths of the sea. They are still mixed with countless shells, the bones of fishes, and a thousand relics of their former home. On the other hand, we know that large tracks of sea-bottom once belonged to the firm land, enjoyed air, light, and warmth, and abounded with life of every kind. But the sea came and buried them in eternal darkness. For the ocean, also, the infinite, is not the same to-day that it was yesterday—it changes form and shape like everything else on earth. The very heart of the globe is

restless. Fused molten stones are dragged from their hidden resting-places in the depths of the earth, passed through fiery ovens, and at last, in fierce fury, thrown out of volcanoes, where, as lava streams, they soon become solid, fertile, and fruit-bearing, or form new mountains on lands—new islands in the ocean.

Even now, stones still migrate, thanks to their old friend, ice glaciers of vast, gigantic size, moving foot by foot. They may, therefore, be fairly included among the travelling portions of our globe. Their motion is slow but sure: the glacier of Grindelwald moves only about twenty-five feet a year, but a signal-post fastened to a large granite block embedded in the Unterar glacier progressed at the rate of nearly a thousand feet annually. Thus, stones travel on the back of icy waves from the mountain top to the foot of the Alps, where they form grotesque groups and lofty ramparts, or lie scattered about on the plain, like the giant rocks of Stonehenge.

They have, however, one mode of travel unlike all other kinds of locomotion, and so mysterious that human science has not yet fathomed its nature. Large masses of rock, namely, of truly gigantic dimensions, when by accident they fall into the deep crevices of these glaciers, return with quiet but irresistible energy to the surface, moving slowly, steadily upward. Thus, not unfrequently vast pyramids or stately pillars of ice, broken loose from the mother glacier, are seen standing in isolated grandeur, and crowned with huge masses of stone. After a while the strange forms clange and melt, the rocks sink deeper and deeper, until at last it is lost to sight, deeply buried in snow and ice. Yet, after a time, it re-appears above, and the Swiss say the glacier purifies itself. For, strange as it seems, the glacier does not suffer either block or grain of sand within its clear, transparent masses; and though covered for miles with millions of crumbling stones, with heaps of foliage and debris of every kind—at the foot of the mountain it is so clear and pure, that even the microscope fails to discern the presence of foreign bodies. What is equally amazing is, that whilst every weighty object, leaves, insects, dead bodies, stones or gravel sink alike into the cold bed, the organic parts decay quickly in the frozen, rigid mass, but the inorganic parts are thrown up again. Years ago, a horse fell into one of these glaciers; it sank, marking its outline distinctly, until it was seen no more. A year afterwards the clean, white skeleton projected from the top through the clear ice. In the middle of the sixteenth century a succession of long winters, during which immense masses of snow fell, increased the glaciers so much, that they travelled faster and lower than usually, and in their course overwhelmed a little chapel at the foot of the Grindelwald. All was covered, mountains high, with snow and ice, and so remained for years, buried in ghastly silence. But lo! all of a sudden there appeared a black ungainly mass, high up on the glittering field—it was the chapel bell! Pious hands saved it, carried it to a neighboring town, and there the long-buried bell now rings merrily, Sabbath after Sabbath.

If stones travel thus by the aid of majestic glaciers slowly downwards, they have to perform their journey from below upward in much less time. That fierce element which many believe to be still raging under the thin crust which we inhabit, breaks out every now and then through the great safety-valves that nature has provided. Already, Strabo and Pausanias tell us how, nearly three hundred years before Christ, the mountain Methone arose on the Troezen peninsula. Ovid, also, describes, in beautiful verses, how a high hill, rigid and treeless, was suddenly seen where once a fair plain had been spread out. He traces it to vapors shut up in dark caverns below, and seeking, in vain, an outlet through some cleft. The soil began, at last, to heave, he says, and to swell under the pressure of the pent up heat, until it finally yielded and rose to a lofty height. Every age has seen huge rocks and large mountains appear thus unexpectedly on the surface of the globe. In the last century, the volcano of Jorullo rose, in Mexico, 1,580 feet above the surrounding plain. The sea, also, has its volcanic mountains, which are of a sudden thrown up from the bottom. The famous island of Santorin, in 1810 still considerably below the surface, was in 1830 only a few feet from it. It appeared as an enormous peak, steep on all sides, but, on the top, pre-enting the crater of a submarine volcano. The igneous nature of the land below is strongly shown by sulphuric vapors, which rise so actively that ships now anchor there, in order to clean their copper thoroughly and quickly. Stromboli, also,

was, in like manner, sent up from the deep, to take its place among the islands of the Mediterranean; and although Italy is now comparatively quiet, still its volcanoes pour forth inexhaustible showers of burning matter, and temporary islands start up now and then from the surrounding sea.

Tremendous in their birth, and gigantic in their effect, these sudden outbreaks can not yet compare, in their permanent importance, with the quiet and almost imperceptible migration of small particles of sand and gravel. Large granite blocks and masses of sandstone, high on lofty mountain tops, are exposed to the varying influence of heat and cold, rain and snow, and crumble, gradually into coarse-grained sand. Wind and weather, clouds and springs, carry this down, where the restless waves of rivers and streams seize it and hurry it on, through vale and valley, on their long journey, until, at last, they reach the coast, and throw their burden into the great ocean. Thus, age after age, the loftiest parts of heaven aspiring mountains are broken to pieces, and swallowed by the ever-hungry sea. There, by their own gravity, and by the pressure of the impending waters, they are pressed together, firmly and solidly, until they form new rocks, which human eyes do not see, and which, for thousands of years, may not be called upon to take their place upon the dry land. So that, if the ocean swallows mountains, they, in return, have their revenge, and fill up the sea, slowly and unseen, but with unerring certainty. Such is the might of small things upon earth!

Slow as this process is, its effects are astounding. For the same abrasion and dilution has been going on for centuries, and gigantic rivers have ever since poured their contents into the ocean. Overcoming all obstacles, rushing, rolling gaily down from their mountain homes, falling over huge precipices, running past rocky ridges, they hurry on without rest and ceasing. Where do they rush to so eagerly? Towards certain death in the great ocean. For, no sooner have they reached the distant shore, than their course is arrested—here they drop all the solid parts with which they were loaded, and thus form themselves a barrier against their further progress.

These deposits form shoals and bars; they grow, as year after year brings new additions from the far-off mountains, until hills rise below the surface: the river has to divide, in order to pass them on both sides, and, at last, the increasing sands appear above the water in the shape of a delta. Thus, new land is formed by these almost invisible particles, and how much is thus dropped may be seen from the river Rhone, which is a thick, muddy stream, where it enters the Lake of Geneva, but leaves it a clear, beautiful river. The same process has actually choked up the mouths of the Rhine and the Danube; and the Nile, whose sand-laden waters have literally formed all lower Egypt, with its countless inhabitants and large populous cities, now needs a canal, made by human hands, to find a way and an outlet to the Mediterranean! The great river, the Mississippi, becomes, at its mouth, so slow and sluggish, that it can no longer bear up its burden—the immense masses of huge vegetable corpses, the giant trees from the far-off regions, where its sources lie. They sink to the ground, sand and mud fill the interstices up, and they form, here as at the mouths of all large rivers, a peninsula of new, firm land. The Ganges, operating on a still larger scale, pours its gigantic masses far out into the sea: sweet water being lighter than salt-water, they float for some time above the dark green waves of the ocean; but soon they meet the tide and outside breakers; here they drop their immense load of sand, mud, and fertile soil, and, in spite of an unusually high tide, form an island more than two hundred miles long.

**IGNORANCE AT GENOA.**—An incident has occurred at Genoa, where the cholera is raging, indicating the ignorance of the lower orders. A physician prescribed a medicine to a man who was suffering from premonitory symptoms. The messenger, on his way back with the medicine, broke the bottle by accident, and spilled the liquid over his trousers. The ignorant fellow argued, from the stains it produced, that it was poison. The rumor that the doctor had intended to poison his patient spread like wildfire; the unfortunate practitioner was threatened with death; he, however, managed to make his escape home, but the fright and agitation he had endured was too much for him; he was seized with cholera and died the same night. It was found necessary to send some carabinieri to the place to protect the other physicians in the exercise of their duties.

### Museums of Art in Spain.

NOTWITHSTANDING the number of pictures carried off from Spain by Soult and other French generals, and since scattered over Europe, so well had the finest works of the Spanish masters been concealed, or so defective was the taste of the spoliators, that it is still in the galleries and museums of their native country that they can be best studied. The best collections made during the war were those of Marshal Soult and Baron Taylor, the latter being the 569 pictures which were placed by Louis Philippe in the Louvre. Both these famous collections have been since sold and dispersed, so that, as far as the public galleries of art are concerned, the Spanish masters are now little better represented than before. The best collection of their works out of Spain is that which adorns the Hermitage, a magnificent palace of the Czar, near St. Peter-burg, where there are 114 very fine examples: in the Pinakothek, at Munich, there are only thirty; in the Belvidere palace at Vienna, where, from the connection of the Spanish and Austrian dynasties, we might expect a rich collection, there are only a portrait by Coello, and a few specimens of Velasquez, placed in one of the lowest and worst-lighted rooms in the palace. The public galleries of the other European capitals have only two or three inferior specimens, or none at all.

On the other hand, the pictures which remain in Spain are more valued now than the whole were formerly, their value increasing, like the Sibylline leaves, as they became fewer in number; and owing to internal reforms, they are now more carefully preserved, and more accessible. The Royal Museum of Madrid, the long colonnades of which form one of the chief architectural ornaments of the Prado, is now one of the finest in Europe, contains not only several Raffaelles equal to any in Rome, Claudes as fresh and sunny as those of the Louvre and our own National Gallery, and works of Rubens as fine as can be seen at Antwerp, but the largest and best collection of the Spanish masters. Ferdinand VII. had the Titians and others removed from the palace because, in his opinion, they did not harmonise with his Parisian furniture; and the taste and spirit of his first queen, Maria Isabella of Braganza, led to the establishment of the museum. Having been originally intended for the accommodation of a scientific society, it is not so well adapted for its present purpose as some of the new palaces of art in Germany, and only the long central gallery and its vestibules are lighted from above. Of Velasquez there are sixty first-rate specimens, and of Murillo forty-six; and Zurbaran, Cano, Morales, and Joanes, are all represented by their finest works. There are also many good pictures by Pereda, Collantes, Escalante, Pareja, and others, whose names are scarcely known beyond the Pyrenees. Some of the finest, however, have been irretrievably injured by the process of cleaning. A good catalogue (a rare thing in Spain) of this collection was published in 1843.

The Royal Academy of St. Ferdinand, founded in 1752 by Ferdinand VI., possesses a collection of about 300 pictures, which ornament a suite of apartments in the large building in the Calle de Alcalá, which the Academy shares with the Natural History Society. Here are two famous works of Murillo: "St. Isabel of Hungary, and "The Dream of the Roman Patrician," carried off from Seville by the French, and appropriated by the Academy when restored; and some good pictures by Pereda, Orrente, and other less known masters. There is no catalogue here, and some of the rooms are badly lighted.

Since the abolition of monasteries, under the enlightened administration of Espartero, the old conventual buildings have been turned to a variety of purposes, according to the wants of their respective localities. Some have been converted into barracks, others into hospitals, manufactories, and even theatres. The convent of the Trinity, in the Calle de Atocha, at Madrid, has been made a museum for the reception of and display the numerous pictures brought from the monasteries that have been converted to secular purposes; but the collection, though extensive enough, is badly arranged, and the original purpose of the building is not adapted to display them to advantage, owing to the want of light. There are a few good specimens of the Italian masters, and some valuable works of the early Flemish and German painters. The Spanish pictures, owing to the circumstances which led to the establishment of the museum, are chiefly by masters of the Castilian school; there are only two by Velasquez, and the Murillos, Zurbarans, and Canos, though good, are not numerous. Carducho, Correa, and Munoz, however, are here to be seen to greater advantage than elsewhere; of Correa, for instance, the Royal Museum does not contain a single specimen.

In the provinces, the palm of supremacy must be awarded to the Museum of Seville. The works of art which formerly adorned the numerous convents of this beautiful city have been collected in one of the oldest and most convenient—that of the Fathers of Mercy, first erected in 1249, and rebuilt in the reign of Charles V. The garden in which it formerly stood has been partly built upon, and partly added to the Plaza del Museo, in which a statue of Murillo has since been erected. Though badly lighted, it is a noble building; the cloisters of the principal court being supported by light columns of white marble, arranged in pairs, and a fountain playing in the centre. Plaster casts of the Medicean Venus and the Belvidere Apollo adorn the grand staircase, where the images of our Lady of Mercy and St. Hermenegild formerly stood; and the light and lofty church, the gallery over the principal cloister, and some chambers opening from it, are filled with pictures. Here Murillo and Zurbaran are to be seen in all their glory, and the specimens of Leal Miñesas, Marques, and other less known artists, are numerous and good; but of Velasquez there is not a single specimen, though Seville was his native city.

The chapel of the Seville University has likewise been opened as a museum of art, under the auspices of the dean, Don Manuel Lopez Cepero. Here are some excellent pictures by Roelas and others, and a fine collection of monumental bronzes and marbles. The Museum of Cordova possesses only a few pictures, sadly in want of cleaning, which have been placed in an old and dingy convent, for want of a building more suitable. That of Cadiz shares with the Academy of Design, a building in the Plaza de Mina, and its collection is neither large nor valuable.

The numerous works of art which formerly adorned the convents of Leon and Old Castile have been collected at Valladolid, the ancient college of Santa Cruz having been converted into a museum for their reception. This noble Gothic pile was founded in 1594, by Cardinal Mendoza, and still retains much of its ancient magnificence.

There are some splendid works of Rubens here, and a fine collection of those of Carducho, Pereda, and Martinez. The museum is less rich, however, in pictures than in sculpture, among which are the bronze monuments of the Duke and Duchess of Lerma, executed by an Italian artist named Leoni, and the classical statues, carved in wood and colored, after the manner of the ancients, by Hernandez, Jauni, and Berrequete. This museum has the advantage of a catalogue, compiled in 1843.

The museum at Valencia contains a rich collection of between six and seven hundred pictures, but the ancient convent of the Carmen, in which they are placed, is, as usual, badly lighted, and there is no catalogue. Some of the pictures, too, have actually been placed sideways, to economise room, so that it is impossible to view them to advantage. The chapel has been converted into a church, and the galleries and staircase of one of the courts are hung with the pictures gathered from the suppressed convents of the province.

Here are some of the finest works of Joanes and Ribalta, and a great number of those of Borrás and Espinosa. In each corner of the court a palm-tree raises its crown of light green leaves, and the centre is laid out with parterres of flowers.

The value of the Spanish museums of art to the student would be greatly increased by judicious exchanges with each other, one having a superfluity of the works of masters, who, in others, are not represented at all. If some of the works of Velasquez and the Italian artists in the Royal Museum at Madrid were exchanged for some pictures of the schools of Andalusia and Valencia, all would be gainers, and the series of Spanish masters in the former might be made perfect.

### Hints on Elocution.

**CORRECT AND GRACEFUL PRONUNCIATION.**—*Hooker* read some passages of his Roman history to Onslow, the speaker of the House of Commons, who piqued himself upon his reading, and begged him to give his opinion of the work. The speaker answered, as if in a passion, "I cannot tell what to think of it; it may be nonsense for anything I know, since your manner of reading has bewitched me." The same must have been the case with the celebrated singer *Senesino*; for those who had no knowledge of the Italian language, nor the least relish for music, were fascinated with his recitations, his modulated tones, and his expressive gesture. *Mrs. Oldfield*, whose excellent taste and discernment, and whose long acquaintance with the stage rendered her well able to discriminate, used to say, the best school she had

ever known was hearing Rowe read her part in his tragedies. And the late *Isaac Hawkins Brown* declared, that he never felt the charms of Milton until he heard his exordium read by Sheridan. *Virgil* pronounced his own verses with such an enticing sweetness and enchanting grace, that *Julius Montanus*, a poet who had often heard him, used to say, that he could steal *Virgil's* verses, if he could steal his voice, expression, and gesture; for the same verses that sounded so rapturously when *Virgil* himself read them, were not always excellent in the mouth of another. *Pliny*, the younger, writing to a friend, who intreated him carefully to examine whether a certain poem was worth publishing, says that, without opening it, he is sure it is beautiful, from what he heard him read; "provided," he adds, "your pronunciation hath not imposed upon me; for you do, indeed, read with exquisite sweetness and art; yet I trust I am not so far led aside by my ears, that the charming cadence has entirely blunted the edge of my judgment."

**IMPORTANCE OF RIGHT EMPHASIS.**—A stranger from the country, observing one of "Carpenter's Counting-house Rules" hanging against a wall, lifted it, and inquiring the object, was answered, "It is a rule for counting houses." Too well-bred, as he construed politeness, to ask unnecessary questions, he turned it over and over, and up and down repeatedly, and, at last, in a paroxysm of baffled curiosity, inquired, "How, in the name of nature, do you count houses with this thing?" There is another good illustration of the importance of emphasis. "Boy," said a visitor at the house of a friend to his little son, "step over the way, and see how old Mrs. Brown is?" The boy did the errand, and on his return reported, that Mrs. Brown did not know how old she was; that she did not know what business he had to ask such a question; and that, she said, he might find it out by his own learning.

**CLEARNESS AND DISTINCTNESS OF SPEECH.**—It is related of Dr. Hinchcliffe, Bishop of Peterborough, that in the pulpit he spoke with the accent of a man of sense, such as he really was in a superior degree; but it was remarkable, and to those who did not know the cause, mysterious, that there was not a corner of the church in which he could not be heard distinctly. The reason which one who knew him assigned, was, that he made it an invariable rule to do justice to every consonant, knowing that the vowels could speak for themselves. And thus he became the surest and clearest of speakers; his elocution was perfect, and never disappointed his audience.

**EFFECT OF MANNERS.**—Lord Chesterfield, speaking of the Duke of Argyle, says, that though he was the weakest reasoner, he was a most pleasant speaker. He charmed, he warmed, he fairly ravished the audience; not by his matter, certainly, but by his manner of delivering it. A most genteel figure, a noble air, an harmonious voice, and elegance of style, and a strength of emphasis, conspired to make him a most affecting, persuasive, and applauded speaker. Lord Chesterfield says, "I was captivated, like others; but when I came home, and coolly considered what he had said, stripped of all those ornaments in which he had dressed it, I often found the matter flimsy, the arguments weak, and I was convinced of the power of those adventitious concurring circumstances, which it is ignorance of mankind to call trifling."

**RAPIDITY OF SPEAKING.**—Some of the reporters state that the late Daniel Webster spoke at the rate of from eighty to one hundred and ten words per minute; Gerret Smith, from seventy to ninety; Dr. Tyng, from one hundred and twenty to one hundred and forty; Mr. Botts, from one hundred to one hundred and twenty; Mr. Clay, one hundred and thirty to one hundred and sixty; Mr. Choate, and Mr. Calhoun, from one hundred and sixty to two hundred.

**WHITEFIELD'S "O."**—Garrick, it is stated, once said he would give a hundred guineas if he could say "O" as George Whitefield did.

**FACT IN FRIENDSHIP.**—Is not this a curious fact in all our natures, that we only begin to know the value of friends when they are lost to us for ever? It ought to teach us to turn with increased tenderness to those that remain. I always feel that my affection for living friends is enlivened by the reflection that they too pass away. If we were only half as lenient to the living as we are to the dead, how much happiness might we render them, and from how much pain and bitter remorse might we be spared, when the grave, "the all-atoning grave," has closed over them.



## A Week in Ireland.

BY MRS. S. C. HALL.

We have lately performed a journey from one Irish seaport to another; and since, we have "years" and "months," and even "fortnights," in various parts of the world, placed at the disposal of the public, in the shape of solid octavos, why should not the "sayings," "doings," and "sight-seeings" comprised within the road and railway drive, of a week's duration, be offered to your readers in the less substantial form of an article.

A bright sunny morning found us on the road to Bantry; we sent our car forward, and loitered to look upon a fair landscape—our "idle time not idly spent"—and were somewhat wearied, for

"These high wild hills and rough uneven ways  
Draw out our miles,"

when we heard the notes of an old Irish song ascend from the bank of a small mountain rivulet.\* We paused to listen, for the air we heard was as the greeting of an old friend—but the singer's mood changed—the song ceased, and instead of its music a loud peal of merry laughter—earnest, and full, and joy-



BEETLING LINEN.

ous, ascended with the whistle of a blackbird from the little glen. Presently, we heard a plashing of the waters—then more laughter. Anon, the sound of young girls' voices in cheerful converse. "Peggy, lave off your tricks do, and mind yer work; lave off, I say. Faix, for one stroke ye give the linen ye hit the wather twice, which is a shame. My hair is wringing wet, so it is, wid your nonsense." "Yarra, Nancy! there's no life left in ye, since I know who went to Australee. Why then, I wonder do they be beetling the linen there—this a-way?" "Not that a-way, I'm certain," answered Nancy, who we now perceived was "drawing" some linen through the stream, while the lively Peggy stood with the wooden instrument called a "beetle" uplifted in her hand ready to strike the linen—a mode of washing called "beetling," which certainly purifies it more than any way of "getting up" with which we are acquainted. "A 'beetling stone' of ample dimensions was firmly based in the brook at her feet, and upon it the clothes of the neighboring hamlet had doubtless been subjected to such ablutions time out of mind. "That's not the way

\* We were enabled to carry on our memories a few of the words; and they, subsequently, led to our procuring a copy of the song. The following is a literal translation of some of the first lines, which give a pretty description of rural objects and sounds—

"I went forth at early morn, the sun of summer was shining,  
I heard the *winding†* of a shout—and the sweet music of birds;  
The badger and the hare were abroad; and the woodcock  
with the long bill;  
I heard the son of the rock (i. e. echo) resounding the  
noise of guns.  
The red fox was on the rock; the thousand shouts of  
hunters arose.  
The woman was at home in sadness, lamenting her geese;  
Now the woods are falling,—let us haste o'er the sea,  
John O'Dwyer of the valley,—you are without pastime,"

† In many a *winding* bout.—MILTON'S ALLEGRO.

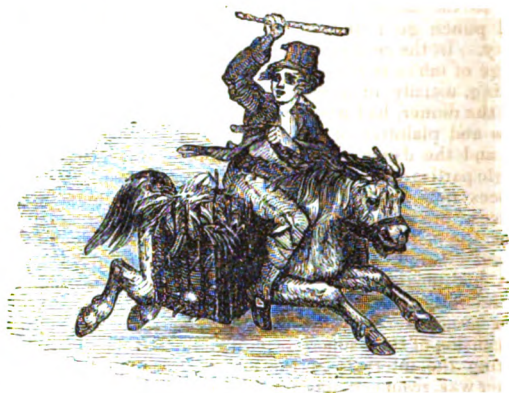
they work there, I'm sure," persisted Nancy. "Why for *onst* you strike the linen, you strike the wather ten times. I hope, Peggy agra, you'll make a better offer at yer bachelor's heart than you do at—." "Whisht, Nancy—will ye whisht!" exclaimed Peggy, having discovered that we were observing them. "Where's yer manners to the strange quality?" and the girls began a series of blushes and curtsies, wound up by an invitation to rest at their house, though but a poor place, as "Maybe we war tired coming over the back of the hill that was so cruel steep." We were too hurried to accept a courtesy that has often afforded us much pleasure, as well as great insight into the genuine feelings and character of the Irish peasant. While conversing with her, we observed a singular character watching our movements; it was one of the peasants, mounted on a small active pony, sitting in front of a pair of hampers, in which he had conveyed his tubs of butter to the market of Cork, from which he was now returning. The hampers were fastened to the horse by a rope of hay; and his bridle, which was merely twisted round the nose of

the animal, was made of the same material. In this primitive style he galloped up and down hills as fearlessly, and far more safely, than a steed fully caparisoned for the chase. We learned that he was one of the class known in cities and towns by the cognomen of "Kerry Dragoons." We made a sketch of him, and introduce him to our readers. He was a fine handsome fellow, with keen grey eyes, white teeth, and a complexion bronzed by healthy exercise; by no means communicative, however, for to our questions he had but one answer—"Nein English."

We had scarcely entered the town of Bantry, when we encountered a group that interested us greatly; on inquiry we learned that a wedding had taken place at a cottage pointed out to us, in a little glen among the mountains, and that the husband was bringing home his bride. She was mounted on a white pony, guided by as smart-looking and well-dressed a youth as we had seen in the country; his face was absolutely radiant with joy; the parents of the bride and bridegroom followed; and a little girl clung to the dress of a staid and sober matron—whom we at once knew to be the mother of the bride, for her aspect was pensive, almost to sorrow; her daughter was quitting for another home the cottage in which she had been reared—to become a wife. We made a hasty sketch of the party; and a clever artist, Mr. Goodrich, has rendered it more than justice.

We take advantage of the occasion to describe the ceremonies and formalities connected with an Irish wedding; presuming, however, that a very essential part of them—the drinking to intoxication "for the honor of the bride,"—has been, of late, essentially abridged.

When the match is made, it becomes necessary for the bridegroom to obtain a certificate from his parish-priest that he is free to contract marriage *cum quavis similiter soluta* (it is always written in Latin), with any woman equally free from canonical bonds or impediments; to this a fee is always attached, we believe five shillings. He must also procure from the bishop or vicar-general, a license to marry, to which, also, a fee is attached, of seven shillings and sixpence. This being done, he repairs with his bride to the house of her parish priest, accompanied by his and her friends, as many as they can muster, and before he is married pays down to the priest the marriage fee according to his circumstances. The friends of both parties are also called upon to pay down something, and between their reluctance to meet the demand and the priest's refusal to marry them till he is satisfied, a scene sometimes humorous and sometimes discreditable, often arises. If the bride's father or mother be a "strong" farmer, who can afford to furnish a good dinner, the marriage takes place at the bride's house, the bridegroom bringing with him as many of his



A KERRY DRAGOON.

friends as choose to accompany him. The same process as to money takes place here, and it is not uncommon for the collection to amount to twenty, thirty, and sometimes forty or fifty pounds, where the parties are comfortable and have a long line of followers. The ceremony is in Latin what, or nearly what the church of England ceremony is in English, and the priest closes it, by saying, "give your wife the kiss of peace." A struggle often ensues for the bride's kiss, (the first kiss) between some young wag of the party and the bridegroom; the latter generally surrendering it good-humouredly. The priests, in some instances, discountenance, and in others, overlook, the practice. We have seen a priest give a severe slap on the face to a young fellow who attempted to snatch the kiss.

The time most in favor for celebrating weddings is just before Lent. The guests are always numerous, and consist of all ranks, from the lord and lady of the manor through the intermediate grades of gentlemen, "squireens," farmers, down to the common laborer,—wives, of course, included. Perfect equality prevails on this occasion, and yet the

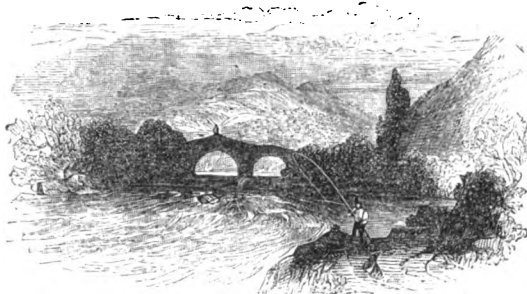


BRINGING HOME THE BRIDE.



natural courtesy of the Irish character prevents any disturbance of social order—every one keeps his place, while, at the same time the utmost freedom reigns. The dinner is, as we have intimated, usually at the expense of the bride's family; and as nothing is spared in procuring the materials, and the neighboring gentry allow their cooks, etc., to assist, and lend dinner services, etc.; it is always "got up" in the best style. The priest sits at the head of the table; near him the bride and bridegroom, the coadjutors of the clergyman, and the more respectable guests; the other guests occupy the remainder of the table, which extends the whole length of the barn—in which the dinner generally takes place.

Immediately on the cloth being removed, the priest marries the young couple, and then the bridecake is brought in and placed before the priest, who, putting on his stole, blesses it, and cuts it up into small slices, which are handed round on a large dish among the guests, generally by one of the coadjutors. Each guest takes a slice of the cake, and lays down in place of it a donation for the priest, consisting of pounds, crowns, or shillings, according to the ability of the donor. After that, wine and punch go round, as at any ordinary dinner-party. In the course of an hour or so, part of the range of tables is removed, and the musicians (consisting, usually, of a piper and a fiddler), who, during the dinner, had been playing some of the more slow and plaintive of the national airs, now *strike up*, and the dance immediately commences. First single parties dance reels, jigs, and doubles. Country dances now succeed, in which, as in the single dances, priest and laic, old and young, rich and poor, the master and his maid, the landlord and his tenant's daughter, as well as the landlord's daughter and his tenant's son—all join together without distinction. Yet it is pleasing to observe how the poor peasants return, on such occasions, the condescension of their superiors with additional respect. During the intervals of the dance, drinking is, or rather was, resumed; and though on these occasions it was often carried to excess, we never knew, nor



OLD WEIR BRIDGE.

Oh, bring me to my Norah Fay,  
For hours are days when she's away;  
The sun looks dark, and sweet birds say,  
Go dhi mo vourneen, slaun,  
Shule, shule, shule, aroon;  
Shule go sochir, agus shule go cune,  
Shule go theev dorris agus eilig lúne,  
As' go dhi mo vourneen, slaun.

In the course of the night a collection is made for "the music," and another for the poor. The dancing generally continues till morning, when the first intimation of breaking up is the dancing of the figure called "Sir Roger de Coverly." As soon as that dance is over, all the more timid part of the female guests slip out of the barn to avoid the *finale*, which is as follows:—the music striking up the quadrille air called "Voulez-vous danser," a "gentleman" goes round with a handkerchief, which he throws round the neck of any "lady" he chooses, falls on his knees, gently pulls her down and kisses her; then giving her the handkerchief, continues a kind of trot round the barn; the lady does the same with any gentleman she likes, and giving him the handkerchief, catches the first gentlemen by the skirts of the

coat and trots after him around the barn. This is done alternately by all present, until all the young men and women are trotting round, catching hold of each other as in the play of "Chickens, come cluck." They then form a ring around the last person who has the handkerchief, who selects a lady or gentleman, as the case may be, and after another salutation leads his or her partner to a seat. This is done until the whole circle is broken up; and thus terminates a country wedding.

Leaving Bantry, we diverged into the county Kerry, as we were desirous of visiting Killarney.

One of the most interesting objects to the traveller, at this famous town, is a mountain called the Eagle Nest, the most perfect, glorious, and exciting of the Killarney echoes. The rock, (for in comparison with the mountains that look down upon it, it is nothing more, although, when at its base, it appears of prodigious height), derives its name from the fact that, for centuries it has been the favored residence of the royal birds, by whose descendants it is still inhabited; their eyrie being secured by nature against all human trespassers. The rock is of a pyramidal form, about 1700 feet high, thickly clothed with evergreens, but bare towards the summit; where the nest of the bird is pointed out, in a small crevice nearly

concealed by stunted shrubs. We put into a little creek on the opposite side of the river; but remained in our boat, having been recommended to do so. Our expectations of the coming treat had been highly raised, and we were in breathless anxiety to enjoy it. The bugle-player, Spillane—to whose skill and attention we gladly add our testimony to that of every traveller who has preceded us—landed, advanced a few steps, and placed the instrument to his lips—the effect was magical—the word conveys a poor idea of its effect. First he played a single note—it was caught up and repeated, loudly, softly, again loudly, again softly, and then as if by a hundred instruments, each a thousand times more musical than that which gave its rivals birth, twirling and twisting around the mountain, running up from its foot to its sum-



FACTION MEETING.

mit, then rolling above it, and at length dying away in the distance until it was heard as a mere whisper, barely audible, far away. Then Spillane blew a few notes—ti-ra-la-ti-ra-la: a multitude of voices, seemingly from a multitude of hills, at once sent forth a reply; sometimes pausing for a second, as if waiting for some tardy comrade to join in the marvellous chorus, then mingling together in a strain of sublime grandeur, and delicate sweetness, utterly indescribable. Again Spillane sent forth his summons



THE EAGLE'S NEST.

never met any one who knew, of anything like a quarrel taking place at a country wedding. Indeed, we have seen people who, as the saying goes, were "wicked in their licker," get intoxicated at these joyous festivals without manifesting ill-temper—on the contrary, they have been remarkably entertaining, as if the general harmony had expelled the demon of discord. Songs are also sung both in English and Irish.

The Irish words of one of them were given to us by a friend, accompanied by a literal translation; we have endeavored to return them to verse; they are sung to the well-known air "Shule Aroon."

Oh, have you seen my Norah Fay?  
She's left me all the sad long day,  
Alone to sing a weary lay;  
Go dhi mo vourneen, slaun;  
Shule, shule, shule, aroon;  
Shule go sochir, agus shule go cune,  
Shule go theev dorris agus eilig lúne,  
As' go dhi mo vourneen slaun.\*

You'll know her by her raven hair,  
Her deep blue eye, her forehead fair,  
Il r step and laugh that banish care;  
As' go dhi mo vourneen slaun.

In form you may her semblance find,  
But none like her, of womankind,  
If you can see her heart and mind;  
As' go dhi mo vourneen slaun.

\* Come, come, come, my love,  
Come quietly, come—come stealingly  
Beside the door and away with me,  
And may my love come safe.



A FACTION FIGHT.



to the mountains, and blew, for perhaps a minute, a variety of sounds; the effect was indeed that of "enchanted ravishment."

About a mile from the Eagle's Nest is the old Weir Bridge, a bridge of two arches, of which only one affords a passage for boats, and through which the water of the upper lake rushes into Torc lake on its way, through the Laune, to the sea. The current is exceedingly rapid, and it is usual for tourists to disembark and walk across the isthmus, meeting the boat on the other side, the passage being considered one of much danger to persons who are either easily alarmed or indisposed to take the advice of the boatmen, "please to sit quiet." Mr. Roche, who acted as our helmsman, was, however, anxious to try the strength of our nerves, as well as to exhibit one of the Killarney lions in its wrath and power, shaking its mane in angry vigor; he, therefore, gave us no warning until we were actually within the fierce current. We shot through it with frightful rapidity; and it was evident that a very small deviation either to the right or the left would have flung us among the breakers, the result of which must have inevitably been fatal. The men, who had rested on their oars, were watching us with some anxiety, and the moment we were in safety they awoke the echoes with a loud shout, and congratulated us on our "bowliness."

Quarrels in Ireland descend from father to son. There was scarcely a district that did not recognise some hereditary dispute; and it became a sort of duty for a member of one family to insult the member of another family, whenever they chanced to meet. Every relation of each, no matter how distant, was expected to "stand by his faction;" and times and places were regularly appointed where they might meet to "fight it out;" the majority of the combatants, in nine cases out of ten, being utterly ignorant what they were fighting for, and the leaders being very seldom acquainted with the original cause of the quarrel.

The magistrates were, generally, totally unable to interrupt a fight when it had begun, and usually failed to prevent it after the arrangements for it had been made; and we have more than once seen a parish priest—respected and beloved by his flock—laboring as vainly to establish peace among them as if he had talked to so many stocks or stones.

Many years have passed since we witnessed one of those disgusting scenes. Unhappily, with their brutality was frequently mixed up so much fun and humor, and physical courage, that their revolting character was not immediately perceptible, although generosity was a rare ingredient in a fight, and women too frequently mingled in it. We must observe, however, that, in the most ferocious encounter, a woman was seldom struck—we might almost go the length of saying, never—except by accident. We recollect seeing one of the "gentler sex" striking right and left with a terrific weapon—a huge stone in a stocking-foot—and noting several men knocked down by her blows without either of them aiming at her a single one in return. It used to amaze us that more lives were not lost in such contests; but a man was frequently saved in consequence of the number of his adversaries, all beating at him with their sticks, which generally interfered so much with each other that few of the blows reached him. We call to mind one fair in particular; it took place in the vicinity of Ballydehob, about thirty miles west of the county of Cork, and at a time when there was little dread of interruption. We shall endeavor to describe it—briefly, however, for the subject is not pleasant, and now cannot be useful—with the "introductory scene" which the artist has pictured from our description. Towards the afternoon of a fine spring day, the rival factions began to assemble—each armed with his stout shilla-ah. The leaders parleyed somewhat before they began—not a very frequent course; they were surrounded by women and children; and an old hag seemed determined there should be no chance of peace, for she rated one of them with the term "coward." Actual hostilities were, however, commenced by a huge fellow running through the crowd, and stopping before each man of the opposite party, whom he greeted with the foul phrase "liar;" his purpose was soon answered; one, less patient than the rest, struck him a blow; their sticks were crossed, and in a moment hundreds had joined in the *melée*. They fought for above an hour—and, at length, one party was beaten off the field. But, in truth, we can do little good by entering into minute explanations of a scene so revolting; and we shall prefer leaving them to the reader's fancy; communicating the attendant consequences in the less disagreeable form of a story; telling it, however, as nearly as we can call them to mind, in the very

words in which we heard it; and so carrying out our plan of varying dry details by the introduction of matter more attractive.

"The faction fights, please your honors," said an intelligent countryman when spoken to by us on the subject. "The faction fights are a'most, and maybe more than a'most, gone off the face of the country. The boys are beginning to talk about them as things they have seen—like a show or a giant. We ask each other how we were ever drawn into them, and what brought them about; and the one answer to that is—whiskey! No gun will go off until it is primed, and sure whiskey was the priming. That made more orphans and widows than the fever or starvation. Thanks be to God, if death come upon us now, it is by the Lord's will, and not our own act."

It was encouraging to hear such a remark from one of "the people;" and this was by no means a solitary instance.

The man had, he confessed, many a time when a mere child, incited by the example of the faction to whom his parents belonged, nerved his little arms to cast heavy stones into the *melée*, not caring how or where they fell. "We usen't to mind a bit of a shindy in those times: if a boy was killed, why we said it was 'his luck,' and that it couldn't be helped; if a fellow trailed his coat over the fair green and dared any one to stand a foot on it, we enjoyed the fight that was sure to follow, and never thought or cared how it would end. Sure I remember my own brother—and now since he's been a temperance man, he hasn't raised a finger in anger to any living creature—sure I mind him well, *feeling the tents for heads*, and when he'd got one to his liking, giving it first a good rap, and then calling on the owner to come out and fight him: sure he'd never have done that but for the whiskey. Ah," he continued, "that was a foolish *divarshin*, but there was no heart bitterness with it; nothing to lay heavy to the end of one's days. But the faction fights war the bitterest of all—black hatred descending from father to son against the opposite faction, as if poor Ireland hadn't enough enemies without turning—worse than a wild beast—to murder and destroy her own flesh and blood. Now there's a poor woman," he said, pointing to a pale, patient-looking person who sat knitting at her cottage door; "there's a poor creature! Mrs. Lawler knows what factions come to, and so she ought; she'll tell the lady her story and welcome, if she has any curiosity to hear it. Good morrow-morning to you, Mrs. Lawler, and hows your girleen, ma'am? the lady would be glad to rest while the gentleman and I get up the far hill; and you have always a welcome, like your people before you, for the stranger."

"Kind'y welcome," said the widow. "Mary dust the chair, avourneen."

The cabin was clean and neat, and bearing no evidence of the presence of that sad poverty we had so frequently seen, though it did not dim the smile or lessen the welcome—nor was it difficult to lead the widow to the story of sorrows, which, however softened by time, were over uppermost in her mind.

"My mother and myself were widowed by factions—please God, my little girl won't have the same tale to tell, for the Connells and the Lawlers might put salt to their potatoes without fear of fighting now. It was a shocking thing to see the arm of brother raised against brother, only because as battle and murder war in the hearts of their forefathers they must be continued in their own."

"I was born a Connel, and almost the first thing I learned to hate a Lawler, from the lip out; and yet hard fortune was before me, for the very first passion my heart felt was the same love it feels still, for a Lawler; it has known no change, though it has known sorrow; the first knowledge I had of the wild beatings of my own heart was when I saw that girl's father. Ah yah! it has beat with joy and terror often; but the love for my first love, and my last, was always one; and now, when all is past and gone, and that you, Mark Lawler, are in your green and quiet grave, I am prouder to have been the choice of your own fine noble spirit, than if I was made this moment the queen of all Ireland's ground. Oh lady! if you could have seen him! 'Norah,' said my father to me, and I winnowing at our barn-door with the servant-maid—'Norah, keep your eyes on the grain, and not after the chaff, and don't raise them above the hedge, for there's many a Lawler will be passing the road this day on account of the fair, and I don't wish a child of mine to notice them, or to be noticed by them. I intended to do his bidding, and whenever I heard a horse or the voices of strangers coming down the boreen, I kept my eyes on the grain, and let the chaff fly at its pleasure, until a dog broke through the hedge,

and attacked a little beast of my own; so as soon as that came to pass, I let the sieve fall, to catch my own little dog in my arms; there was need for that, for he was over the hedge, lighter and brighter than a sunbeam. Ah, then, I wonder is love as quick a taking in all countries as it is here! Mark Lawler didn't speak ten words, nor I two; and yet from that out—under the bames of the moon, or the sun, in the open field, or in the crowd, it was all one—no one but Mark Lawler was in my mind. I knew he was a Lawler by his eyes, and well he knew I was a Connel; but the love would have little of boy or girl love in it that would heed a faction. We, who had never met till that moment, could never go astray in the fields without meeting after. Ah! Mary," she continued, addressing her daughter, and yet, in her simplicity, quite forgetting she had been proving the uselessness of precept by her own confession; "ah, Mary dear, if ye feel yer heart soften towards a young man, keep out of his way intirely, avourneen; have nothing to say to him, don't drive your cow the same road he walks, nor draw water from the same well, nor go to the same chapel, Mary, barrin you have no other to go to: there's a deal of mischief in the chapel, dear, because you think in your innocence you're giving your thoughts to God, and all the time, maybe, it's to an idol of your own making, my darling child, they'd be going; sure your mother's sorrow ought to be a warning, avourneen!"

"Yes, mother," replied the blue-eyed girl, meekly.

"Well, lady, my poor father thought I grew very attentive intirely to the young lambs, and watchful over the flax: but at last some of the Connells whispered how it was, that Mark Lawler met his child unknownst; and he questioned me, and I told the truth, how I had given my heart out of my bosom; and I fell at his feet, and cried salt and bitter tears until they dropped upon the ground he stood on; and seeing his heart was turning to iron, I who had ever been like a willow in his hand, roused myself, and challenged him to say a word to Mark's disadvantage. I said he was sober, honest, industrious; and my father was struck with the *strength of the heart* I took, and listened, until at last he made answer, that if a saint from heaven came down, and was a Lawler, he would not give him a drop of water to wet his lips. He threatened me with his curse if I kept true in my love, and thought to sett'e the thing out of hand by marrying me to my own second cousin; but that I wouldn't hear to. God knows I didn't mean to cross him, but what could I do? Mark sent to ask me to bid him farewell, or his heart would break; I thought there could be no harm in blessing him, and telling him to think of me no more. Mary, avourneen," she said, again addressing her daughter, "if you really want to break off at once with a young man, take warning by me."

"Yes, mother," was again Mary's gentle reply.

"At that meeting we agreed to meet again; and so we did, until we got a priest to make us one. At first I was happy as a young bird; but soon my heart felt crushed, for I had to carry two faces. My father was more bitter than ever against the Lawlers; and my brother, 'Dark Connel,' as he was called, more cruel than my father. At last I was forced to own that I was married. I watched the time when my brother was away; for one storm was as much as I could bear. My father cast me like a dog from the hearth I had played on when a child; in his fury he knelt to curse me, but my mother held the gospel against his lips: so I was saved his curse. The arms of a loving husband were open for me; and until the midsummer fair I thought my happiness was sure. I worked hard to keep Mark from it, for the factions were sure to meet there; he swore to me that he would not raise a finger against my father or brother, nor let a drop of spirits pass his lips. I walked with him a piece of the way, and I thought all pleasure in sight left my eyes when he waved the last wave of his hat on the top of the hill. As I was turning into our own field, a lark was rising above its nest, singing its glory to the heavens in its sweet voice, when a shot from the gun of those *squireens*, who are thick among the leaves as spiders' webs, struck the bird, and it fell quivering and bleeding close to where I knew its nest was in the corn. I opened the bending grain to see if I could find it; it was lying quite dead, and its poor mate's standing close by. The lark is a timid thing, but she never minded me, and my heart felt so sick, that I went into my house crying bitterly."

"I could not rest; I thought in a few hours I might be like that innocent bird; and taking my cloak about me, I walked on and on, until I came in



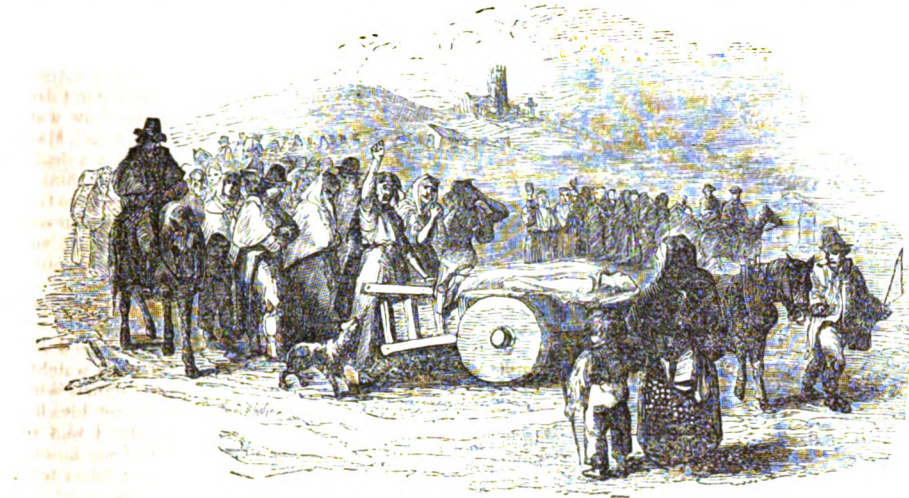
sight of the fair green. It was a woeful sight to me—the shouts of the showmen, the scream of the sellers, the lowing of cattle and bleating of sheep, were all mixed together—while the yell of the factions, every now and again, drowned everything in its horrid sound. I knew my own father's voice as he shouted 'Hurroo for the Connells—down with the Lawlers.' I saw him standing before Mark, aggravating him. My husband's hands were clenched, and he kept his arms close by his side that he might not strike. I prayed that God might keep him in that mind, and flew towards them. Just as I dropped on my knees by his side, he had raised his arm—not against my father, but against my brother, who had drawn the old man back; and there they stood face

nel; but he looked at me worse than if I was a serpent, and resting his hand—wet as it was—upon my head, turned away, saying, '*She is marked with her father's blood in the sight of the people*'

"I thought I should have died; and when I came to myself I found I was in a poor woman's cabin, as good as half-way home, with two or three of the neighbors about me; and my husband, the very moral of a broken heart, by my side. 'Avourneen gra!' he said, striving to keep down the workings of his heart—'Avourneen gra! I had no hand in it at all. God knows I wouldn't have hurt a hair of his white head.' I knew it was the truth he was telling, yet somehow the words of my brother clung about me—I was marked with my father's blood.

hatred, except the grace of God; and though I wished that he might have it, whenever I tried to pray for it for him, my blood turned cold. I've often thought," she continued, after a pause, "what a blessing it is, that we have no knowledge of the sorrow we're born to; for if we had, we could not bear life. I had that knowledge; Mark never smiled on me that I did not feel my flesh creep, lest it should be his last. He'd tell sometimes of how things were mending, how there was much bitterness going out of the country; and though there was no talk of temperance then, he saw plain enough, that if men would keep from whiskey they'd forget to be angry. And every minute, even while I trembled for the life of his body, the peace and love that was in him made me easy as to the life of his soul. At last I persuaded him to leave the country; a new hope came to me, strong and bright, and I thought we might get away to America, and that, maybe, then he'd have a chance of living all the days that were allotted at his birth. I did not tell him that, but having got his consent, I worked night and day to get off: it was all settled; the day fixed: and none of the neighbors, barring one or two of the Lawlers, knew it, and I knew my brother would not bear it from them; and then my mother lived with him. The evening before the day was come, that time to-morrow we were to be on ship-board. 'I'll go,' says my husband, 'I'll go to the priest this evening, who christened, confirmed, and married me, and who knows all that was in me from the time I was born; his blessing will be a guard over us, and we'll go together to his knee.'

"We went; and though the parting was sad, it was sweet: we walked homewards—both our hearts full. At last Mark said, that only for me he'd never have thought of leaving the old sod; but, maybe, it would be for the best. I opened my mind to him then intirely, and owned more than I had ever done before; how the dread of the factions had disturbed me night and day; though I did not tell him how my father's blood had been laid on me by my own brother. He laughed at me—his gay wild laugh—



THE FUNERAL.

to face—the two young heads of the old factions—blows were exchanged, for Mark had been aggravated beyond all bearing; and I was trying to force myself between them, when I saw my father stretched upon the green, in the very hour and act of revenge and sin. It was by a blow from a Lawler—the old man never spoke another word—and the suddenness of his death (for he was liked by the one and hated by the other) struck a terror in them all—the sticks fell to their sides—and the great storm of oaths and voices sunk to a murmur while they looked on the dying man.

"Oh! bitter, heart bitter, was my sorrow. I shrouded my father with my arms, but he didn't feel me; the feeling had left his limbs, and the light his eyes; however hard his words had been, the knowledge that I was fatherless, and my mother a widow, made me forget them all! While some of the neighbors ran for a priest, and others raised the cry, my brother—darker than ever I had seen him—fell upon his knees, and dipping his hand in the warm blood that poured from the old man's wounds, held it up in the sight of the Connells. 'Boys,' he shouted, and his voice was like the howl of a wild beast—'Boys! by this blood I swear, never to make peace till the hour of my death with one of the name who hath done this, but to hackle, and rive, and destroy all belonging to the Lawlers!'

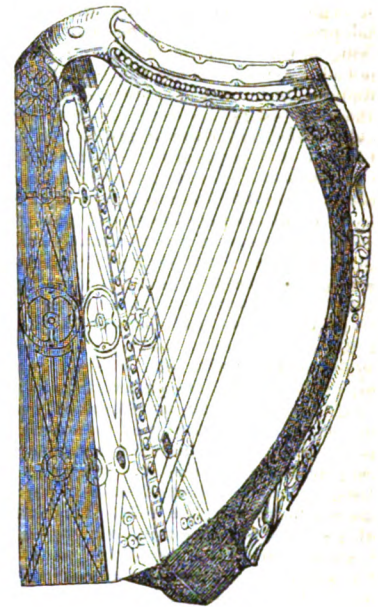
"And the women who war about me cried out at my brother, and said, 'Sure his sister was a Con-

And the Connells put the old man's corpse upon a cart, and laid a clean white cloth over it, and carried him past my own little place—keening over it, and cursing the hand that gave him his death. Hundreds of the neighbors mixed with my own people, my widowed mother and my dark brother following; and so they passed by our door; for miles along the road I could hear the loud scream of the mother that bore me high above the voices of all the rest. Oh! it was a horrid sound and a horrid sight!

"His death was talked of far and near; the magistrates set to putting down the factions, and the priest gave out from the altar, Sunday after Sunday, such commands, that without flying in his reverence's face, they could not keep on at the fights in public: every innocent diversion through the country was stopped on their account; but though there was outward peace, yet day after day I was followed by the spirit of my brother's words; the world wouldn't put it out of his head, that Mark struck the mortal blow, and he turned his ear from me, and from his own mother, and would not believe the truth.

"For as good as two years, the husband, whose life was the life-beat of my own heart, seldom left the cabin without my thinking he would never come back. I'd wait till he was a few yards from the door, and then steal out to watch him till he was out of sight. At ploughing, or haymaking, or reaping, his whistle would come over the little hill to me, while I sat at my wheel, as clear as a blackbird's; and if it stopped but for a minute, my heart would sink like death, and it's to the door I'd be. If I woke in the night, I could not go to sleep again without my arm across his shoulder to feel that he was safe; and my first and last prayer to the Almighty, night and morning, was for him.

"My brother was very fond of children, and though he had gone to live at the other side of the parish, I managed to meet him one evening, and place little Mary before him; but his face darkened so over the child, that I was afraid she might be struck with an evil eye, and, making the sign of the cross on her, I covered her from his sight with my cloak: after that, I knew nothing would turn his



THE IRISH HARP.

and said he hoped my trouble was gone like the winter's snow. Now this is a simple thing, and yet it always struck me as mighty strange intirely; we were walking through a field, and, God help me, it was a weak woman's fancy, but I never thought any harm could come to him when I was with him, and all of a sudden—started, maybe, at his laugh—a lark sprung up at our feet; we both watched it, stopped to watch it, about three yards from the ditch, and while it was yet clear in sight, a whizz—a flash as of lightning—the sound of death—and my husband was a corpse at my feet.

The poor woman flung her apron over her face to conceal her agitation, while she sobbed bitterly. "The spirit of the factions," she continued, "was in that fatal shot. Oh that he, my blessing and my pride, should have been struck in the hour of hope! Oh, Mark! Mark! long ago you, that I loved so well, were turned into clay—many a long day ago; and still I think, when I sit on your green grass grave, I can hear your voice telling me of your happiness; the heart of the youngest maid was not more free from spot than yours, my own darling!



THE FATAL SHOT.



And to think that one of my own blood should have taken you from my side. Oh, that it was I who felt the curse of blood!"

"And was it—was it," we would have asked, "was it your brother?"

"Whisht!" she whispered, "whisht, avourneen, whisht! he's in his grave, too—though I didn't inform—I left him to God. When I came to myself, the place around—the very sky where the lark and his soul had mounted together—looked dismal, but not so dark as the dark-faced man who did it: he had no power to leave the spot; he was fixed there; something he said about his father and revenge. God help me! sure we war nursed at the same breast. No one knew it but me; so I left him to God—I left him to God! And he withered, lady, he withered off the face of the earth—withered, my mother told me, away, away—he was eat to death by his conscience! Oh, who would think a faction would end in such a crime as that!"

"Ah! people who live among the flowers of the earth know little of the happiness I have in taking my child, and sitting beside her on her father's grave; and as month after month goes by, I can't but feel I'm all the sooner to be with him!" When she said this, it was impossible not to feel for her daughter; the poor girl cast such a piteous look on her mother, and at last, unable to control herself, flung her arms tightly round her neck, as though she would keep her there for ever.

Again and again did her mother return her caresses—murmuring, "My colleen-das will never be widowed by faction now; the spirit is all gone, praise be to the lord: and so I tell him when I sit upon his grave."

#### The Way to the Tombs.

ONE morning last month we were walking up Centre street, enjoying the clear atmosphere, which the heavy rains of the preceding night had rinsed from all impurities; and paused at the end of Canal street to look at the bright busy animated scene before us. The cars passed swiftly with the expectant faces of strangers peering from their windows. The clang of the hammer and the hum of the turning-lathe sounded the music of industry. Far in the distance floated the flags from mast-head, and near about thronged the busy feet, striking the clean pavements with a merry ringing sound eloquent of re-awakened energy. We gazed down the broad vista of Canal street, and had just lost ourselves in speculations on its prospective grandeur, when the voice of a woman, with the unequivocal old country accent, recalled us to present realities by asking us the way to the Tombs. There was something so melancholy in her tone, and so dismal in the question itself, that we fairly started. Turning to the questioner, we beheld a young woman, who had once been handsome, but whose face was now disfigured by bruises, and her eyes swollen with weeping.

Her attire was mean, but betrayed a lingering regard to propriety. The calico dress, though it was faded and scant in length, was clean; the washed and mended shawl was evenly folded and neatly pinned, and the hair was smoothly braided over her sorrow-written brow. We gave her the direction she required, and she went her way; but her question, her face, and the story they told, passed not away with her receding form. Her's was but the oft-repeated tale of hopeless misery and endless endurance,—a drunken husband; even now, with the marks of his brutality in her face, she is going to seek him in the Tombs, where the drunken riot of the preceding night has lodged him. She will plead for his release; she will take him back to his home; care for him, work for him, and hope in her foolish fondness that he will alter. Like a strong swimmer struggling among the waves, she strives on for peace, happiness, and respectability. But the whirlpool of destruction is around her, drawing her down, down to rise no more. Oh ye! who so loudly condemn woman's vindication of her rights, her appeals for justice—ye who bid her "Go home, that her influence is there," tell us, what influence has the drunkard's wife! Alas, when that one strong thralldom has enslaved man's nature, he is insensible to all gentler influences. Will he care for his wife's sufferings? Will he listen to her prayers? No; she may, with bruised body and broken heart, in a strange land, crawl after him, asking the way to the Tombs—she may hide her wretchedness in her bosom, till life is stifled among the ashes of dead hopes—she may rave in the madness of her despair—she may die—he alters not.

As a funeral knell pealing forth among the busy scenes of lusty life, was the voice of that sad woman. "Which is the way to the Tombs?" It

was a question not to be lightly heard, or easily forgotten; reminding us as it did, that beneath all the energy, gaiety, and prosperity of this luxurious city, the canker-worm is gnawing at its social heart. Murmuring to ourselves the prophetic lines—

"I'll fare the land, to hastening ill a prey,  
Where wealth accumulates and men decay."

we passed on. Entering a large grocery to give some orders, we looked with a shudder at the dark corner in the rear, surrounded by barrels, and concealed by baskets and cases, where the life-destroying rum is doled out to the drinker. Where strong men will sit and destroy their own vigor, where the slatternly woman slips in for the dram that will ask for many more; and where the little shoeless ragged child, rising on tip-toe reaches out the bottle, for poison to carry home, home, where it will breed poverty, wretchedness, discord, bloodshed, murder!

There sat a group of sots drinking and talking, and about the knees of one climbed an infant of two years old, stretching up its tiny hands for the glass which went so often to its father's lips, and pleading in querulous tones for a taste. Its unformed accents smote upon our ear, and seemed but a repetition of the question, "Which is the way to the Tombs?"

The same evening we strolled along Broadway, admiring the handsome appearance of many of the shop windows by gas-light, until our steps were arrested by the flood of splendor which poured forth from a fashionable saloon. There was the long row of chandeliers pendant from the carved roof, and seeming to light the way to some enchanted palace, or fairy land. There was painting, gilding, flowers, mirrors—all that the most luxurious taste could invent, all that the most lavish extravagance could procure. Attendants hurried about, bearing delicacies which might tempt an epicure, and passing in and out were many gallant men and lovely women. Most of the latter were but girls; and as they returned, we noticed their heightened color and brightened eyes. Unsilenced by their louder talk and gay laughter, a voice whispered in our ear, "Which is the way to the Tombs?" and a ghostly finger pointed to that magnificent saloon.

There was the way—painted, illuminated;—there, the gilded entrance to ruin. True, the dram is there disguised, often concealed in a *bonne bonche* which tickles the palate while it intoxicates the brain; but it is no less a dram.

Let not woman, if she values her own happiness, lend her countenance to such things; let her be true and earnest in the cause of temperance, and her unfortunate sisters will no more be seeking on a bright summer morning the WAY TO THE TOMBS!

#### A Breach of Confidence.

WILLIAM NORTH.

There is a strange fascination about a precipice, or a crime.

I have always had the greatest horror of violating a confidence. But if to repeat what is uttered in confidence be cowardly and contemptible, to misrepresent in such cases is most assuredly infamous. And how difficult is it to avoid misrepresentation in repetition. Such are my views. Alas! I shudder to confess that, in all probability, my practice has been so diametrically opposed to my principles.

Though, indeed, I would rather cut off my right hand than degrade myself by repeating, with evil intent, one word, even of a stranger, uttered in the absence of witnesses; I have, from the best of motives, betrayed the secrets of my noblest and most intimate friends. With ruthless hand I have laid bare the arcana of their lives, the awful mysteries of their exceptional fortunes and misfortunes, and that, too, without even the pretence of a provocation, save my own perhaps ridiculous ambition to serve a possible ungrateful public.

But I could not resist the temptation of imparting to the world some account of events so extraordinary as those contained in the histories which follow.

Being a great traveller, and a persevering student of nature, animate and inanimate, it has been my lot to fall in with a variety of personages belonging to a class of society rarely alluded to in books, newspapers, or, indeed, any species of literary publications.

I allude to the spiritual aristocracy—the upper ten (or twenty) individuals who usually flourish at one time upon earth, scattered here and there, at far distances, like jewels in the decorations of a barbaric temple. To induce these peers and princes of the illumined empire to confide to me their histories was an affair of no difficulty, for no men are franker than they when once they condescend to recognise a man as their associate.

Scarcely an allusion to their existence will be found in the popular literature of the day. By Dickens and Thackeray they are not mentioned, and by Bulwer and others they are simply caricatured, whilst the portraits of Hawthorne are too dim and shadowy, too pale and indistinct for decided recognition. Balzac, and, before him, Hoffman, both knew and wrote more about the order; but both the German masters of the French pupil are now at rest for ever, as far as this life is concerned.

Geniuses of all kinds, even poets, philosophers, and artists, are curious beings, well worthy a little careful examination by those who think a knowledge of mankind of importance. They are not mere paper-blotters and canvas-daubers, as the everyday world seems to imagine. Philosophy, poetry, and art are vital elements in the man. Books, paintings, machines, systems, &c., are mere external effects—outward and visible signs of the inward and spiritual grace. The proof that such rare creatures are misunderstood, lies in the uncommonly feeble and stupid biographies of so many of them, published by good-natured asses, in mockery of the deceased lions.

For my part I have endeavored to record a few of the narratives personally communicated to me—generally orally—by the "Man of the Time," not to be found in works especially devoted to popular celebrities. Whether this first volume of an "Autobiographical dictionary" of the "illustrious obscure" may ever be followed by a second, it is impossible for me to say till public opinion has absolved me for the first sin committed. Yet I own that the imperfect—possibly, in many trifling details, incorrect—way in which I have taken down these "eventful histories," annoys me more than all my serious misgivings at so flagrant a breach of confidence as I have rushed into.—W. North.

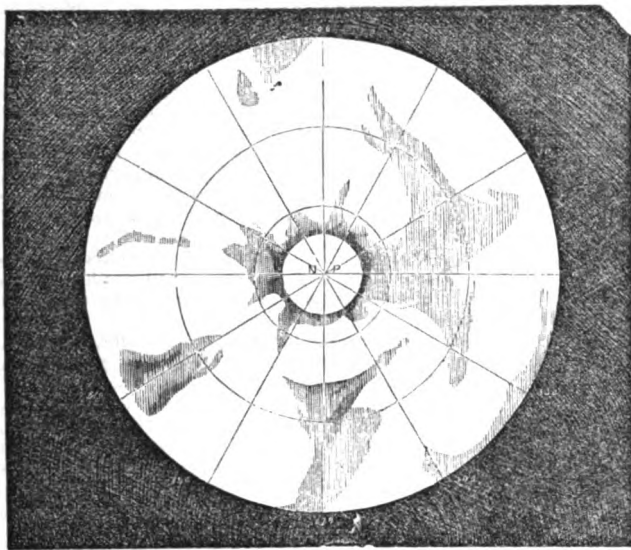
**FLOWER-POTS FOR ROOMS.**—Fill a pot with coarse moss of any kind, in the same manner as it would be filled with earth, and place a cutting or a seed in this moss: it will succeed admirably, especially with plants destined to ornament a drawing-room. In such a situation, plants grown in moss will thrive better than in garden mould, and possess the very great advantage of not causing dirt by the earth washing out of them when watered. The explanation of the practice seems to be this: that moss rammed into a pot, and subjected to continual watering, is soon brought into a state of decomposition, when it becomes a very pure vegetable mould; and it is well known that very pure vegetable mould is the most proper of all materials for the growth of almost all kinds of plants. The moss would also not retain more moisture than precisely the quantity best adapted to the absorbent powers of the root; a condition which can scarcely be obtained with any certainty by the use of earth.

**THE SUPPLY OF GUM.**—It is asserted that in the north of Texas, towards Arkansas, as well as in the state of New Mexico and the adjacent territory, gum has been found in inexhaustible quantities, and of a character scarcely, if at all, inferior to that imported from the East. It is gathered from the mezquite tree—a kind of acacia, abundant in that section of the country, especially in elevated and dry localities—and exudes spontaneously in a semi-fluid state from the bark of the trunk and branches, soon hardening, and becoming nearly colorless by exposure. July, August, and September are the months for collecting it; and the quantity from each tree varies from an ounce to three ounces, which may be greatly increased by incisions. Even as it is, a good hand, it is said, would probably be able to collect from 10 lbs. to 20 lbs. a day. Should it command one-half of the prices paid for gum arabic, the gathering of it will, in the opinion of the United States Superintendent of Indian Affairs, by whom it was tested, afford employment to thousands of wild Indians of the plain, so as to constitute it a most valuable article of traffic on the western frontier.

**INDEPENDENCE.**—Men are never in a state of total independence of each other. It is not the condition of our nature; nor is it conceivable how any man can pursue a considerable course of action without its having some effect upon others; or, of course, without producing some degree of responsibility for his conduct. The situations in which men relatively stand, produce the rules and principles of that responsibility, and afford directions to prudence in exacting it.

ON high mountainous elevations the thunder is almost silent, and the lightning harmless. Let a man raise himself heavenward, if he would escape the evil that surrounds him.





MARS.

SKETCH OF THE OUTLINES OF CONTINENTS AND OCEANS, AND THE SNOW REGION OF THE POLAR CIRCLE OF THE NORTHERN HEMISPHERE OF THE PLANET MARS, FROM THE OBSERVATIONS OF MADLER.

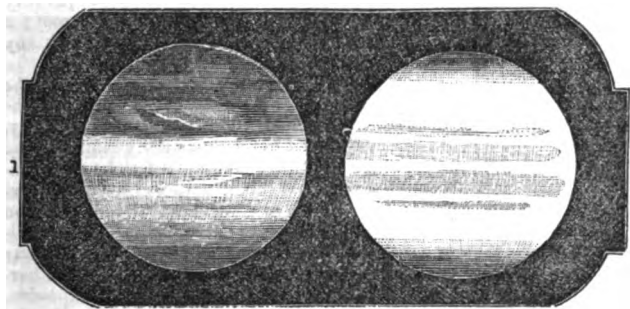
### THE PLANETS: Are they Inhabited Worlds?

#### CHAPTER III.

1. CONCLUSIVE and satisfactory observations of this kind have not yet been made on Uranus, but from the observations, imperfect as they are, which have been made, there are probable grounds for the inference that this planet also revolves on an axis in nine hours and a half.

Thus it appears that these vast globes, revolving at distances from the sun from five to thirty times that of the earth, have like the earth alternations of light and darkness; that they have days and nights; that all parts of their surfaces are in turn, like those of the earth, presented to the common centre of light and warmth, but that the intervals which regulate these alternations, "the division of the light from the darkness," which has been found good by Divine beneficence for the races which inhabit the earth, has not been found "good" for those which inhabit those more remote worlds. The average length of the day on them is about five hours, while it is twelve upon the earth.

The creatures placed upon these planets must, therefore, be so constituted as to require more frequent intervals for rest and sleep, and shorter periods of wakefulness, activity, and labor, than those which inhabit the earth.



1. September 23, 1832.

3. December 23, 1834.

2. The position of the axis of rotation has been ascertained in the cases of Jupiter and Saturn, but not as yet of the other two planets of this group.

The axis of Jupiter is inclined to the plane of its orbit at the very small angle of three degrees five minutes thirty seconds, while that of the earth, as is well known, has an inclination of twenty-three degrees twenty-eight minutes thirty seconds.

As this inclination limits the temperature of the seasons, the extent of the zones and the varieties of the climates, it follows, that on Jupiter these phenomena must be very different from those of the earth. The extreme variation of the altitude of the sun at noon does not much exceed six degrees in any latitude, a change which cannot produce any very sensible variation in the temperature of the seasons. On this planet there is, therefore, perpetual spring.

3. The tropics of Jupiter are only three degrees north and south of his equator, and the polar circles, which include the only parts of the planet at which the sun remains at any time below or above the

horizon during a complete revolution, are limited to three degrees around the poles.

In fine, the diurnal phenomena on Jupiter are, at all times, nearly the same as they are upon the earth at the equinoxes.

4. The case is very different with Saturn, which presents a closer analogy to the earth. The direction of the diurnal motion, in the case of that planet, makes an angle of twenty-six degrees forty-eight minutes forty seconds, with the plane of the orbit differing little from the angle which the ecliptic makes with the terrestrial equator. The Saturnian seasons, zones, and climates are, therefore, absolutely similar to those of the earth. The tropical and polar phenomena are the same.

It is to be hoped that the recent improvements effected by Lord Rosse, in the construction of reflecting telescopes, may place it within the power of observers to determine the position of the axes of Uranus and Neptune, and the line of rotation of the latter.

5. So far as discovery has hitherto proceeded, it would appear that a comparatively greater rapidity of rotation, and shorter intervals of light and darkness, is a characteristic by which the group of major planets are distinguished from the terrestrial group.

6. A second striking distinction between these two groups is the comparative lightness of the matter composing the former. It will be remembered that, in our notice of the terrestrial group, we showed that the density of the matter composing the earth, Venus, and Mars is nearly equal, and is five-and-a-half times that of water, and about the same as that of iron-stone, while the density of the planet Mercury is equal to that of gold. Now, it appears that, on the contrary, the density of Jupiter very little exceeds that of water, that of Uranus and Neptune is exactly that of water, while Saturn is so light that it would float in water like a globe of pine-wood.

It must be admitted to be not the least striking among the wondrous results of human sagacity, that these remote globes have been submitted to such an analysis as enables us thus to pronounce with certainty upon one, at least, of the physical characters of their constituent parts. In some instances science has even gone further, and has shown that the densities of Jupiter and Saturn cannot be uniform, but must increase gradually as that of the earth is known to do, from the surface to the centre, and from this it follows that the mean density of the matter of their surface must be much less than that of water.

7. It follows, therefore, that the seas and oceans of these planets must consist of a liquid far lighter than water. It is computed that a liquid on Jupiter, which would be analogous to the terrestrial oceans, would be three times lighter than sulphuric ether, the lightest known liquid, and would be such that cork would scarcely float in it.

8. The rapid rotation of these planets, combined with the great length of their revolution round the sun, gives them years consisting of a vast number of days. The year of Jupiter is nearly twelve terrestrial years, or, more exactly, 4332.610 terrestrial days. But as the Jovian days are shorter than the terrestrial in the ratio of 1 to 2.42, it follows that in a Jovian year there are 10,485 Jovian days.

The Saturnian year is equal to 29½ terrestrial years, or more exactly to 10,759 terrestrial days, and since the Saturnian day is shorter than the terrestrial in the ratio of 1 to 2.3, it will follow that

the Saturnian year consists of 24,746 Saturnian days.

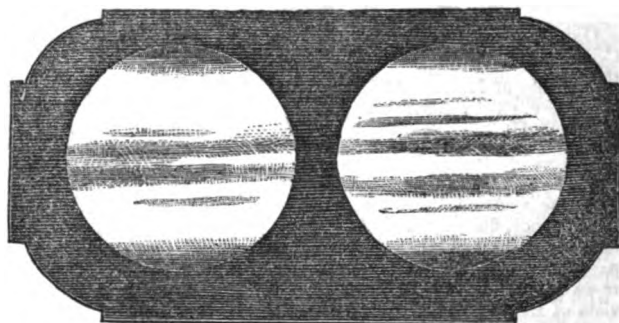
Thus each of the Saturnian seasons, spring, summer, autumn, and winter is equal to seven-and-a-half terrestrial years.

The Uranian year is equal to 84 terrestrial years, or 30,687 terrestrial days; and the Uranian day, according to the probable estimate, being shorter than the terrestrial day in the ratio of 1 to 2.526, it follows that the Uranian year consists of 77,336 Uranian days.

If the axis of Uranus be inclined to the plane of its orbit like that of Saturn, it seasons will be similar to those of the earth, but of very different duration, their length being 21 terrestrial years, or 19,334 Uranian days.

9. One of the most remarkable meteorological consequences of the diurnal rotation of the earth is the system of atmospheric currents, which, in both hemispheres, are directed generally parallel to the equator, and which, from their great permanence and regularity in the lower latitudes, have, in all ages since the invention of ocean navigation, subserved the purposes of commerce so extensively as to have acquired the name of the trade-winds. These phenomena will be explained more fully, so far as relates to their physical causes, in another part of this series. What we now desire to direct attention to is their effect in the upper strata of the atmosphere.

It is evident that such currents must have a general tendency to distribute the strata of clouds in lines or streaks, more or less pronounced, according to their intensity and regularity, parallel to the equator. If these aerial currents were much more intense and much more permanent and regular, and if the clouds themselves were more voluminous and



2. December 23, 1831.

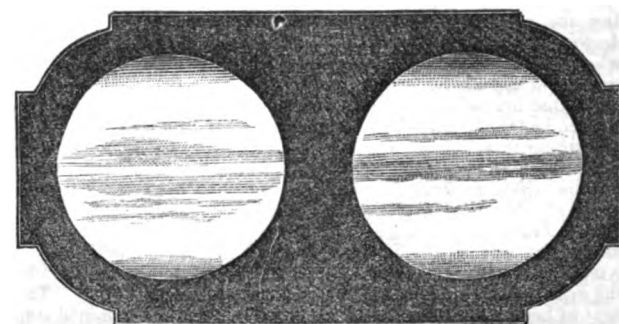
4. January 2, 1836.

permanent than they are, this distribution of them in streaks or layers at right angles to the earth's axis would be in proportion more pronounced, more regular, and more permanent.

The causes of these atmospheric currents are traced to the combined effects of the velocity with which the atmosphere is carried round with the earth on its axis, and the influence of the solar heat produced upon the zone of atmosphere over those regions of the globe which extend to a certain distance north and south of the equator.

If the velocity with which the atmosphere is carried round were much greater than it is, and if the atmosphere were more constantly and heavily loaded with clouds, these effects would be much more striking.

The velocity with which the atmosphere is carried round would be greater if the earth's rotation were more rapid. It would also be greater, even with the present state of rotation, if the earth were a larger globe, because then the atmosphere would be carried in the same time round a proportionately greater circumference. But if both these conditions were at the same time fulfilled—if the earth revolved more rapidly on its axis, and were at the same time



5. January 16, 1836.

6. January 17, 1836.



a larger globe, the atmosphere would be not only carried round in a less time, but would revolve through a larger circumference.

10. Now this is exactly the case with the major planets. Jupiter, Saturn, and Uranus make each about five revolutions on their axes while the earth makes two, and the equatorial circumference of Jupiter is eleven times, that of Saturn above nine times, and that of Uranus more than four times greater than the equatorial circumference of the earth.

The speed with which the equatorial zone of air is whirled round on Jupiter is therefore about 27 times, on Saturn 23 times, and on Uranus about 7 times greater than on the earth.

We find by telescopic observation also, as has been already stated, that the atmospheres of these planets are so thickly and constantly loaded with clouds that the surfaces of the solid globes are permanently concealed from us.

It may, therefore, be inferred that the prevalence of atmospheric currents on these planets parallel to their equators are far more constant and more strong than upon the earth; and since the masses of cloud with which they are loaded are greater and more permanent, the effects of such currents upon their distribution in equatorial strata or bands must be supposed to be far more conspicuous.

11. Observation has confirmed this in a most remarkable and interesting manner. Look at the six telescopic views of Jupiter, given in figures 1 to 6, which are engraved after the telescopic drawings of Herschel and Mädler.

The streaks parallel to the Jovian equator are conspicuous. These streaks, which were seen not long after the invention of the telescope, are called "Jupiter's Belts."

Of all the bodies of the system, the moon perhaps alone excepted, Jupiter presents to the telescopic observer the most magnificent spectacle. Notwithstanding its vast distance, such is its stupendous magnitude that it is seen under a visual angle nearly twice that of Mars. A telescope of a given power, therefore, shows it with an apparent disc four times greater. It has consequently, been submitted to examination by the most eminent observers, and its appearances described with great minuteness of detail. The apparent diameter in opposition (when it is on the meridian at midnight) is about the fortieth part of that of the moon, and therefore a telescope with the very moderate magnifying power of forty, presents it to the observer with a disc equal to that with which the full moon is seen with the naked eye.

A power of four or five is sufficient to enable the observer to see the planet with a sensible disc; a power of thirty shows the more prominent belts; a power of forty shows it with a disc as large as that which the full moon presents to the naked eye; but to be enabled to observe the finer streaks which prevail at greater distances from the planet's equator it is not only necessary to see the planet under favorable circumstances of position and atmosphere, but to be aided by a well-defining telescope with magnifying powers varying from 200 to 300.

The planet, when thus viewed, appears to exhibit a disc, the ground of which is a light yellowish color, brightest near its equator, and melting gradually into a leaden-colored gray towards the poles, still retaining, nevertheless, somewhat of its yellowish hue. Upon this ground are seen a series of brownish gray streaks, resembling in their form and arrangement the streaks of clouds which are often observed in the sky in a fine calm evening after sunset. The general direction of these streaks is parallel to the equator of the planet, though sometimes a departure from strict parallelism is observable. They are not all equally conspicuous or distinctly defined. Two are generally strikingly observable, north and south of the equator, separated by a bright yellow zone, a part of the general ground of the disc. These principal streaks commonly extend around the globe of the planet, being visible without much change of form during an entire revolution of Jupiter. This, however, is not always the case, for it has happened, though rarely, that one of these streaks, at a certain point, was broken sharply off, so as to present to the observer an extremity so well defined and unvarying for a considerable time as to supply the means of ascertaining, with a very close approximation, the time of the planet's rotation. The borders of these principal streaks are sometimes sharp and even, but, sometimes (those especially which are further from the equator) rugged and uneven, throwing out arms and offshoots.

On the parts of the disc more remote from the equator, the streaks are much more faint, narrower, and less regular in their parallelism, and can seldom be distinctly seen, except by practised observers, with good telescopes. With these, however, what

appears near the poles, in instruments of inferior power, as a dim shading of a yellowish-gray hue, is resolved into a system of fine parallel streaks in close juxtaposition, which becoming closer in approaching the pole, finally coalesce.

In general, all the streaks become less and less distinct towards either the eastern or western limb, disappearing altogether at the limb itself.

Although these streaks have infinitely greater permanency than the arrangements of the clouds of our atmosphere, and are even more permanent than is necessary for the exact determination of the planet's rotation, they are nevertheless entirely destitute of that permanence which would characterise Zenographic features, such as are observed, for example, on Mars. The streaks, on the contrary, are subject to slow but evident variations, so that after the lapse of some months the appearance of the disc is totally changed.

12. These general observations on the appearance of Jupiter's disc will be rendered more clearly intelligible by reference to the telescopic drawings of the planet given in figs. 1 to 6. In fig. 1 is given a telescopic view of the disc by Sir John Herschel, as it appeared in the 20-foot reflector at Slough on the 23rd September 1832. The other views were made by M. Mädler from observations taken in 1835 and 1836, at the dates indicated on the plate.

The two black spots represented in figs. 2, 3, and 4, were those by which the time of rotation was determined. They were first observed by Mädler, on the 3rd November, 1834. The effect of the rotation on these spots was so apparent that their change of position with relation to the centre of the disc, in the short interval of five minutes, was quite perceptible. A third spot, much more faint than these, was visible at the same time, the distances separating the spots being about twenty-four degrees of the planet's surface. It was estimated that the diameter of each of the two spots represented in the diagrams was 3680 miles, and the distance between them was sometimes observed to increase at the rate of half a degree, or 330 miles, in a month. The areas of these spots must therefore have been nearly equal to a fourth part of the entire surface of the earth. The two spots continued to be distinctly visible from the 3rd of November, 1834, when they were first observed, until the 18th of April, 1835; but during this interval the streak on which they were placed had entirely disappeared. It became gradually fainter in January (see fig. 4), and entirely vanished in February: the spots, however, retaining all their distinctness. The planet, after April, passing towards conjunction, was lost in the light of the sun; and when it re-appeared in August, after conjunction, the spots had altogether vanished.

The observations being continued, the drawings (figs. 5 and 6), were made from observations on the 16th and 17th of January, 1836, when the entire aspect of the disc was changed. The two figures (5 and 6) represent opposite hemispheres of the planet.

It was remarked that the two spots, when carried round by the rotation, became invisible at fifty-five degrees to fifty-seven degrees from the centre of the disc. This is an effect which would be produced if the spots were openings in the mass of clouds floating in the atmosphere of the planet. Their disappearance on moving from the centre of the disc would be caused by their deep sides intercepting the view of their bottom, just as we should lose sight of a railway in a deep cutting, if, being placed at the edge of the cutting, we were to withdraw to some distance from it.

A proper motion with a slow velocity, and in a direction contrary to the rotation of the planet, was observed to affect the spots, and this motion continued with greater uniformity in March and April, after the disappearance of the belt.

It was calculated that the velocity of their proper motion over the surface of the planet was at the rate of from three to four miles an hour.

Although the two black spots were not observed by Mädler until the first days of November, they had been previously seen and examined by Schwabe, who observed them to undergo several curious changes, in one of which one of them disappeared for a certain interval, its place being occupied by a mass of fine dots. It soon, however, re-appeared as before.

From all these circumstances, and many others developed in the course of his extensive and long-continued observations, Mädler considers it highly probable, if not absolutely certain, these vast masses of clouds have a permanence of form, position, and arrangement to which there is nothing analogous in the atmosphere of the earth, and that such permanence may in some degree be explained by the great length and very small variation of the seasons. He

thinks it probable that the inhabitants of places in latitudes above forty degrees never behold the firmament at all, and those in lower latitudes only on rare occasions.

It is also probable that the bright yellowish general ground of Jupiter's disc consists of clouds, which reflect light much more strongly than the most dense masses which are seen illuminated by the sun in our atmosphere; and that the darker streaks and spots observed upon the disc are portions of the atmosphere, either free from clouds and through which the surface of the planet is visible more or less distinctly, or clouds of less density and less reflecting power than those which float over the general atmosphere and form the ground on which the belts and spots are seen.

That the atmosphere has not any very extraordinary height above the surface of the planet is proved by the sharply defined edge of the disc. If its height bore any considerable proportion to the diameter of the planet, the light towards the edges of the disc would become gradually fainter, and the edges would be nebulous and ill-defined. The reverse is the case.

13. One of the most remarkable consequences of the rotatory motion, which has been the means of giving to the inhabitants of the earth the alternations of day and night, is, that its figure has been changed from that of a perfect sphere to an oblate spheroid; that is, a globe flattened at the poles. This has been already explained.

If the diurnal rotation of the earth were more rapid than it is, this polar flattening would be more considerable. In short, the degree of oblateness, or the proportion with which the polar axis is shorter than the equatorial diameter, depends on the time of rotation in such a manner, that this time being known, that proportion can be computed, or *vice versa*.

Now, the rotation of these major planets being ascertained, and being much more rapid than that of the earth, it would follow that they must be oblate spheroids, and that their degree of oblateness must be much greater than that of the earth. Observation fully confirms this.

The disc of Jupiter, seen with magnifying powers as low as 30, is evidently oval, the lesser axis of the ellipse coinciding with the axis of rotation, and being perpendicular to the general direction of the belts; as in the case of the earth, the degree of oblateness of Jupiter is found to be that which would be produced upon a globe of the same magnitude, having a rotation such as the planet is observed to have.

At the mean distance from the earth, the apparent diameters of the disc are ascertained by exact micrometric measures to be—

Equatorial Diameter	38.4" = 22090 Miles.
Polar Diameter	35.6" = 8210
Mean Diameter	37.0" = 8615

The polar diameter is therefore less than the equatorial, in the ratio of 356 to 384, or 100 to 108 nearly. Other estimates give the ratio as 100 to 106.

This is just the proportion which would be produced by a rotation like that which Jupiter is ascertained to have.

14. However agreeable may be the light of the moon in the absence of the sun, that attendant is not indispensable to the well-being of the inhabitants of the earth; and of the inner group of planets the earth alone has been supplied with such a supplement to the solar illumination.

The planets constituting the outer group are, however, much more munificently provided with this convenience, each being supplied with so many moons that their nights must be perpetually moonlit.

When Galileo directed the first telescope to the examination of Jupiter, he observed four minute stars, which appeared in the line of the equator of the planet. He took these at first to be fixed stars, but was soon undeceived. He saw them alternately approach to and recede from the planet, observed them pass behind it and before it, and oscillate, as it were, to the right and left of it, to certain limited and equal distances. He soon arrived at the obvious conclusion that these were bodies which revolved round Jupiter in orbits, at limited distances, and that each successive body included the orbit of the others within it; in short, that they formed a miniature of the solar system, in which, however, Jupiter himself played the part of the sun. As the telescope improved, it became apparent that these bodies were small globes, related to Jupiter in the same manner exactly as the moon is related to the earth; that, in fine, they were a system of four moons, accompanying Jupiter round the sun.



15. But connected with these appendages there is perhaps nothing more remarkable than the period of their revolutions. That moon which is nearest to Jupiter completes its revolution in forty-two hours. In that brief space of time it goes through all its various phases; it is a thin crescent, halved, gibbous, and full. It must be remembered, however, that the day of Jupiter, instead of being twenty-four hours, is less than ten hours. This moon, therefore, has a month equal to a little more than four Jovian days. In each day it passes through one complete quarter; thus, on the first day of the month it passes from the thinnest crescent to the half moon; on the second, from the half moon to the full moon; on the third, from the full moon to the last quarter; and on the fourth returns to conjunction with the sun. So rapid are these changes that they must be actually visible as they proceed.

The apparent motion of this satellite in the firmament of Jupiter is at the rate of more than eight degrees per hour, and is the same as if our moon were to move over a space equal to her own apparent diameter in rather less than four minutes. Such an object would serve the purpose of the hand of a stupendous celestial clock.

The second satellite completes its revolution in about eighty-five terrestrial hours, or about eight and a half Jovian days. It passes, therefore, from quarter to quarter in twenty-one hours, or about two Jovian days, its apparent motion in the firmament being at the rate of about 4.25 degrees per hour, which is as if our moon were to move over a space equal to nine times its own diameter per hour, or over its own diameter in less than seven minutes.

The movements and changes of phase of the other two moons are not so rapid. The third passes through its phases in about 170 hours, or seventeen Jovian days, and its apparent motion is at the rate of about one degree per hour. The fourth and last completes its change in 400 hours, or forty Jovian days, and its apparent motion is at the rate of little less than one degree per hour, being double the apparent motion of our moon.

Thus the inhabitants of Jupiter have four different months, of four, eight, seventeen, and forty Jovian days respectively.

16. Jupiter's moons differ from that of the earth, inasmuch as all of them move in the plane of the planet's equator, from which plane the sun can never depart further than about three degrees. At and for a considerable time before and after the Jovian equinoxes, the sun is so very near the planet's equator that each of the moons, which never leave that equator, must necessarily pass between the sun and the planet every revolution. It follows, therefore, that for a long interval before and after each of the equinoxes, solar eclipses will be produced by each of the four moons every revolution. These eclipses, however, will be visible only at certain low latitudes. The inhabitants of the higher latitudes in either hemisphere will be so far removed from the common direction of the moons and sun, or what is the same, from the plane of the Jovian equator, that the visual line directed to the sun will be clear of the moons.

The shadow of this vast globe is so prodigious in its dimensions that the three inner moons never pass behind Jupiter without passing through it. They are therefore invariably eclipsed every revolution; and since at the time these moons would appear full they are in direct opposition to the sun, they are then plunged in the shadow, and therefore eclipsed. The Jovians consequently never see any of these three moons when they are full.

The fourth or most remote of the moons is, like the others, generally eclipsed every revolution; but at the Jovian seasons of midsummer and midwinter, for a certain interval, the sun, and consequently the shadow of the planet, are sufficiently removed from the plane of the planet's equator to enable this moon to clear the boundary of the shadow, and to pass through opposition without entering it. This is the only case in which any of the moons can ever pass through opposition without also passing through the shadow of the planet, and consequently the only times the Jovians ever enjoy the spectacle of a full moon.

When these circumstances are combined with the rapid revolution of the moons, it will be easily understood that the celestial phenomena of the Jovians must offer great variety, and that their chronology must be curiously complicated. A total lunar eclipse of the first or nearest moon must take place every forty-two terrestrial hours, that is, every fourth Jovian day; and for a long interval before and after the equinoxes a total or partial solar eclipse must take place at like intervals, being alternated with the lunar eclipses, and separated from them by intervals of only twenty-one terrestrial hours, or two Jovian days.

The same phenomena exactly take place with relation to the second satellite, at intervals of  $3\frac{1}{2}$  terrestrial, or about 8 $\frac{1}{2}$  Jovian days; to the third at intervals of 7 terrestrial, or 17 Jovian days; and to the fourth at intervals of  $16\frac{1}{2}$  terrestrial, or 40 Jovian days, subject, nevertheless, with respect to the last, to an interruption at the Jovian summer and winter, from the cause already explained.

17. The appearance which the satellites of Jupiter present when viewed with a telescope of moderate power, is that of minute stars ranged in the direction of a line drawn through the centre of the planet's disc, nearly parallel to the direction of the belts, and therefore coinciding with that of the planet's equator.

The entire system is comprised within a visual area of about two-thirds of the apparent diameter of the moon. If, therefore, we conceive the moon's disc to be centrally superposed on that of Jupiter, not only would all the satellites be covered by it, but that which elongates itself most from the planet would not approach nearer to the moon's edge than one-sixth of its apparent diameter.

If all the satellites were at the same time at their greatest apparent distances from the planet, they would, relatively to the apparent diameter of the planet, present the appearance represented in fig. 7



FIG. 7

By comparing their real diameters with their distances, the apparent diameters of the several satellites, as seen from Jupiter, may be easily ascertained.

18. The first satellite has an apparent diameter equal to that of the moon; the second and third are nearly equal and about half that diameter; and the apparent diameter of the other satellite is about the fourth part of that of the moon.

It may be easily imagined what various and interesting nocturnal phenomena are witnessed by the inhabitants of Jupiter, when the various magnitudes of these four moons are combined with the quick succession of their phases and the rapid apparent motions of the first and second.

The motions of the first three satellites are so related that they never can be at the same time on the same side of Jupiter; so that whenever any one of them is absent from the Jovian firmament at night, one at least of the others must be present. The nights are, therefore, always moonlit, except during eclipses, and often enlightened at once by three moons of different apparent magnitudes, and seen under different phases.

19. Of all the planets either of this or the terrestrial group, that which presents to the astronomical observer the most astonishing spectacle is Saturn—a stupendous globe, nearly 900 times greater in volume than the earth, surrounded by two, at least, and probably by several thin flat rings of solid matter, outside which revolve a group of eight moons; this entire system moving with a common motion so exactly maintained that no one part falls upon, overtakes, or is overtaken by another in their course around the sun.

Such is the SATURNIAN SYSTEM, the central body of which was known as a planet to the ancients, the annular appendages and satellites being the discovery of modern times.

The distance of Saturn from the sun is so enormous that if the whole earth's orbit, measuring nearly 200,000,000 of miles in diameter, were filled with a sun, that sun seen from Saturn would be only about 24 times greater in its apparent diameter than is the actual sun seen from the earth. A cannon-ball moving at 500 miles an hour would take 91,000 years; and a railway train moving 50 miles an hour would take 910,000 years to move from Saturn to the sun. Light, which moves at the rate of nearly 200,000 miles per second, takes 5 days 18 hours and 2 minutes to move over the same distance. Yet to this distance solar gravitation transmits its mandates, and is obeyed with the utmost promptitude and the most unerring precision.

Taking the diameter of Saturn's orbit at eighteen hundred millions of miles, its circumference is five thousand six hundred and fifty millions of miles, over which it moves in 10,759 days. Its daily motion is therefore 525,140 miles, and its hourly 21,880 miles.

20. All that has been said above respecting the atmosphere, the diurnal rotation, and their consequences, the clouds, atmospheric currents, trade-winds, and oblate figure in the case of Jupiter, may be applied without any important modification to Saturn.

This planet is attended by eight moons, four of which, like those of Jupiter, are remarkable for their proximity to the planet, three being at distances considerably less than that of the terrestrial moon from the earth, and the fourth at nearly the same distance. Of the four other moons, the most remote is ten times further from Saturn than the terrestrial moon is from the earth, and the nearest is about one half more distant.

The distances of moons are, however, more justly estimated relatively to the planets they attend, by expressing them in semi-diameters of the planet. If thus expressed, the moons of Saturn are on a scale of distance very much less than that of the terrestrial moon. The distance of the most remote is 64 semi-diameters of Saturn, while that of the nearest is little more than 3 semi-diameters. The distance of the terrestrial moon from the earth is 60 semi-diameters.

Great, however, as these distances are, they are reduced to a very small apparent measure, owing to the remoteness of the Saturnian system from the earth. If the centre of the terrestrial moon were to come upon the centre of Saturn's disc, the most remote of his satellites could not approach nearer to the edge of the moon's disc than one-third of the moon's semi-diameter. Thus, although the Saturnian system fills a space measuring about 5,000,000 of miles in its extreme breadth, this entire space would be covered by the moon's disc, even if that disc had a diameter one-third less than its actual diameter.

All that has been said of the phases and appearances of the moons of Jupiter, as presented to the inhabitants of that planet, is equally applicable to the satellites of Saturn, with this difference, that instead of four, there are eight moons continually revolving round the planet, and exhibiting all the monthly changes to which we are accustomed in the case of the solitary satellite of the earth.

The periods of Saturn's moons, like those of Jupiter, are short, with the exception of those most remote from the primary. The nearest passes through all its phases in 22 $\frac{1}{2}$  hours, and the fourth, counting outwards, in less than 66 hours. The next three have months varying from 4 to 22 terrestrial days.

These seven moons move in orbits whose planes are nearly coincident with the plane of the Saturnian equator. The consequence of this arrangement is, that they are always visible by the inhabitants of both hemispheres when they are not eclipsed by the shadow of the planet.

The motion of the nearest moon is so rapid as to be perceivable by the Saturnians like that of the hour hand of a colossal timepiece. It describes 360° in 22 $\frac{1}{2}$  hours, being at the rate of 16° per hour, or 16° per minute, so that in two minutes it moves over a space equal to the apparent diameter of the moon.

The eighth, or most remote satellite, is in many respects exceptional, and different from all the others. Unlike these, it moves in an orbit inclined at a considerable angle to the plane of the equator.

Owing to the great distance of Saturn, the dimensions of the satellites have not been ascertained. The sixth in order, proceeding outwards, called Titan, is, however, known to be the largest, and it appears certain that its volume is little less than that of the planet Mars. The three satellites immediately within this, Rhea, Dione, and Tethys, are smaller bodies, and can only be seen with telescopes of great power. The two nearest, Enceladus and Mimas, require instruments of the very highest power and perfection, and atmospheric conditions of the most favorable nature, to be observable at all.

The real magnitudes of the satellites, the sixth excepted, being unascertained, nothing can be inferred with any certainty respecting their apparent magnitudes as seen from the surface of Saturn, except what may be reasonably conjectured upon analogies to other like bodies of the system. The satellites of Jupiter being all greater than the moon, while one of them exceeds Mercury in magnitude, and another is but little inferior in volume to that planet, it may be assumed with great probability of truth that the satellites of Saturn are at least severally greater in their actual dimensions than our moon.

PERSONS of active minds, whose attention is well occupied, sleep much less than the listless and indolent.

WHEN virtue leaps high in the public fountain, you seek for the lofty spring of nobleness, and find it afar off, in the dear breast of some mother who melted the snows of winter, and condensed the summer's dew into fair, sweet humanity, which now gladdens the face of man in all the city streets.



### The Chinese Potato.

(DIOSCOREA BATATAS)

MR. JOHN HENDERSON, of Kingskerswell, South Devon (late of Pineapple Place, London), has published a pamphlet of very great, and, indeed, of universal interest, describing the new and valuable Chinese esculent, and explaining the best mode of culture in that country. When the potato-disease excited so much fearful anxiety, a discovery (remarks Mr. Henderson) scarcely less than Providential was made. This was the introduction into France by M. de Montigny, the French Consul at Shanghai, in China, of a particular kind of Yam—now known as the *Dioscorea Batatas*, or Chinese Potato—which appeared to him to be admirably calculated to meet the exigency of the crisis. The French, however, did not arrive at foregone conclusions, but with that love for scientific investigation which so pre-eminently distinguishes them, determined to base their opinion of the plant upon the results of a series of experiments of every character. The several points to be determined were definitely settled, and the experiments carefully watched with reference to each particular. These naturally comprehended the quality of the plant, in point of flavor and nutritive properties, its productiveness, and the character of the soil upon which it might be grown with the greatest success. These experiments were made by the most skillful horticulturists, and the results are—

I. That in point of flavor and nutritive properties, it is equal to the potato, and, in the opinion of Professor Decaisne, superior.

II. That the quantity yielded is greater than that of the potato, whilst its freedom from disease renders the crop more certain.

III. That it will grow upon sandy, and generally considered barren soils, and thus affords an excellent means of turning waste land to a useful purpose, as well as to profit.

IV. That it can be propagated with the greatest facility (as will be seen by the remarks on cultivation).

V. That it may remain in the ground several years without degenerating, but on the contrary, each year it increases in size, weight, and nutriment.

VI. That when harvested, it may be preserved in cellars or sheds, without vegetating, for many months after the potato has become useless for food.

When these things are considered, it cannot be doubted but that this esculent must ere long come into general use, and obtain that consideration at the hands of all which its intrinsic merits so imperatively demand. Among those who are preëminent in the attention paid to this plant is the learned Professor Decaisne, whose report is full in itself, and conclusively important in its results.

**CULTIVATION.**—M. de Montigny informs us that “the Chinese put aside all the smallest roots at the taking up, and place them in pits or trenches, covering them well with straw, over which they afterwards spread a coating of earth. In the spring they are taken out, and laid horizontally in beds of prepared mould, where they soon germinate, and produce long trailing stems. As soon as they have attained about six feet in length (which is generally in a month or six weeks’ time) they are taken up, to be replanted and layered. The manner in which this part of the operation is performed is as follows: the ground having been prepared and thrown into ridges, either by means of the plough or spade, a slight furrow is made on the top of each ridge with a rake or hoe, and the plant laid in it lengthwise, and the whole of it, except the leaves, is covered lightly with earth, care being that they (the leaves) are left exposed: if it rains the same day, they take immediately; but should it be dry weather, it is necessary to water them till they begin to grow. At the end of fifteen or twenty days they will produce tubers, and at the same time throw out long trailing stems, which ought to be examined from time to time, to prevent their taking root, and so producing another set of tubers, which latter would injure the full growth of the first or main crop.”

But I find, says Mr. Henderson, that the ordinary

manner in which the Chinese cultivate it is still more simple than the above.

The earth is formed into ridges, when small tubers, or portions of large ones, are planted on the top, at about three feet apart; after the plants have attained a little strength, the shoots are spread over the sides of the ridges, and pegged down at the leaf end, six or eight inches from each other (care being taken to cover the joints or parts pegged down with a portion of earth), when they soon strike root and throw out tubers; by this means immense quantities of roots, of the size of early-framed kidney potatoes, are raised on a comparatively small piece of ground.

But, to obtain them of a large size, small tubers, or portions, are planted on ridges, at ten inches to one foot apart, and the plants are allowed to grow freely till late in the autumn; the tubers by this means attain on an average one pound and upwards in weight. The produce, when the ground is required for other purposes, is taken up and stored away for the winter and spring.



CHINESE POTATO.

### The Bishop and the Birds.

A BISHOP in the north of Europe had for his arms two of the birds called *fieldfares*, with the motto, “Are not two sparrows sold for a farthing?” On his being questioned by an intimate friend, he thus explained the matter:—

“Fifty or sixty years ago a little boy resided in a village near Dillengen, on the banks of the Danube. His parents were poor, and almost as soon as the boy could walk, he was sent into the woods to pick up some sticks for fuel. When he grew older, his father taught him to pick the juniper berries, and carry them to a neighboring distiller, who wanted them for making Hollands. Day by day the poor boy went to his task, and on his road he passed by the open windows of the village school, where he saw the schoolmaster teaching a number of boys of about the same age as himself. He looked at these boys with feelings of envy, so earnestly did he long to be among them. He was quite aware it was in vain to ask his father to send him to school,

for he knew that his parents had no money to pay the schoolmaster; and he often passed the whole day thinking, whilst he was gathering the juniper berries, what he could possibly do to please the schoolmaster, in the hope of getting some lessons. One day, when he was walking sadly along, he saw two of the boys belonging to the school trying to set a bird-trap, and he asked one what it was for. The boy told him that the schoolmaster was very fond of fieldfares, and that they were setting the trap to catch some. This delighted the poor boy, for he recollected that he had often seen a great number of these birds in the juniper woods, where they came to eat the berries; and he had no doubt that he could catch some.

“The next day, the little boy borrowed an old basket of his mother, and when he went to the wood he had the great delight to catch two fieldfares. He put them in the basket, and tying an old handkerchief over it, he took them to the schoolmaster’s house. Just as he arrived at the door, he saw the two little boys who had been setting the trap, and, with some alarm, asked them if they had caught any birds. They answered in the negative; and the boy, his heart beating with joy, gained admittance to the schoolmaster’s presence. In a few words he told how he had seen the boys setting the trap, and how he had caught the birds to bring them as a present to the master.

“‘A present, my good boy!’ cried the schoolmaster; ‘you do not look as if you could afford to make a present. Tell me your price and I will pay it to you, and thank you besides.’

“‘I would rather give them to you, sir, if you please,’ said the boy.

“The schoolmaster looked at the boy, who stood before him with bare head and feet, and ragged trowsers that reached only halfway down his naked legs.

“‘You are a very singular boy,’ said he; ‘but if you will not take money, you must tell me what I can do for you, as I cannot accept your present without doing something for you in return. Is there anything I can do for you?’

“‘O yes!’ said the boy, trembling with delight, ‘you can do for me what I should like better than anything else.’

“‘What is that?’ said the schoolmaster smiling.

“‘Teach me to read,’ said the little boy, falling on his knees; ‘O dear, kind sir, teach me to read.’

“The schoolmaster complied. The boy came to him at his leisure hours, and learned so rapidly that the schoolmaster recommended him to a nobleman residing in the neighborhood. This gentleman, who was as noble in mind as in birth, patronized the poor boy, and sent him to school at Ratisbon. The boy profited by his opportunities; and when he rose, as he soon did, to wealth and honors, he adopted the two fieldfares as his arms.”

“What do you mean?” cried the bishop’s friend.

“I mean,” returned the bishop with a smile, “that the poor boy was *myself*.”

**A ROBBER’S CAVE.**—The Court of Assize at Munich was lately occupied with the trial of a band of robbers, who

had for some time back been committing a great number of robberies and several murders. What distinguished these men was that they lived altogether in the *Gil Blas* style. They inhabited a vast cavern in the Schillbinger Forest, the entrance to which was concealed by large trunks of trees. Two-and-twenty steep steps led to the chambers below, five in number, two of which were twenty feet long by nine wide. In the kitchen was placed a vast fire-place, the chimney of which issued in the midst of a thick clump of trees, and through precaution, fire was only lighted there by night. The robbers had also their stables and store-houses, all under ground, and at the end of a long corridor there was even found a sort of slaughter house, where they killed the animals which they required for food. The court condemned five of the accused to death, and the others, either to imprisonment with hard labor, or to simple imprisonment.

JUDGMENT is the throne of prudence, and silence is its sanctuary.





MEETING OF MARTHA AND FANNY IN THE GREEN-ROOM.

## TEMPTATION.

Continued from Vol. I., page 336.

"I bore the letters of Madame La Baronne!" replied Clement Foster, calmly.

"And I bore them, too!" exclaimed Lord Peapod, with a smile of contempt; "so if you and your friend are dissatisfied, both of you know where to look for redress!"

"Hush, gentlemen!" said the aide-de-camp; "Captain Trevanian, I am certain, will withdraw any hasty or unguarded expression! As for the lady of the mansion, although I am ignorant of her rank, she is doubtless a personage of importance, since I am commanded by his Grace to hold myself and men at her orders—to remain at the chateau for its protection, or furnish her with an escort, should it be her wish to remove from the scene of danger—for it is certain Soult intends to give us battle!"

The aide-de-camp and the two friends repaired to the apartment of Madame Krudner, who received them with expressions of the warmest gratitude for the service they had rendered in conveying her letters to Wellington. Just as they took their leave, Mademoiselle Louise contrived, unseen by all but Peapod, to glide a slip of paper into the hands of Clement Foster.

As they rode from the chateau, his lordship congratulated his friend on his good fortune.

"Pshaw!" said our hero, in a tone of vexation—for strange to say, the action had shaken his confidence in her delicacy and maiden reserve; "doubtless a few words of thanks and adieus—nothing more!"

He unfolded the paper, read it, and passed it, with a smile of satisfaction, to his companion; it contained the following words:

"Save the poor soldier, if possible—he is innocent!"

"I thought so, by heavens!" exclaimed the peer. "Trevanian and Marshall are capable of any amount of rascality!"

### CHAPTER LII.

By torch and trumpet fast arrayed,  
Each horseman drew his battle blade,  
And furious every charger neighed,  
To join the dreadful revelry.  
Then shook the hills with thunder riven,  
Then rush'd the steeds to battle driven,  
And, louder than the bolts of heaven,  
Far flashed the red artillery.

CAMPBELL.

It is a glorious scene, exclaims the poet, to wit-

ness the battle field—to hear the trumpet's call—the hasty preparation—the dread array of opposing hosts—the thunder of artillery—the tramp of steeds—to witness the stern resolve of men face to face with death.

It is a sad spectacle, sighs the philosopher, to see those whom nature has united in one common brotherhood seeking each other's life—to hear the groans of the dying—to gaze on the pale features of the dead! Woe, woe to the cruel despot who, yielding to ambition or the lust of conquest, desolates the world with war! Humanity rejects him—for he has violated her laws, and broken the bonds which hold her children together; the tears of the widow and the orphan, rising to heaven, accuse him at its bar! When such a monster compels a people, in self-defence to draw the sword, even philosophy will then exclaim:

Up with the righteous banner, and heaven decide between them!

However Soult may be accused of plundering in Spain—stripping the churches and palaces of their treasures of art—treachery at least cannot be laid with justice to his charge. He was faithful to Napoleon's fortunes to the last, and only yielded after authentic intelligence had reached him of the abdication of his imperial master.

It would far exceed the limits of our pages to give a detailed account of the Battle of Toulouse, in which British valour won the hard-fought field. It will be sufficient for our purpose to describe one or two of the most striking episodes of the day.

Although Marshal Beresford had been compelled to leave his artillery at Monblanc, on account of the marshy nature of the ground, he contrived to make a flank movement, leading the fourth and sixth divisions of the English army to the foot of the French position—a height defended by fourteen thousand men and a numerous park of artillery.

In the last-named division was the regiment of Colonel Barratt.

The word to attack was given, and, under the cover of a shower of rockets, the gallant fellows marched to the assault: then commenced the deadly struggle of the day. Hand-to-hand the soldiers of two nations who are now united in one common cause, disputed every inch of ground: it was a contest of giants—neither would give way. The advantage of weight, both in horses and men, was decidedly in favor of the English. This, again, was more than balanced by the superiority of the position which the enemy had taken up. With a

tremendous cheer, the sixth division reached the summit of the hill, but were received with a fire so deadly that it checked for an instant even their steady courage. They paused for a moment, and the fortune of the day hung trembling in the scale. At that instant, the calm, deep voice of the marshal was heard:

"Steady! Close your ranks—advance!"

Nothing human could have resisted the impetuosity of the charge which followed. Driven to the verge of their position, the French gave way in confusion, and the *melée* became general.

The troop which Clement Foster commanded had just succeeded in taking one of the enemy's redoubts; and in the confusion he found himself separated from Peapod, who had ridden by his side throughout the day: a sad presentiment came over him, even in the midst of the excitement of the scene.

Just as he had succeeded in turning their own guns upon the retreating enemy, he saw his friend galloping towards him. Suddenly a shot was heard: it came from the ranks of his own troop, and he saw his lordship reel in his saddle and fall.

"There is the scoundrel!" exclaimed Marshall, who was standing near him, assisting in the direction of the guns; and before our hero, who was the senior captain, could interfere, he sprang towards an empty ammunition wagon, which had been overturned in the charge—the report of a pistol followed.

"What have you done?" demanded Clement.

"Avenged him!" replied Marshall, pointing to the body at his feet, which proved to be that of Peter—poor Peapod's rascally servant.

In the confusion of the moment, Clement knew not whether to blame or approve the act; he had no time to analyse his feelings. A vague suspicion that the first crime had been concealed by a second crossed his mind; and whenever in the pause of the battle he had a few moments to reflect, the thought returned.

"Heaven forgive me," he murmured, more than once, "if I have wronged him!"

Still the fight continued. Never had more determined courage been evinced on either side than on that eventful day. It was in vain, however, that the broken ranks of the French re-formed and renewed the charge—for though the redoubt of Comblette, which our hero had so gallantly carried, was twice retaken, it was not till he had spiked the guns—an achievement which materially influenced the fortune of the day; for if the enemy had been enabled to turn them on the brave Highlanders who held the hill, Beres-



ford could never have maintained the position he had so gallantly won, comprising the greater part of Mont Rave. Towards the approach of night, Soult withdrew his troops from the ground, and fell back upon Toulouse. The battle was won, but the victors had paid dearly for their success. The enemy made good their retreat, and the British army bivouacked on the field they had so hardly contested.

Before bestowing a single thought upon himself, Clement Foster, accompanied by his faithful servant, George, returned to the redoubt to seek for the body of his friend. In vain, by the light of the watch-fires, which rose in every direction, did he continue his search.

It was not to be found.

At first he fancied he must have mistaken the spot; but no, there was the overturned ammunition waggon, with the body of the murderer lying beside it.

Several of the men of his regiment who were wounded had recognised him, and began calling to him for water: their greatest suffering arose from the burning thirst they endured.

One poor fellow—a sergeant—who had been shot through the back-bone, informed him that a soldier who recognised the body of Lord Peapod had removed it from the ground.

Poor Clement—despite his own sufferings—for he was both hungry and faint from loss of blood from several flesh-wounds he had received—felt shocked and hurt at the intelligence: he would fain have committed the remains of his friend to a soldier's grave. The idea of their being plundered—for such, he doubted not, was the object of the man who carried him off the field—revolted him. That night our hero slept, wrapped in his military cloak, in the midst of his men—their bed the ground—its canopy the blue vault of heaven, spangled with countless stars.

All the following day the British army remained upon the field, doubtful whether Soult might renew the contest. But the French marshal had no inclination to tempt fortune by a renewal of the battle: during the night he retired from Toulouse and retreated to Villefranche, with the loss of only one hundred men—a circumstance which proves how skilfully his march had been conducted. Toulouse, now exposed to the fire of the allies, at once opened its gates to receive the conquerors. A great number of the inhabitants, faithful to the traditions of their fathers and their loyalty to the Bourbons, received them with mingled joy and sorrow. Joy at the prospect of the restoration of their exiled king, and sorrow for the humiliation of their country.

The civic authorities and most of the elder citizens had mounted the white cockade. The tri-color on the public edifices had been replaced by the *fleur-de-lis drapeau*. The change, as far as the picturesque is concerned, was anything but a favorable one. The few unconverted republicans and furious Bonapartists who remained within the walls sarcastically declared that it looked very like a dirty white tablecloth; and we remember to have made the same observation when a boy, the first time we beheld it floating over the Tuileries, in eighteen hundred and twenty-nine.

As regiment after regiment entered the city, the partisans of the Bourbons showed themselves more freely. Those who a few hours previously, in speaking of Napoleon, had prudently observed that his imperial majesty had been unfortunate, now unhesitatingly declared that the *tyrant* was overthrown. The loyalty to the exiled race spread like an epidemic.

Although the hour was late before Clement was relieved from the duties of his regiment, he determined to devote the greater portion of the night to a visit to the Chateau Vert—he felt anxious to ascertain the fate of its inmates. At night, when tired and wounded on the battle field, the image of Louise had haunted him; he had seen her in his dreams, and the vision had brought consolation to him; he felt that he could no longer deceive himself as to the state of his heart: he loved, and longed to win from the lips of the fair girl whom accident had thrown so strangely in his path an avowal that he was not indifferent to her.

It was a lovely moonlight night, when, accompanied by his faithful George, our hero passed the gates of Toulouse and took the road to the village of Monblanc, which lay between him and the residence of Madame Krudner and Louise.

When within a mile of the Chateau Vert, Clement Foster and his companion were encountered by a patrol of the provost-marshal's guard. The officer who commanded it informed them that the soldier who had been arrested for robbing the body of Col. Harrington, and resisting the orders of Trevanian

and Marshall, had escaped on the eve of the battle, and was supposed to be concealed either in the mansion or its environs. Our hero heard the intelligence with secret satisfaction—for he had not forgotten the hastily-written note of Louise, or the opinion it expressed of Duncan's innocence.

Whilst they were still speaking on the subject, George called the attention of his master to a strong column of red light which rose suddenly from the opposite side of the wood, in the direction of the chateau. There was no other building near of sufficient consequence from which such a body of fire could proceed.

With a groan of agony and terror, our hero gave his horse the spur, and dashed like a madman down the road, his heart oppressed by forebodings of danger to the object of his affection—for he could no longer disguise from himself the fact, that the fair English girl whom he had encountered under such singular circumstances had won his love.

The rest of the party followed.

When they reached the lawn in front of the chateau, they found a group of peasants watching the progress of the flames, which by this time had enveloped the entire building. It had evidently been fired in several directions, for flames were pouring from the windows of both wings. The cracking of the walls and fall of the massive beams which supported the floors showed that all hope of saving the mansion was at an end.

"Where are the ladies?" demanded Clement, in a hoarse voice, of one of the spectators.

The man pointed, with a despairing look, to the burning pile.

The young officer threw himself from his horse, and rushed towards the principal entrance: vainly he essayed to enter—thick volumes of suffocating smoke and flames drove him back. In his despair, he fancied that he heard the voice of Louise calling on him by name for aid: a second time he would have made the attempt, and most probably have lost his life, had not his faithful servant George thrown his arms around him and restrained him.

"For heaven's sake, exclaimed the affectionate fellow, "do not attempt it! No living thing could penetrate the fiery barrier! Think of your poor father—of the friends who love you! Doubtless the inmates have escaped!"

The name of his father was the only consideration which at that moment could have checked the desperate resolution of our hero; he knew how dearly the old man loved him—that his very life depended upon his. With a groan of anguish which proved how deep a pang the effort cost him, he gave way, and permitted the speaker to lead him from the façade of the mansion.

"There has been treachery here!" exclaimed the officer who commanded the guard of the provost-marshal; "the fire is not the result of accident!"

Several of the peasants declared that it was the work of the English. One even went so far as to state that just before the flames broke forth he had encountered two officers in the wood, coming in the direction leading from the house: an accusation which the officer considered so improbable, that he refused to listen to it.

Overwhelmed by the excess of his grief, Clement Foster had thrown himself upon the ground.

"Leave me!" he said, as his faithful follower vainly attempted to console him; "my dream of life is over—its hope has perished in yon burning pile! Dead—dead!" he repeated, "in the pride of youth and beauty! Dead, without knowing how deeply she was loved—and my heart, like hers, is ashes now—never to feel one throb of joy again!"

Although he placed but little reliance in the words he uttered, George repeatedly assured him that there was still hope.

"Hope!" uttered a deep voice near them.

Our hero started to his feet as if he had received an electric shock. There was a slight rustling in the underwood, which separated them from a narrow dell in the neighboring wood. Both the young men searched it eagerly, but could discover no trace of the speaker. Just as they were about to abandon the search, the roof of the Chateau Vert fell in, and a volume of flame far more intense than any which had preceded it, shot like a meteor into the heavens, illuminating the surrounding country to a considerable distance, and rendering the minutest object distinctly visible.

The servant grasped the arm of his master, and pointed to what appeared to be a human body, with a dark mantle or cloak thrown over it. It was placed upon the rise of a gently-sloping bank. Our hero sprang towards it with desperate resolution, and snatched aside the covering. It was the corpse of Colonel Harrington, which some pious hand had

carried from the fiery tomb which threatened to consume it.

"Did I not tell you, sir, that there was hope?" exclaimed the ex-gamekeeper of Briery Grange; "if the dead have been removed, surely the living have escaped!"

As Clement Foster stood contemplating the pale, placid features of the corpse, his despair gradually gave way to a feeling of hopefulness. His heart was relieved of more than half its sorrow. The presence of the dead in that lone spot appeared to him as a pledge of safety to the living.

"You are right, George," he said, with a deep-drawn sigh; "I have still something to trust and live for!"

Slowly he retraced his way to the lawn in front of the smoking ruins, to inform his brother officer of the discovery he had made.

On the following morning, the remains of Colonel Harrington were consigned to a soldier's grave.

Shortly after the events we have described, Soult, who had received authentic information of the abdication of his imperial master, concluded an amnesty with Wellington, and the British army entered Paris.

It was a mortifying sight to the Parisians to witness the encampment of an enemy in the very heart of their city, which they had so long been accustomed to consider as the capitol not only of Europe, but the world. The presence of Louis XVIII. at the Tuileries was but a poor consolation for such a humiliation.

At every halting-place of his regiment on its march to Paris, Clement and his servant made inquiries after the Baroness and Louise, but could learn nothing satisfactory. A hundred carriages had passed, some with ladies, others with wounded officers, many containing both; each response alternately excited his hopes and fears. Colonel Barratt—who, on hearing of the death of his nephew, had assumed the title of Lord Peapod—more than once sarcastically observed that Captain Foster was dreaming, so different did he appear from his former self; whilst Walter Trevanian and Marshall rejoiced at his despondency, of which they too well knew the cause.

Never had the capitol of our Gallic neighbors appeared more gay: amusement is necessary to a Frenchman's existence. That home-life where all enjoyment is centered in the domestic circle would appear strange and unnatural to him; he lives upon emotions, which, like highly-seasoned diet, quickly wear him out. National *ennui* is the invariable precursor of a revolution, in which your true Parisian recovers his spirits and health again.

Our hero had been about a week in Paris, when one morning, as he was returning from parade, he found George engaged in a warm dispute with a dapper little Frenchman, who kept assuring him, with a multiplicity of bows and grimaces, that he was *au desespoir* at being compelled to refuse—but he could only part with the letter to Monsieur Le Capitaine; adding that he would call again.

All this was heathen Greek to the ex-gamekeeper, who, with true English tenacity, refused to let the commissaire depart till the return of his master.

At the word "letter," Clement instantly interfered, and eagerly assured the man that he was the party alluded to.

"Le Capitaine Foster!" said the Frenchman, doubtfully.

"Of course it is the captain!" exclaimed George, impatiently; "what does he mean!" he added, turning with a despairing look to our hero; "he has been jabbering this half-hour, and the only word I can make out is letter—letter!"

Convinced at last that he was right, the dapper little Parisian presented the missive with the air of a marquis—a French one, of course—and stood in a most unexceptionable attitude whilst the officer perused it—which did not take him many minutes—for it contained only the following words, written in a round, clerk-like hand:

"Captain Foster is requested to present himself at eight this evening, at the hotel of the Swedish ambassador, and inquire for the secretary!"

It had neither date nor signature.

Clement eagerly asked for a description of the lady who sent him.

"Ladi!" repeated the messenger, with an indescribable shrug. "*Mon Dieu!* for a lady she had very fine mustachios—and such whiskers!"

It appeared that the letter had been given him by one of the attaches of the embassy; and, aware of the character for liberality which the English officers had already acquired, he had insisted upon delivering it to him in person. He was not disappointed in his calculations, for our hero threw him

a five-franc piece, and entered his quarters to muse over the singular invitation he had just received.

"Swedish embassy!" he repeated several times to himself, in a tone of disappointment—for he was ignorant that Madame Krudner was the wife of Bernadotte's minister: "who can possibly desire to see me at the Hotel of the Embassy?"

Although the hope of gaining intelligence of the being dearest to his heart was daily becoming fainter, he was punctual to the hour indicated in the letter. In the tall, mustachioed gentleman who received him, our hero recognised the messenger's description of the person who employed him.

"Captain Foster!" observed the full-fledged diplomat; "yes—quite correct; the invitation was intended for you and no other! In an instant I am at your service!"

Ring the bell, he gave the card he had just received to a page who answered it: the boy motioned our hero and the secretary to follow him.

They were conducted to a room in which a lady and a tall, handsome man, in military uniform, were seated: in the first he recognised the mysterious baroness of the Chateau Vert, and in the latter no less a personage than the Emperor of Russia.

The visitor drew back with mingled respect and surprise.

"Approach!" said the baroness, smiling; "but before I offer you my thanks, permit me, sire, to present to your Imperial Majesty the young officer to whose services, on a late occasion, I was so deeply indebted!"

Alexander bowed most graciously; and as he rose to depart, assured Clement that his gallantry should not be forgotten.

Little did our hero reckon on the promise thus flatteringly held out to him. His thoughts were of Louise. The instant he found himself alone with Madame Krudner, he besought her to relieve his anxiety, by informing him if she, too, had escaped from the chateau previous to the conflagration.

"Do you think I could have abandoned her?" replied the ambassadress, in a reproachful tone; "she has been to me like a child! It is impossible to know and not to love her! Louise is well, and will be rejoiced to see you once more in safety! I told the foolish, anxious girl," she added, "that the star of your destiny was rising—that you were not doomed to die upon the red field of slaughter! But she doubted: when the heart fears, it is difficult to dissipate its terrors!"

These few words gave intense delight to the young soldier. Although, in all probability, the speaker was perfectly unconscious of the construction which he placed upon them, they proved to him that in his absence he had been remembered—and the conviction caused his heart to bound with joy.

A deep blush suffused the delicate cheek of the fair girl as she entered the room and recognised our hero. She felt vexed with herself for the embarrassment her manner betrayed, and which her ignorance of the wiles and tact of her sex rendered her unable to repress. Her first impulse was to extend her hand; the next instant she half regretted what she feared might be construed into weakness. But before she could withdraw it, it was clasped with a gentle pressure in that of Clement Foster, and raised respectfully to his lips.

A few moments elapsed before either of them could speak. Madame Krudner took no heed of their embarrassment—such feelings had long been a stranger to her.

"Explain to our friend," she said, "all that it is necessary he should learn!"

With this observation, she began to occupy herself with her papers.

Not one word of love passed between the two youthful beings whose hearts were overflowing with its sympathies—and yet they understood each other as perfectly as if a mutual confession of the tender passion had taken place between them; for where the eyes are eloquent, the tongue may be spared its task.

When Clement related the fall of his unfortunate friend, Lord Peapod, he observed with surprise that Louise, far from expressing the least regret, listened to his narrative with a want of feeling that pained him. Nay, there was something very like a smile upon her lips; but when he described his own distress on discovering the chateau in flames, the terror and despair which haunted him, his anxiety for her safety, and how singularly it had been relieved, the almost joyous expression of her countenance changed, like the sunny landscape overcast by some dark, threatening cloud, and tears dimmed the clear azure of her eyes.

"The body of the colonel," she said, "must have been removed by his faithful servant, the poor soldier,

in whose behalf I ventured to entreat your intercession! After his escape he sought refuge at the chateau! Madame la Baronne would have brought him to Paris with us, but he insisted on remaining to guard the corse of his gallant master! Madame yielded, knowing that no danger would occur to him!"

"And do you believe in her predictions?" demanded Clement, with surprise.

"Some of them!" replied Louise, with a blush, yet deeper than the first.

The young soldier was puzzled to account for her confusion, but forbore to question her.

We, however, will not permit our readers to remain in a state of ungratified curiosity: the real or pretended prophetic had foretold that she was to become his wife. The question, therefore, was rather an embarrassing one, and was answered, accordingly, with maidenly discretion.

"Come," said Louise, "I have a friend I am anxious to introduce you to—one whom I feel certain you will be rejoiced to see!"

Secretly wondering who this friend could possibly be, our hero followed his conductress from the grand saloon to a chamber situated in a distant part of the mansion. Its arrangements indicated that it was occupied by an invalid.

In an easy chair, directly opposite the fire-place, was seated a gentleman, wrapped in a loose dressing-gown, evidently the object of much care.

"Is he come?" demanded the sick man, in a voice which sent the blood from the cheek of Clement—for he imagined that he recognised an old, familiar voice, which he had every reason to believe had been hushed for ever in the battle of Toulouse.

"Captain Foster can answer for himself!" replied Louise.

With some difficulty the invalid turned in his easy chair, and displayed the well-known but pale features of Peapod.

The soldier who had removed him from the field was no other than Duncan, the faithful orderly of Colonel Harrington.

"She is an angel!" observed his lordship, speaking of the kindness he had received from our heroine, after he had explained the particulars of his escape, and the departure of Louise from the room. "You had better propose at once; for, on my soul, I am more than half inclined to do so already!"

That same evening his friend followed his advice. The fair girl candidly confessed that the sentiment was mutual; but added, with a sigh, "that she would not permit him to bind himself by any engagement!"

It was in vain that her lover entreated her to explain the cause of so singular a request. The only answer he could elicit from her was, that she had a task to perform to which she was pledged by every feeling of gratitude and duty. That accomplished, if he then thought her worthy of his love, with joy she would consent to be his.

#### CHAPTER LIII

Peace, thy olive wand extend,  
And bid wild war his savage end;  
Man with brother man to meet,  
And as a brother kindly greet.—BURNS.

THE abdication and retirement of Bonaparte to the Island of Elba—which was ceded to him in full sovereignty—gave to Europe a temporary peace, deceitful as the calm which precedes the tempest's breath—hollow as the crater of the volcano, beneath whose crust the smouldering fires still burn, threatening an eruption.

Never had London appeared more gay. The long-desolate hearth of many an English home was rejoiced by the return of the absent soldier; honors and rewards were profusely distributed; the entire nation appeared intoxicated with joy; and, to crown the excitement of the period, the allied sovereigns, accompanied by a train of the most distinguished warriors and diplomatists, arrived on a visit to the Prince Regent—a just homage paid to the perseverance and disinterested spirit in which England had conducted and concluded the war, the treasure she had lavished, and the yet more precious blood that had been spilled.

The opera season promised to be the most brilliant ever known. Mademoiselle Cherini—the Syren of Europe, as she was generally termed—had been engaged by the directors at an enormous salary—for, since the retirement of Madame Garrachi from the stage, no one had been found capable of disputing the empire of the lyric scene with that still fascinating but unprincipled woman, whose reign was a perfect despotism. Managers crouched to her caprices, and the public were scarcely less submissive. Frequently had she been known to keep an audience

waiting, and sometimes disappoint them, under pretence of indisposition.

Both directors and public bore with her—for the simple reason, that *there was no one to replace her*. Talk of tyrants—the greatest tyrant in the world is the favorite artiste of a theatre: the airs they give themselves would be amusing if they were not insulting.

Frequently had Signor Garrachi—for the *liaison* still continued—warned her that she would try the patience of the public once too often. Mademoiselle Cherini replied only by a disdainful smile, and continued her career of folly and caprice.

Bitterly had the speculative Italian rued the result of his infatuation—for the designing woman had played her cards much more successfully than her dupe. Under various pretexts, that portion of his wife's fortune which the signor had secured was borrowed and dissipated in extravagance, till she held him completely in her power. He was her slave—and the chain which bound him was the degrading one of dependence. He was compelled to feign a passion he no longer felt—to suffer all the agonies of suspense at each fresh flirtation of his capricious tyrant: not that his affection was alarmed, but his intrigues.

The principal object of his jealousy was a Russian baron, named Stollehoff, aide-de-camp to the Emperor, whose attentions were most persevering. Unlike most of her lovers, the handsome Russ talked of marriage. The idea of becoming a baroness flattered the vanity of Mademoiselle Cherini, whose charms were already on the wane. Her cupidity, also, was excited by the account her lover gave of his vast possessions, his serfs, his palaces in Moscow and St. Petersburg; and she began to reflect seriously on the prudence of concluding her brilliant career by a yet more brilliant union with her wealthy admirer, to obtain which there was but one difficulty to surmount—the consent of the Emperor was necessary.

Amongst the regiments which returned to England was that of Clement Foster. At the urgent entreaty of Lord Peapod, our hero had carefully concealed the fact of his miraculous escape from the hand of his assassin.

"Let him," said the good natured peer, speaking of his uncle, "enjoy his imaginary honors for awhile—his punishment will be the more complete!"

Although the friends had never exchanged confidence on the subject of Peter's treachery, it was evident from these few words that their suspicions were the same. From a feeling of family pride, his lordship did not choose, probably, to speak more plainly upon the subject; but it was evident that it pressed painfully upon his mind, and had destroyed the little that remained of affection for the relative who had shared his fortune like a brother.

Those who have long been absent from the parent whom they venerate and love, can imagine the impatience with which our hero hastened to the home of his youth, to receive, as he fondly imagined, the blessing and welcome of his father. He had won honor in the wars—his name had been mentioned with distinction in the dispatches of the great commander. He had every reason to anticipate that he would be proudly, fondly received.

Our readers may judge of his astonishment, when, instead of the eager grasp, the words of welcome broken by emotion, the tear of gratitude and joy, the lawyer rose coldly from his seat—when his son, without waiting to be announced, entered the library where he was writing—and demanded to what circumstance he was indebted for the honor of such a visit.

The first thought of the young soldier was, that time had so changed his appearance, his parent had failed to recognise him.

"Father!" he exclaimed; "dear father! do you not know me? 'Tis your son Clement, returned to you at last!"

"I recognise you perfectly, Captain Foster," said the old man, in a calm, passionless tone. "What would you with me?"

"What would I with you?" repeated Clement, more and more bewildered. "Am I not your son?"

The lawyer smiled bitterly.

"Your true, affectionate son! Father, in the name of heaven, speak! What has changed you? To what am I to attribute this strange reception, which wrings my heart with agony? How have I merited it? Speak to me—in pity speak to me! Is this my welcome home?"

The poor fellow dashed aside a tear, which he fancied shamed his manhood, and remained with his eyes fixed imploringly on the still stern countenance of his parent.

"What have you done!" repeated the old man,



mournfully—for anger and affection were struggling in his breast; “nothing—a mere trifle, doubtless—merely dishonored your father! Clement,” he added, “had you appeared before me contrite, humble, great as has been your crime I might have forgiven it; but this hardness, this callousness to every sense of shame, revolts me!”

To the great astonishment of the speaker, his son, instead of appearing overwhelmed at this bitter accusation, deliberately drew a chair to the table, and seated himself directly opposite to his father. The features of the young man were pale as those of a statue; but there was an expression in his eye which indicated a resolution of iron.

For several minutes they regarded each other in silence.

“You must speak more plainly, sir!” said our hero, who was the first to break it. “I am a soldier, and not even a parent has a right to blast the reputation I have won, at the price of my blood and toil, by a vague or nameless accusation! You say I have dishonored you! God, who reads all hearts,” he added, yielding to a momentary burst of feeling, “knows how the thought—the proud thought—that my name might reflect honor upon yours has inspired me with courage to brave death in many a trying moment! But let it pass! Your answer, sir—your answer! How have I dishonored you?”

“You broke your word, and became a gambler!”

“I gambled once, it is true,” replied our hero, “but never became a gambler!” A foolish bet with Walter Trevanian made me the winner of two hundred pounds, which I saw he could ill afford to lose: in order that he might win it back, I consented to play with him, and my mistaken generosity cost me a thousand pounds!”

“Had it been the last shilling of your fortune, Clem—Captain Foster, I mean!” exclaimed the old man, passionately, “I could have forgiven it, and deemed your conduct in the career you have chosen more than an atonement! But no—you yielded to a temptation artfully planned and treacherously executed—abused your father’s confidence and affection—plundered him of a certain packet solemnly committed to his trust—dishonored his grey hairs—and, to escape the consequence of an act of boyish folly, stained yourself by crime!”

Clement Foster, his eyes flashing with indignation, drew himself up to his full height. He scarcely dared trust himself to speak, lest he should forget the respect and reverence due to the author of his being.

“Who dares accuse me?” he demanded, at last.

“Your father, Clem—your broken hearted father!” answered the lawyer, burying his face in his hands, to hide the bitter tears of regret and mortification which the supposed unworthiness of the son he had so tenderly loved and been so proud of drew from him.

At the sight of the old man’s grief, the sternness, the haughty bearing, and indignation of our hero gave way.

“Not my father!” he exclaimed; “he is too just—too generous—he knows my heart too well to suspect it of such baseness; but some artful, designing slanderer, who has poisoned his better judgment, and now speaks through him! Look at me,” he added; “see if you can trace a blush upon my brow—the lie upon my lips! Rob you—dishonor you—bring shame upon the white hairs of him I so love and venerate! Those who plotted to make a tool of me should have torn me limb from limb first! Fortunately it is in my power to convince even you, incredulous as you are, of the injustice of your accusation!”

As briefly as possible the speaker proceeded to relate everything that had passed between himself, Stork, the money-lender, and Miss Mendez. As he continued the scales gradually fell from the eyes of his deceived parent. The accents of truth prevailed, as the old man had a faint inkling of the clever scheme, which had so nearly separated him from his son for ever.

“Villain—villain!” he muttered, as he pressed the young soldier with paternal pride to his aged breast.

“Of whom speak you?” demanded Clement.

“Of that viper, Griffiths!” replied the lawyer; “when you met Stork in his private room, the rascal was concealed in one of the closets, and overheard every word which passed between you!”

“He, then, is the thief?” exclaimed our hero.

“Not unlikely!” said Mr. Foster, musingly; “for, on the first discovery of my loss, my suspicion naturally fell upon him! To exculpate himself, he told me that—but I will not pain you, my noble boy, by repeating the slander or my credulity!”

“It has been artfully planned!” observed the young man, “and the consequence of my folly may be more serious to my reputation than you imagine, should he persist in his infamous assertion!”

“Have you been to the chambers?” interrupted his father.

“Not yet, my dear sir!”

“For the present, then, your return can be kept a secret! Clever as he thinks himself, I may defeat the rascal yet! But everything depends on promptitude and action!”

“Explain?”

“For the moment I can explain nothing!” replied the old man; “only if you see any announcement in the public papers regarding yourself, take no notice; and, above all, be careful how you contradict it! Your honor must appear to the world as clear as it does to me! And it shall go hard,” he added, “but it shall rise bright and untarnished from the mists of calumny and falsehood, which for an instant only have obscured it!”

It were needless to add that the injunction of the speaker was readily yielded to by his son, who felt too happy in the restored confidence of his parent to dispute his slightest wish.

The following morning, he was much surprised by reading the following announcement in the papers:

“We regret to hear that Captain Foster, whose name has been repeatedly mentioned in the despatches of the commander-in-chief, is seriously ill at his hotel in Paris. Not the slightest hope is entertained of his recovery.”

In another column of the same journal appeared an advertisement, addressed to “*L’Inconnu*.”

“The nobleman who several years since was materially assisted in the recovery of certain family papers, wishes an interview with his unknown friend. A line through the same medium as the present communication will be promptly attended to.”

Clement was not the only person whose curiosity was excited by the two paragraphs. They caught the attention of the managing clerk, Mr. Griffiths, who read them with intense interest, pondered them over in his busy brain, and chuckled at the double prospect of gratified hate and avarice—for he cordially detested our hero, and longed to augment the fruits of his dishonesty to his employer.

When Mr. Foster made his appearance at the office, he had the air of a man overwhelmed with grief.

“I cannot attend to business now!” he said, in reply to his hypocritical clerk’s request for certain instructions; “you must do the best you can in my absence! I start this evening for Paris!”

“Paris!” repeated Mr. Griffiths, with well-feigned surprise.

“My boy is dying!” continued the old man; “he is my only child, and, despite his treachery—in short, Griffiths, I am a father! Should you ever live to have a son, you will understand my feelings! He must not quit the world without my blessing and forgiveness!”

“Be cautious, my dear sir,” observed the calculating rascal, “for poor Mr. Clement’s sake!”

The lawyer looked at him with an air of surprise.

“When once he learns that you are aware of his indiscretion, shame and remorse may kill him!”

The old gentleman felt very much inclined to knock him down—but feeling the necessity of meeting art with art, he very wisely mastered his contempt and indignation, and after directing his treacherous clerk to secure a place for him that very night by the mail for Dover, and to meet him at the coach office to receive his last instructions, he took his leave, fearing lest he should betray himself by some sudden burst of indignation.

Mr. Foster made every preparation as if he really intended to go to Paris. The servants, on whose fidelity he could rely, were strictly ordered to deny that they had either seen or heard anything of their young master, who had taken up his abode for a few days at the house of Miss Mendez, in Harley street, where he was welcomed like a long-absent son.

Mr. Griffiths was punctual to his appointment—saw his principal safely off, as he imagined, for Dover, and then returned to meditate over the advertisement which had so deeply interested him. The result of his cogitations appeared as follows:

“To *L’Inconnu*. The nobleman who advertised under the above name may meet the party to whom he feels himself so deeply indebted at the same place and the same hour on this or either of the two following evenings.”

The lawyer smiled as he read the reply, while seated at breakfast with his son and Miss Mendez,

whose explanation of the transaction between Clement and the money-lender had completely removed the last lingering doubt from the mind of Mr. Foster, who rightly judged that the same motive which prompted his clerk to sin, would induce him to betray himself.

“And how long, my dear sir,” demanded our hero, with a smile, “is my imprisonment to last?”

“But a few hours, my dear boy!” replied his father; “after this night, unless my calculations deceive me, you may show yourself openly; but for the next four-and-twenty hours I claim the absolute disposal of your time and actions! Consider yourself on duty, and me as your commanding officer!”

“In everything!” replied the young man, gratefully.

Mr. Foster, after carefully disguising his person so as not to be recognised, shortly after breakfast left the house in the carriage of his hostess, and remained absent the greater part of the day.

When Clement Foster first made his appearance in Harley street, Miss Wyndham, struck by his fine, manly, soldier-like person and brilliant prospects, would fain have reverted to the scene which Miss Mendez had so opportunely interrupted on the day of our hero’s departure for the Peninsula; but Clement was not to be caught a second time. Affecting to misunderstand the lady, he quietly observed, “that Walter Trevanian, in all probability, would soon be at her feet again.”

“Walter Trevanian!” repeated the lady with affected surprise.

“You must not be angry with him!” continued the captain; “he knew that for years we had regarded each other like brother and sister. In a moment of confidence he showed me one of your letters: you must not be angry with him—for the confession was in some degree forced from him!”

This was a blow there was no parrying: the manœuvring girl felt that all hope of an union with the companion of her childhood was out of the question, and she began to hate him, regarding him as one of the chief obstacles to the success of her design upon the fortune of Miss Mendez—who, with her usual penetration, had long since discovered the motives of her *disinterested* companion.

Martha and Clement were seated in the boudoir of the former, chatting over old times—the campaigns and adventures of the Peninsula—the narrow escape of Lord Peapod, and his whimsical desire of keeping his existence for some days longer a secret from his affectionate uncle, who for the last two months had publicly assumed his title.

“Heaven has indeed watched over me,” said the soldier, in reply to an observation of his companion, “during the entire campaign! I escaped with merely a few flesh-wounds, which healed almost as rapidly as they were made.”

“All?” demanded the lady.

The young man colored deeply.

“I have some right to your confidence,” continued the speaker; “and yet I would not force it! The wounds I allude to are of the heart!”

“The question is frankly put, and shall be as frankly answered!” exclaimed our hero. “I love!”

Miss Mendez received the avowal with a sigh.

“A being,” he added, “whose heart and soul are pure as the smile of infancy!”

“And are beloved?”

“I have every reason to believe so!”

“Her name?”

“Louise—an English girl whom I met previous to the Battle of Toulouse, under the most romantic circumstances—encountered afterwards in Paris, and then lost sight of in a manner equally singular!”

“Where there is mystery,” observed Miss Mendez, “there is sometimes guilt! I cannot comprehend a want of confidence between those who love!”

“My life upon her purity and truth!” exclaimed Clement Foster; “for if ever the features betrayed the impress of the mind, candour and virtue are stamped on every lineament of the fair girl to whom my faith is pledged! I feel—nay, promise not to smile at my folly—that we were intended for each other! From the first moment I beheld her, there was a nameless sympathy between us—my heart bounded as if it had at last encountered the destined partner of its choice; her very countenance appeared familiar to me—reminding me of one I must have seen in boyhood or my dreams: it haunted me like a recollection—so fair, so eloquent, so rich in maiden grace and modesty, you would have thought—”

At this instant his glance fell upon the picture which Barry had copied for Miss Mendez, representing Mrs. Watkins, the old actress, and her pupil, in the characters of the Duchess of York and the young



prince. He started, and, hastily approaching the canvas, examined it minutely.

"By heavens!" he exclaimed, "the very features!"

"Of my child?" demanded Martha, breathless with agitation; "speak, Clement—feel for a mother's agony!"

"As I live and breathe," he answered, "they are the same! Idiot that I was to have forgotten them!"

"The hope of years will be fulfilled at last!" said Martha, it has been my wish that you should be the husband of my child! For this I watched your character—felt jealous of your attachment to an object less worthy of your choice—confident that heaven would one day restore her to me! I dreamed of passing the declining years of life in the society of those who would love me! Can you not comprehend my joy? But where am I to seek her?" she added; "and who is this mysterious woman who keeps her from my arms—from the heart which yearns with all a mother's love to embrace the lost one?"

It was in vain that the lover, scarcely less agitated than the speaker, attempted to explain how, before his departure from Paris, Louise—or, as we must call her for the future, Fanny—had quitted the residence of Madame Krudner, in company with the lady who passed as her mother, and how useless had been his endeavors to obtain any further clue respecting her. Martha insisted on being instantly conducted to her child. She was almost delirious with excitement and joy.

"Still this bitter disappointment—this cruel delay!" she exclaimed, bursting into tears, when made to comprehend the inability of the young soldier to comply with her request; "will this torture or suspense never be ended?"

Clement pledged himself to devote his existence to the discovery, in which his happiness was no less concerned than that of the speaker. Gradually he soothed her passionate grief by assuring her that the moment of her re-union with her child could not be far distant. She listened to him with a melancholy foreboding—so truly has it been observed that "hope deferred maketh the heart sick."

It was arranged that the discovery of Fanny and our hero's attachment to her should be kept a secret from the lawyer till events should further declare themselves.

It was not till a late hour in the evening that Mr. Foster returned. The old gentleman appeared full of hope and animation. To the eager questions of his son, he merely replied by requesting him to hold himself ready to accompany him at an instant's notice; emphatically adding that "they should catch the villain in his own snare."

About midnight, a steady, respectable-looking man called upon the lawyer, who, after a whispered conversation with his visitor, directed his son to change his shako for a hat, and throw a cloak over his military uniform.

When thus attired, all three left the house together.

#### CHAPTER LIV.

Canning is blinded by the thirst for gold,  
And avarice falls into the simple snare  
Which childhood might avoid.—OLD PLAY

The clever Mr. Griffiths had entered his lodgings at his accustomed hour, bade good night to his landlady, and, to all appearance—retired to rest as usual. We say to all appearance, for nothing was further from his intentions than indulging in the luxury of sleep on the present occasion.

After carefully securing the door of his chamber, he opened an old portmanteau, which he took from under the bed, and took from it a slouched hat, a long black great-coat, and an enormous white cravat, which he placed upon a chair, and contemplated for several minutes in silence.

"The best speculation I ever made!" he muttered at last, with one of his peculiar chuckles. "Talk of the usurer's gains—mine far exceed them! With no greater outlay than thirty shillings expended with the Jew clothesman, I cleared fifteen hundred pounds, and the articles are as good as ever! No bad investment. They shall bring me as much more before I have done with them! What can Sir Richard want with me?" he added. Perhaps he has discovered the real will—but no! that is impossible! Where hand-writing and seals are concerned, I could deceive the Father of Lies himself, thanks to the instructions of my respected parent!"

Slowly he began to attire himself for the rendezvous which he had made, as he imagined, with the baronet; and so confident did he feel, that not a shade of doubt or misgiving once crossed his mind.

By the time he had carefully completed his toilet, the little Dutch clock by the side of the bed had struck eleven. Mr. Griffiths cautiously opened the door of the room and listened. All was still; his landlady and her two daughters had retired to rest.

Stealthily he descended the stairs, let himself out of the house by a back door which opened into a narrow court, and soon found himself in the street. With rapid steps he made his way towards the Strand. The only person he noticed on emerging from his lodgings was a porter, seated directly opposite the house, upon a large trunk. He had evidently stopped to rest himself.

Still the clerk began to think it somewhat strange that the man should be going exactly in the same direction as himself; but just as he began to feel a little uneasy upon the subject, he turned off towards Charing Cross, whilst he pursued his way down Parliament Street.

"What a fool I am!" he muttered; "startled at my own shadow—and yet it is requisite to be cautious! Precaution, they say, is the mother of safety! I might as well torment myself about the groom who is sitting on the opposite side of the way, and suspect him to be a spy upon me! Spy!" he repeated. "Who should set a spy upon me? Not Sir Richard—he does not know me from Adam; and my whereabouts can't interest any one else!"

With this reflection he proceeded towards the Abbey. The groom turning off into Downing Street dissipated his last doubts. He remembered how on the previous occasion he had experienced the same misgivings, and the unnecessary pains he had taken to avoid persons who were perfectly unconscious of the suspicions their presence created.

As the disguised clerk turned into the Dean's Yard, a hackney-coach drove rapidly past. He paused, and walked back a few steps to gaze after it.

"All right!" he thought, as the sound of the wheels died away. "I defy the police and Satan himself to trace me now!"

Like most boasts, it was a vainglorious one. The parties he named had kept a closer eye upon his proceedings than he imagined.

This time there was no friendly moon to illumine the cloisters, which were dark as the fabled pit of Acheron, save where a dirty oil lamp or two shed a dim, flickering light through the wire basket-like cages in which they were suspended—a precaution which did not always secure them from the mischief-loving propensities of the Westminster boys.

Mr. Griffiths made his way cautiously towards the spot where he had formerly met the baronet, and, seating himself upon the stone bench, he patiently awaited his arrival.

He had not been upon his post more than a quarter of an hour before he heard a quick, firm step advancing towards him. Had it been a slow and cautious one, in all probability his suspicions would have been excited.

"Is that you, Sir Richard?" he said, as the party drew near.

"Hush!"

"Oh, there is no danger of interruption!" continued the clerk. "We are alone, and know each other!"

"Perfectly!" replied a voice which made him start.

The next instant a pair of arms were thrown around him, and he felt himself pinioned in a grasp of iron. Vainly the guilty wretch struggled to free himself, or to disengage the weapon which he carried from his girdle. His efforts were as useless as those of an infant in the hands of a giant.

"Let me go, Mr. Clement!" he said; "you have no right to detain me!"

"I will make one, then!" replied our hero.

The footsteps of several persons were heard rapidly approaching the spot.

Mr. Griffiths descended to the most abject entreaties, promising, if his young master would only let him go, that in the morning he would explain everything. "Besides," he added, "you have no warrant to arrest me!"

"But I have!" observed one of the party who by this time surrounded him; "a moment longer, sir, just till I draw his sting, if he has one, and place the handcuffs on him!"

With a dexterity which only long practice could have given him, the speaker, who was one of the old Bow Street detectives, slipped his hands up the coat of the prisoner, and removed from his person a pistol, which proved on examination to be loaded. He next slipped the iron bracelets, as he called them, over his wrists; and in less time than it has taken to describe the transaction, the now detected felon stood disarmed and secured.

"This conduct is infamous!" he said, affecting

an air of injured innocence; "what charge have you against me?"

"All in good time!" replied the well-known voice of Mr. Foster, senior.

"I have a right to know!" continued the clerk.

"Can't I come here to meet—"

He hesitated: for once he was not ready.

"Meet whom?" demanded Clement.

"My sweetheart!" answered the prisoner; "with-out being followed like a thief and treated in this way!"

"Because you are a thief!" replied the lawyer, indignantly. "Where is the packet which you purloined from my private office?"

"Ask your son!" replied the clerk, with a sneer.

"Villain!" exclaimed our hero; "dare you accuse me of taking it?"

"Young men will gamble!" was the answer.

"Patience, my boy!" said his father, fearful lest scorn and insulted honor should urge the young soldier to forget himself; "the serpent's fang is drawn—he sold it to Sir Richard Trevanian!"

"That you must prove!" observed Mr. Griffiths, coolly; "to-night is your turn, but to-morrow may be mine! I am not so entirely at your mercy as you imagine!"

That same evening he slept in prison, whilst Clement Foster and his parent returned to the house of Miss Mendez, to inform her of all that had taken place.

When brought to Bow Street on the following morning, the prisoner defended himself with consummate skill and effrontery—not only denying all knowledge of the packet, but expressing his conviction that our hero had taken it: which shameless assertion he justified by relating the offer he had overheard Stork, the money-lender, make respecting it. The magistrate's opinion was shaken, and it was not without some difficulty that he granted even a remand. Poor Clement was in despair: the fair name of which he was so justly proud, seemed likely to be tarnished for ever.

His only hope was in Martha, and the influence she possessed over the fears of Mr. Stork.

No sooner was that warm-hearted friend acquainted with the new difficulty, than she offered at once to accompany the lawyer and his son to the house of her grandfather's former partner: his evidence she knew would clear her young favorite from all participation in the crime, and bring the guilt home to the perpetrator and receiver.

"To the perpetrator, possibly!" observed Mr. Foster, with a sigh; "but the receiver is already beyond the arm of human justice—Sir Richard Trevanian died last night!"

He pointed as he spoke to one of his daily papers lying on the table. Martha took it up, and found that the intelligence was but too certain—a fit of apoplexy had cut short his career of crime, his hopes and fears.

His son was now Sir Walter Trevanian.

More bitterly than ever did the lawyer regret the loss of the deed—for the moment had arrived when, by the direction of the testator, he was to break the seals: it seemed as if accident and man alike conspired to baffle justice and aid the cause of crime.

On arriving at the house of the money-lender, it was not without some difficulty that the party obtained an entrance: the old man was on his death-bed, and a crowd of hungry relatives, whom he had kept at a distance whilst in health, had gathered round him, despite his curses and imprecations on their officiousness, eager to share in the spoil.

His two eldest nephews were tormenting him with questions respecting his idol, gold, when Mr. Foster entered the room, followed by his companions.

"Gold!" repeated Stork, in a feeble tone; "all the world is mad on the subject of my gold! I tell you that I have none! I am poor—miserably poor! You will have to bury me amongst you, or else apply to the parish!"

"Nonsense, uncle!" exclaimed the elder of the two men; "we know better than that!"

The dying man uttered a groan of impatience.

"Come," added the speaker, in a coaxing tone, "you may just as well let us know where it is—you can't take it with you: it will save a great deal of trouble after you are gone!"

"Not a penny!" shouted Stork, his evil passions roused by their importunity; "not a farthing! Hungry curs—wolves, that ye are—what brings ye here? I never sent for you!"

The second nephew, who had hitherto been silent, muttered something about duty and affection.

"Duty and affection, then, reward you!" replied the money-lender; "for not a shilling will one of



you ever inherit! I have taken care of that!" he added, with a chuckle; "I have taken care of that! I have disappointed——"

The words which were about to follow appeared to be suddenly frozen upon his thin, parchment-like lips—for his eyes had fallen upon the pale features of Martha, as she stood contemplating the painful scene at the opposite end of the room.

"What does she do here?" he shrieked; "they cannot touch me now! I am dying—and death pays every debt! Take her away!" he added, clutching at the hands of his affectionate relatives, who still maintained their position at his bed-side; "she comes to denounce me—to drag me to justice! Remove her, and the gold shall be yours!"

The two nephews, who for a far less sum than the amount the speaker promised would willingly have bartered their eternal welfare, eagerly arose from their seats to comply with his request.

"Back!" exclaimed Martha, in a commanding tone; "one word from my lips, and even the wretched bed on which the expiring wretch now writhes in all the terrors of approaching death, ceases to be his!"

"False!" shouted Stork; "I am not a felon—they can't rob me of my gold! Drive her away—drive her away!"

Regardless of the scowling looks of the two nephews, who were awed by the presence of her companions, the grand-daughter of Peter Quin advanced to the side of the bed, and solemnly adjured the dying man to answer if he had not been paid the thousand pounds by Clement Foster on his coming of age, and whether he had not rejected with disdain the offer of abstracting the deed from his father's chambers.

"No—no! He did take it!" answered the money-lender, with a look of malice; "you can't frighten me now! I am dying—beyond your reach!"

"But not the reach of God!" solemnly observed Martha; "who reads the heart—who needs no proof—no witnesses—no confession; whose hand is even now upon you! Will you then die," she added, "with a lie upon your lips? Remember the stain of blood is on your soul—for years it has cried for justice: if not in this world, it must be answered in the next! Know you not the doom reserved for the murderer?"

Stork groaned and writhed in all the terrors of an awakened conscience.

With an eloquence which till that hour neither Clement nor the lawyer suspected her of possessing, she proceeded to pray—to call upon heaven to touch the heart of the dying sinner—to send forth the spirit of penitence and atonement—and concluded by painting the joy which follows true repentance.

Touched by her words, the wretched money-lender declared that he would confess, and demanded some one to go for a magistrate.

In less than an hour Clement brought one to his bedside, and every one except the lawyer and the minister of justice retired.

"Your vindication, my dear boy, is most complete!" whispered Mr. Foster, as he pressed the hand of his son, after having seen the last of the money-lender; "he has confessed everything!"

"Everything?" repeated Martha, with a searching look.

The old gentleman inclined his head in answer to her question, and during the ride home not another word was exchanged between them. Our hero was puzzled to account for this singular conduct, and as they left Harley Street together, demanded an explanation of his father.

"It is a most painful one!" replied the lawyer, "and one that I could wish had not been made! You have heard me speak of the son of General Maitland?"

"Who disappeared so unaccountably?"

"He was murdered by Stork and Miles, assisted by a man whom they knew only by the name of The Captain, at the instigation of Peter Quin, the grand-father of Martha!"

"And the wretch confessed this?" demanded Clement, anxiously.

"More—he has described the exact spot in which the remains of the murdered George Maitland were concealed. I regret to say it is one of the houses in the Almonry, the property of Miss Mendez!"

"Painful, no doubt!" observed the young man; "but the discovery cannot affect her?"

"Legally, no!" replied the old man, with a sigh; "morally, yes! The world is a harsh judge, and visits the sins of the father upon the children!"

Captain Foster felt no less pained that surprised, and began to reflect what might be the feelings of his parent when he should learn that he was attached to the great grand-daughter of a murderer.

## CHAPTER LV.

This conscience doth make cowards of us all.

SHAKESPEARE.

On quitting his father, Clement Foster proceeded at once to the Clarendon Hotel, where his friend Lord Peapod had taken up his abode, under an assumed name—he being anxious to keep the fact of his having escaped the death so traitorously intended for him a secret till he should be convalescent: even to our hero he did not enter into any explanation of his motives—but an author may be more confidential with his readers. His lordship wished to punish his unnatural uncle, whom he strongly suspected of being no stranger to the murderous attempt of his servant Peter.

"I thought you had forgotten me, Clem!" exclaimed the peer, as he shook the hand of his only visitor. "Peace appears but a stupid affair after the excitement of a campaign like ours! I suppose we shall gradually grow as cold and politely indifferent towards each other as though we had never slept under the same tent!"

"If I thought that," replied our hero, "I should regret the peace as much as you do! Come, Peapod—I beg pardon, Major Jones!" he added—the name his lordship passed by in the hotel—"you have some reason to complain of me—and yet I am more to be pitied than blamed!"

"No tidings of Louise?"

"None!"

"Nor of her mysterious protectress, the Queen of Sheba?"—by which title the speaker meant to designate Madame Krudner, the Swedish ambassador at the court of France—"who predicted——"

"I am tired," interrupted his friend, in a desponding tone, "of being made the sport of fate! No sooner do I extricate myself from one difficulty, than my evil destiny plunges me into another! Would that I possessed your easy philosophy—your easy indifference."

"No, you don't, Clem!" replied the peer, with a faint smile; "they would destroy you in less than a year—kill you with inanition! Do you know," he added, "that since I have suffered so severely and been left so much alone—I didn't mean that as a reproach—I begin to feel disgusted with the world—and still more with myself! At times I am half inclined to let my uncle retain my title and fortune, and seek for excitement in a life of adventure!"

"Which you would tire of in less time than you gave me!" observed his visitor; "you are hipped, my dear fellow!"

"On the contrary," said his lordship; "I have been amusing myself, and I'll bet——. But I forget—you never bet! Well, then, as I defy you to guess how, I may as well tell you at once—I have been making my will!"

"Time enough for that," replied Clement, with a laugh, "when you have half a dozen children round you!"

"I shall never marry!" was the reply.

It was in vain that our hero attempted to rally his friend out of the sombre humor—sallies which a few months previously would have set him in a roar of mirth, scarcely drew from him the faintest smile: he had determined to be dull—and for once most religiously adhered to his resolution.

During the dinner—for the friends passed the rest of the day together—the hum of many voices, which rose occasionally into cheers, or died away in peals of merry laughter, was heard in the apartment directly underneath the one occupied by the invalid.

"Whom have you below?" he inquired of one of the waiters, who found time to answer his bell at last; "and bring the three bottles of red claret!"

"Lord Peapod and his friends!" replied the man. "Magnificent spread—turtle and two of the finest haunches of the season—ortolans from France—boar's head from Germany—no expense spared! His lordship desired, when he gave the order, to have the most sumptuous dinner the establishment could place upon the table! I wish, gentlemen, you could have seen it!"

"Do you!" said the pretended Major Jones, drily.

"Any further orders, gentlemen?"

The waiter was told that he might retire. Our hero felt annoyed at the *contretemps*: he feared the effect it might produce upon the excitable temperament of his friend, who sat for some time after their informant had quitted the room in moody silence, from which he was suddenly roused by a tremendous cheer and the jingling of glasses.

"They appear very merry!" he exclaimed, in a tone of bitterness; "am I not right, Clem? Would it not be cruel to return to life and destroy so much happiness? My worthy uncle is doubtless listening to an eulogy upon his own virtues—modestly smil-

ing, no doubt, at the comparison which some jackall has drawn between the late and present Lord Peapod!"

"You are in error!" replied his friend, soothingly; "it was the health of the Regent which they drank! Your uncle's turn has not come yet!"

"You are right!" said his lordship, after listening for a few seconds; "there is Marshall roaring out 'God save the King!' I shall be in time!"

"In time! In time for what?" demanded his friend.

"To return thanks when my health is drunk!" answered the invalid, drily.

"For heaven's sake, my dear fellow, be cool!"

"Cool!" repeated Peapod; "I am as cool as if the blood in my veins had been iced instead of the claret, which I have barely sipped! Help me on with my uniform! By heavens!" he added, with a laugh which rang through the apartment with the merry tone of former time, "I would not miss the scene—the confusion my appearance will throw them into—to exchange my coronet of viscount for that of a duke! Not that, *entre nous*, Clem, I set much value upon either!"

Finding that remonstrance only increased his excitement and rendered him more obstinate, our hero yielded to his caprice, and assisted him to exchange the dressing-gown in which he had dined for his full-dress uniform.

"Come!" said the peer, surveying himself in the glass, "for a dead man I don't look so very badly! Ten to one that you see paler faces than mine in the room when I make my appearance amongst them! Note them, Clem!" he whispered; "and, above all, note the features of my uncle and his dear friend Marshall! You know what Hamlet says!"

This was the plainest allusion which the speaker ever made to the suspicions which they both entertained of the colonel and his confederate.

When they reached the apartment in which the dinner was given, they found the door open. Fortunately, a screen at the back of the president's chair enabled them to hear every word that was uttered without being seen.

Marshall was on his legs—to use a technical phrase—when they reached the scene. With the modesty so peculiar to the man, he claimed the indulgence of the guests while he proposed the health of their noble host, whom he described as the possessor of every virtue under the sun—spoke of his courage, eloquence, and single-heartedness—and only ceased enumerating the catalogue of his merits for want of breath. At every pause in his discourse, there was a general chorus of "Hear—hear!"

They could not do less for a man who gave such excellent dinners.

"Why, the fellow lies like an epitaph!" observed Clement Foster to his friend.

"The orator is about to conclude!" replied his lordship.

Marshall having exhausted every form of flattery, as well as the entire stock both of real and imaginary virtues, finished his speech by calling upon the guests to drink the health of Lord Peapod, "than whom," he added, "a braver and a better man, a more loyal soldier, or a truer gentleman, never existed!"

The health was drunk with the usual amount of enthusiasm, as a matter of course; and as soon as the applause had subsided, there was a gentle hum of expectation: the donor of the feast was about to return thanks.

"Now is my time, Clem!" whispered the real peer, and, with an air of the greatest unconcern, he walked into the room. His uncle, who had already risen from his chair, having his back to the screen, was the last person to perceive him, and to many who were present he was personally a stranger; added to which, his illness had so altered him, that it was not till he spoke that even his brother officers, many of whom were present, recognised him.

"Very handsome indeed, Marshall!" he said, at the same time coolly taking the glass of wine from the hand of his uncle; "more than I expected from you! When I require an epitaph, you shall write me one!"

At the first sound of his nephew's voice, Colonel Barratt, like a person suddenly deprived of all power, sank back on the chair he had so lately quitted; his jaw fell, and he remained gazing on the speaker in speechless terror; whilst that of his confidant was scarcely less ludicrous.

"By heavens!" exclaimed the major, "if it is not Peapod!"

"At your service, gentlemen!"

Several of the junior officers tried to get up a



cheer, but the surprise was too strong upon them to succeed.

"Never mind," observed his lordship, who appeared heartily to enjoy the scene; "do better next time! My dear uncle," he added, gazing on the still terror-stricken countenance of his relative, "this is true affection—quite touching—joy at my unexpected return has rendered you speechless!"

"Living!" exclaimed the colonel.

"As you say, living, my dear uncle—thanks to the devoted friendship of Captain Foster, whom I am sure you will all welcome for my sake, to say nothing of his own distinguished merits!"

"Yes, certainly—most happy—grateful!" muttered his relative.

"You appear so!" observed his nephew, with an ironical smile.

The major, who had felt secretly annoyed at the airs which Colonel Barratt had given himself on his supposed accession to the peerage, left his seat and shook the real Lord Peapod most cordially by the hand; all the officers followed his example, with the exception of Marshall—conscience had rivetted him to his seat.

"You must leave the room!" whispered our hero. "The excitement is becoming too much for you!"

"Not for the world!" replied his lordship, firmly.

"For your friend, then!" continued Clement; "who urges your compliance with his request as the only recompense for the service which you say he has rendered you! What can you desire more! Your triumph is complete!"

"You can do as you please with me!" said the invalid, in the same under-tone; "and perhaps you are right, after all; for one glass of wine with the friend that loves us—one warm pressure from the hand that never betrayed us—are worth the homage of a world peopled with hearts like thine!"

Rising from his chair, he bowed coldly to the guests of his uncle—met, as it were, to celebrate his supposed death; and leaning on the arm of his true friend and adviser, quitted the room, leaving confusion, bitterness, and disappointment, mingled with some sly satisfaction, where lately all had been hilarity. Such is the world!

#### CHAPTER LVI.

He hears  
On all sides from innumerable tongues,  
A dismal universal hiss—the sound  
Of public scorn. MILTON.

Few men ever possessed greater facility either in making or abandoning his friends than George IV., whose character in every domestic relation of life—whose ingratitude to the political party who supported him, when Prince of Wales, against the jealousy of the mad old King, his father—drew on him the scorn and contempt of every rightly-judging mind.

These, unfortunately, were not the only causes of his unpopularity. His treatment of his unhappy wife—the heartless neglect of his former boon companion, Sheridan, in the hour of poverty and death—his conduct to the poet Moore—Fox—in fact, to all who had served him—completely disgusted the nation. Consequently, although his regency had been marked by the most brilliant page in England's annals—for her arms were everywhere victorious—it shed no halo of glory upon him. At the review in Hyde Park he had been hissed by the people in presence of the allied sovereigns, and the insult rankled deeply in the callous thing he was pleased to call his heart.

When Lord Bearmouth, one of his former friends—we use the word in its conventional sense, for selfish men are incapable of possessing real friends—heard of the outrage, and how deeply the prince felt it, he observed, with a cynical smile, "that the thing was impossible—it being a notorious fact that Whigs were insensible to feeling till penetrated beyond the blubber."

The *bon mot* was a coarse one, and the Regent never forgave it. He had seen with princely equanimity the country driven to the verge of rebellion—the mechanics of Manchester and Birmingham starving; but what of that? Plenty reigned at Carlton House, whose orgies rivalled those of Lucullus. But the slightest allusion to the obesity of his person stung him, and an intimation was conveyed to his lordship that he would not be received at any of the levees or drawing rooms to be held in honor of the allied sovereigns.

Some men would have retired before the storm. Lord Bearmouth, on the contrary, found a pleasure in braving it. Possessed of one of the largest fortunes in Europe, he rivalled the Regent himself in the splendor of his table, the brilliancy of his *fêtes*.

On one occasion, all the world—or rather the

fashionable portion of it—were raving of the magnificent diamond epaulets worn by the prince at a grand ball at St. James's. A week afterwards Lord Bearmouth gave one, which the Grand Duke Nicholas and Constantine honored with their presence. At supper the imperial guests were waited on by four fat footmen, each wearing instead of shoulder-knots, diamond epaulets, fac-similes of the Regent's.

Never had the royal taste for the vulgar magnificent received so severe a rebuke.

Mad with anger at the ridicule thus deservedly cast upon his august and corpulent person, his highness decided on giving an entertainment which should eclipse all that had hitherto been recorded of royal prodigality. Invitations to a banquet on what was intended to be an unexampled scale of splendor were issued from Carlton House. A stream of real water—as they say at Astley's—was to flow through the centre of the table, in which gold and silver fish were to be seen sporting, to the admiration of the guests. On this occasion the twelve golden salt-cellars, representing the same number of jackasses, with panniers to contain the salt, were first used. The hour fixed was an unusually early one, to enable the Regent and the allied monarchs to attend the opera in the evening.

Lord Bearmouth boldly announced a party for the same night. More—he determined that this time his triumph over his *ci-devant ami* should be complete.

The opera was *Didone Abbandonata*, with Mademoiselle Cherini as the prima donna.

For the enormous sum of one thousand guineas, she consented not only to absent herself from the theatre, and sing at his lordship's party, but to keep her intention a secret till the last moment.

She kept her word, and only informed the director of her intention about an hour before the usual time of performance. The unhappy manager was in despair. Three sovereigns expected, and no *Dido*! His first thought was to commit suicide; his next, to fly the country; his last—and consequently the most reasonable one—to hasten to the Palace and inform the Prince Regent of the dilemma in which he found himself placed. Just as he had made up his mind to this humiliating step, a note was placed in his hand. He read it attentively, and for some moments appeared lost in mental calculation.

"Who brought this?" he demanded.

The reply was: two ladies, who were still in their carriage at the stage-door!"

"Admit them!" he exclaimed, with the air of a man who has just taken a desperate resolution; "it is my last chance!"

By eight o'clock the theatre was crowded with the elite of the fashionable world. So great had been the excitement, that almost fabulous sums had been given for boxes, and stalls intrigued for with as much perseverance and tact by dukes and lordlings as though the Garter had been the object of contention, instead of an opera ticket.

Lord Bearmouth's box—one of the best in the royal circle—was occupied by three or four ill-dressed, vulgar-looking men, who had all the appearance of servants out of livery—and such, in fact, they were. At the back was a shrewd, clever-looking personage—his lordship's secretary—who was charged to report everything that might transpire to his employer, who counted on the mortification of the Regent, and the triumph which the absence of the *prima donna* would afford him.

It was something to boast of that the Regent of England and his royal guests had been disappointed of hearing Mademoiselle Cherini sing, because she was engaged at Lord Bearmouth's party. The affair of the diamond epaulets sank into insignificance compared with such a success.

Long and patiently had the eyes of the audience been directed to the royal box. The doors opened at last, and the Prince Regent, accompanied by the Emperor Alexander, the King of Prussia, and the usual *cortège*, made their appearance. The national anthem was sung, and the opera commenced.

The secretary of Lord Bearmouth was puzzled. He could not comprehend the affair. *Dido* without *Dido* appeared an impossibility—although on the English stage we have frequently seen *Hamlet* minus the philosophic Prince of Denmark. But the public were not so indulgent in those days as in ours.

Before entering on the scene, the Carthaginian queen has a short recitative, which is sung from behind the scenes. This had always been one of Mademoiselle Cherini's weakest points in the part—for her voice was worn, and it was only in passages requiring great brilliancy of execution that the defect was vanquished by the science of the artist.

To the astonishment of the audience and the confusion of the secretary, the recitative was given with

a purity and freshness which had not been heard since Madame Garrachi represented the *role*. Many of the *habitués* of the theatre were forcibly reminded both of her method and intonation.

"It cannot be Cherini!" was whispered in the stalls.

"Who can it be?" wondered the ladies in the boxes.

The question was soon answered—for the next moment *Didone* herself appeared upon the scene—not in the person of the *prima donna*, but in that of a fair girl, whose youth and extreme loveliness excited a murmur of admiration through the house.

At the blaze of light, the crowded state of the theatre, the *debutante* trembled and hesitated. It was a critical moment. A single hair might have changed the feeling of the audience. An unknown singer had replaced the idol of the opera in her most brilliant character. Without a word of apology or explanation, the public had been trifled with, as well as mystified. Fortunately, the presence of the allied sovereigns prevented the *contretemps*. It was not etiquette to express disapprobation in the presence of royalty—and for once fashion was enlisted on the right side.

At the end of the first cavatina, her success was confirmed. But it became a perfect triumph in the *duo* in which she upbraids *Aeneas* for abandoning her after the many proofs she had given him of her passion.

At the conclusion of the fourth act the secretary left the theatre, and hastened to report progress at Bearmouth House—feeling that his employer for once had been defeated.

Her Russian admirer had just led Mademoiselle Cherini from her seat at the piano, when Signor Garrachi made his appearance. The artful woman attributed his pale features and disordered appearance to jealousy, and, with her usual want of consideration for the feelings of others, redoubled her flirtations with the *aide-de-camp*.

"I have just left the opera!" he whispered, in a low tone.

"Do speak out!" observed the lady, anxious that the Russian should witness the confusion and consternation her absence from the theatre had occasioned. "It appears so affected to whisper! I suppose they changed the opera!"

"No!"

"No!" repeated the artiste, in a tone of unfeigned surprise. "Who, in the name of fortune, replaced me?"

"A fair young girl!" answered the Italian, not without a certain degree of malice.

"And they hissed her?"

"On the contrary, her appearance has created quite a *furor*! Never has *début* been more successful!"

"I'll not sing for a fortnight!" exclaimed the vexed *prima donna*, "to punish the insolence of the director and the ingratitude of the public! I'll order my carriage! No—I'll not let them see that I feel their treachery! Who is this girl?" she added; "this unknown star, who has so suddenly emerged from obscurity? Where has she been taught? Who was her master? Are you dumb? Can't you find words to answer me? or are you, too, one of her admirers?"

—It was in vain that the obsequious slave of her caprice, who had opposed as far as he dared her breach of faith with the public and the manager, declared his ignorance on every point on which she questioned him. Mademoiselle Cherini insisted that he had been in the plot against her, chid him like some disobedient lacquey for not having performed his duty in warning her of the meditated treason—as she was pleased to term it—and, having ascertained by her watch that the last act of the opera would not be over yet, hastened from the brilliant saloon, accompanied by the signor, and drove to his Majesty's theatre, to confound her rival and the director by her presence.

"The last act!" she repeated to herself, as she thought of the difficulties which the music presented. "She must fail in that! No novice can succeed in it!"

It was her hope and consolation.

The angry woman, half mad with professional jealousy and mortification, reached the house in time to hear the brilliant finale. The pure voice of her rival—fresh as at the commencement of the opera—fell upon her ear like the death-knell of her reputation as an artiste. She felt that she was eclipsed—that a fresh star had risen in the horizon, and her own sunk for ever.

After the fall of the curtain, the *debutante* was twice summoned before the audience, to receive their tribute of admiration. The Prince Regent sent the



Duke of Devonshire to congratulate her, and express the gratification her talent had afforded them. The fair young girl, who a few hours previously had been unknown, suddenly found herself one of the idols of the day—the fashionable world—or at least the male portion of it—at her feet. And yet, strange to say, the triumph afforded her far more pain than pleasure; for there was one being in the world whom she feared might disapprove of her appearing before the public.

That being was the hero of our tale—Clement Foster.

Taking the arm of a lady who during the performance had watched her success with intense anxiety, she curtsied to the crowd of noble butterflies and worshippers who formed a circle round her, and withdrew with her companion to the director's private room, where a second triumph awaited her—the offer of an engagement to appear on alternate nights with Mademoiselle Cherini—the management being desirous, if possible, to retain both attractions in the establishment.

The debutante regarded the lady who accompanied her as if to ask her opinion. It was given without a moment's hesitation.

"The entire lead in the lyric drama."

"But consider," urged the director, not quite satisfied how far it might be prudent to trust the interests of the theatre to so inexperienced a *prima donna*; "Mademoiselle Cherini is engaged for the season!"

"She has broken it!" was the reply.

"But we have announced—"

"I am aware of your programme!" interrupted the first speaker. "*Semiramide, La Vestale, Medea, Artaxerxes*. My child is perfect in them all! Why hesitate with me, who know all the wiles and diplomacy of a director's craft? To-day we are ready to accept terms—to-morrow we shall be in a position to impose them; for, after so successful a *debut*, the re-appearance of my pupil will be commanded by the Regent! Think you," she added, "that his highness will ever forgive the insult offered by Cherini?"

"Possibly not! But—"

The rest of the manager's speech was cut short by the appearance of Mademoiselle, who came flowing into the room with the air of an insulted tragedy queen, followed by the obsequious Garrachi. At the sight of the Italian, the elder lady dropped her veil.

"So!" exclaimed the *prima donna*, throwing herself into a chair; "a pretty trick you have played off! Who are these persons?" she continued, casting a disdainful glance upon the two females. "You had better see them some other time! I have something important to say to you!"

The manager, after congratulating her upon her speedy recovery from the very serious indisposition which the note announcing her inability to appear that night had assigned as a reason, drily informed the excited *prima donna* that he was particularly engaged, but would see her in the morning.

A fearful pang of jealousy and rage, such as an artiste only feels, wrung the heart of Mademoiselle Cherini, who felt that her star—at least in the estimation of the speaker—had met with an eclipse.

"Make your choice!" she whispered—or rather hissed in his ear, between her clenched teeth.

"It is made!" replied the manager, who experienced a very natural pleasure in being able to repay the haughty, capricious woman some portion of the bitterness and humiliation she had caused him to endure. "This young lady is now the *prima donna* of His Majesty's Theatre!"

"Ridiculous! And the new operas? You speak like a fool or a madman!"

"Possibly!" answered the director, carelessly. "Has Mademoiselle Cherini any further commands?"

"You will repent this!" exclaimed the excited artiste, bitterly. "Repent your miserable infatuation! What! confide the destiny of an establishment like the Opera House to a novice—a mere child!"

"She has been carefully trained!"

"Trained!" repeated the angry woman, impatiently; "in what school? Her name is unknown in the *conservatoires* of Milan, Paris and Naples! Who have been her instructors?"

"I have!" replied the elder of the two ladies, at the same time raising her veil and discovering to the astonished Cherini and the guilty husband the features of Madame Garrachi.

"Do you remember me?" continued the outraged wife and broken-hearted mother. "I perceive you do! I read your recognition in the long-absent blush which has at last returned upon your cheek! Think you," she added, in an ironical tone, "that

my pupil has been well tutored? Oh, I have been cold as contempt, patient as hate with her! I tell you that in my very best days, when youth and enthusiasm lent their spell, and I was an idol with the public, neither my voice nor genius ever rivalled hers! Judge what chance you can have, at your years—the sensibilities and the emotions of the heart extinct, and nothing left of genius save its worn out passions!"

The momentary feeling of remorse and shame which her unprincipled rival had experienced on unexpectedly beholding the woman she had so deeply injured gave way to the most violent burst of rage and impotent fury as the cold, bitter, but truthful words fell upon her ear; their sting consisted in their truthfulness—she felt that her reign in the mimic scene was at an end, and what rendered her downfall more galling was the knowledge of the hand that had prepared it, by providing a successor to the lyric throne.

"Eugenie," said the Italian, trying to look very penitent, "if the most sincere remorse for my past conduct can atone—"

Madame Garrachi waved him from her with a gesture of ineffable disdain: his baseness had long since eradicated from her woman's heart every sentiment like love; indifference and contempt were the only feelings that remained.

"For our boy's sake!" urged the hypocrite; "Felix, who loved his father!"

At the name of her son, the sorrowing mother burst into a flood of tears; her self-possession gave way, and she yielded for an instant to the luxury of sorrow.

"Dare you allude to my poor murdered boy?" she sobbed; "man—man! has nature left no touch of shame or pity in your heart? Leave me!" she added; "there is a grave between us! Yet, for the sake of him who fills it, I will not see you, when that wanton casts you off, reduced to beg for bread—toil for it I am sure you never will! A pittance sufficient to secure your age from want, out of the remnant of my fortune, shall be secured to you!"

Rejoicing at having secured so much—far more, in fact, than he had any right to expect—the humbled and mortified Italian followed his mistress from the room of the director. He knew that he might rely upon the promise of his injured wife.

Mademoiselle Cherini saw that her career as an artiste was at an end. Independent of her jewels, which were of great value, she was far from being rich. Like a prudent person, the first burst of passion being over, she sat calmly down in her boudoir, and reflected on her position.

Two courses were open to her: the first and most reasonable was to dispose of her diamonds, and retire from the world, whose adulation was necessary to her existence; the second was to accept the hand of her Russian admirer, the aide-de-camp to the Emperor Alexander, who, to all appearance, was immensely rich: and yet, strange to say, none of the higher nobility, either of his own or any other country, appeared to know him. But if the calculating woman had any doubts upon the subject, they were dissipated by the following announcement, which appeared simultaneously in most of the morning papers:—

"We understand that the fashionable world is about to be deprived of one of its most distinguished ornaments: the young and wealthy Count Stollenhoff, aide-de-camp to his imperial majesty, has just been appointed to an honorable and important post in his own country. We understand that he takes his departure from England in a few days."

This announcement decided the fate of the *prima donna*. Her marriage would give an *éclat* to her departure from the stage—change her defeat into a triumph. After a scene of violent altercation, the signor was dismissed, and the count informed that Mademoiselle Cherini consented to be his.

So brief was the time that settlements were out of the question. Besides, what could the amount of her savings, or even the value of her diamonds, be to one who possessed, according to his own account, estates in Russia exceeding in extent a German principality? His description of his chateau near Moscow, his family jewels, his numerous serfs, excited her ambition and blinded her judgment.

The day before his departure the marriage took place, and was duly announced in the papers.

When Madame Garrachi read it she merely smiled, and from that time treated the affair of Fanny's engagement at his Majesty's theatre with perfect indifference.

Here it may be as well to end with her guilty husband and unprincipled rival at once. The first retired to an obscure nook in Normandy, where a

pension of three thousand francs was annually paid him: a poor recompense for the brilliant fortune which his weakness and heartlessness had lost.

As for her rival, her punishment was even more complete: on entering the territories of the Czar, her husband, under pretence of avoiding official visits and receptions, dropped his title of count; his magnificent chateau dwindled into a cottage and a small farm, about fifty versts from Moscow. The mask fell at last, and the *ex-prima donna* found herself the wife of a clever adventurer, who listened to her reproaches with imperturbable coolness, and replied to her demands for her diamonds and fortune—which he had contrived to obtain possession of—that he would employ them for their mutual comfort and advantage.

The infuriated woman raved like a lioness caught in the toils. To her threats the gentleman answered by administering a little of that conjugal correction which the Russian law as well as custom allows.

One day, when he thought he had sufficiently tamed her, he presented her with a letter. It ran thus:—

"You have relieved me of a worthless husband: to show my gratitude, I have provided you with a good though stern one!"

It was signed "Madame Garrachi."

The next hour the body of the guilty woman was dragged from the river, into which, in her despair and disappointment, she had cast herself. The thought of being triumphed over at last by the being she hated, was more than her philosophy could bear. Had her rival been ignorant of her fate, she might have endured it patiently—nay, in time have become reconciled to her lot; for the *ex-side-de-camp* and count faithfully kept his promise to Madame Garrachi—who had employed him, and furnished him with the means of figuring in the fashionable world both in Paris and London; and, according to Russian notions upon the subject, made her a tolerably good husband.

As he had never really loved her, as a matter of course he bore her death with indifference.

Such was the end of the once brilliant and admired Mademoiselle Cherini.

#### CHAPTER LVII.

Were his eyes open? Yes, and his mouth too! Surprise has this effect—to make one dumb; Yet leaves the gate which eloquence slips through, As wide as if a long speech were to come.

BYRON.

THERE were two spectators amongst the audience on the night of our heroine's appearance, who witnessed her *debut* with widely different sensations—Clement Foster and Sir Walter Trevanian.

Poor Clem could scarcely credit the evidence of senses. At first he fancied that some extraordinary likeness had deceived him. Yet no—there were the same calm blue eyes which haunted him in his sleep—the smile which had traced the first impress on heart. The secret to which she had so mysteriously alluded on their parting was explained; but how? He feared to ask himself the question. Several times he repeated to himself the words which he had revolved over and over again in his memory.

"If you find me worthy of your love when next we meet, with joy I will be yours!"

He had found her, and, to do our hero justice, not for an instant did a doubt of her purity shake him. It was the world's opinion and the opposition of his father that he dreaded. He knew how scrupulous the old lawyer's notions were upon the subject of female propriety. The idea of a daughter-in-law from the Opera was sure to shock them.

Sir Walter Trevanian, on the contrary, recognised the girl who had excited his evil passion at the Chateau Vert with delight.

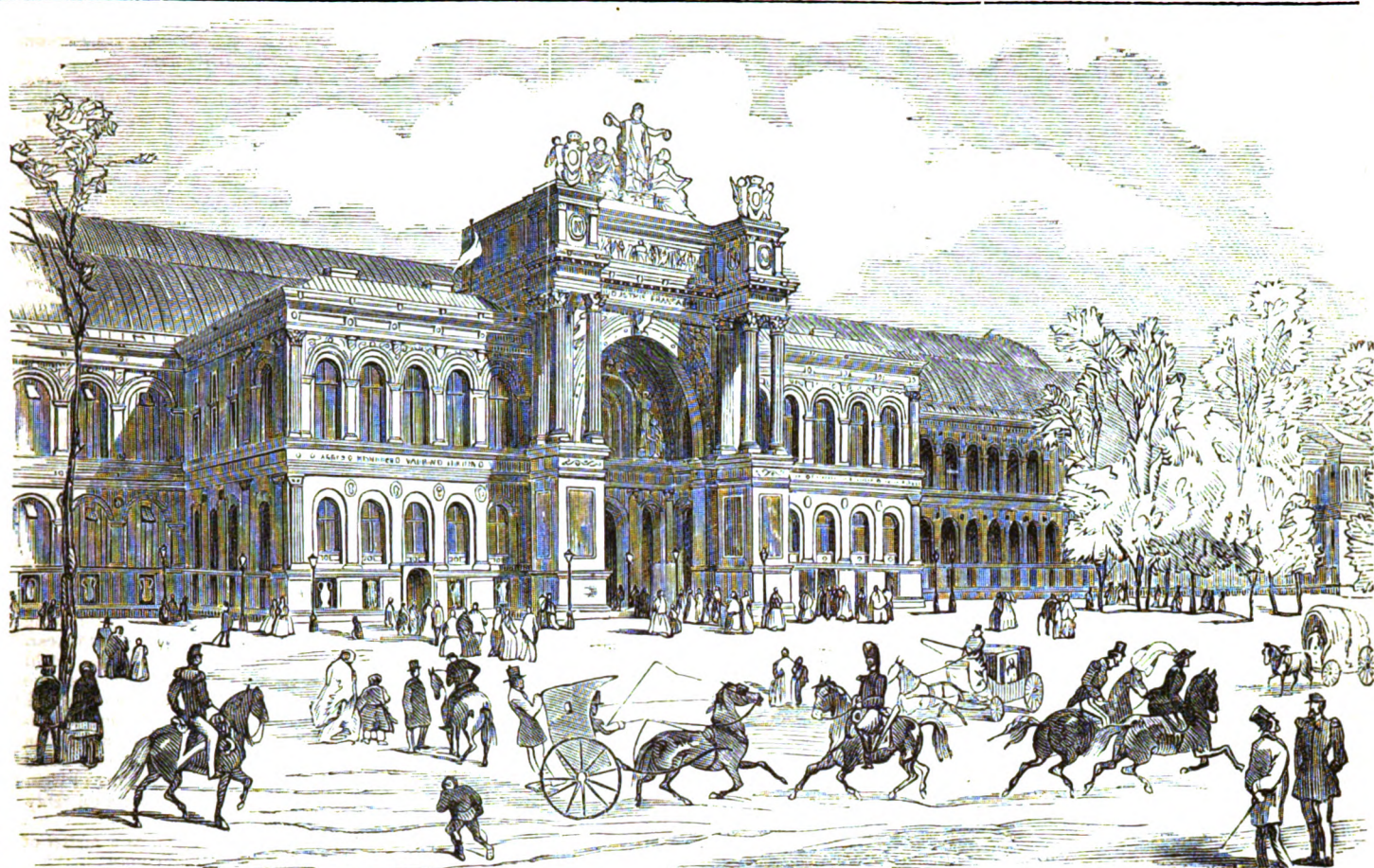
"An actress!" he mentally exclaimed.

The triumph over Clement—whom he hated—and the innocence of Fanny appeared assured.

Little did he know the human heart—that virtue is confined to no station—that it dwells as frequently in the cottage of the peasant as in the mansion of the rich—that even amid the temptations and dangers of a theatre, wives and daughters may be found with hearts as pure, minds as unswayed, as in the most elevated sphere of society; but, like most libertines, he had little confidence in the principles to which he was practically a stranger.

To our hero the triumph of Fanny was one protracted torment. Had he listened only to the impulses of his feelings, he would have rushed upon the stage and led her from the sight of the admiring audience. The comments upon her personal beauty which passed around him added to his uneasiness, and when the curtain fell at last, he mentally thanked heaven that the scene was over.





EXTERIOR OF THE PARIS INDUSTRIAL EXHIBITION, OPENED MAY, 1855.

Quickly as he could he made his way to the stage-door of the theatre and demanded admittance: not having the *entrée*, as a matter of course, it was refused him. He proffered the door-keeper gold; but the man's situation depended on his obeying the orders he had received—none but the well-known patrons of the Opera were admitted. The green-room of His Majesty's Theatre, in the days of the regency, was far more exclusive than the levee of the Regent.

Whilst he was alternately arguing and entreating with the Cerberus, Sir Walter Trevanian, who was one of the privileged clique, passed him with an insulting smile—for the first time in his life, Clement Foster envied him.

"I will see her," he mentally ejaculated, "if I remain here until morning!"

Poor fellow! a second time he was doomed to disappointment. Fanny, in order to avoid the crowd of curious idlers certain to be collected round the stage-door to witness her departure, quitted the house by one of the numerous private entrances opening into the Opera passage.

Our hero was distracted when assured, not only by the assertion of the stage door-keeper but the lateness of the hour, that she had really left the theatre. It was in vain that he demanded her address—the man could not inform him; he was ignorant even of the name of the singer who had created such a sensation. Little did he imagine that she had passed him a hundred times, when a child, carrying her little bundle on her arm, in company with Madame Du Bast and the dancer Sally. Not even Mademoiselle Josephine and her former companions of the corps de ballet had recognised her in the splendid robes of the Carthaginian queen and Madame Garrachi's diamonds. Could they have read what was passing in the heart of the successful *debutante*, they would have ceased to envy her a barren triumph.

As Fanny had explained to our hero, she had a duty to perform—she might have added a sacrifice—for, although accustomed in childhood to the mimic scene, the stage was her aversion. Clement Foster passed a sleepless night, and at an early hour the following morning drove to Harley street, to inform Miss Mendez of the discovery. She was her mother, and her authority might draw Fanny from a career of which at present she was merely on the threshold.

Martha had not finished her toilet when the servant announced the visit of Captain Foster, and the

request that she would see him privately in the library.

"Privately!" repeated his mistress, after dismissing her waiting maid with an answer in the affirmative. "What can bring Clem at such an unusual hour? Has he at last discovered any trace of my lost child?"

The supposition so agitated her that it was with the utmost difficulty she completed her toilet, and hastened to ascertain the truth of her surmise.

"Clement!" she exclaimed, the instant she entered the room, "what has occurred? Have my hopes deceived me? Answer me the questions my lips refuse to frame! Have you found some clue to my lost child?"

"Patience! Calm yourself—pray, calm yourself!" replied the young man, feeling for her agitation.

"Patience!" she repeated; "what has my whole life been but one lesson! I have been patient whilst both heart and mind were on the rack! Answer me! Neither joy nor disappointment have power to kill!"

"My dear Miss Mendez, the intelligence I bring is not of sorrow! I have seen Fanny!"

"Seen her!" gasped Martha.

"But have not been able to obtain her address! Listen to me calmly!"

Clement Foster proceeded as cautiously as possible to relate the discovery he had made the preceding night. To his surprise, the fact of her adopted daughter having made her appearance on the stage seemed to impress Miss Mendez far less painfully than he expected; but then it must be remembered she listened to him with the feelings of affection merely. To her the world, with its social distinctions, its prejudices, and artificial life, was comparatively unknown. Fortunately, fashion to her was but a word; her warm and generous heart set her fashion—she knew no other.

"Thank heaven," she exclaimed, whilst tears of joy coursed each other down her pale cheek, "my prayer at last is answered! But how is it, Clement," she added, fixing her dark eyes thoughtfully upon him, "you appear thus sad? I will not wrong you by asking if your affection for my child has changed!"

"You would indeed wrong me by such a suspicion!" replied our hero. "I love her still!"

"Still!" repeated Martha; "still! What may that word imply! Answer me, Clement! As your earliest friend, I have a right to ask the question—as the natural protectress of Fanny, I demand an answer! You cannot mean to hint that my child

has proved unworthy? No—no! it were too horrible!"

Captain Foster took both the hands of the speaker in his.

"I believe her," he said, "in person and mind to be as pure as heaven itself! Can I say more? My heart is as devoted to her as ever; but this unfortunate appearance on the stage will not easily be forgotten! Her success has been a *furor*—a perfect triumph!"

"I understand you!" observed Miss Mendez. "You hesitate to accept a wife who has trod the boards of a theatre! Prejudice, Clement—prejudice! Virtue is confined to no sphere or condition!"

"I do not object!" replied the young man, eagerly; "but my father might! Heaven knows with what pride, what joy I would call her mine, and receive her hand as the greatest boon in the power of heaven to bestow! But will she consent, after the excitement of such a triumph as I beheld last night—consent to forego a profession in which she will be worshipped as an idol by the world—and share my undistinguished lot? Hasten, then, my dear Miss Mendez—hasten to claim her ere it be too late—ere the passion for fame has taken root in her pure heart—ere she is lost to me and you forever!"

Martha saw, for the first time since she had known him, that Clement had not uttered all his thoughts—that there was a mental reserve—a lack of perfect confidence.

"Is it the constancy of Fanny that you fear," she said, "or your own?"

"You wrong me—wrong me every way!" exclaimed the lover. "Alas! in your ignorance of the world, you heed not its temptations. Must I explain them to you? From last night, there is not a noble, titled libertine in the kingdom but looks upon Fanny as a creature to be sought and won. All that wealth—all that flattery can array will be put in practice to shake her principles and undermine her virtue. Ought the woman whom I wish to make my wife—ought your child, the heiress of your wealth, to be exposed to such a trial?"

"If she be the being you described her to me," replied the grand-daughter of Peter Quin, "she will pass through the ordeal like gold from the refiner's furnace. I will not reproach you for not speaking with your wonted ingenuousness," she added; "although the discovery has wounded me. Come to me in a few hours. I will reflect on what is to be done."



In alluding to Fanny as the heiress of her wealth, Clement had unknowingly touched the weakest chord in the heart of Miss Mendez. The governess, whose designs upon her fortune she had seen through, had, by dint of constant repetition, implanted a vague dread that if even she should succeed in discovering her long-lost child, that child would love her merely for her fortune. It was a weakness—she knew it to be one—and still could not resist the impression.

"I will try her first!" she murmured, as soon as she was alone; "test her heart! If it prove true—and oh, I feel it will—the years of loneliness and suffering will be well repaid."

When our hero called once more in Harley street at the appointed time, Miss Mendez imparted to him the design she had formed, and claimed his assistance.

"It is an unnecessary trial," he said; "but since it is your wish, in heaven's name let it be made."

We question if either Miss Mendez or our readers really comprehended the feelings of Clement Foster: it was not that his love for Fanny had cooled, but the idea of being upon the stage, which had distressed him—of being exposed to the gaze and admiration of sensualists, who regard woman through the medium of the senses only, and criticise her beauties as they would the points of a race-horse. To our hero there was something so hallowed in the being he loved, that he scarcely permitted his mind to dwell upon her charms, lest an impure thought or desire should sully his hearts worship with a taint of earth.

The recollection, too, of his father, whose prejudice against the profession was so deeply rooted, added to his distress.

That same night our heroine was to re-appear in the character of Dido, and Clement determined at every risk to see her, and dissuade her, if possible, from the career she had so brilliantly commenced. There were moments when he doubted of success. What had he to offer, he frequently asked himself, in exchange for the intoxicating adulation of the world, beyond his simple love—manly, honest love? Had he known how joyously Fanny would have accepted the exchange, it would have eased his heart of many a bitter pang.

When he returned to Harley street, Miss Mendez informed him that she had arranged the means of obtaining an interview with her adopted child, which required no assistance on his part, and that she had to request was, in the event of his meeting with Fanny he would not name her.

"I have lost your confidence?" observed the young man, seriously.

"No, Clement!" replied Martha; "take back the reproach! In truth," she added, "I scarcely comprehend my present feelings—a doubt, which I vainly endeavor to chase both from my brain and heart, will obtrude itself, poisoning my present happiness; it must be dissipated or confirmed at once."

"A doubt?" repeated her visitor.

"I am rich," she continued; "and feel how little there is in me for youth to love: I therefore intend to test my child! Should Fanny have forgotten me, or blush to acknowledge me—"

"Ungenerous," interrupted her visitor, "to your own merits, more than to her you doubt! Were you steeped in poverty and misery, the heart you wrong would own you. This mental poison," he added, "has been instilled into your mind by some enemy to your happiness."

The lady faintly smiled—his warmth had almost reassured her.

"Pursue your scheme," he continued; "I fear not the result; but do not, I implore you, trifle with the safety of your child. Withdraw her at once from the temptations of her present position. Let her assume a place in your home as well as heart."

"A few hours will decide her claim to both," observed Miss Mendez; "I ask but to be convinced, to banish my suspicions for ever!"

Fanny's second appearance on the boards of His Majesty's Theatre was, if possible, a greater triumph than the first; and yet, to the astonishment of all around her, she seemed to regret rather than enjoy her success—for she, too, had her anxieties. Each time she quitted the brilliant scene, or was recalled to receive the tribute of admiration from the excited audience, she mentally asked herself, "What would Clement feel or say, when he should hear of her *debut*?" and a chill fell upon her heart. Still she did not regret the sacrifice she had made; it was due to gratitude she considered—and the conviction of having fulfilled a sacred duty sustained her.

At the termination of the opera, amid the crowd

of noblemen and *dilettante* who surrounded her in the green-room, she recognised Sir Walter Trevanian, and a deep blush suffused her cheek. She felt angry with herself—for she had no reason to blush at meeting him: she knew that he was in the same regiment as our hero, and judged from his presence that Clement had returned to England.

"Perhaps he has seen me!" she thought; and the suspicion wrung her heart with a pang—for she imagined he had renounced her.

Little did she dream how earnestly at that very moment Clement was entreating a young nobleman with whom he was slightly acquainted to introduce him behind the scenes of the theatre.

Advancing with an air of respect far different from his former insolent, presuming manner—for the *prima donna* of the Opera was a personage in his estimation—Sir Walter reminded Fanny of their previous meeting at the Chateau Vert.

"I recollect it perfectly!" was the calm reply.

"May I then venture to hope that my present presumption has not offended Mademoiselle Louise?"

"Certainly not your *present presumption*!" observed our heroine, with maidenly reserve; "but your first! Blame yourself," she added, "if your conduct during the short time you were quartered at the chateau left a regret that we had ever met."

She courtseyed slightly, and, taking the arm of Madame Garrachi, addressed a few words to her in Italian.

Several present admired the quiet grace with which the claims to acquaintance of Sir Walter Trevanian—who was generally considered a very pressing man—were repulsed by the fair *debutante*.

"By heavens!" whispered Lord Crochet to a brother peer, "but she would grace a coronet!"

"You had better offer her one," said his friend.

His musical lordship shrugged his shoulders—for much as he admired the lady, he was not prepared to carry his enthusiasm to that extent.

Stung by the half-suppressed smiles of the circle which had gathered round the new idol of the public, the baronet left the green-room, muttering something which sounded like an oath between his teeth. In his unmanly resentment, he determined on being revenged. The resolution was no sooner made than fortune furnished him, as he considered, with the means.

In passing through the stage door-keeper's lodge, on his way to his carriage, he heard a female, whose dress bespoke extreme poverty, imploring the Cerberus to admit her to the presence of the new *prima donna*—adding that she was a near friend. Evidently the man either disbelieved her or did not choose to risk a reprimand by admitting her.

"Can't be done!" he said; "not if you were her mother!"

"I am her mother!" replied the woman in a tone of great excitement. "She was stolen from me when a child, and I come to claim her."

"Better go to a magistrate," observed the door-keeper, with a sneer.

Here was a triumph—a revenge: to lead the mean, shabbily attired—nay, almost mendicant-like looking person to the green-room, and present her, in the presence of the brilliant circle which surrounded her, to Fanny.

"Are you," he demanded, "really the mother of Mademoiselle Louise?"

At the sound of his voice the suppliant hastily let fall the old, rusty, faded black veil which she wore.

"I am, sir! Her name is not Louise, but Fanny."

"Follow me," he said; "I will conduct you to her. As for you, my man," he added, addressing the door-keeper, "I take the responsibility upon myself."

As Sir Walter was known to be on excellent terms with the director, the man gave way with an expressive shrug of the shoulders, as much as to say, that in all probability the new star would feel but little gratitude for his pains.

Fanny had just made her adieu to a crowd of admirers, and, leaning on the arm of Madame Garrachi, was about to leave the green-room, when Sir Walter Trevanian re-appeared, followed by the woman he had encountered at the porter's lodge. At the sight of the female, who instantly raised her veil and fixed her dark eyes upon her with an expression of mingled anxiety, love, hope, and expectation, the countenance of the singer became troubled. Once or twice she pressed her hand across her brow, as if endeavoring to recall some long-forgotten image.

"Who is this person?" she demanded.

"Permit me to present," said the baronet, with a sneer, "this very respectable person. She is—"

"My mother!" shrieked our heroine, with a

sudden burst of recollection; "My dear, lost, kind mother! My heart has not deceived me! One word! Speak, in mercy—tell me that its murmurs have whispered truly!"

"Fanny!" said the woman.

With a cry of joy like that which a young bird might give which had found its parent nest, the delighted girl sprang into her arms, kissed and caressed her with the most endearing fondness, weeping and smiling by turns.

But one being present did not feel touched by this display of filial love—we need not say that one was Sir Walter Trevanian.

"You are not ashamed to own me, then?" sobbed the readers' old acquaintance, Martha.

"Ashamed!" repeated Fanny, in a tone of innocent surprise. "Ashamed because you are poor? That will but render you more dear to me—reconcile me to the career I have so unwillingly embraced—for I have now a mother to labor for." Turning to the baronet, she added: "Deeply as you offended me, I forgive you. The happiness you have procured me, in restoring me to a parent's love, has cancelled even the memory of your fault."

She extended her hand as she concluded; but before Sir Walter, who bowed to hide his confusion and embarrassment, could take it, Miss Mendez drew it hastily away.

"His touch is pollution!" she said.

"Is the woman mad or drunk?" observed the disappointed ruffian.

"Protect us, gentlemen!" exclaimed our heroine, clinging closely to her mother.

"That is my duty!" was uttered in the well-known voice of Clement Foster, who had just arrived with his friend in the green-room. "Who has dared to insult you? But I need not ask the question, when I behold the same unmanly ruffian who forgot alike the name of officer and gentleman at the Chateau Vert. But this is no place for explanation. I guessed what had taken place, madame," he added, turning to Miss Mendez, "when I recognised your carriage and servants at the stage-door of the theatre."

"Carriage! Servants!" repeated several of those present.

"I recollect her now," observed the baronet, with a triumphant smile; "the woman, despite her masquerade, is rich enough. *The virtuous Miss Mendez* is, it seems, the mother of our new *prima donna*!"

"Unmanly sneer!" said Captain Foster; "but it is worthy of you."

"You are right," observed Martha, calmly. "Fanny, you have heard what this man says—that you are the child of one who never was a wife!"

"I shall not love my mother less!" replied our heroine.

"These words have repaid me," exclaimed the happy woman. "Look up, my child—look proudly in his face, and tell him that your birth is as unsullied as his own—nay, more so—for his father was a felon, whom, were he living, one word of mine could send to the scaffold. Sir Walter Trevanian," she added, "it is the grand-daughter of Peter Quin who tells you so!"

At the name of "Peter Quin," the baronet started and left the green-room—for the name of the old usurer was not unknown to him. Since Sir Richard's death, he had examined his private papers, and learned the dangerous confidence which existed between them.

[To be continued.]

#### The Paris Universal Exhibition.

We present to our readers a view of the exterior of this world-wide important building, and we think we need scarcely say that it well deserves approval, and that it is at once great and beautiful enough for the purpose for which it was intended. It is of stone externally, and in the form of a parallelogram, in three spans, about 820 feet long, and 354 feet broad. The width of the centre span is 167 feet, and the height in the centre 108 feet. There are two wings and various temporary buildings, and a gallery which extends over the whole width of the side divisions—about 79 feet. This building, we believe, is to be permanent—at least, such is the published and as yet uncontradicted statement of the intention of the French Emperor; but the authorised announcement was, that it should be opened in May, and closed in October, this year.

Its objects are similar to those which were so magnificently displayed at the English Crystal Palace, in 1851. It is an exposition of universal industry. It is intended to show what the state of manufactures and agriculture is all over the world, and also to inform us of the present development of every branch of the fine arts.



## The Lapland Wizard.

## CHAPTER III.—THE WIZARD.

AFTER his rupture with Helgestad, Marstrand's difficulties increased. All kinds of rumors were circulated to his prejudice; one of them being that the old sorcerer, Afraja, had lent him money for building, in return for which Marstrand had renounced Christianity and forsworn all honor and truth. The consequence was, that all respect was lost. His workmen gradually left, vowing they would have nothing further to do with a man who associated with Lapps. Every one turned their backs on him, and everywhere he met with the most humiliating treatment.

It required the most unyielding courage and energy not to give up to despair under such circumstances. Marstrand's firm resolution was not to yield or suffer himself to be plundered and driven out of the country. He was sustained by the consciousness that his honor was unblemished and that no taint rested upon his character. But in all his speculations on the means of procuring assistance, he could discover none that promised the means of success. Afraja's money could not help him, and yet this old man was always the concluding point of his reflections; all his minute inquiries reverted to him; and when he lay awake, and the wind rattled the window-frames, he would joyfully spring up in hopes of seeing the sorcerer.

One day, Mortuno, the nephew of Afraja, with eagle plumes set jauntily in his cap, came to summon him to the presence of the man he so ardently desired to see. Marstrand joyfully complied.

The pair travelled among the mountains until long after night had set in, and, making perilous ascents and descents on the backs of reindeer, at length arrived at a peaked tent standing between huge masses of rock. The presence of several men, the loud barking of dogs, and the glimmer of a red light in the distance, convinced the Dane that he was at least in the neighborhood of a Lapland *gamme*, or encampment, and that Afraja could not be far off. The tent had evidently been prepared for his reception.

The floor was thickly strewn with birch leaves; and in the middle was a fireplace, over which a double iron lamp, attached to a chain, was swinging in the air. On one side was a seat of birch-wood; on the other, a soft bed of moss with linen sheets, and near by it lay a number of warm counterpanes and furs.

"Tarry here!" said Mortuno; "Afraja invites you to repose!"

"And where is he?" asked the Dane.

"Who knows? When the time comes he will be with you. You are tired—sleep in tranquility; if you are hungry or thirsty, you will here find what we can give you!"

He pointed to the hearth-stone, where there was bread and meat, with bottles and pitchers, and then left the tent, while he repeated his request to Marstrand patiently to wait for his uncle, and to accept his hospitality.

It was deep in the night, and the long, wearisome journey had not a little fatigued the traveller. He sat down upon the great stone, and tasted of the rich fresh milk and meat, and then surrendered himself to his reflections, listening from time to time when he heard steps or a noise on the outside. But it was nothing but the hollow moan of the wind; and as he opened the door and stepped out, he found nothing but darkness and deep silence. No object was visible, and he knew not, also, where he was. No guard was to be seen, and no noise betrayed the vicinity of the living. Marstrand said laughingly to himself, that he was better secured here than a man who, in the civilised world, is shut up behind bolts and bars. The prisoner who there succeeded in breaking his chains, knew where to flee to; but here nothing apparently prevented an escape, and yet not a step could be made without danger. Afraja had cunningly arranged to have his guest brought to him by night—and where was he now? where was Gula? Why did he leave him alone, and what did he want of him? A long series of questions connected themselves with these first ones; but at length, when his patience was perceptibly exhausted, he threw himself upon his bed of moss, covered his head in the soft skin, and fell asleep. Sometimes he awoke again, looking timidly around, sought his old protector, and listened and fell back again into a profound sleep—from which, when he awoke, the lamp had gone out, and the day was dimly dawning.

His curiosity was great when he opened the tent door, to observe the unknown world; and yet he was surprised again to find himself alone. Nowhere was there a reindeer or a *gamme*; nothing but the

broken, frightfully desolate wilderness. He turned round, and raised up his head to the mountains. Behind him lay the jagged, monstrous rocks of the Kilpis, his gigantic black brow illuminated by the early beams of the morning. As he scrutinisingly looked around, he observed that the place where he was, was a mountain platform, at the foot of the mighty mass, from which it was separated by a deep ravine. Upon three sides the little fjeld fell with almost perpendicular sides into a tolerably large lake, which expanded itself between scattered blocks and tongues of rock; upon the fourth side it was connected with another mountain platform, to which the reindeer must have climbed in the night, after after having waded through part of the lake. But where was it now? where was Mortuno? where was the brown herd? and where, above all, was Afraja and his child?

Marstrand sprang upon a high block, and he observed with astonishment that the circle in which the tent stood was quite regular in appearance. All these pieces of rock appeared to have been hewn square, and they were marked with curious lines and furrows, which could not be the result of accident. He had often before heard of the magic and sacrificial circles of the Lapps in the mountains, and he doubted not that this was a Saita which was dedicated to some one of the many deities. At the same time he was surprised that Afraja had erected a tent and lodged himself in such a place. The great, smooth stone upon which he had taken his repast was certainly not a hearth-stone, but a stone of sacrifice; and there where he slept, and where he stood, cruel worship had probably but a short time before been performed in honor of the pagan gods.

All these conjectures led to nothing. The day had grown brighter; the distant bank of cloud had divided itself, and Marstrand looked over a wide tract of land, without being able to make any new discovery. As, however, he went to the ravine, which lay between the projection and the high wall of the Kilpis, it seemed to him as if the stones were there arranged like steps, one above another, so that it would be possible to descend below. He hesitated not to make an attempt, which succeeded beyond expectation: upon arriving at the bottom, he saw that this continued to a gap which, as a deep, cavern-like gate, broke through the Kilpis and the adjoining mountain-mass. It was impossible to perceive anything of it from above; but the ravine here arched over into a passage, and its depths were filled with a wonderful splendor, which Marstrand was soon conscious was nothing but the bright sunshine, that glimmered against him. He was convinced that a natural connecting road led through the great mountain saddle, which rose up precipitously to the Kilpis, and it seemed to him that this must be the wall before which Olaf came to a stand on his exploring journey, as he just looked down into a great valley. He eagerly pushed on. A presentiment assured him that there Gula must dwell—there he would find Afraja—and yet he stood surprised and hesitating—for the scene before him surpassed all expectation.

He saw a valley lying before him greener and lovelier than any which he had ever seen in that country. A milder, happier nature seemed to reign within it, and a warmer sun to pour upon it its light. Nowhere was any rocky surface, but the earth was universally fertile; great trees sprang up in all directions, which, although the birch and northern fir, yet they were not so dark and gloomy as those upon the fiords; but they had the strong, green, and bushy appearance of those of the more southern latitudes. Through the middle of the valley streamed a brook, whose banks were covered with overhanging bushes. Dense grass grew in abundance, moss flowers of various colors shot up from between, and wherever Marstrand gazed he seemed to look upon a garden cultivated by a diligent and careful hand. He suddenly heard, as Olaf had also, the distant tinkling of bells; but how his heart beat when he saw a maiden emerge from out the thick foliage, behind which he drew back and approached the brook—it was no other than Gula herself.

Marstrand's inmost sympathies were aroused, and his heart trembled with joy. The delicate little figure was dressed in a light brown gown; her face was perceptibly consumed and sickly—her long black hair fell over her shoulders, and alongside of her walked a white tame reindeer, whose red collar grazed her hand. She looked down before her and went towards the sun, which was just sending its first beams over the rocks; the beast suddenly stood still before the thicket of bushes, and as she slowly lifted up her head, she saw the stranger before her.

"Gula!" exclaimed Marstrand, outstretching his arms—and her eyes lighted up, and her alarm

changed into sudden delight; her lips opened speechlessly. Tremblingly she ran towards him, and clung to him tightly, as if she did not believe it was actually he. Her large eyes looked at him with inexpressible tenderness, and tears rolled down her cheeks. She spoke not—a painful tremor passed over her face and through her whole body—then the sweet certainty returned. The moment, with all its holiness, engrossed the poor child, and while Marstrand spoke to her, her head hung down upon her neck; her eyes were fastened upon his mouth, as if she would never take them from him.

It was evident that poor Gula passionately loved the handsome stranger, and that he had not the courage to repel her unreserved love. Afraja, after awhile, interrupted their interview, and conducted Marstrand through the windings of the valley, and led him to a high, mossy plain. For the first time, the Dane was in the midst of the domestic mountain life of a Lappish encampment. The great herd within the enclosure was more than a thousand head strong; and on that day the autumn mustering was held. More than a dozen men and women appeared to be engaged in milking, while many others were driving the refractory animals to the milking-ground. Only a part of them voluntarily came forward to have their swollen udders emptied, most of them seeking to run off; but no South American Indian could more surely throw his lasso than these shepherds their forty to fifty feet nooses, which never failed to fall upon the horns of the animals at which they were aimed. They were then led, without any further resistance, into the enclosure, where they were milked and set at liberty; or Mortuno, accompanied by two experienced aids, went round, and, selecting out the fattest and largest for sale at the next market, designated them by a mark on the skin. The young animals stood in a close heap; the calves gambolling around their mothers, chasing each other and bleating for joy, until recalled by the old ones, who impatiently waited until the herd was set at liberty. The bells of the guiding-beasts sounded melodiously, and the men and women sang at their labor. Laughter and rejoicing prevailed everywhere. The shepherds ran with great vessels of milk to the storehouse-*gamme*, and then again to a double-built tent, which seemed to be the family or dwelling-house, and from which, as the covering was thrown back, the bright glow of the fire was seen, beneath a column of smoke. All these tents or *gammes* were built simply—for they consisted of nothing but eight or nine, tolerably high posts, uniting in a point, and forming a circle beneath. A roof of coarse brown canvas overhung the whole structure, which was further secured by some strips of twisted leather and wooden pins, to render them better able to resist stormy gusts of wind. In some *gammes*, the tent-covers were oiled; all were in good condition, and near the largest were suspended articles of furniture, wooden bowls, and pieces of clothing. Marstrand looked upon this spectacle of the shepherd and domestic life of the dwellers of the desert with a curious pleasure.

The day was clear, the sky beautifully blue, and the sun warming and golden in its light, in spite of the earliness of the morning and the movement of the wind. Afraja left him to his own reflections—for he was soon called back by Mortuno and the other men, to decide upon the choice of animals.

"Thus passes human existence!" said Marstrand, after he had sat some time on the stone and looked around; "there in palaces, here in huts; with one on silk cushions, with another on the rude rock and snow; and what seems to the spoiled child of luxury frightful misery, is happiness and enjoyment to the son of nature! But I can now comprehend," he continued, as Afraja returned, "why the poor Bo and fish Lapps on the coast envy you so much! There is a great superiority in such a free shepherd life over the dreary life in a clay hut!"

Afraja strongly eulogised the life of a Lapland shepherd, and enlarged on its manifold advantages with such enthusiasm, that the Dane quickly perceived that he had not been brought to the encampment on a mere visit of inspection.

"Let me know," said he, "what is your will? I am indebted to you, and will maintain my word; but I will not remain in doubt any longer touching what you desire of me!"

Afraja stood up.

"You are impatient!" said he; "let us go to Gula—she is expecting you!"

"Only tell me when to go!"

"Not now!" answered Afraja. "Come and follow me!"

He went forward, and close on the steep precipitous

pice which the lake bathed, he conducted him to a platform of rock upon which lay a circle of huge blocks of rock. When he reached the first, he bowed himself humbly, and, folding his arms on his breast, muttered something to himself, which was undoubtedly a prayer or an invocation. He then kneeled on the smooth, table-like stone of sacrifice in the middle, and, speaking aloud, raised his head up to the black summit of the Kilpis, which, in the sunlight, now looked almost like a colossal head, with long hair and a wide extended mouth, from which the red sunbeams streamed forth.

"Sit down here, by me, young man!" said Afraja. "You are at a place which neither permits falsehood nor deceit! This is the holy Saita of Jubinal, where the father of all things for many years has been worshipped! Jubinal's hands placed the stones here as they are; his eyes sees into the hearts of those who come and call upon him; his ear knows what they think; nothing is concealed from him!"

The old man seemed as he spoke to grow stronger; his voice sounded earnest and solemn, and what he said was simple and penetrating; very different from the usual manner of speaking of the Lapps.

"I speak, in the first place, of you," he resumed, "in order to show you that I am sincere! You come here to a land of strife and poverty, to associate with those who are entirely absorbed with their greedy thirst for money. They oppress all who have any relations with them, and much more us, who, before they came, possessed this land. You are acquainted with books and writings—so you must have heard that this extensive land was once the property of our fathers. Their bones are yet found in rock graves in the far south, on the shores of the Baltic; but we rove over these treeless fields, and even these deserts are envied to us by these cruel men! Do not think," he continued, after a melancholy silence, "that the reindeer formed our only care and sustenance! Many sages have related that we once lived in light, beautiful valleys, where fruit-trees and grain grew. We were driven away from them by force; we were hunted and persecuted, until nothing was left to us but the naked waste and the creatures which can alone live there. Your books relate that your wise men went to the Finns to learn what they knew; they will also inform you how Queen Gunnhild acquired her knowledge of sorcery from two Finn brothers, and how she betrayed these, her tutors, to become King Erick's wife. The Finns were not then despised; their boundaries extended beyond Nordland to Helgeland. This was all so!" he said, raising his head; "but what avail complaints! Every generation has seen worse times; and if it continues so there must soon be an end of us! Our best pastures are lost; there is neither right nor conscience in our persecutors; our presence only provokes ridicule, and our name contempt! How is justice to be expected from those who hold us in less consideration than the meanest animals, and who would slay us wherever they could lay their hands on us, if they had not a double advantage over us in the markets, in buying and selling! You, young man," he said, with a grateful look, "have been born with a mild heart! Your soul was fashioned by Jubinal's hand, and baptised in the fire of justice? You interested yourself for the outcast—and what has happened to you in consequence! He who assisted you to your property did it to ruin you! The men who govern the country united with him to chase you away; and when I lent you my helping hand, they detested you as one whose neighborhood was worse than death itself!"

"What you say is all true!" interrupted Marstrand; "but how can it be helped? Let me know what I can do to put an end to these outrages?"

Afraja remained silent for some time, and then replied:

"Whatever you may do, you cannot escape their vengeance! You will find none to offer you a hand; every door will be closed against you, and none will trade with you or eat your bread! You will find only miserable people to serve you, who will deceive you; you cannot take fish; and where you show yourself you will be insulted, and whatever you undertake will be injured and destroyed!"

"You are right!" answered Marstrand, keenly excited; "I have received too many proofs of the ill-will and malice entertained against me; many also act with great secrecy and deliberation, the better to conceal their evil intentions!"

"Do what you will," said the old man, "they will be quicker than you! The voigt and sorenkriver are the most powerful men in Finnmark; they are your enemies, and will give you no rest! They will contrive plans to ruin you, and will reduce you to poverty! You know," he continued, "of what

worth judges and laws are with this people! Him whom they would ruin they deliver to justice; when they seek to divest a man of his property, they send the sorenkriver to his house! You may be sure that Paul Petersen has already devised a mode to accomplish his base purposes against you!"

"And is there no means of escaping from this brotherhood?"

"There is but one means," answered the Lapp, looking fixedly at him; "but one means; there is no other, and it will help us both! Listen! How many traders live in the sounds and fiords! Not five hundred! Who loves them? None! Are they stout, valiant men, who can chase the wolf and the bear? They are lazy, drink, count money, reckon, and sit at home by their firesides! What are we, on the contrary? A people of more than ten thousand men, all of whom are armed, indefatigable, and untiring alike in the chase and in the storm!"

"How!" exclaimed Marstrand, astounded and alarmed; "will you excite an insurrection against the king and his government?"

"Not against the king and his government!" said Afraja; "but against our enemies, who abuse all authority in the name of the king!"

"He knows nothing of it! Did he know it, or was the governor in Trondheim informed of it, much would not happen that is complained of!"

"He knows it not!" said Afraja; "the worse for him! How can he wish to be king, so many hundred miles from here? No, herr—I hope for nothing! Nothing from your king—nothing from his servants, who think we must become Christians; and thus the heaven will be open for us in which our tormentors wish to enter! I do not desire to be where they are; and if your God were mighty, how could he permit his children to act in such a manner?"

Marstrand had found time for reflection.

"I admit what, in your bitterness of feeling, you have said; but you must prudently consider what the consequences would be! The traders and settlers, the Quanes and fishermen, would not suffer themselves to be overpowered so easily! Your people are scattered over the whole north, as far as the Frozen Ocean! You have no power over them! Even the two hundred families on this fiord are each for themselves; often in hostility, and never capable of being united! Should you succeed in burning the houses in some places, or, what is altogether improbable, in destroying all the settlements, there would soon come ships full of soldiers, who would take fearful vengeance!"

Afraja laughed to himself.

"Let them come!" he answered. "It is far to the Enare Traesk, and to the Bumanaford! A Lappish ball can be fired from every rock, and your soldiers are not men who would wade for many days through swamps and climb through the Jauren, without being well supplied with good meat and drink!"

The Dane was obliged to admit all this; but the more he saw that Afraja spoke in earnest, the more his feelings were excited against his views.

"We are destined to it, and will fulfil the command!" replied Afraja, unmoved. "Do not suppose that I inconsiderately expose myself to danger! Mortuno is a fearless man—the young men of all the gamme are ready to follow him! We have powder and arms, and everything necessary!"

"And at the first shot they will run off!" exclaimed Marstrand.

"You will be with them," said Afraja; "and your presence will give them courage!"

"Who? I?" exclaimed Marstrand; "may my hand rather be palsied! But cease with your jesting!" he continued, as he seated himself again on the block of stone. "You wish to tempt me, but you must see that I can never assist you in such designs, although I am ready to help you in all proper undertakings!"

"You are skilled in the art of war, and many fear you!" said Afraja. "When my brethren see you at their head, they will be firm; but you are also mighty in your own land, and can make your voice be heard there! It is said that he who has money can do anything in Copenhagen! Jubinal will give you these arms, young man! You shall satisfy their avarice with as much money as they desire. Let them fix the price for which they will sell us our land!"

"If you possess so much money," said the Dane, astonished, "much may be effected through negotiations! At all events, a better and more just government may be obtained, together with larger privileges and a strict supervision of the traders and voigts!"

Afraja shook his head in derision.

"They must all leave; we will not tolerate them

any more! Were you to give them our silver in bags, they would come to-morrow to seek for more! Have you not yourself advised that we must inspire them with fear, if we desire them to respect us? They shall learn to fear—for you have spoken truly, young man! Jubinal's children shall go down to them, and Jubinal shall have his victim!" The fierce looks which he cast upon the stone, the witness of many a bloody sacrifice, startled the Dane. A frightful thought passed through his brain that perhaps he himself might be sacrificed to the dark god, if he refused to fulfil the will of Afraja; but his pride and honor struggled against a hypocritical submission. He therefore began, with much composure, again to dissuade Afraja from any lawless act, and to show him in a dispassionate manner that there was no possibility of the success of an appeal to insurrection. He demonstrated to him, on the contrary, with impressive truth, the consequences that would ensue. All the odious complaints and accusations against his unhappy race would, for the first time, meet with general belief. None would thereafter raise their voices to defend it; all the horrors of fanatical persecution would now break out, to end, amid the greatest cruelties, in its annihilation.

As Marstrand proceeded, a feeling of the warmest sympathy seized the young man—for Afraja's questions were deeply affecting. His countenance took another expression, and the thoughts which agitated his mind beamed from his eyes.

"Oh, Afraja!" he exclaimed, "would to God that I could believe that all could really happen, and that your people could be raised from their degradation! Were all like you and Mortuno! but, alas! reflect what the most of them are! Desist, old man—it is too late!"

"Too late!" muttered Afraja, as he dropped his head; he then looked up to the crags of the Kilpis and its sun-illumined peak, and, in a resolute tone, said: "Jubinal helps you and me—you must not despair! You have won the heart of Gula; her lips have grown pale, and her eyes are dark with tears! You have found the way to her affections, because God willed it so. Take her as your wife, with all that I have, and give me your hand as a pledge of fidelity!"

He extended his hand, but Marstrand did not move.

"Listen to me, and do not be angry! Gula is dear to me; I could venture much for her, but she can never be my wife—never!"

Afraja stared wildly at him, and said:

"What did you do to her?"

"Nothing! I honor her, I esteem her as a sister—and now ask no more; another woman has my love, and will retain it as long as I live!"

"Do you repel her from you who has kissed your mouth?" ejaculated the old man, clasping his hands.

"You do not understand me!" answered Marstrand. "I will speak to her in person—she will justify me!"

"Hold!" exclaimed Afraja, seizing him by the arm. "Are you a wolf, to strike your teeth in her flesh, without regard to her grief? She will die if you speak to her!"

He sat down again upon the stone, and fell into a deep meditation; but his eyes roved restlessly around, and his lips softly muttered words. Marstrand did not interrupt him; he wished himself far away from this mysterious spot. How could he take Gula from this father, who offered her as a reward for a treason which would dishonor him for ever, and must drive him into the wilderness with the Lapps and reindeer? Were he possessed by an all-forgetting love, it would have delivered him into Afraja's hands. Bjornarne was right—only the most ardent passion would bring a Norman into the gamme of a Lapp. Marstrand had nothing but goodwill, pity, and what is called friendship.

The day was passed in the tent of Gula, of whom the nephew was desperately enamoured, and at night Marstrand, after partaking of a draught of milk, fell into a state of oblivion.

When he awoke from his unconsciousness and opened his eyes, he gradually became convinced that he was in a high and spacious chamber, the extent of which was lost in the distance. A singular jagged and dark vault hung over him, and a red light occasionally burst through the darkness; but nothing broke the voiceless silence.

After some reflection, Marstrand recollected what had happened to him; but this was not the tent at the Saita stone, nor Gula's hut, the valley, nor the woods. He sat on the ground against the corner of a pillar of rock; a couple of fir branches were burning in a cleft, and before him crouched a figure,



which he easily recognised as that of Afraja. The oppressive drowsiness left him, and the more he collected his thoughts, the more was he convinced that he was in a great cavern. At the same time he remembered what he had frequently heard of such caves, and he gazed in astonishment on all sides. His unsatisfied looks at last rested on his silent companion, and he said:

"Is it you, Afraja?"

"Yes!" was the reply.

"And what is this? Where are we? In a cave?"

"You say so!" responded the old man.

"Why have I been brought hither?"

"Jubinal's messengers brought you, at his command! Arise, and follow me! Speak not—ask not; but behold and hear!"

He took the burning torch from the cleft, and went ahead. The softest whisper re-echoed with ten fold force from the vault, and the torch lit up the clefts and passages, causing the adjacent sides to glow as if set with numberless stars and diamonds. Stalactites descended from the yellow roof, forming the most fantastic shapes. As Afraja, at a point where two natural passages divided, entered one leading outwardly, his companion could not suppress his astonishment.

It seemed to him as if he had been introduced into the most brilliant jeweller's shop in the world. His eyes were dazzled by the sparkling light, which was nothing else than genuine, solid metal—pure, crystalline silver! He had read in tales of grottoes, where all was silver, where grew trees and flowers of silver, and where silver moss covered the earth; but he now saw the wonderful spectacle before him. Leaves and tendrils hung down from the roof, intermingled with flowers and branches.

Immense riches were to be gathered here without any trouble. This deformed old man possessed more than had ever been stowed away in the treasure-vaults of a king—and yet of what value was it to this houseless wanderer of the desert? Afraja lowered his torch and silently exposed to view a row of large pots and old chests, standing within a recess of the vault. They were filled with large pieces of money, green with dampness. This must be the treasure accumulated by his ancestors; from these old pots he must have procured the specie thalers for the Balsford, without any perceptible diminution. He looked at Marstrand without uttering a word, showing by his exulting laugh that he was satisfied with the impression produced.

"It is not a dream!" said Marstrand, striking his forehead; "I actually see it! These are my hands and this is my head? Could you produce all this by magic? Is it imaginary or real?"

"Convince yourself!" replied the old chief, as he kicked against one of the chests; "take what you please, and examine it in the sun-light!" He tore off one of the twigs from the roof, and laid it in Marstrand's hand. "What you see," he continued, "is not the best I know of! In Enare Traesk there are larger caves than this, traversed in every part by veins of silver; and you shall have all—all shall be yours! You have seen what I have shown to no other man! I have brought you here that you might be satisfied that I have the means to accomplish my undertaking. Help me—you are bold, and I love you! I will be more grateful to you than your own offspring!"

"What I see is wonderful!" exclaimed Marstrand; "I am astonished beyond comprehension! Were, however, all the silver of the earth here collected together and offered to me, I would refuse it rather than do what you wish me!"

"Will you not?" asked the Lapp, as he fixed his louring eyes upon him.

"I cannot commit a crime?" replied Marstrand.

"No one will punish you!" whispered Afraja.

"But my conscience! I am a man—a Christian! I have sworn to help you in all proper things! I will go to Trondheim, Copenhagen, and will prostrate myself at the feet of the king; I will tell the story of your wrongs, and what the power of truth cannot effect, will be obtained by the influence of your silver! Desist, Afraja, or you will ruin yourself and all who depend on you! You are wise, and you must act wisely!"

The old man gazed upon him with a crafty and incredulous stare. He did not seem to comprehend how Marstrand could refuse him, after this unlimited proffer of treasure. He eyed him closely, and raised the torch on high, while he again whispered his tempting propositions.

"I will give you all! All that I possess and know shall be yours! How can you help yourself? You must be ruined! You will be mighty before them—you will take vengeance on your enemies;

they hate and betray you, young man! Will you suffer yourself to be trodden under foot? Are you a man! You counsel me to wisdom—be wise yourself! Will you not? And Gula—do you think of Gula?"

"No—no!" exclaimed Marstrand, in a voice which was triplicated by the echo; "you shall not have me even for Gula's sake!"

Afraja angrily shook his head. In the red glow of his torch he looked like one of those wicked, necromantic dwarfs who once dwelt in similar caves and clefts in the north. Probably he was whispering to himself a magic spell, while he turned his flashing eyes upon the refractory Dane, who shuddered with secret terror.

"Let me see!" said Marstrand; "I will do all that I can!"

"Will you betray me?" cried Afraja.

"Never! I am not a traitor!"

"Have I not done you good, and are you not a Norman?"

"I hope to prove to you that I am grateful!"

"You shall not go!" shouted the Lapp.

Marstrand stood still. The wild and threatening face of the chief inspired him with apprehensions of evil.

"What will you do?" he asked, as he grasped him by the arm.

But Afraja sprang back with youthful agility, and, as he waved the torch above his head, he gave vent to a diabolical laugh, rushed out of the passage into the middle of the cave, and all was suddenly involved in profound darkness and silence. After a few tottering steps forward, Marstrand gave up all attempt to follow. He groped along to the walls of the cavern, and laid his hand upon one of the projecting crystals. The thought suggested itself to him that he might miserably perish here in the midst of treasures; but he kept silent, and repressed his rising sense of despair—for it did not appear credible that Afraja would use his power so cruelly. Nowhere was a ray of light visible, or a cleft in the rock through which might be seen a star of hope, or any means of discovering the way out. He could form no idea of where he was—whether far from or near to the Kilpis; whether in the bowels of that sacred mountain, or in the depths of a fjeld. His reflections suggested no explanation, and not a whisper was to be heard. With increasing horror, he imagined that Afraja had withdrawn from the cave.

"Come to me, my Gula—come to me! Oh! do you not hear me? You are the only one who would not forsake or betray me!"

"Come!" said Afraja—as he shook him by the arm,

He must have been standing close to him.

This single word poured another stream of life into Marstrand's veins. At this moment he felt all the horrors of his forsaken condition, and he seized the faithless Lapp with a feverish grasp.

"You call upon Gula!" said the old man. "I will bring you to her! May she soften your heart, stubborn man, which is harder than the iron mountain in Enare Traesk!"

It would have been superfluous to reply. Marstrand surrendered himself to the guidance of his leader, who strode rapidly forward through the darkness, without making any effort to procure a light. He doubtless had his reasons for this, and the distrustful prisoner divined them. Afraja wished to conceal from him all possible knowledge of the entrance to the cave. He followed patiently, and suppressed inquiries and reproaches—for what could these have availed him, when a stab would have sufficed to get rid of him for ever!

The way was followed for a long time in silence by both, to judge from which the cavern must have had a great extent. Sometimes there appeared to be spacious halls; and then, again, narrow passages. The Dane several times struck his head against the low roof; and then, again, he entered places where the arch of the rock was many feet higher. Sometimes he groped outwards; and then he descended—but finally he thought he perceived that the cunning Lapp often led him the same way, to bewilder him the more; and it was only when he deemed he had done enough for this purpose, that he conducted him through a narrow side opening, in which Marstrand suddenly felt a strong draught of air. Soon afterwards he saw a star above him. He breathed freely—for he was again in the open air. The darkness of the night was yet intense. On both sides rose up smooth precipices of rock, and the bottom of the ravine, which continually declined, formed the bed of a stream, the roar of which, although it was not visible, could be distinctly heard. They were at last obliged to descend into this channel, and wade

through it, until Afraja turned into another cleft, and reached one of the mossy and swampy fjelds through high rocks, thickets, and deep little valleys. Here the grey of the morning was breaking through the darkness; but Marstrand endeavored in vain to guess where he was. The fjeld sank again into the steep bed of a mountain stream, and when another ascent was gained the thick fog prevented anything from being seen. It was day, yet this veil of cloud shut out the light, as if Jubinal had sent it to blind their eyes. Marstrand did not know whence he had come or whither he was going; and he had already opened his lips to ask a question, as one of those phenomena took place which are frequently witnessed in the north. The fog lifted itself up and disappeared as quickly as the rising of a stage-curtain. The wind scattered it over the firmament, and the high summit of the mountains, with the crimsoned brow of the Kilpis, burst into full view.

When they arrived at the tent of Gula, a dreadful scene presented itself. Mortuno, the nephew, lay dead—a bullet having pierced his brain—and Gula had vanished—been stolen—and it was evident the young man had been slain in the attempt to defend her.

Afraja summoned up his spirits. In impotent fury he shook his clenched fist at the heavens. Fury and despair were depicted on his face, his eyes were distended and red with rage, his lips trembled, and he could not speak.

"Cursed be you all!" he at last shrieked; "cursed in your heaven, and on your throne of clouds! If you betray your descendants, Jubinal, help me, then, you who live in the subterranean fires!"

He uttered a wild cry, fell on his face, and convulsively grasped the stones and earth with his hands.

Two days later, the great autumn market—at that time the most considerable in the country—was holden at the church of Lyngen. It was numerously attended by small cultivators, Lapps, colonists and fishermen from the fjords and islands. The attendance of the Lapps was large.

The voigt, as judge of the market, was present, to enforce peace and adjust disputes. His nephew, the secretary, was also there, in all the pomp of his official costume, with Ilda on his arm. As he was bargaining with a Lapp for a fur mantle for his betrothed, some in the group around the purchasers called out the name of "Mortuno."

The exclamation was so instantaneous, and uttered in such a shrill, piercing voice, behind Petersen's back, that he was startled, and let the mantle fall from his hands; a moment after, his attention was called, by a loud cry, to the neighboring church, from which a curious procession of Lapps, bearing something on a bier, was issuing. The men at its head particularly excited his notice, and offered him a malicious triumph—for one of them was Afraja, and the other Marstrand. Pushing aside the bystanders, he hurried to the official tent of the voigt, in the middle of the market-place, and there gathered also the friends and confidants of the sorenskriver. The arrival of the dangerous Lapp was announced from mouth to mouth. Petersen was prepared to receive him, as he had held a conference with his uncle as soon as he saw the funeral train. Universal silence prevailed, the traders and their assistants left their shops, and the Lapps stared with open mouths upon their prophet. All eyes were directed upon the old and decrepit man who was supported by the proprietor of Balsford. A Norman, one of the ruling caste, giving his hand to a Lapp, and walking by his side, was a spectacle which excited the frowns of some and the joy and astonishment of others. Ten or twelve of the family and tribe of Afraja followed the old chief and Marstrand, four of whom supported the veiled poles of the bier, while the others walked with bowed heads, with a number of dogs with drooping tails, at their heels.

When Afraja reached the steps, he took off his cap, and clasped his bony hands. He made a low bow, and lifted up his head towards the seat of the voigt. His saddened eyes, red with weeping, immediately assumed an indignant glow when he beheld the secretary. Extending his shrunken arm, he exclaimed:

"Where is my child! Where have you concealed her? If she is here, let me see her! Have pity on me!"

"What does this mean?" said the voigt, with a fierce frown. "Have you a complaint to make? So have we!"

"I complain," said the old man, in a humble but fearless manner, "that my child has been stolen from me; that robbers have entered my gamme, and carried off all that they could find; and, not content with this, Mortuno —"

Paul Petersen sprang from his seat, and exclaimed, with the full strength of his powerful voice:

"Hold! a villain and traitor like you neither deserves to be heard nor believed! Before you make your complaint, learn what you are accused of! Travellers have been robbed and maltreated, dwellings fired, and cattle stolen and driven off! Besides all this, you have obstructed the pious efforts to spread the Christian faith. You constrain your people by force and threats to continue the worship of pagan gods; and you yourself are a heathen, whom no influences can convert to Christianity. You sacrifice to Jubinal, pray in the Saitas, curse and ridicule the Christian ministers, and have entered into partnership with the devil as a sorcerer. I accuse you of all these scandalous offences, and I will prove them against you! I, the judge of Tromsøe, arrest you in the name of the law! Seize him, and lead him away!"

This command was given to a crowd of officers of justice and young men who were placed on both sides of the Lapps, and had separated him from his companions. The last words were hardly pronounced, when Marstrand had thrown himself before the old chief, and his strong voice was heard replying to Petersen:

"I protest against such arbitrary proceedings! If this man is not to be believed, I will be a witness for him!"

"Spare your testimony for yourself!" said the secretary.

A slight scuffle took place, but the Lapps soon took to flight, and Afraja and the Dane were taken into custody, but not before the former had humiliated Helgestad by the substantial accusation that his son had made improper overtures to Gula, and that while bearing her away forcibly to a distant fishing station, the boat had been upset in a storm, and the maiden and her abductor, together with some young men who had assisted him in the outrage, had been drowned.

The prisoners were conveyed to Tromsøe, and at the end of a fortnight every preparation had been made for their trial. The secretary tried every effort to extort from Afraja and the Dane the secret of the silver-mine; he even promised both a pardon if they would point out the locality; but each repulsed him with scorn and contempt. On the evening before the trial, Paul Petersen, the secretary, indulged in malignant anticipations of success. With Ilda, after the death of her brother, he would ultimately inherit all the trader's property; and the destruction of Marstrand would not only gratify his hatred, but give him possession of Balsford and the immense territories comprised within the baron's land patent. But the secretary, confident and exulting as he was, had still a thorn ranking in his side. Mortuno, before a quicker and keener eye had dispatched him, had wounded the secretary in the side; the wound was swollen and discolored, and had an offensive appearance.

"Curse it!" he muttered; "I must do something! I suffer from pain, and cannot confide my affairs to any one!"

He rubbed it with ointment, bound it up, and dressed it with the greatest care.

When he was alone in his chamber, he walked up and down, threw himself into his arm-chair, and as quickly started up again. Then he stood still, as he heard Helgestad's heavy tread above his head, looked up, and laughingly said:

"You are right, old fool! I hold fast to what I have, and I will keep a good account with you! All that you have saved and treasured up is now mine: Loppen, Balsford, and your miracle of beauty and wisdom—Ilda. What have they insinuated to the old man? What has the cursed pastor written? Before he can bestir himself, all will be over!"

"And all is over!" said he, as he took a light, and went into his office.

He opened a great, dark closet, black with age, and lighted the interior. All kinds of terrible instruments lay upon the shelves—screws and iron wedges, rusty chains, and dusty cords. He took out one of them—a broad iron band, which could be tightened by means of a screw.

"How ingenious is the mind of man," he murmured, "when it exerts itself to serve God and the cause of truth!"

He heard a noise, and, as he looked around, he shrank back with fear. Ilda was standing a few paces before him.

"What have you there?" she asked, before he could speak.

"An approved means against falsehood and treason!"

"Do you make use of such things?"

"To-morrow they may be employed!" he said.

She clasped her hands, as in great anguish, and looked at him steadily.

"I must speak with you!" she said, softly.

"Come, then!" said the secretary, shutting up the closet. "How gladly, my sweetheart, will I chat with you!"

"Stay!" she said; "you must hear me on this spot! I have a request to make of you!"

"What can it be that I will not comply with?"

Ilda drew a deep breath; her head seemed for a moment to sink under its weight; and then she drew herself up, looking like some supernatural being, in her black dress.

"Save him!" she said, with difficulty uttering the words; "save John Marstrand from the ignominy which threatens him, and I will bless you!"

"How can I save him, dear Ilda?"

"You know that he is innocent!" she continued.

"Oh, by God's eternal mercy, dismiss that false smile! You know, also, that Afraja is not guilty of the crime that you charge him with!"

"I will rejoice at the acquittal of your friend!" said Paul.

"You lie—you dissemble!" exclaimed Ilda, and her hands trembled with emotion. "There is an eye which penetrates every heart, and an ear which hears every thought! Look at me, Paul, and judge yourself!"

"That," he answered, "I leave to you—and, as I fear, your judgment will be cruelly severe!"

"No!" she said, taking his hand; "I will stand by you, whatever may happen! I will serve you as your maid; you shall hear no complaint! Take all that I have; take me, myself, when you please—I am your property! But save the innocent man—save him! Upon my knees I will swear to obey you!"

As she knelt before him, his eyes glowed with rage and scorn.

"You kneel before me!" he said, in a measured tone, as if he wished to prolong her tortments; "why do you kneel? Speak the truth—I will listen to you! How can you intercede, on your bended knees, for this wretched Dane?"

She bowed down her head, and after a moment calmly raised herself up, and in a firm tone said, in reply:

"Because I love him!"

"Do you love him yet?"

"Now and for ever!" she said.

He bit his lips.

"Oh you noble soul!" he exclaimed; "how candid you can be! You love him forever! And when you lie by my side you will imagine that his arms embrace you!"

"No!" she said; "my misery will always be with me!"

"How sorry I am that I must increase it!" he interrupted; "and how lamentable it would be if I should to-morrow send your tenderly-beloved friend in flames to heaven, with the sorcerer, his associate!"

Ilda lifted up her arms in an imploring attitude; but one glance at his sneering face assured her that any appeal would be futile, and, without uttering another word, she left the room.

The morning of the court-day broke, and it was a bright, clear day. Tromsøe is situated upon an island, which is separated from the main land by an arm of the sea. It lies close to a flat shore, behind which rises a naked height, which was then much more bare than now, as some structures have been erected upon it. Three to four hundred people dwelt in this chief settlement of Finmark—mostly fishermen, some mechanics, and the serving-people of the traders; but the population had increased tenfold on this day—for multitudes had gathered there from all parts, far and near. On the preceding day there was already a concourse from the land; during the night many a boat steered into Tromsøesund; and when the sun arose, the water was alive with large and small craft. From the islands and the fiords they repaired thither—under-voigts, clerks of court, pastors, and traders, with their wives and children, as to a festival; besides a large number of the half-savage people from the three to four races of people who had settled here.

They established themselves upon the open square, in the huts and shops, and along the shore, where they feasted and drank, and cursed the obstinate heathen, who lay in the dungeon without uttering a word; and they observed with joy the heaps of billets of wood that were piled up in the courtyard. The noise, laughter, and greetings of the newcomers increased, the later it grew; the throng gradually pressed towards the court-house, and formed a circle around the square, in the midst of which a somewhat elevated stage had been erected.

A table stood upon it, covered with red cloth, surrounded by chairs; behind the seat of the judges were several long benches; before the table were two rude wooden seats; and in the corner was another table, upon which lay a red cover.

The aristocracy had found accommodations in the surrounding houses and in the court-house. All the windows were filled with maidens and women, in their finest attire; head pressed upon head around the court-square, in glazed hats and caps of skin and fur; and the multitude of hard, weather-beaten faces of the men, and the women in long curls and various-colored garments, with children on their shoulders and sucklings at the breast, formed a curious and motley spectacle.

A bell was suddenly heard, and the procession issued from the court-house, in the van of which was the voigt, in embroidered coat, with under-voigt and officers of the court, followed by his aids and the secretary, bearing the records and documents; in the rear were the six associate judges, and the chief traders, in their long, dark coats.

The voigt took the middle seat, the secretary sat on his left, and the associate judges on both sides. The other officers, Lovmen, Lensmen, and favored persons, took places on the benches.

There was a universal and profound silence, and all eyes were fastened upon the voigt, who rose up, and, striking the table with a white staff, said, in a loud voice:

"The court is opened! May God Almighty be with us, and assist us to a righteous judgment! Bring the prisoners before the court!"

After some minutes' delay, they were brought forward, and a sullen murmur, rising and falling like the distant roar of the sea, accompanied the procession. The women leaned forward from the windows, the men pressed over their heads, and the whole multitude violently swayed about in their eagerness to catch a glimpse of the chief actors of the drama. It would be difficult to decide which of them excited most interest among the spectators. The old, deformed, and bent Afraja, could hardly sustain himself on his feet. His chains had been removed, and he had been presented with a clean Lappish blouse. His grey head was unbared to the air; his long hair fell over his shoulders; and his countenance, despite his sufferings and emaciations, was dignified and impressive. His eyes roved over the faces of the hostile and infuriated mass around him with a clear and unshrinking gaze.

When he ascended the low stage, his companion in misfortune gave him his arm—for no one else would assist him. Even this compassionate action seemed to increase the prevailing animosity.

"Shame upon you!" cried a woman who stood before him. "See how he presses him to himself!" exclaimed many. "He has a fine appearance!" said a stalwart fisherman, "and one can hardly believe he is a Dane! He is all false!"

Marstrand wore his plain blue coat, as a gaard proprietor; but there are figures which, even in the rags of a beggar, lose nothing of their native grace. His tall, slender figure, proudly towered up; his beautiful brown hair was bound with a ribbon. When he reached the top of the stage, he seemed to be inclined to speak; but he sat down, and waited until the poor Lapp prisoner had taken his seat.

The trial was a mockery of justice. An old Danish law that had been in abeyance for a century, had been raked up to meet the exigencies of the case, and under it both Afraja and Marstrand were convicted.

The secretary with infernal glee pronounced sentence:

"As you, Afraja," he said, have confessed that you are a pagan and a sorcerer, and that you devised with an infamous plot to expel with fire and sword all the Normans from this country, you shall be led to the judgment place at Tromsøe, where your impious body shall be burned to ashes, and scattered to the winds! This shall be done to-day, as long as the sun is in the heavens! As to you, John Marstrand, of Balsford, you shall witness the execution of this sentence, and then be banished forever from the land; and as a further punishment, you are to be carried to Trondheim, in chains, where the Governor of Norway will deal with you as he may seem fit! Such is the judgment of the high court of Tromsøe, in the name of the king, and according to the laws of the land, well-grounded evidence, and our strict duty to man and to God!"

Evening was approaching. The sun looked red upon the high mountain-peaks which rose around the Tromsøesund. A blue mist hung over the ravines, and the city was mysteriously silent; the houses seemed deserted; not a human being was to



be seen; no cowering, smoking Quane on the shore-steps; no fisherman on the water, and no women at the doors. Nothing but empty boats rocking on the swelling water, and closed windows around the still square.

Suddenly a loud, wild cry of a thousand voices broke from the hill-side, resounded over the land and sea, and was echoed back and back again from the dark mountains, until it grew weaker and weaker, and died away in the distance. A column of smoke rose up, as if issuing from an immense chimney. Heavy and black, it whirled around, illuminated occasionally by jets of flame, which, shooting up from the earth, flashed across it, and disappeared again. The earth was covered by the smoke which enveloped the multitude of people, as if it would conceal their deeds; but above the black veil was the pure light of the sun. Great white birds flew athwart the blue sky: they bore Afraja's soul to the gardens of Jubinal.

At this moment a cannon-shot thundered through the air, and its powerful echo was answered by the shouts of the multitude who thronged the streets on the edge of the harbor, on their return from the cruel scene on the hill.

Two vessels were coming up the sound under full sail. One was a brig of war, and the other a sloop. Both carried the government flag. The Danish cross fluttered in the evening light, and the decks were covered with armed men—soldiers and sailors.

The people looked at the ships with intense curiosity, indulging in all sorts of conjectures as to their unexpected appearance. Some voices bade them welcome; a disorderly mass of people began to shout, and waved their hats. Others said it was a pity that the spruce soldiers had not been present at the court, and had not witnessed the burning of the sorcerer; and more reflecting persons whispered it was well that all was over.

In the meantime, the voigt approached the shore, with a suite of pastors and the principal families. Broad-shouldered men, with their wives and children, in close array, followed. They were in part occupied by the remembrance of the fearful tragedy and its incidents, and were curious to know the meaning of the cannon-shot.

In the rear of this company, however, followed the sorenskriver, Petersen, who was slowly and with difficulty led along by Helgestad. But he overcame all his illness and suffering, and they who saw his feverish, flushed face, and heard him laugh, had no idea of his internal pain.

"Now," said he, "we have settled matters! On Thursday, dear father-in-law, the marriage must take place! I can wait no longer!"

"And you must bring the affair at Balsford to a close! I must have the Balsford!"

"Well, insatiable man," exclaimed Petersen, "you shall have it! I give you my hand and word that it shall be yours in two weeks!"

Helgestad burst into a fierce laugh, came to a stand, and looked around him. At that moment Marstrand was led by. Officers of justice surrounded him, but his step was firm, and his countenance calm and fearless. When he came opposite to the two men, he fixed his eyes with such contempt and scorn upon them, that Helgestad ceased laughing, and the secretary bit his lips in rage.

"He is as insolent a cock as ever!" said Niels; and, with his former shrewdness, he added: "I hope you know of some means of preventing his return to Trondheim! It would be a pity for you and for me! I hate him! I must surely have the Balsford!"

"You shall be secure, and you may sleep quietly!" responded Paul. "You hate him, but I love him so dearly that I will not separate from him so easily! When my marriage takes place, he shall be there; and when I live here with my sweet Ilda, I will have him in the house as a witness of my happiness! Behind lock and key, indeed, but yet as a witness! At present it is too late in the year, and the voigt cannot send him to the south before the spring, by which time much good may happen to him!"

Niels' eyes sparkled with delight. He perfectly comprehended the calculations of Paul, and, with his best grunt and grin of former days, he said:

"Nah! you have no superior in the country! Do what you will, you swim on the surface; but I will have the Balsford! I must have it, and then, then —" He suddenly grasped his forehead, as if he had lost the thread of his thoughts, and murmured to himself, "I wish, however, that Bjornarne were here, and that he would come soon!"

At this moment another cannon was discharged, and Petersen laughingly exclaimed:

"What fool of a const-guard is shooting away his powder there? Let him wait till Thursday, when we will invite him to the wedding!"

They had reached the houses, when they met the voigt returning to them with a grave face.

"Come quickly!" said he; "we have strange guests! Two vessels have come to anchor, close at hand, both of them royal men-of-war! They have put out boats, and swarm with red-coats!"

"They are also coming to my wedding!" said Paul, smiling! What the deuce, uncle! do you, yourself a soldier, fear soldiers!"

A loud roll of the drum interrupted their conversation; and when they reached the landing, they met a company of soldiers that had just landed. Several officers were engaged in drawing them up in order, and a large circle of spectators surrounded them. The curiosity was intense and universal. Even the officers of justice, with their prisoner, stood still, and looked on from a distance, as the voigt, secretary, pastors, and the chief people, approached the commanding officer.

The voigt took off his gold-laced hat, made a low bow with a wide swing of his three-cornered *chapeau*, and, in an ostentatious manner, addressed the officers as follows:

"My dear sirs, officers of our most gracious Majesty, I bid you welcome to Tromsø! As, however, I have received no intelligence of your unexpected visit, permit me to ask whence you come and what is your purpose?"

The grim old captain did not appear to be particularly inclined to enter into conversation. He gave a side-glance at the voigt, and carelessly said:

"All that I know is, that we sailed to Tromsø: all else is the affair of the commander!"

"And who is this commander?"

"There he comes!" responded another officer.

A boat, bearing a pendant, put off from the brig, in the stern of which stood a slender young naval officer, wearing a plumed hat with broad borders. Another person in citizen's dress was alongside of him. No one knew these strangers, but as the voigt, with his companions, arrived at the landing, the soldiers presented arms, and a blast was blown on the trumpet, by way of salute. The officer quickly ascended the steps, and with a sharp and frowning countenance he looked upon the greeting dignitary.

"Are you the voigt of Tromsø?" he inquired.

"Yes, sir!"

"And are you the secretary, his nephew?"

"I am!" replied Paul. "But who are you?"

The officer proudly smiled.

"The adjutant of the Governor of Norway, who has sent me hither to look after your proceedings in this country!"

"Dahlen!" cried a voice from the crowd. A tumult arose, and chains clanked. Marstrand had driven back the officers, and set himself free.

"What does this mean?" exclaimed the commissioner. "An officer, a chamberlain of the king, and a nobleman, in chains? Who has dared to commit this outrage?"

"I!" replied Paul. "I recommend you to respect the law and the sentence! This man, John Marstrand, of Balsford, has been condemned to be sent to Trondheim in chains, because he is an arch-traitor!"

"Arch-traitor!" said Dahlen. "Have you, my poor friend, sunk to such a depth of degradation?"

"You know that I am incapable of committing such a crime!" replied Marstrand.

"Off with the chains!" exclaimed the commissioner. "Alas! I have arrived too late to save the old man whom you have murdered; but tremble for the examination, the wrath of the king, and the punishment!"

"Voigt of Tromsø, and you, Herr Secretary, I arrest you in the name of his majesty!"

"You, me—you arrest me!" cried Petersen. His eyes gleamed with rage, and his limbs trembled.

"Countrymen! Friends!" he exclaimed; "will you suffer your rights to be outraged and trodden under foot by soldiers?"

At a sign from Dahlen, a dozen grenadiers sprang upon the voigt and secretary. The remainder of the company advanced with fixed bayonets to the right and left; the people rushed back on one another; and the same scenes occurred among them as they had practised upon the Lappe. Panic-struck, they fled before this armed demonstration. The threatened vengeance of the king resounded in their ears, and no voice dared to oppose it. Those who had raved the loudest were the first to draw back, wished themselves far away, and threw all the blame upon the accursed Paul Petersen, his uncle, and his hangers-on.

He endeavored to shake off the guard who held

him fast. There stood Ilda, and Marstrand publicly kneeled to her before all the people. The long-closed heart burst its fetters, and a stream of passionate love gushed forth. The cold, reserved, discreet Ilda, embraced his head with both her hands; her tears fell upon his brow, and her lips bent towards his.

"My dear Ilda!" he exultingly exclaimed, "I am free—I am at your side!"

"The blessing of God rest upon you!" she said. "God's richest blessings, dearly beloved man! I will never leave you!"

Paul Petersen uttered a brute-like howl, and fell down in a senseless state.

A month afterwards, the investigation was completed at Tromsø, at the conclusion of which Voigt Paulsen was sent off in a government vessel to Trondheim, where, after being imprisoned some time upon the rocks of Murkholm, he was one morning found hanged. His nephew had been caled from the world sooner than himself. On the second day after the arrival of the commission of inquiry, he died a raving maniac. The wound which had been inflicted upon him by Mortuno hastened his death; and his dying hours were marked by immense suffering of mind and body.

Ilda and Marstrand were married, and their descendants were numerous. The baron built a great house at Sirommen.

His name was widely known and respected. Honor, consideration, and happiness, he enjoyed in abundance; but he could not realise the wealth which Helgestad had promised him out of the Balsford. He could extract but little profit from the wood speculation—so he finally gave it up, and cultivated the little valleys of the fiord with greater zeal and advantage.

No one ever found Afraja's treasures; many persons have endeavored to discover them—but always in vain.—*Afraja. Pub. by Lindsay & Blakeston, Philadelphia.*

YANKEE INGENUITY.—In some of our towns we don't allow smokin' in the streets, though in most of them we do; and where it is agin law, it is two dollars fine in a general way. Well, Sassy went down to Boston, to do a little chore of business there, where this law was, only he didn't know it. So, soon as he got off the coach, he outs with his case, takes a cigar, lights it, and waks on, smoking like a furnace flue. No sooner said than done. Up steps constable, and sais, "I'll trouble you for two dollars, for 'smokin' agin law in the streets." Sassy was as quick as wink on him. "Smokin'!" sais he, "I warn't smokin'." "Oh, my!" sais constable, "how you talk, man, I won't say you lie, 'cause it aint polite, but its very like the way I talk when I fib. Didn't I see you with my own eyes,?" "No!" sais Sassy, "you didn't, it don't do always to believe your own eyes—they can't be depended on more than other peoples. I never trust mine, I can assure you. I own I had a cigar in my mouth, but it was because I liked the flavor of tobacco, but not to smoke. I take it don't convene with the dignity of a free and enlightened citizen of our almighty nation to break the law, seein' that he makes the law himself, and is his own sovereign, and is his own subject, too. No, I warn't smokin' and if you don't believe me, try this cigar yourself, and see if it aint so. It haint got no fire in it." Well, constable takes the cigar, puts it into his mug, and draws away at it, and out comes the smoke like anythin'." "I'll trouble you for two dollars, Mr. High sheriff's representative," sais Sassy, "for smokin' in the streets; do you underconstand, my old coon?" Well, constable was taken all aback—he was finely bit. "Stranger," sais he, "where was you raised?" "To Canady line," sais Sassy. "Well," sais he, "you're a credit to your brouhtens up. Well, let the fine drop, for we are about even I guess."—*Sam Slick.*

AGREEMENT.—He who agrees with himself agrees with others. It has struck me that I believe in the truth of those ideas only which are productive to my mind, which assimilate to my modes of thinking, and assist my progress. For it is not only possible, but also very natural, that such an idea does not assimilate to other minds—that, instead of assisting, it impedes their progress, and that they think it wrong and erroneous. Any one who is convinced of this will never engage in a controversy.

SINCERITY is to speak as we think, to do as we pretend and profess, to perform and make good what we promise, and readily to be what we would seem and appear to be.

Our flatterers will tell us anything sooner than our faults, or what they know we do not like to hear.

### The New Lancaster Gun.

To whatever nation, period, or individual the invention of gunpowder is to be ascribed, the acknowledgment is universal that its application to the purposes of war has had as powerful an effect on the destinies of mankind as the immortal discovery of America by Columbus. Gunpowder and a New World gave quite a new aspect to the affairs of mankind. Whether the destructive element has been the means of improving them is a question for the philosopher; but this much is certain—that since the introduction of fire-arms, wars have been less destructive and of shorter duration. Science also took a new and, because practical, more beneficial direction when men began to study how to kill each other "by line and rule," and organise armies on quite new principles. However, change seems to be as much a law of human nature as of the material world; and the introduction of gunpowder may be but an historical landmark to denote the extinction of one era and the commencement of another.

As to the real origin of gunpowder, nothing is definitely known. The Chinese claim the invention; and Valesco, a Spanish author, says that they had artillery in the year 85 of our era. But gunpowder was not known in Europe until 1320, when Schwartz, a monk at Mentz, published his alleged accidental discovery of the explosive nature of saltpetre mixed with charcoal. Whether he is entitled to the merit of introducing a knowledge of gunpowder into Europe or not, it is quite clear that about this time the idea was suggested that, if this composition was properly confined, it might be useful in the attack and defence of fortified places. Roger Bacon, in his time, half a century before that of Schwartz, could produce artificial thunder and lightning, and no doubt the composition he used was gunpowder.

The first guns seem to have been made of iron bars, laid lengthwise, and secured with strong iron hoops; but some accounts say with thin sheets of iron rolled up together and hooped—in fact, the earliest cannon were manufactured out of wrought iron, and the experience before Sebastopol would suggest the use again of the same material.

Their first guns were small, and their shot of lead; but a mania for big guns arose, and some were cast of extraordinary size. To that complexion we are apparently returning—for when we read that the Turks at the siege of Constantinople had cannon that discharged stone balls weighing 500 lbs., Louis XI. had one of the same size, and that there were in

existence innumerable others that carried shots of 80 lbs. to 100 lbs., it looks as if we, with the Lancasters and mortars, were returning to the artillery discipline of the fifteenth century. The great guns, however, went out of fashion for nearly two centuries, and some of smaller calibre and lighter weight, with their shot of iron, were introduced in their stead. Forty-two-pounders for the sea, and twenty-two for the land, ultimately became the largest made. Then there arose a long controversy about the charge, which was at last considerably reduced all over Europe; but the proper length gave rise to vehement discussions in the engineering circles of the great military and naval nations. In Queen Elizabeth's reign, eighteen-pounders were four-and-twenty feet long. This is the length of what is called the celebrated Pocket Pistol—or, as it used to be designated, the culverin—at Dover, England. There is also one like it at Nancy, in France. As to weight, great reductions were made from time to time, until, in Charles II.'s reign, a six-pounder weighed only 180 lbs., and a twenty-five-pounder, 700 lbs. In 1744 light cannon—six-pounders—were made of sheets of copper, rolled up and soldered together, and these seem to have given rise to our light field-pieces. Brass guns were also introduced about the same time, in the shape of twenty-four pounders; but the argument, now so ripe, then arose as to the quality and quantity of the metal that should be employed.

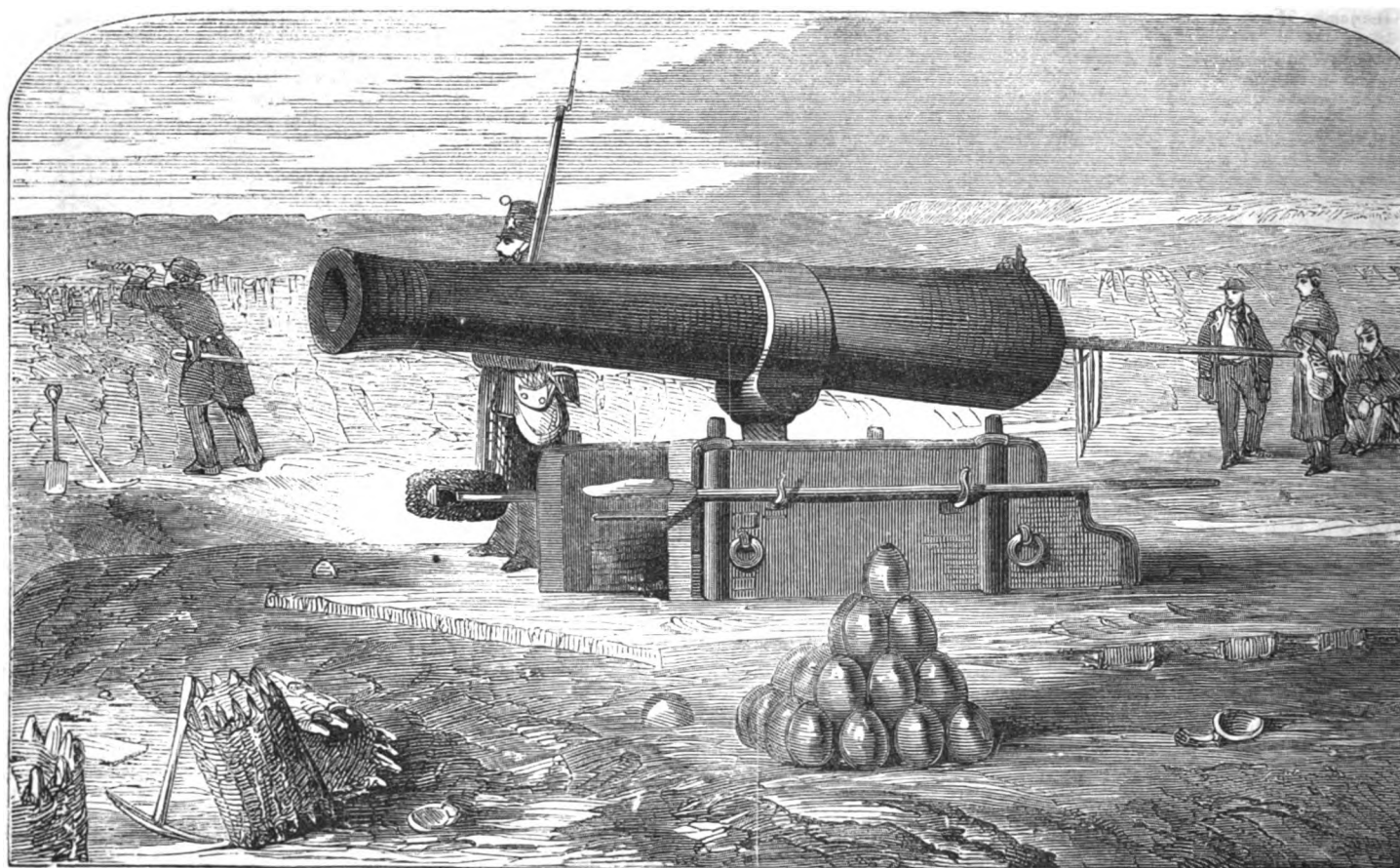
All guns were now cast, the early wrought-iron principle had long been abandoned, and what was called gun-metal was used. This was a mixture of copper and tin, but, like brass, being much heavier than iron, gave some countenance to the employment of the latter material in preference. At first there was a prejudice against iron guns, on account of their alleged liability to burst, but at the siege of Belleisle their superiority was fully proved. The brass guns were soon rendered useless, and iron ship guns had to be got up to complete the siege. The vent seems to have occasioned much annoyance—not being able, as with the guns at the present siege of Sebastopol, to stand a repeated number of discharges. To make the vent more durable, it was the custom to put in it a piece of copper to grain it, but that experiment failed, and a steel grain was suggested. The French at Belleisle had a gun with such a vent, and at the conclusion of the siege it was found to be the only one that had stood the brunt of the encounter without having been spoiled.

In the year 1780 we find experienced men arguing much in the same manner as we do in 1855.

They insisted that lighter ordnance would be more effective than heavy, and some even hinted at the wisdom of returning to the old wrought-iron principle, as Mr. Nasmyth and others have done ever since the war with Russia began—indeed, to do them justice, long before. But the British government of our day have been no wiser than that of the four Georges: routine and official ignorance have had almost absolute control over the Ordnance Department, and it was only very recently that any improvements were at all admitted. Guns continued to be cast of unwieldy sizes; year after year the weight was increased; dockyard experiments and dockyard senility ran riot with the public money; and the British, in an hour of the greatest danger, have to be indebted to the melancholy experience of their army before Sebastopol and their fleet in the Baltic for the most convincing proofs of the utter inadequacy of their artillery, as at present constructed, for any great military or naval operations. Cast-iron and that mysterious compound called "gun-metal," after a trial of three hundred years, have been irrefragably demonstrated to be utterly useless for operations on a great scale—more especially operations continuously extending over weeks and months. Mr. Lancaster's gun—of which we give an engraving—shows a tendency in the ordnance authorities to be willing to be instructed; but until they adopt wrought-iron cannon all such suggestions must necessarily be comparatively nugatory.

Mr. Lancaster's gun, as will be seen from the illustration, is mounted on a swivel, and can be pointed in any direction. The pillar on which the swivel rests is imbedded in a solid mass of wood and iron, and the concussion, so violent in the discharge of ordinary guns, is, by this plan of mounting, so diminished as to be scarcely perceptible; at all events, the shock even on ship-board is not so forcibly felt. The bore of the gun is smooth, but the ball is elliptical, being something like an egg with the top cut off in appearance, which gives it greater velocity and force. The sights are also on a new principle, and we may mention that, with the exception of mortars, the Lancaster guns are the most powerful pieces of ordnance ever constructed.

A DENTIST presented a bill for the tenth time to a rich skinflint. "It strikes me," said the latter, "that this is a pretty round bill." "Yes," replied the dentist, "I've sent it round often enough to make it appear so; and I have called now to get it squared."



THE LANCASTER GUN.



## Mayor Wood.

FERNANDO WOOD was born in the city of Philadelphia, on the 14th day of June, 1812, a day memorable in the history of our country as the one on which the cabinet-meeting, under President Madison, decided to declare war against Great Britain. The official declaration, however, was not announced until the 16th of June, two days later. Some five years previously, domestic manufactures had taken a very vigorous start, and those concerned in them had begun to look on war with favor, not only as shutting out British competition, but as securing a good customer in the government. The universal war spirit, too, which twenty years of wide-spread hostilities had diffused over the civilised world, had not failed to produce its effects in America. On the sea-coast the spirit of enterprise would find vent in exciting mercantile adventure; while in the South and West, thousands of young men, ambitious of distinction and eager for action, as they read day by day of battle after battle in Europe, had begun to sigh for swords, epaulettes, and military glory. These causes, united with British intolerance and oppression, had precipitated his country into a perilous contest on the very day of his birth—a contest, however, that two years afterwards closed with a glorious victory and an honorable peace.

Fernando Wood's father, Benjamin Wood, at this time was a prominent merchant in Philadelphia, where he remained until 1820, when he removed to New York with his family, consisting of five sons and two daughters.

Mr. Wood's ancestors were active members of the Society of Friends, who had come to this country with William Penn, and settled in and around Philadelphia. The town of Woodbury, too, in the State of New Jersey, on the Delaware River, was settled and named by the Wood family. The maternal and paternal grandfathers of

Mayor Wood, even although they were Quakers, had early entered the revolutionary army, and held commissions as officers under General Washington, and were both severely wounded at the battle of Germantown. Both ultimately recovered, however, and received pensions from the government until their death, some years after the final successful termination of the struggle for independence.

When eight years old, young Fernando was placed at a private collegiate institute, under the immediate care of James Shea, who afterwards attained considerable distinction as Professor of Mathematics in the Grammar School of Columbia College, and was also, in his later years, very eminent as a profound mathematician. To this gentleman Mayor Wood even now expresses himself as being under very great obligations, for the kind but able manner in which he fulfilled his duties as instructor. Few persons, indeed, can look back to the early period when they were most directly the subjects of instruction, with-

## ENTERPRISING MEN OF THE PRESENT AGE.



FERNANDO WOOD, MAYOR OF NEW YORK, 1855-6.

out a regret for themselves that its result, excepting that which leads to evil, bears so small a proportion to its compass and repetition. Yet some good consequences must follow the diligent inculcation of truth and precept on the youthful mind in all; but the influence of the good instructions of a man like Shea early bore their fruit in a boy like young Wood, for as soon as he left school, which he did when thirteen, his character was sufficiently determined to enable him to make up his mind to leave home and support himself. His father, who was a man in feeble health, was passing the winter at New Orleans, and it consequently became necessary for young Fernando to consult his mother with reference to the bold resolution he had taken. At first the mother could not believe the boy sincere, but smilingly told him she had no objection. Without further parley, the youngster, with characteristic promptitude and energy, started away from his home, then in Lom-

bardy street, near Colonel Rutger's mansion, on the east side of the city, in search of a situation. On the father's return to New York, his mother informed him of the action of their son, and after considering a moment, he quietly remarked, "That boy will make his way in the world—let him do as he pleases." He did as he pleased, and soon obtained employment with Mr. Seabury Brewster, at that time an exchange broker, who agreed to take him at a weekly salary of two dollars—one dollar and a half of which young Wood arranged to pay Mrs. Ketchum (the mother of a former schoolmate) as the price per week of his board. Mrs. Ketchum lived at this time in Oliver street, near Chatham square, which, being near the office of his employer, was preferred by the future merchant and Mayor to his father's more distant residence. We may observe, that the same Mr. Brewster is at present well known in this city as a large real estate owner. After remaining in this situation for some four



months, Mr. Brewster raised his wages to \$3 50 per week, which was at that time considered, for a boy not yet fourteen, as rather a high salary. He continued in this situation about one year, when he left, and took a clerkship in the office of a Mr. Betts, then carrying on the same business in Fulton street, with whom he remained some years.

At sixteen he was sent to Harrisburg, in Pennsylvania, by his employer, and while there, on returning one evening to his hotel, at which several members of the Pennsylvania Legislature were staying, one of the hon. gentlemen—a then distinguished member of the Senate of the Keystone State—grossly insulted him in the sitting-room of the hotel, which the high-spirited lad instantly and sharply resenting, the hon. gentleman—who was pretty drunk, and is still living—drew a large knife, and threateningly advanced upon the unarmed youth. Fernando retreated a few steps, and catching the chair upon which he had been sitting, struck the hon. assailant a severe blow on the forehead, which cut open his head and felled him to the floor. For this act he was arrested the next morning; but justice being so clearly on his side, the friends of the senator, in order to save the disgraceful exposure that would necessarily be entailed, induced him to forego the prosecution.

In the spring of 1832, June 1, when but twenty years of age, he commenced business for himself in Pearl street, Franklin square. This was the first cholera year; and although business in the city was at a complete stand still, and all who possessed the means had fled to the country, Mr. Wood remained firmly at his post, opening his store each morning himself, and closely prosecuting his business when not engaged in the humane duty of attending on the sick and dying. During this terrible period, the alderman of the ward died of the cholera, and many others of its prominent residents. Mr. Wood, however, retained his health, and attended upon all who were attacked in the neighborhood. Shortly after this period he became interested in politics, and wrote several articles for the press on the U. S. Bank, sustaining the position of General Jackson, which attracted a good deal of attention. He also prepared a review of Gov. Hayne's message on Nullification. This was the Gen. Hayne (of South Carolina) who delivered that speech which called forth such a burst of eloquence from Daniel Webster. Mr. Wood's review was prepared at the request of Mr. William Leggett, then editor of the *Evening Post*, and was much admired for the ability displayed in it. Mr. Wood's style was then, as now, distinguished for great directness, a fine argumentative vein, conciseness, and perspicuity, without any attempt at elegance.

Being endowed with strong literary tastes, and deeply read in history and the higher class of English literature, he had already dramatised several of Southey's poems as a mental exercise and for amusement. He also wrote some literary articles for the *Weekly Mirror*, then in the very zenith of its glory under Gen. Morris, one of the present editors of the *Home Journal*.

In 1840, Mr. Wood was elected to Congress from this city, his associates being Judge Roosevelt, John M'Keon, and Charles G. Ferris. The city of New York, at that time, comprising but a single district, elections were held by general ticket. Thus it will be seen that our present distinguished Mayor, at the age of twenty-eight, was elected from among the mercantile classes to the 27th Congress—a Congress distinguished for possessing more than usual merit and ability—having more able men, and passing more important measures, than any other since the Constitution was adopted. Among the many distinguished names in the Senate at that time were those of Clay, Calhoun, Silas Wright, Levi Woodbury, Thomas H. Benton, James Buchanan, Rufus Choate, R. J. Walker, Wm. C. Rives, Wm. C. Preston, &c.; while in the House, of which Mr. Wood was a member, were such men as John Quincy Adams, Millard Fillmore, Henry A. Wise, John P. Kennedy, Dixon H. Lewis, R. C. Winthrop, R. B. Rhett, Caleb Cushing, and Mr. Hunter, of Virginia.

Among the questions discussed, acted upon, and passed, were (1) that of the U. S. Bank, which was vetoed by President Tyler; (2) the tariff, also passed; (3) distribution of the proceeds of the public lands, passed; and (4) the general bankrupt bill, &c. In this Congress, in which so many eminent men were assembled, and in which measures were discussed which have been destined to exert a very powerful influence upon the present welfare of our country, Mr. Wood was fully able to command marked attention from all parties by the skilful manner in which he sustained himself throughout the

important debates of the house, even when opposed to the strongest ability present there.

In the spring of 1841 Mr. Wood married Miss Anna D. Richardson, daughter of Judge Joseph L. Richardson, of Auburn, New York, one of the leading men of his neighborhood, and who for twenty-five years had been on the bench, having received his appointment from De Witt Clinton. Judge Richardson was the warm friend of the late venerable Ambrose Spencer, the father of the late John C. Spencer, recently deceased. Mr. Wood's marriage took place just previous to the last extra session of Congress. He has several children, some of whom may be seen day after day in our Ward Schools, receiving their education on the same benches with the children of our humblest citizens. At the close of the 26th Congress, (in 1843,) he retired from political life with the full determination not again to enter upon its troubled waters until he was in completely independent circumstances. He recommenced business in South street, with a very limited capital, a strong will, and a full determination of purpose. His then pursuit was that of the ship-chandlery and shipping commission business; and after continuing in it for four years, he owned no less than eight vessels, some of which were of large burthen. In 1848, Mr. Wood received the first intelligence in the Atlantic States of the discovery of gold in California, and immediately fitted out the barque John W. Cator, with an assorted cargo, for San Francisco, in advance of all others. This ship arrived out, and was the first cargo which reached San Francisco after the gold excitement had commenced. The cargo was sold at an enormous profit. The barque John W. Cator was also the first vessel to reach California after the treaty with Mexico at the close of the war, by which California was ceded to the United States of America. This splendid result was the immediate cause of his retiring from mercantile life in 1849.

Mr. Wood, showing at once his confidence in the future extent and greatness of New York, and, at the same time, displaying great business sagacity in regard to the effect of the influx of gold upon property values, invested all his available means in unimproved lands in the upper part of the city, which have since more than quadrupled in value. Mr. Wood owns more than 100 lots, part of the old Harsen estate, in the vicinity of his up-town residence, corner of Broadway and 77th street. These lots are now valued at over \$1,000 each.

In 1850 Mr. Wood was the democratic candidate for Mayor; but, in common with his party, was defeated, Ambrose C. Kingsland having been chosen. After this time he had little to do with politics till 1854, when he was nominated by both sections of the democratic party to the office of Mayor of New York. He was elected in November of last year, being chosen over his competitors, Wilson G. Hunt and J. W. Barker, by a small majority, in the teeth of an opposition, fiercer and more unscrupulous than had ever before been experienced in this city. During this exciting canvass, Mr. Wood was severely handled by the press; and the minds of many honest citizens were thus prejudiced against him. Notwithstanding all that was then said of him, we have reason to believe that in his social and private relations Mayor Wood's life has been in all respects irreproachable and pure, and worthy of imitation by the best men among us. The grounds upon which these attacks were made, as stated by Mr. Wood himself, grew out of a business difficulty which was at that time pending in the courts between himself and a man who was interested in the shipment of the cargo to California, before alluded to. Certain errors in the accounts made by this man, and a clerk of Mr. Wood's, were the basis of the severe accusations which were used so unscrupulously to his discredit by many of the leading journals of the city. These errors occurred under very suspicious circumstances, to say nothing more, and will not add much to a favorable opinion of the character of the men who sought so eagerly to destroy his well-earned good reputation.

Hitherto, in the administration of the city government, Mayor Wood has always been influenced by a fixed system of principles, as well in the minor as the more important details of his office. Although he has barely been, as yet, six months at the head of the city government, the practical results of his administration are already thoroughly appreciated, both here and elsewhere. He has effected in this time an entire reformation in the efficiency and discipline of the police department. Our streets are no longer filled with rowdies, nor are the most crowded thoroughfares rendered impassable by unnecessary stoppages of every kind. Every citizen recognizes the fact that there is already greater protection

of life and property—greater security for all. We may mention, as one great result of the efficiency of his administration, that since Mayor Wood assumed the reins of office there has only been one cool, deliberate murder, (that of Poole,) while the reports from our police courts show that there has been a decrease of crime generally. Orderly, quiet, and peaceful Sabbath-days are now the rule, while they have hitherto been the exception; and gambling hells and policy offices are being rapidly broken up.

But it is not alone in the police system that improvements have been effected. With the bold introduction of the street-sweeping machines, and consequent clean streets, a decrease of 25 per cent. in the sanitary returns, as shown by the City Inspector's report, has been brought about. Indeed, the decrease of mortality amongst children has been very marked, and this must be considered as the natural result of his direct onslaught upon bad milk and diseased meat. Numerous other reforms have been carried out, and certainly the general tone of local affairs, under the assiduous and careful direction of the Mayor, has wonderfully improved, even under the very limited powers allowed him under the charter. Indeed, so confined are his powers for doing good in the present mode of administering city matters, that he has often been obliged to use a doubtful authority in more than one instance, when the public weal has required immediate and determined action. But we are glad to say that this has always been done hitherto without any sacrifice of the public confidence.

As to the police department, about which there is just now considerable curiosity manifested, we may remark that Mayor Wood's ideas of organization and discipline are decidedly in favor of assimilating them to those of a rigid military rule. The first great result of his skilful administration of the police became evident to the people in the late review of the force (numbering about 1,000 men) in the Park. There, for the first time in the history of our city, thousands of our citizens had an opportunity of witnessing the character and discipline of the men to whom the city government has delegated the protection of their lives and property. It was, as we have already said, the first time the police force had ever been called together, and we have no doubt that the moral effects of so brilliant a display of the powers for good in the hands of a man like Mr. Wood will be felt for months to come; for it not only showed our quiet, peace-loving citizens the guards which an effective administration of city affairs can throw around them, but it made the police force itself more distinctly understand the dignity and responsibility of its position.

We have often read and wondered at the onerous duties performed by Lord Brougham when he was Lord Chancellor of England; but a day with Mayor Wood fully equals, if it does not surpass, in action and thought, any efforts the great man we have named has ever made. He is president of seventeen boards and commissions immediately connected with the city government, the duties of which we are proud, as citizens, to be able to say, he invariably performs personally. He supervises every department, and has made himself in spite of all but insuperable difficulties, thoroughly acquainted with the method of transacting business in each, there being nine departments in all. He also personally examines every voucher, and signs with his own hand every warrant for the drawing of money from the public treasury—a course, we need hardly add, entirely unprecedented in his office, and one which necessarily often brings him in direct conflict with the heads of the different departments. Thus far, however, in all these cases of difference of opinion with them, his decisions have been sustained without any exception. He also examines and signs every license, be it for what it may, and these alone amount to upwards of 50,000 in a year; and when we add that he minutely inquires into the character and trustworthiness of each applicant, our readers will have a better idea of the fatiguing duties entailed upon him by this branch of his office. Besides all this, Mayor Wood exercises a closer supervision over the Common Council than has been done by any of his predecessors.

Although it will readily be conceded that these multiplied and complicated duties require a vast amount of time, attention, and labor, yet they are, in fact, far less than those which are necessarily entailed by his strictly careful surveillance over the police. It is to this branch of the public service, indeed, that he devotes the greatest part of his attention; and when it is remembered that on entering office he found the police almost demoralized, without a head, efficiency, or discipline, though even



then numbering 1,155 men, it will be readily understood that a change for the better has been a herculean task, demanding at once indomitable patience, perseverance, and skill, united with the military genius of a Scott or a Wellington.

In spite, however, of all these various duties, Mayor Wood, in his magisterial capacity, has sent more cases to the grand jury than any police magistrate in the city. Nor has it been alone in his dealings with actual breaches of law and order that the honorable gentleman has been most completely successful, but rather in a class of cases that are not to be reached by any criminal statutes. There are many persons in New York who practise ingenious evasions of the law, and who have hitherto escaped punishment. To this numerous class of cases he has given special personal attention, and has already been enabled to restore upwards of \$100,000 worth of property to those owners who have been wronged out of it, and who would certainly never have received it by any other means than those so skilfully adopted by our Mayor, for criminal law and civil suits would be entirely unavailing. To accomplish all this, harsh measures have sometimes had to be resorted to; but, in most instances, persuasion and the sound arguments of the Mayor have proved completely successful.

Mayor Wood is especially endowed with the Napoleonic quality of mind of being able, intuitively as it were, to select faithful and capable agents for the effectual carrying out of his various purposes. This is clearly visible in every instance that has hitherto come before the public; and it is evident that the city, under his direction, will eventually obtain the services of the best men for each department. Throughout, too, in his efforts at municipal reform, he has attracted the universal attention of the country, while at the same time, he has secured the sympathy and good wishes of the religious, temperance, and property interests of the state, as elements of moral power, to sustain and bear him onward in his noble and beneficent career.

It is absurd to suppose that any human being can attain a state of mind capable of acting, in all instances, invariably with a full power of determination, but it is obvious that Mayor Wood possesses an habitual and very commanding measure of it. But even when dignified, as it is in him, by wisdom and principle, this quality of mind requires great care in its possessor to prevent its becoming at any time unamiable. This will never be the case, however, with him, even although to the thoughtless few he may at times appear high-toned, laconic, and careless of pleasing. We have often remarked, too, as a leading feature in his character, that whenever he can accomplish a design by his own personal means alone, he is disposed to separate himself to the work with the cold, self-inclosed individuality on which no one has any hold, caring as little for assistance as he does for opposition. In consultation his manner indicates, that, where he is equally with the rest in possession of the circumstances of the case, he does not at all expect to hear any opinions that can in any way affect his own. He is always satisfied that either his conception of the subject is the just one, or that his own mind will originate that which will be so. This entire independence of thought and action have made Mayor Wood one of the most popular and useful men in New York, and he has only to go on as he has so ably commenced to be recognized in due time, possibly, as the most efficient and respected man in the whole Union.

One word more, and we have done. Mr. Wood became Mayor at a time when virulent attacks of contempt and ridicule had put his courage to a greater trial than perhaps any man in his position has ever before experienced. Yet all were compelled to admire the perfect composure with which he proceeded, immediately after his election, to reform those very abuses in our city government which many wise and good men had so repeatedly asserted he would do his utmost to sustain. This invincibility of temper—this desire to do what is right, has made even the scoffers tired of the sport; and now the very voices which were heard loudest in condemnation of the Man are the readiest to praise and assist the Mayor in his virtuous enterprise against crime and misrule. This is as it should be, and with the sympathy of the people and the support of the press we feel there is little danger in predicting that months before his term of office expires our city will be one of the cleanest, most orderly, and best-governed in the world.

Our principles are the springs of our actions—and our actions are the springs of our happiness or misery. The wise fortify themselves by reason, and fools by despair.

#### Remarkable Power and Performances of certain Artists.

**SALVATOR ROSA.**—The confidence of this artist in his own powers was as frankly confessed as it was justified by success. Happening one day to be found by a friend, in Florence, in the act of modulating on a very indifferent harpsichord, he was asked how he could keep such an instrument in his house. "Why," said his friend, "it is not worth a scudo." "I will lay what you please," said Salvator, "that it shall be worth a thousand before you see it again." A bet was made; and Rosa immediately painted a landscape with figures on the lid, which was not only sold for a thousand scudi, but which was esteemed a capital performance. On one end of the harpsichord he also painted a skull and music-books. Both these works were exhibited in the year 1823 at the British Institution.

**TITIAN.**—Urban Chevreau states that Titian painted a man in a fever, and that the painting was so naturally and artfully executed, that a physician, on looking at the picture, declared at once that the original must have been sick of the quartan fever.

**P. DE CORTONA.**—The Grand Duke of Tuscany was amusing himself one day, with beholding Peter de Cortona, while engaged in painting a picture, which represented an infant shedding tears of distress, "I am now going," said the artist, "to make a change in the figure." Accordingly, he gave a stroke with his pencil, and instantly the same child appeared laughing, with the best grace in the world. Presently, by another touch, he restored the picture to its former state. "You see?" said the painter, "what trifles make children laugh or weep."

**BACICI.**—Bacici was a Genoese painter, who flourished in the seventeenth century. He had a very peculiar talent of producing the exact resemblance of deceased persons whom he had never seen. He first drew a face at random, and afterwards altering it in every feature, by the advice and under the inspection of such as had known the party, he improved it to a striking likeness.

**CORNELIUS KETEL.**—This painter was a native of Gonda; he visited England in 1573, and finally settled at Amsterdam. He sought to make himself known by a method of painting entirely new. He discarded his brushes, and painted only with his fingers, beginning with his own portrait. The whim took; he repeated the practice, and, it is said, executed these fantastic works with great beauty of coloring. As his success increased, so did his folly. His fingers appeared too easy tools, and he undertook to paint with his feet. His pretended first essay he made in public, on a picture of Silence. That part of the public, who, like Ketel, began to think the more a painter was a mountebank the greater was his merit, were so indulgent as to applaud even this caprice.

**TINTORET.**—The facility of composition for which this artist was remarkable, was the cause of great inequality among his paintings. He preferred being the author of a great many good conceptions to wasting his time in giving what is called a high finishing to any one. Hence the remark of Annibale Carracci, that "he had seen Tintoret sometimes equal Titian, and at other times below Tintoret." Some Flemish painters being at Rome, showed Tintoret two or three heads, which they had painted and finished with great care. He asked how long they had taken to do them. They replied, they had taken several weeks. Tintoret on this dipped his pencil in some black color, and, with a few strokes, drew on a canvas a figure, which he filled in with white. Turning towards the strangers, "See," said he, "how we poor Venetian painters are accustomed to make pictures."

**CARRACCI.**—Annibale Carracci had a brother named Agostino, a poet of some celebrity, and a man eminent in literature. Agostino having delivered a long and animated discourse in praise of that admirable group of statuary, the Laocoon and his Sons, it was observed to Annibale that it was extraordinary he did not add his share of eulogium on that wonderful performance. Annibale took up a crayon, and immediately drew the group with as much exactness as if he had the statues before him. This simple action was a panegyric that exceeded in felicity all that the most brilliant figures of speech, or the most energetic expression, could have produced. "Poets," said he, "speak with words, and painters speak with their pencil."

ALL noble enthusiasms pass through a feverish stage, and grow wiser and more serene. A wise man never grows old in spirit; he marches with the age.

#### The Poetry of Modern Facts.

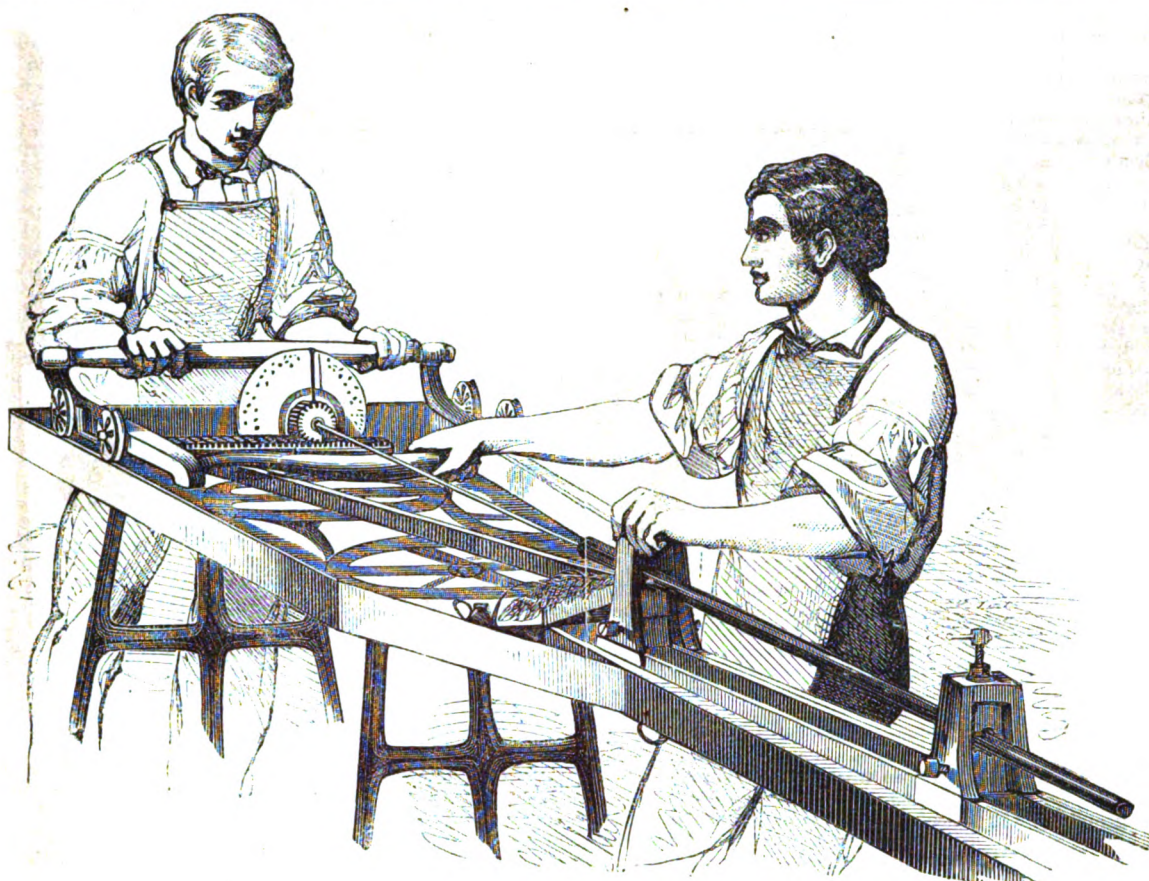
UNTIL the poet Wordsworth came, who would have believed that so much beauty existed in the despised common things of the earth? But he, watching with a patient eye of love, found a secret meaning and a soul of loveliness where other passers-by had seen nought but blank nothingness. Just as the many pass by some human face, and think it plain—perhaps ugly—until the true lover comes, and finds an unfathomable beauty there. In like manner did Burns reveal the beauty and the poetry that lurk amongst the people in the byways of humanity. It is a part of the poet's work to pluck the veil from hidden loveliness, to find language for the muttered thoughts: and the world is at the present time full of such ambrosial for the poet's soul, and material for poetry. He who can see no poetry in the present would never have seen any in the past, if he had lived in it when it was the present. In no one of the elements translatable into poetry do we find the bygone time to have been superior. Take, for example, that physical bravery and prowess in arms celebrated with such pomp and pan in the olden epic strains, and we can find a match for it. Think for a moment of that magnificent death-parade of the light cavalry brigade on the heights of Balaklava, with the fame of which the world still rings—where some seven hundred men, at the word of command, rode, with bloody spur and unblenching heart, straight through the gaping gates of death with a proud light on their faces, as though they had caught the smile of the angel Duty that hovered over them there! To parallel that feat of heroism, we must go back to those three hundred Spartans, who in that summer dawn sat "combing their long hair for death" in the passes of Thermopylae, and who went there to die at the command of their country. And surely a more noble daring, a more conquering valor, never flashed out in the old days of Greece and Rome than was manifested at Alma and Inkerman. Nor can the history of the whole world show an instance of sublimer fortitude, or more glorious courage, than was shown by that regiment of British soldiers lost with the ship "Birkenhead." When it was known that the vessel was doomed, and fast sinking, the troops were mustered on deck by command of their officers. There they stood to arms, each man by his bayonet, facing the coming death as calmly, as if they were on parade.

**HABITS.**—Like flakes of snow that fall unperceived upon the earth, seemingly unimportant events of life succeed each other. As the snow gathers together, so are our habits formed. No single flake that is added to the pile produces a sensible change. No single action creates, however it exhibits, a man's character: but as the tempest hurls the avalanche down the mountain, and overwhelms the inhabitant and his habitation, so passion, acting upon the elements of mischief which pernicious habits have brought together by imperceptible accumulation, may overthrow the edifice of truth and virtue.

**GOOD AND BAD HUMOR.**—There is no disposition more comfortable to the person himself, or more agreeable to others, than good humor. It is to the mind what good health is to the body, putting a man in the capacity of enjoying everything that is agreeable in life, and of using every faculty without clog or impediment. It disposes to contentment with our lot, to benevolence to all men, to sympathy with the distressed. It presents every object in the most favorable light, and disposes us to avoid giving or taking offence. There is a disposition opposite to good humor, which we call bad humor, of which the tendency is directly the contrary, and therefore its influence is as malignant as that of the other is salutary. Bad humor alone is sufficient to make a man unhappy; it tinges every object with its own dismal color, and, like a part that is galled, is hurt by everything that touches it. It takes offence where none was meant, and disposes to discontent, jealousy, envy, and, in general, to malevolence.

**NEW COAL-MINES NEAR MANCHESTER, ENGLAND.**—Several valuable beds of excellent coal, adapted both for manufacturing and household purposes, have recently been discovered on the estates of the Earl of Wilton, at Denton, near Manchester. These mines are, in geological position, situated in the upper coal measures. In a short time the colliery will yield a great quantity of coal; and as it is situated so near Manchester, Ashton-under-Lyne, Hyde, and Stockport, it will contribute materially to increase the prosperity of the neighborhood. The discovery of this bed of coal has resulted from the explorations of Mr. Higson, by whom a very large and hitherto unknown area of the Lancashire coal-field has to a great extent been opened up.



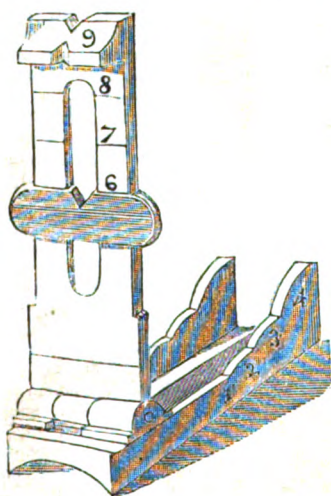


RIFLING MACHINE.

#### The Minié Rifle.

THE use of this rifle by the allied armies during the present war makes it an object of interest as a manufacture. Its peculiarity, as most persons are aware, consists in its having the least possible "windage." By windage is meant the space left between the bullet and the inside of the barrel. The Minié bullet has a chamber at the back, and when the powder explodes it rushes into this chamber, and expands the ball, so that it fits tightly the bore of the barrel as well as the grooves; these grooves are similar to those of any other rifle, but very shallow, in order to prevent any portion of lead remaining in them after the discharge. In this shape the principle cannot be applied to cannon, on account of the bullet being of iron.

The Minié rifle has also a peculiar sight, of which we give an engraving the actual size. It enables the marksman to aim at very distant objects with



MINIÉ SIGHT.

great certainty. This "sight" consists of a steel frame, with a sliding piece tempered to fit as a spring. The upright portion being turned on its hinge, the slider rests upon the level marked No. 1, and this gives the range 100 yards; it is shifted to the next upper step for 200 yards, and so on up to 400 yards. From 500 to 1,000 yards are marked

by the elevation of the upright piece and the adjustment of the slider thereon, as in our illustration, where the range is set for 600 yards.

The Minié rifle can be loaded more quickly than any other, because the bullet may move easily down the barrel; and, from the absence of windage, the explosive force of the gunpowder is not in the least wasted; it therefore carries the ball much further, and more truly to its aim.

Great exactness is required in the inside of the barrel; it must be a perfect cylinder, and no accuracy can be too great. In many of the old muskets—now so well known by the familiar name of "Brown Bess"—the gauge of the exterior is quite true, while, in the process of re-boring previously to grooving for the Minié bullet, the interior of the barrel has been found to differ in its bore to the extent of one-sixteenth of an inch!

The same perfect accuracy is required as to the sight, it being evident that an almost imperceptible difference of space would become many yards in the distance traversed by the bullet.

The process of manufacturing the barrel is in itself extremely simple, although in one particular part of the work there is much difficulty in procuring men competent to its execution—namely, the straightening of the inside of the barrel; and at present there exists no mechanical test by which the correctness of this part of the work can be ascertained. It depends entirely upon the eye.

The iron principally used for the British rifles is called "Marshall's" iron, and comes from Wednesbury, in Staffordshire. Mr. Marshall possesses some secret (not a patent), by which he is enabled to produce the purest iron, most free from what are technically termed "greys," and this is found to be in all respects equal to the metal composed of twisted fragments.



SECTION OF WELDING ROLLERS.

The iron is procured by the gunmaker in plates about twelve inches long by four inches wide, and

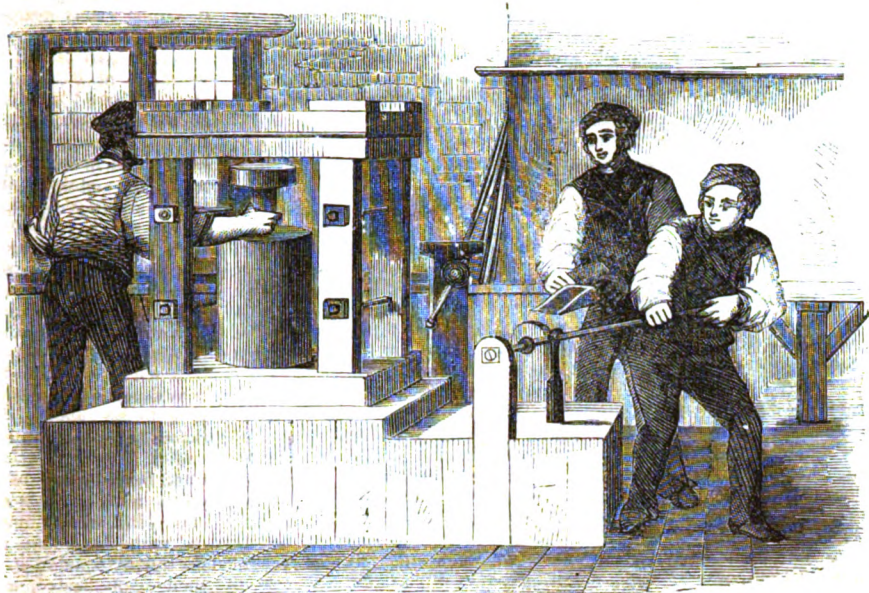
three-quarters of an inch thick, varying in weight from nine to ten pounds; it is moderately heated, and subjected to the action of a pair of rollers which bend it into a shape called a "mould." It is then placed in a furnace for welding, and is this time brought out nearly in a state of fusion, and passed through rollers which convert it from a bent piece of iron to a barrel. The workman withdraws the iron from the fire by means of a mandril—a rod of iron with a small shield attached to prevent the heated portion from slipping to his hand; the rollers take this iron between them, and by their movement draw it off the mandril; it is received in a semicylindrical shape by a man on the opposite side; it is then again heated, and passed through other rollers of varied shapes, which bring the two edges gradually together until, after the fifth heating, the iron is withdrawn a complete cylinder: the gradual change of form is shown in the diagram. The process of tapering towards the muzzle of the barrel is performed in a similar manner. From the rollers

the barrel goes to a workman, who welds on what is called the "percussion lump." From him it is transferred to the mill for rough boring. This is performed by steel "bits," properly hardened and tempered, tapering in the first instance from about half to three-eighths of an inch, the cutting part being about eighteen inches long. These revolve at the rate of 500 times per minute, and three or four of them are used before the barrel comes into the hands of the fine-borer, who works with a different kind of "bitt," not taper, and having only one cutting edge, about fourteen inches long. It is in the processes of fine-boring and straightening that there is a scarcity of skilled labor of the quality required for the Minié rifle. The outsides of the barrels are then turned in a lathe, and again submitted to the fine-borer. They are then ground, to reduce the percussion lump to the required dimensions, and to remove the turning marks from the outside. From the grinder they go to the filer, who fits the breech, pin, and sight, and they are then ready to be grooved for the Minié bullet. This is accomplished by the machine represented in our first engraving: the barrel being securely fixed in two vices, a long steel cutter (of which we give a drawing) is inserted in the barrel: this is connected with a cog-wheel working in a horizontal rack sliding on a bar, so adjusted as to allow only the requisite turn to the rod—in the case of the British rifles, half a turn in the length of the barrel (three feet three inches). Two men move the machine to and fro rapidly, and, when one groove is completed, a slight change in the wheel shifts the cutter, until the three grooves fit exactly the plug furnished by the British government. A piece of wood called a spale is inserted in the split end of the cutter, to tighten it; and the time occupied in rifling each barrel varies from twenty minutes to half an hour.

Machinery has been employed for this process; but we believe the hand is still considered the best, as, on meeting any accidental obstruction, it becomes sensible of it immediately.

SINCE the little wit that fools have was silenced, the little foolery that wise men have makes a great show.





WAR-ROCKET MAKING.—THE HYDROSTATIC-DRIVING PROCESS.

### War Rockets and their Manufacture.

WHEN old Barthold Schwartz invented the sooty compound "gunpowder," which has spread such death and desolation over the world—when his military successors racked their ingenuity to devise the best means of confining gunpowder in cannons, and tried so hard to find the best material for cannon-balls—when every imaginable device was employed to diminish the recoil of great guns, and retain them motionless in their places—military engineers little thought that the time might come when all their cherished hopes and aspirations would be turned clean upside down, and the proposition should assume the shape of seeking to add to the recoil as much as possible, of ignoring cannon balls altogether in a certain variety of ordnance, and making the cannon itself a projectile. Yet so it is. The war-rocket, as we shall presently show, is nothing in principle more or less than a gun, the recoil of which is encouraged to the highest practicable extent—a cannon, which, rushing backwards, expends its momentum on the foe.

It is far from improbable that the rocket is the most ancient of all fire-weapons. Conventionally we are in the habit of referring the invention of gunpowder to old Schwartz, sometime about the year 1320; but there are many arguments capable of being adduced in opposition to this opinion.

Some very plausible authorities could be cited, both ancient and modern, favoring the opinion that gunpowder, and some form of military fire-arms (probably rockets) were known to Asiatic nations so early as the days of Alexander the Great; but for a statement of these authorities we have no space here. Suffice it to remark that the Chinese profess to have been acquainted with the use of war-rockets from time immemorial, and war-rockets of enormous dimensions had been made by the Burmese long before Sir William Congreve developed the use of these terrible weapons of fire in the English service.

But to commence our description of the manufacture and construction of war-rockets, let us once more return to the primary idea of the recoil of a gun. The momentum of a projectile being the equivalent of its weight multiplied into its velocity, the deduction follows that in order to develop the recoil of a gun into a really efficient force, some provision requires to be made for prolonging the time of combustion; that is to say, instead of a charge of quickly-burning gunpowder, a charge of comparatively slowly-burn-

ing composition must be used; and this consideration brings us at once to the construction of a rocket. The simplest form of a rocket is that of the ordinary sky-rocket, the nature of which is as follows:—A paper case, being contracted or choked at one extremity into a comparatively narrow orifice, is filled with successive small charges of a composition of sulphur, nitre, and charcoal; each charge being tightly rammed down by means of a wooden or metallic cylinder urged by the blows of a mallet or monkey. But this is not all. The rocket composition is not solid; a cylindrical shaft or hole is left in the direction of its long axis for the purpose of affording a large area of simultaneously burning material. The shaft or orifice in question may be either made during the operation of filling by the use of perforated rammers working on a spill, or the rocket may be rammed solid, and bored out subsequently. The latter plan seems to be the best, and is now adopted in manufacturing the superior description of war-rockets. It follows, from a consideration of the facts already mentioned, that such a case, if charged and ignited, would not explode on a sudden, as happens with a charged gun, but the charge would occupy some appreciable time in burning, and the recoil first established would grow by successive increments to a powerful projectile force. One thing, however, is evident—the ignited rocket would have no certainty of direction—it would move about with all the uncertainty, and, indeed, something more, of a rudderless ship in a stormy sea. Hence some appendage equivalent in function to a rudder is necessary, and the appendage ordinarily employed is a stick. The accompanying diagram affords a general idea of the structure of a rocket, and the manner of attaching it to the stick. The stick is relatively much longer than here represented; in fact, it is of such a weight and length as to exactly balance the rocket at the point. Such, then, is the ordinary paper-cased sky-rocket. Although a mere toy, it is nevertheless a weapon of considerable projectile force. Usually it is made to carry a charge of stars or other ornamental devices, which, becoming scat-

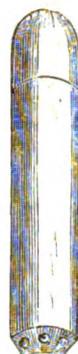
tered at the rocket's point of culmination, imparts a very graceful effect. It is obvious, however, that any material of equivalent weight to the stars or ornamental fireworks, might be made to take their place. Thus an iron shell, properly charged with grain powder, might be attached, and a communication established between it and the rocket composition in such a manner that the shell should burst as soon as the rocket composition might be expended. In a similar manner a dart or arrow might be attached, and this indeed is the expedient had recourse to by the ingenious Chinese, whose war-rockets are of the kind depicted in our accompanying sketch.

The next step of development the rocket underwent in becoming a European military weapon was a very obvious one. Instead of paper as a material for the case, iron was used, thus imparting to the weapon greater weight, and consequently greater momentum, by which means its perforating energy and shattering force were both vastly increased.

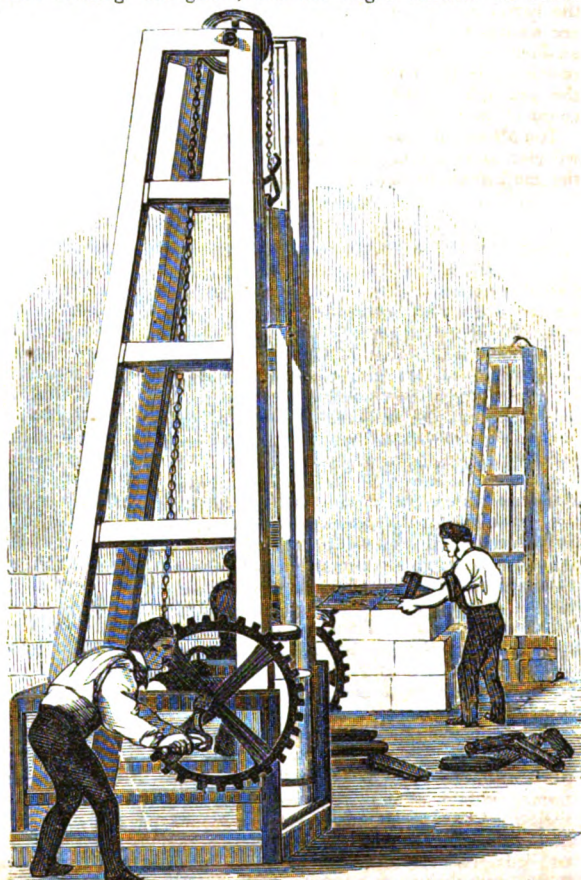
The merit of introducing the iron

case is commonly ascribed to Sir William Congreve, but this is erroneous. Rockets having iron cases had long been made in India, before the improvements of that gentleman. To Congreve, however, undoubtedly belongs the merit of imparting to rockets the necessary power and precision for their adaptation to the purposes of civilised warfare.

The first rockets of Sir William Congreve were so nearly identical in shape with that of the ordinary pyrotechnic sky-rocket, that any illustrative sketch is unnecessary. His largest rockets were of enormous size, weighing no less than three hundred pounds, and being seven or eight feet long. Rockets of this size were intended for bombarding, but they have not been found so efficient as Congreve imagined, and are not employed at this time. The most usual varieties of Congreve-rockets are from ten pounds to thirty-six—the smaller varieties being intended for field purposes, to take the place of field-guns; and the larger varieties for battering



HALF'S ROCKETS.



WAR-ROCKET MAKING.—THE MONKEY-DRIVING PROCESS.





and bombarding. Congreve was an enthusiast: he fondly hoped that his war-rocket would banish cannon almost, if not entirely, from the field of battle; but practice soon taught him the fallacy of this opinion. His rockets had power and range enough, considerably more than cannon-balls of corresponding weight; but in one particular they were singularly defective—namely, in accuracy of flight: they would not go straight to their mark, under any conditions of wind and weather, and firing them with effect against or across a wind of only moderate strength, was totally impracticable. Field-rockets were very little employed during the Peninsular war. The Duke of Wellington having been strongly prejudiced against them, and this, indeed, not without reason. Very soon after Congreve had sufficiently perfected his rockets to admit of their being employed in warfare, some of them were sent to Spain for use by Wellington's army. The Duke naturally desired to have a sample of their powers, so one morning, his army being on one side of a hill, and the enemy at a tempting distance on the other, he thought he might as well try what Congreve's destructives could do. The exhibition was most discreditably to them. Unfortunately their line of intended flight had to cross the wind, a condition which interfered with them to such an extent that, turning their tails to the enemy, they came back hissing and spitting amidst the legions of the Duke. His grace entertained a dislike of rockets from that day forward, and never encouraged their employment. However, they did good service against the enemy on the occasion of crossing the Adour, having saved from destruction a brigade of English troops.

If the war-rocket was not destined to manifest all its terrors in the Peninsula a different fate awaited it at Liepsic. The only British soldiers present on that occasion were some of the newly-established rocket brigade. One volley having been discharged against the enemy the extreme of terror pervaded his ranks. Never since the introduction of fire-arms had such terrible missiles of destruction been seen—of what kind they were, how propelled, how to be avoided, the enemy could not tell. To stand against these fell messengers of death was deemed hopeless, therefore, almost without a moment's hesitation, the troops against which these rockets were directed laid down their arms. If we mistake not, the war-rockets which did such terrible execution at Liepsic were formed exactly like sky-rockets, with one sole exception—they were made with iron cases instead of paper ones. Their sticks, like those of the ordinary sky-rockets, were lateral; owing to which construction the flight of the missile—always erratic under the most favorable circumstances—was far more deviant than it would otherwise have been. Congreve next turned his attention to the proposition of imparting to the flight of the rocket the straightness of that of an arrow, for which purpose it was absolutely necessary that the lateral stick should be removed, and a central one supplied its place. The solution of this problem rendered necessary some extensive modifications in the construction of rockets. These we shall now proceed to explain, prefacing our remarks by a representation of the Congreve-rocket, as it at present exists.

By referring to the diagram, it will be seen that the stick is no longer lateral, but central, occupying the place of the vent, or orifice in the ordinary sky-rocket. It follows, then, that some new provision must be made for the exit of the propulsive flame. Such provision exists in a number of peripheral holes surrounding the central orifice—an arrangement which will be rendered perfectly intelligible by reference to the front view of the stick end of the rocket.

The reader has now fairly before him all the improvements which Sir William Congreve effected for the war-rocket. By his latest modification—namely, the central stick—the projectile was rendered more adapted for propulsion out of a tube, and the general accuracy of its flight was much increased. A word, now, concerning the method of firing these rockets. When especial accuracy of range is required, they are ignited at one extremity of a tube supported on legs, like a large telescope, and elevated to the necessary angle of altitude: but when extreme accuracy of range is a secondary consideration, and the effect sought to be gained depends on one large flight or salvo of rockets discharged at an object of considerable magnitude—such, for example, as a dense mass of infantry or cavalry—then what artillerymen term the ground volley is had recourse to; that is to say, a row of rockets being placed flat on the ground, with their heads pointing in the required direction, and their vents connected by a train of quick-match, one end

of the match is ignited by means of a portfire, and the rockets being thus inflamed almost at the same instant of time dash forwards still in a row. For the first hundred or hundred and fifty yards they do not ascend very high from the ground level; after this they usually ascend to the breast height of a man, or even higher, and spread death and desolation in their track. The theoretical advantages of rockets over cannons are numerous and important. For instance, a cannon loses its aim, owing to recoil, after every discharge; and, during the height of battle, there is usually so much smoke that the instant for taking a correct second aim occurs only at rare intervals. The discharge of a rocket, on the contrary, involves no recoil. The rocket itself is the recoiling mass—from which consideration it follows that a rocket-tube, having been once correctly aimed, should need no further adjustment. Again, this same force of recoil is a serious impediment to the use of heavy ordnance on ship-board; mortars especially are open to this objection; but a rocket admits of being fired with perfect safety from a boat or raft only large enough to float it. Again, the size of shell and shot is limited by various conditions. It is obviously useless to construct shells and shot of larger dimensions than guns can be cast to throw, or, if cast, admit of being moved wherever required. In practice nothing heavier than a 13-inch mortar can be cast with safety, or moved without extreme difficulty; whereas rockets, requiring no extraneous propulsive force, may be made almost of any size. Proceeding with our enumeration of the theoretical advantages possessed by rockets over ordinary artillery, the non-military reader will easily understand the difficulty which attends the transport of cannon in mountainous regions, whereas rockets admit of being carried with extreme facility. If, then, the flight of rockets were only as correct as the flight of shot and shells, all that Congreve, in his enthusiasm, hoped for their use might be realised; they might supersede guns wholly, or for the most part. Practice, however, has by no means confirmed these hopes; on the contrary, war-rockets now play a very secondary part in military and naval operations. Will they continue to do so? We think not. Under the auspices of Mr. Hale these missiles have received altogether a new phase of development, on which, in all probability, will be found to place them as far in advance of Congreve's improvements, as the latter were in advance of their prototypes of Indian and Chinese celebrity.

The reader will have gathered from our preceding remarks that the great source of difficulty as regards the accuracy of the flight of rockets in general is their tails. Without this caudal appendage a rocket was supposed to be incapable of any amount of accuracy of flight whatever; with tails, rockets persisted in moving in most unaccountable curves and zigzags. Mr. Hale applied his best energies to the problem of lopping off the tail altogether, and, nevertheless, maintaining accuracy of flight. In this he appears to have succeeded absolutely. A Congreve ten-pounder, from point of nose to tip of tail, measures somewhat about ten feet; but the vital, death-dealing, fire-spitting part of the combination will be somewhere about thirteen inches; consequently, Mr. Hale begins by lopping off a broom-stick-like appendage of some eight feet nine inches long; and, notwithstanding this extensive caudal amputation, the fiend-like thing, far from losing any of its powers, is a considerable gainer. Tails cost money, too, as our readers may infer; but the amount of gain will be best realised by the statement that, supposing the manufacture of Congreve-rockets to be abandoned in England altogether, and Hale's rockets to be adopted in their stead, the annual saving would amount to no less a sum than one hundred and fifty thousand dollars. But how, it may be asked, is it that Mr. Hale, having removed the tails of rockets altogether, manages to give them accuracy of aim? He accomplished this by making the line of gravity to correspond with the line of flight—the result of a very ingenious application of the rifle principle. The rifling is partly given by the tube from which the rocket is fired, and is partly secured by an ingenious construction of the rocket itself.

It is not a little amusing to go into Mr. Hale's atelier, and see the enormous amount of destructive-ness packed into a diminutive space. You are a votary of the narcotic weed, perhaps, and your eyes, resting on some nice little cigar-boxes, as they seem, wonder how on earth cigars could have got into a region where smoking is absolutely forbidden. You are inclined to help yourself, fancying that Mr. Hale, in his benevolence, has provided some choice Havannahs for your special delectation. You approach one of the little boxes, and are about to raise

the lid, when the benevolent-looking fabricator of death quietly says, "Have a care, sir, they are ten-pounders, ready packed for a field-day at Shoburness! Now this concentration of propulsive energy into little cigar-boxes, may seem a trivial matter in itself, but a military man, from experience, knows the reverse. He will tell you that Congreve's rocket-tails require long boxes—that long boxes are very unmanageable things—in short, he will expatiate far more than we have done on the trouble they entail on the transport and military services. Every other item in the artillery department is close and compact; but rocket-tails have all the bad travelling qualities of a lady's band-box. Not one of the least useful qualities of Mr. Hale's rockets is this—owing to their extreme compactness and portability the smaller varieties of them seem adapted for the arming of infantry for special services. A rocket of the new construction—in size not much larger than a stout man's middle finger, and in length about equal to the same standard of comparison—has actually been projected two thousand yards, and from a tube almost as portable as a pocket-pistol. Now it is considered highly desirable by military men to devise and bring into operation some form of infantry projectile having a longer range than the Minié rifle. The small rocket adverted to seems to be endowed with this quality. Of course, no one ever assumes that rockets, however portable, will take the place of muskets and rifles; but nevertheless, on certain special occasions they may have their advantages. The new war-rocket was brought under the consideration of the United States military authorities some years since, and, after satisfactory trials, finally adopted. It was also adopted by the Swiss government, and is now being prepared in the English arsenals, to supersede, in all probability, the central stick rocket of Congreve.

Amongst other improvements introduced by Mr. Hale, in the manufacture of rockets, not the least interesting is the adoption of hydrostatic pressure in place of ramming by mallets or monkeys. The advantages thus gained are numerous; not only is the operation of filling much more expeditiously performed, but it is also safer, and a much larger amount of composition can be got into a case of given dimensions. When the monkey-driving process of ramming is followed, the rocket charge occasionally ignites, in consequence of the compression of a layer of air against it, an accident which can never occur under the hydrostatic treatment. Moreover, the monkey-driving process gives rise to an inflammable cloud of gunpowder-dust, highly injurious when breathed, and peculiarly subject to ignition; by adopting the new process, not only is this avoided, but rammers of iron or steel can be substituted for those of wood or gun-metal—both of these materials scarcely hard or tough enough for withstanding the violent pressure necessary to give a due amount of consolidation to the impacted charge. Those who are conversant with the vast amount of pressure that admits of being exercised by hydrostatic force, need not be told that the process is efficient in effecting the end for which it is designed—namely, consolidation of the impacted material into a stone-like mass; nevertheless, it may be interesting to state that the exact pressure brought into operation is as near as may be seven tons to the square inch. The monkey-driving process is had recourse to for the charging of Congreve-rockets; the hydrostatic process, for accomplishing a similar end, is adopted by Mr. Hale.

**THE HUMAN HAND.**—It is a marvellous thing to see the power of the hands to signify our intentions; not only do they demonstrate, but speak our thoughts, as it is seen in mutes, who by them make known all their wants. With the hands they summon or repel, rejoice or grieve; they indicate silence and noise, peace and war, prayer and menace, audacity and fear, explanation and numeration. The hands reason, dispute, and approve, and finally shape themselves to all the dictates of our intelligence. Let them always be employed in a proper manner; let no strange movement be remarked in them; let them be agile, adroit, apt to do everything, without awkwardness, hardness or softness.

**ART AND NATURE.**—Those who have most helps from art are less diligent to cultivate the qualities of nature.

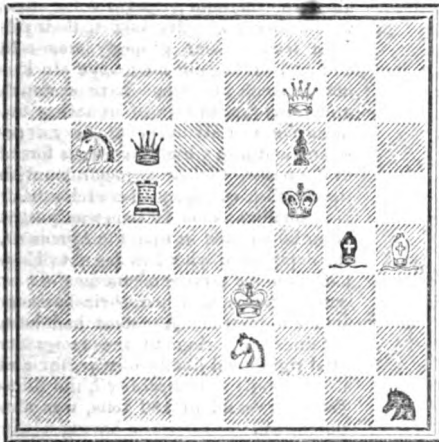
**CANDOR** is often nothing but another name for rudeness or malice. Cold words will break a fine heart, as winter's frost does a crystal vase. Those who have no patience of their own, forget what demands they make on that of others.



## CHESS.

PROBLEM No. VII.—By Mr. McCombe.—White: playing first, mates in four moves.

Black.



White.

GAME No. VII.—Played at Liverpool, October 5, 1849, between Mr. SPRECKLEY, Honorary Secretary of the Liverpool Chess Club, and Mr. HARRWITZ.

M. Harrwitz.

Mr. Spreckley.

WHITE

BLACK.

- |                        |                     |
|------------------------|---------------------|
| 1 Q P 2.               | 1 K P 1.            |
| 2 Q B P 2.             | 2 Q P 2.            |
| 3 Q Kt to B 3.         | 3 K B to Q Kt 5.    |
| 4 Q to Q Kt 3.         | 4 B takes Kt (ch.)  |
| 5 P takes B.           | 5 K Kt to K 2.      |
| 6 K Kt to B 3.         | 6 Castles.          |
| 7 K P 1.               | 7 Q Kt P 1.         |
| 8 Q B to R 3.          | 8 R to K sq.        |
| 9 P takes P.           | 9 Kt takes P.       |
| 10 K B to Q 3.         | 10 Q B P 1 (a.)     |
| 11 Castles.            | 11 K B P 2 (b.)     |
| 12 K Kt to K 5.        | 12 Q to K B 3 (c.)  |
| 13 Q B P 1.            | 13 K Kt to K 2.     |
| 14 K B P 2.            | 14 K Kt to Kt 3     |
| 15 Q B to Q 6.         | 15 Kt takes Kt      |
| 16 K B P takes Kt (d.) | 16 Q to K B 2.      |
| 17 K P 1.              | 17 K Kt P 1.        |
| 18 Q P 1.              | 18 K to Kt 2.       |
| 19 K R to B 3.         | 19 B to Q 2.        |
| 20 Q R to K B sq.      | 20 Q B P 1.         |
| 21 K Kt P 2.           | 21 K R P 1 (e.)     |
| 22 K Kt P takes P.     | 22 K P takes P (f.) |
| 23 K P 1.              | 23 R takes P.       |
| 24 P takes R.          | 24 B takes P.       |
| 25 Q to B 3 (ch.)      | 25 K to R 2         |
| 26 P takes P.          | 26 P takes P.       |
| 27 B takes P (ch.)     | 27 B takes B.       |
| 28 R takes B.          | 28 Q to Kt 3 (ch.)  |
| 29 K to R sq.          | 29 Q Kt to Q 2 (g.) |
| 30 R to K Kt sq.       | Resigns.            |

Solution to Problem VI., page 180.

WHITE.

BLACK.

- |                       |                 |
|-----------------------|-----------------|
| 1 R to Q B 4 (ch.)    | 1 R takes R.    |
| 2 Kt to Q Kt 3 (ch.)  | 2 B takes Kt.   |
| 3 Q to K 3 (ch.)      | 3 R takes Q.    |
| 4 Kt to Q Kt 3 (ch.)  | 4 Kt. takes Kt. |
| 5 R to Q 5 checkmate. |                 |

NOTES TO GAME VII.

- (a.) Q B to Q Kt 2 would have been better.  
 (b.) This allows White to place his Kt. in a very advantageous position in the centre of the board.  
 (c.) Threatening to advance K B P.  
 (d.) Better than taking with B, because it opens the file for R.  
 (e.) To make room for his K.  
 (f.) Black would have equally lost, had he retaken with Kt P.  
 (g.) If he had taken B, mate would have been given in three moves.

## FAMILY PASTIME.

## Recreations in Science.

Method of obtaining Flowers of different colors on the same stem.—Split a small twig of the elder bush lengthwise, and having scooped out the pith, fill each of the compartments with seeds of flowers of different sorts, but which blossom about the same time; surround them with mould, and then, tying together the two bits of wood, plant the whole in a pot filled with earth properly prepared. The stems of the different flowers will thus be so incorporated as to exhibit to the eye only one stem, throwing out branches covered with flowers analogous to the seed which produced them.

## Arithmetical Questions.

1. If I lend a friend \$1 000 for 12 months, on condition of his returning the favor, how long ought he to lend me \$750 to requite my kindness?

2. If a statute acre be 220 yards long, the breadth will be 52 yards; but if the breadth of an acre be 40 yards, what will be the length?

3. If 720 men be placed in a garrison, with provisions for six months, but at the end of five months, find there is no prospect of relief at the time expected, how many men must depart that the remaining provisions may last five months longer?

4. If a ball of 18lbs. be shot from a cannon with such force as to impel it 100 feet in a second, with what velocity would a ball of 24lbs. move, were it impelled by the same force?

5. A regiment of soldiers, consisting of 1,000 men, are to be new clothed; each coat to contain  $2\frac{1}{2}$  yards of cloth,  $1\frac{1}{2}$  yard wide, and to be lined with shalloon of  $\frac{3}{4}$  wide. How many yards of shalloon will line them?

## Charades.

1. My first of unity's a sign,  
 My second, ere we knew to plant,  
 We used upon my whole to dine,  
 If all be true that poets chaunt.

2. Though my first may be found in a stable,  
 And to horses yield food and delight;  
 Yet to give us great pain it is able  
 In the hands of intolerant spite.  
 My next must be paid by most people,  
 Although in distress they may be;  
 Unless they live up in a steeple,  
 Where taxes and such things are free.  
 My whole is my second made larger,  
 And a farmer detests e'en my name;  
 If his landlord is much of a charger,  
 And seizes without fear or shame.

3. When did Clymene's son conduct her train  
 Of Sol through skies, he show'd a spirit vain:  
 The fiery couriers of his heaven-born sire,  
 Spurning such guidance, set the world on fire!  
 Then was my primal part, as legends say,  
 Amid the hottest portions of the fray;  
 Such part of me, in present time, doth roll  
 On earth, almost wherever shineth Sol;  
 Its shape is different in different spots,  
 'Tis prized by palaces as well as cots;  
 Sometimes its colors are extremely gay,  
 Sometimes 'tis plain as pitchfork used for hay.  
 When lovely Laura, sitting by the fire,  
 Sees Snap, she feels to hug him a desire:  
 He is her idol of the canine brood,  
 Though seldom seen in an attractive mood:  
 On such occasions, when she says "Snap, dear!"  
 My second part assuredly is near.  
 Now, tiny Edwin, opening parlor door,  
 Springs o'er my whole, while bounding o'er the floor.  
 Oh finely decorated is my frame,  
 Or it is plain. Now do disclose my name.

4. In every corner of fair Albyn's isle  
 My primal part attends the home of toil:  
 But, not confined to such a humble mode  
 Of passing time, it seeks superb abode—  
 'Tis even found its shining shape to rear  
 Amid palatial store of household gear.  
 Its form is difficult to well define  
 In the small space of plain poetic line;  
 Its coat doth vary in extreme degree,  
 So doth its size, as apt house-rulers see;  
 It glitters oft in presence of a guest,  
 But when unwanted, quietly doth rest.  
 My second part was fashion'd in a mill,  
 By river side, at base of verdant hill:  
 Impress'd thereafter with acknowledged sign,  
 It wins for commerce circulating coin—  
 But sometimes treated as deceivers base,  
 It brings to traffic merited disgrace.  
 My stately whole, of aspect passing fair,  
 Is biped, now becoming rather rare;  
 Part of such whole, frequenting rivers free,  
 Resembles its first portions in degree.

5. The pleasing din of water doth proclaim  
 My first at hand—a Caledonian name;  
 Not afar off, beside the craggy steep,  
 My second shows, by edge of river deep.  
 The scene is shaded by the sweet control  
 Of my bee-haunted, love-inspiring whole.

6. Oh, how unhappy, often, is the wight,  
 That through my first his prospects doth benight!  
 'T would have been better ere he had begun,  
 To have my second's success-presence won:  
 He then might have enjoy'd my whole's approach,  
 Instead of wailing loss of late-built coach.

7. Abbreviation is my first, known where  
 Familiarity displays her air;  
 He oft declares my second is his own,  
 A fact admitted where'er he is known;  
 As mighty mortal my whole did appear,  
 His prowess dazzling in an orient sphere.

8. They do my first too often exercise  
 Who write long riddles, wishing, to be wise;  
 They sometimes please verbosity by same,  
 But blunt, concise ones, of my second blame;  
 My whole delights my second, being grown  
 Where culinary care erects her throne.

## Enigmas.

1. I boast of no exalted birth;  
 Yet, few among the sons of earth  
 Have reach'd a station half so high  
 As that I sometimes occupy  
 When richly dress'd, I take the air,  
 Almost with awe the people stare;  
 Yet, strange to say, look not on me—  
 My splendid dress alone they see!  
 In humble guise my course proceeds,  
 When I am bent on useful deeds.

Through dark and tortuous paths I stray,  
 That others may not lose their way.  
 I lend to science, and to trade,  
 To pleasure and devotion aid;  
 Of fraud and wrong the enlighten'd foe,  
 I oft men's wicked plots o'erthrow.  
 And though my character is light,  
 My course, its end at least, is bright.  
 Thousands my benefits respect,  
 But if I'm wrong'd by gross neglect,  
 The treatment loudly I resent,  
 And oft with fearful punishment.

## English Counties: Historical Enigma.

First him whose head a tribune took,  
 And (where for brains you'd think to look),  
 Fill'd it with lead, to make it weigh  
 A heavy sum for Rome to pay.  
 —Next him who unto Brutus true  
 His friendship proved, bring to our view,  
 Who, when with Anthony at strife,  
 Took Brutus' name to save his life.  
 —Now him who for th' imperial right  
 Agreed with Vitellus to fight,  
 Three battles his—the fourth his foe's,  
 When his own hand his life did close.  
 —The town which Cato strove in vain  
 Against great Cæsar to maintain,  
 But could not with his force contend,  
 So did with life the effort end.  
 —Then him who till'd his little-field,  
 And did not very easy yield,  
 To quit his farm and peaceful home,  
 To be the dictator of Rome.  
 —Who, when great Anthony required  
 A service he had long desired,  
 Did, at his noble master's feet,  
 The death he should have given, meet?  
 Tell *these* Rome's policy betray'd,  
 And to their tents by force convey'd:  
 By which rough fraud they did provide  
 Each victor with a blooming bride.  
 —The Roman King who did decline  
 To buy the Sibyl's books when nine;  
 The six he also did deny,  
 But the three last was forced to buy.  
 The people name who long were foes  
 And did the Roman power oppose;  
 But were the first that e'er were seen  
 To pass the Roman yoke between.  
 —Lastly the man who firm did prove,  
 Though Carthage tried with bribes to move;  
 And who to raise the Roman state,  
 Undaunted braved his cruel fate.  
 —Now these initials in a row,  
 Will a most fertile County show,  
 For cheese renown'd, and also where  
 Pin-manufactories there are.

## Rebuses.

1. The fruitful source of griefs and evils dire,  
 The thing to which we ne'er should bow the knee;  
 A city famed for arts and warlike fire,  
 A title in this land of high degree.  
 The land of great wonders as travellers tell,  
 She who tends us in birth, and in childhood as well—  
 The initials of these show for what we are famed,  
 And him whose wants we should with care attend.

2. A title of a nation of vast power,  
 A trifling goddess erst drawn to earth's bower,  
 A mansion weariness delights to hail,  
 A plant imparting pestilence to gale,  
 A sylvan station, charming unto muse,  
 A pet that doth oft joy or dole diffuse,  
 A fancy fowl, of an enormous size,  
 A sheen seducer, oft declared a prize,  
 A station wherein martin moulds his nest,  
 Where calm rusticity doth duly rest.  
 The nine initials of these words, unwell'd,  
 Will unfold city, taste bath often hail'd,  
 Where will be seen sheen architecture's skill,  
 The statue, garden, the imposing hill;  
 Where learning shows her venerable fane,  
 With columns moulded from the adjacent plain.

## Transposition.

Complete, you'll find I am a substance hard,  
 Yet oft of genuine worth and high regard,  
 Behold me, I become a dulcet sound,  
 Which, if transposed, will still alike be found;  
 Reverse me, I conduct you to a college  
 For learning famed, and ev'ry classic knowledge.

## Answers to Riddles, Charades, &amp;c.

## ENIGMAS.

1 ENIGMATICAL FLOWER-GARDEN:—1. Dahlia. 2. Gum Cistus. 3. Hyacinth. 4. Canterbury-bells. 5. Damask-rose. 6. Gilly flower. 7. Golden-rod. 8. Peony. 9. Iris (I rise). 10. Jasmine. 11. London-pride. 12. Marygold. 13. Venus Looking-glass. 14. Moss rose. 15. Orchis. 16. Monkshood. 17. Ranunculus. 18. Arbutus. 19. Larkspur. 20. Sultan. 22. Lupin. 22. Foxglove. 23. Pansy. 24. Gentianella.

3 A Venetian Blind. 3 The letter A. 4 The human heart.

## PARADOX.

According to the Roman notation, the number of legs is IV, by taking away the I, the V. remaining denotes 5.

## ARITHMETICAL QUESTIONS.

1 H 5 and 17. 2 35 and 15. 3 Cap.

## QUIRRIES.

1 When he tied up Q's (queue), and put up two P's (tupees). 2 You spell Green with ees (eases). 3 Gad-by. Level. 5 Bank-note. 6 Coding. 7 Law-suit.





ROBINSON'S PARTING CHARGE TO THE EMIGRANTS AT DELFT HAVEN.

## Glimpses of the Pilgrim Fathers.

## PART I.

What sought they thus afar?  
Bright jewels of the mine?  
The wealth of seas—the spoils of war?  
They sought a faith's pure shrine.

THE scene is a dreary common between the towns of Hull and Grimsby, in Yorkshire; the time, 251 years ago. The actors, a band of English Christians about to exile themselves from their fatherland. Old men were there, reverend grey-haired followers of the Saviour, who had witnessed much suffering, and had endured some sorrow and hardness as soldiers of Christ in the struggle for freedom of thought and conscience; permission, in fact, to worship God according to their views of truth. Confiscations, imprisonment, mutilations, and death itself, had their fathers suffered; and many a youth, with all the zeal and life of early manhood burning brightly within his breast, resolved to adopt the alternative of expatriation, and to count neither fortune nor country so dear as the exercise of his faith and religion.

Elizabeth, the Tudor queen, was gathered to her fathers, and James, the first of the Stuarts, sat upon the English throne, clinging with violent pertinacity to the prejudices and prerogatives of his predecessor; he subjected every one of his subjects who claimed liberty of conscience to the penalty of rebels.

Barrow and Greenwood, with a rope round their necks, had been, at the close of the late reign, hung at Tyburn. Perry, that true-hearted young Welshman, leaving a widow and young children, laid his martyr-head on the scaffold; and in his dying address to his distressed brethren, he seems to have anticipated the fact that, since England afforded the band of worshippers no asylum, they must leave England, and seek in foreign lands that privilege which their own country denied.

This is but a hasty glance at the causes which drew together the pilgrims on the solitary common on that memorable day in 1603. Secrecy was indispensable to their design. The men, according to agreement, made their way first in small companies to the place of rendezvous by land; the women and children were to be conveyed to that point of the coast in a barque. A ship had been engaged, and every arrangement made with a Dutch captain for their flight, and Holland was to be the land of their adoption; but alas! for human foresight! The barque reached the spot before the ship. The swell of the sea was so great that the poor women suffered terribly, and the sailors, out of compassion, put the vessel into a small creek. The next day the ship arrived. In the meantime the negligent seamen had

unhappily run the smaller vessel aground which contained the household and domestic treasures of the pilgrims. Husbands, fathers, and brothers stood in agony on the shore. The captain of the ship put off a boat for the purpose of taking them on board; but alas! the news of the intended flight had been already carried to the authorities of the place, and, as the boat which had taken the greater part of the men was returning for the rest, the captain saw a large company, armed with swords and muskets, and consisting of horse and foot, approach the barque, which, still unable to get afloat, was surrounded by the few remaining men who grouped around their beloved ones. Terrified for the consequence, the captain at once returned to the ship, hoisted sail, and was soon out at sea. Robinson, the leader and general of the little company, who had resolved to be the last to embark, has left a touching record of the scene that ensued.

The outburst of grief was not to be restrained; wives, mothers, and daughters wept aloud; a few stood in speechless bewilderment—whilst children, too young to comprehend their loss, but perceiving that sorrow was impending, mingled their sobs and cries with the murmur of the waves, and the noise of the favoring wind which was bearing the exiles far from them, and leaving them worse than exiles on their native shores.

Persecution, however, had of late become less popular, and as the magistrates of the place had no intention of visiting the innocent children and women with the severity of the law, they gave the remnant of the band permission to go or stay as they thought fit. After a little further trial of patience, therefore, Robinson accomplished the desire of his heart, and conducted the long-expected, much-loved relatives to the new settlers in Holland.

And for eleven years did these English exiles dwell at Leyden in peace and harmony. Robinson, their leader, a devout man, and one of singular judgment and some learning, was greatly respected by the clergy of the town, and his church, which by this time numbered three hundred members, grew and prospered.

But they were exiles still; they never forgot this fact. Many waters cannot quench the love of country, and oftentimes the pilgrims sighed for home scenes dear from many a fond association. The very language of their adopted land grated on their ears; the habits and manners of the Dutch, so entirely un-English, were not congenial to the emigrants. They saw no prospect for their children but that of the life of mechanics; while a still stronger objection existed to the locality, in the example of the many dissolute and disbanded mariners who frequented the place, and who had

learned lessons in the late wars which the conscientious parents dreaded to see given to their children.

America was already a land of promise, and Virginia owned the same king as England; and to the new world, therefore, they turned their pilgrim feet. Their property was sold and converted into a common stock—not, as some historians have asserted, under any "wild idea of imitating the primitive Christians," but as an arrangement into which they were forced by the nature of their negotiations with the English company of merchants.

A small vessel of 60 tons was bought accordingly, and in this, the *Speedwell*, the deputation who had been to England to make arrangements for the new colony, returned when their business was completed. A patent had been obtained, securing to the emigrants civil rights and liberty of worship, and in addition to the *Speedwell*, the *Mayflower*, a vessel of 180 tons, was also purchased.

But only a minority of the Leyden congregation could find accommodation in the limited space, and Robinson, among others, remained behind. It was a solemn hour when the departing band received their leader's farewell blessing. Nearly the whole of the English exiles—old men, women, and little children—met together at Delft Haven to see the ship sail, and beautifully instructive was Robinson's last charge. "Brethren," he said, "we are now quickly to part from one another, and whether I may live to see your faces on earth again, the God of heaven only knows; but I charge you before God and his blessed angels, that you follow me no further than you have seen me follow the Lord Jesus Christ."

And thus they parted; a small and feeble company were committed to the great ocean, and to the untried world beyond, not for fame, not for wealth, not for discovery, but for the free exercise of their religion, they went forth, and many a soul wished them God speed. As the vessel left the shore, the venerable Robinson knelt down by the water's edge, and, with folded hands and heart lifted up to heaven, prayed for a blessing on his scattered flock. A prosperous gale soon wafted them to Southampton, and in a fortnight more the *Mayflower* and *Speedwell* left the shores of England for America. But when already on the Atlantic, the smaller vessel was found to need repairs, and the captain of the *Speedwell*, alarmed and discouraged at the outset, abandoned the enterprise, and they were compelled once more to put back to Plymouth. The timid and the hesitating, accordingly, left the expedition, and soon the little *Mayflower* with its decreased band of emigrants, one hundred in number, was seen ploughing its solitary path over the mighty waters, whilst He whose eye is on the deep as well as on the dry land guided and blessed them by the way; and on the sixty-third day after their embarkation from Plymouth, the anxious watchers on deck caught a glimpse of land—the shore of the new world.

**SELF-EXAMINATION.**—Any truthful examination into our actions must be good; but we ought not to be satisfied with it until it becomes both searching and progressive. Its aim should be not only to investigate instances, but to discover principles. Thus—suppose that our conscience upbraids us for any particular bad habit: we then regard each instance of it with intense self-reproach, and long for an opportunity of proving the amendment which seems certain to arise from our pangs of regret. The trial comes, and sometimes our former remorse is remembered and saves us, and sometimes it is forgotten, and our conduct is as bad as it was before our conscience was awakened. Now, in such a case, we should begin at the beginning, and strive to discover where it is that we are wrong in the heart. This is not to be done by weighing each particular instance, and observing after what particular interval it occurred, and whether, with a little more or a little less temptation than usual. Instead of dwelling chiefly on mere circumstances of this kind, we should try and get at the substance of the thing, so as to be certain what fundamental precept of God is violated by the habit in question. That precept we should make our study; and then there is more hope of a permanent amendment.



### The Madras Tailor.

Amongst the ladies in the Madras presidency, an invaluable individual is the Madras tirzee, or tailor, especially if the said ladies happen to be stationed some hundred miles up the country, far away from the *beau monde* and the fashions; for a rage for dress prevails in India, as well as elsewhere. It is not only the lady of the greatest man in the opulent city of Madras that must needs, despite heat and mosquitoes, ill-health and sallow complexion, flaunt about with all the frivolity of a butterfly, to be admired superficially, as far as the texture and make of dress is concerned, but even the wife of the junior ensign in the native infantry must follow the fashion; and to enable her to do this, having baby and household duties to attend to, she is compelled, so she says, to attach to her personal staff and retinue a monthly salaried tirzee; at which compulsion her husband groans, when obliged to set aside, each month, 30 out of 170 rupees, for the stipend of this indispensable appendage.

Such being the case, our tailor is duly and without opposition installed in his office, and is looked upon as part and portion of the ensign's furniture and family. Seid Mahomed—for so the ensign's tailor styles himself—is a meagre, careworn looking individual, who was once an orderly in an infantry regiment, where he could never get further than what is termed the goose-step. Having been turned out of the army as a hopeless candidate for military honors, the colonel's lady had taken compassion upon the boy, and employed him in her own establishment as deputy sub-assistant tirzee to the three celebrated tirzees whom that lady kept. Under such favorable auspices, and aided by the pice (copper money) that the colonel's lady bestowed upon him, Seid Mahomed gradually ascended the ladder of life. It is true he had once or twice slipped, and grazed his shins by falling into the dishonest practice of abstracting some of the cloth intrusted to him; but he had been flogged and imprisoned out of this practice; and, according to his own statement, which we would not place too much confidence in, he had become as honest as refined gold.

Seid Mahomed, though attached to the suite and retinue of the ensign commanding the detachment, is of too high caste to eat or sleep within the same house as his master; besides which, he carries his wife and children about with him, and they also are of too high caste to be contaminated by being brought into contact with the other pariahs in the ensign's service.

Our tirzee is no Brahmin; fowl, curry, and rice form his favorite dinner, cooked with a floating capital of ghee; and half a bunch of plantains completes his repast. Perhaps he has only occupied ten minutes at his dinner; what of that? every tirzee is allowed an hour in the middle of the day; and so, as he can neither read nor write, nor comprehend the beauties of nature, nor talk politics nor domestic economy with his wife, he composes himself for a nap; and the anxious partner of his joys and sorrows fans him the while with a large palm-leaf fan, keeping watch over him lest a scorpion should creep into his shoes, or a centipede into his ear, or a cobra drop from the tree above, and compose itself to sleep on his breast.

By and by a shouting for the tirzee compels the wife to waken the husband, which she does by pouring cold water over his nose. Up starts the tirzee, rubs his eyes, washes his face, and then crawls back to his master's bungalow. Bee-bee-sahib (the lady) is very angry indeed that the tirzee should stop away so long, when there is baby's new frock to be finished; but as this is an every-day song, the tirzee squats himself down cross-kneed, and fixing a pair of glasses on the very furthest extremity of his nose, he takes up the half-finished frock and proceeds to make twenty or a dozen stitches more.

Our ensign and his lady have just had their tiffin (lunch), and, as is their daily practice during the greater heat of the day, they indulge in the eastern siesta. The armor (wet nurse) carries baby into the verandah, so that his prattling or squabbling should not interfere with the repose of his parents; and this is the general signal for all the servants in the establishment, who amount to somewhere about twenty individuals, to assemble where the tailor is seated at work, and indulge in converse sweet, whispering anecdotes one to another, most of which have reference to their master or mistress, and nearly choking themselves in their efforts to suppress laughter. So much for the gratitude of human nature in general.

In the midst of tittering and mirth, a sudden spectre scatters the idlers in all directions. Our friend the ensign, who has more than half a suspicion of what is going on, with shoeless feet, and a

slipper in either hand, appears at the further end of the verandah. The most garrulous of the group has a sudden stop put to his eloquence by a slipper coming into violent contact with his person. Immediately the armor occupies herself in nursing baby, and the matz and the massalgee, with the grooms, vanish through doors and windows and over verandah balustrades, while the tirzee, like the personification of industry and perseverance, makes twenty stitches, where, under ordinary circumstances, he would only make five, and has actually the audacity to expostulate with his master upon the impropriety of throwing slippers and gambolling with the servants. Suppose it had hit Seid Mahomed on the head, or grazed his nose, or knocked off his turban. Why, the results would have been serious. Barely a week's purification could have absolved him from the dreadful contamination, and he might even have lost caste for ever.

The lady comes to the rescue of her tirzee; but she must confess that baby's frock has not made much progress since tiffin time. However, in her own mind she has not the slightest doubt but that it is all owing to those other tiresome servants. To remedy this, therefore, she fetches her own work-box, and, drawing an easy chair to where she can watch the tirzee's progress, the bee-bee-sahib does a little fancy work for baby's cap; and the tirzee, who now considers himself a very ill-used man, grumbles and works, and works and grumbles again, till at last, when five o'clock arrives, and he gathers together pins and needles, and such like odds and ends, prior to his taking his *congé* for the day, he discovers, to his astonishment, that, under the influence of the lady's eye, he has accomplished more work in two hours than he usually achieves in a day.

The lady also is highly gratified at what work the tirzee has done; so she compliments him on his progress, and, as a mark of confidence in his rising abilities, proposes that on the morrow he shall cut out and make a new shooting-jacket for his master—a feat in tailoring which few native tirzees have ever accomplished.

Next morning the tirzee is at his post rather earlier than usual; his mat is spread, his largest pair of scissors sharpened, his old foot-rule fresh hinged, while he sits upon the thorns of expectation and impatience, till at last the lady of the house

makes her appearance, carrying in one hand the stuff to be metamorphosed by tailoring skill into a coat, and in the other what has been metamorphosed, by time and wear, from a coat into a shapeless heap of rags.

Up starts the tailor, and, seizing upon one end of the cloth, his first operation is to measure the whole piece, so as to calculate the probable use that can be made of any surplus quantity, or, may be, just to estimate what quantity might be appropriated to private purposes in his own family, without being missed or asked after. Hindoo dishonesty is well known, and we have not, alas! to travel far from our own shores to find examples of similar laxity of principle.

In measuring operations, the marks of caste, drawn down our tirzee's forehead in all the colors of the rainbow, and which concentrate just above the nose, are of invaluable service to Seid Mahomed. Thus, for instance, if the breadth of the shoulders be twenty-eight inches, he, in lieu of writing it down, or making a little slit in the cloth with his scissors, holds it up to his forehead and marks it with the red stripe there painted; the length he marks by the yellow stripe; the cuffs by the green, and so on throughout the whole coat: so that he can tell by the different colors marked what each separate portion is to be allotted to.

Besides the genus tirzee, to which Seid Mahomed belongs, there is a class of native tailors in India who work exclusively upon muslin; these bring their work to a high state of perfection, and nothing in that line can be more exquisite than the flowers, and fruits, and other open work, which they expose for sale in the bazaars at Madras.

In the county of Harrison, Mississippi, lives a female hermit—a curiosity, indeed, of her sex, because prone to solitude and silence. She lives in a house the fabric of her own hands, cultivates her own fields, splits her own rails, does her own fencing; and last autumn she had one hundred bushels of corn to sell, and a few hundred bushels of potatoes, all the product of her own unaided and indomitable labors! She lives alone—nor husband, nor children, nor neighbors (nearer than three miles) to cheer with a ray of social sunshine her singular and voluntary isolation.



THE MADRAS TAILOR.



## Lives of the Queens of England.

BY J. F. SMITH, ESQ., AUTHOR OF

"AMY LAWRENCE," "ROBIN GOODFELLOW," ETC.

## ELIZABETH,

QUEEN REGNANT OF ENGLAND.

Continued from page 346, Vol. I.

## CHAPTER LIX.

To persist  
In doing wrong, extenuates not wrong;  
But makes it much more heavy.—SHAKESPEARE.

It was at last decided by the clique who ruled the councils of Elizabeth, that the Queen of Scots should be brought to trial: for which purpose the most illegal and unjust contrivance that ever tyranny invented, or a degraded legislature sanctioned, was employed.

This was the issuing of a commission to certain members of the House of Peers, who were carefully selected from the enemies of the august victim, to try her on a charge of high treason. This easy means of judicial murder was first introduced by the monster Henry, to enable him to rid himself of his wife, Anne Boleyn.

When it was known that the queen had determined to bring her rival to trial, the French ambassador demanded, in the name of his master, that Mary should be permitted to have counsel: to which reasonable request Elizabeth replied:

"That the Queen of Scots was unworthy of counsel;" and haughtily added:

"That she required no schooling from foreign powers to teach her how to act!"

On the 12th of October, the lords commissioners opened their court in the great hall at Fotheringay, and, after the preliminary ceremonies, sent to demand the presence of the illustrious prisoner.

Finding there was no other way of ridding herself of her rival than by a public execution, Elizabeth, with great apparent reluctance, commanded the secretary, Davison, to draw out the warrant for the execution of Mary—having determined, she said, to keep it by her, in case of need.

It was sealed that very day.

No sooner were the lords of the council apprised of this important fact, than they met, and decided upon sparing their mistress the infamy of taking any further part in the proceeding: by their directions, Beale, the clerk of the council, drew out letters to the commissioners appointed to see the judicial murder of the Scottish Queen carried into effect.

From the moment of her condemnation, Mary never appears to have entertained the least hope of her life being spared. Long years of bitter captivity and persecution had too well convinced her of the unrelenting enmity of her cousin.

The last act of the fearful tragedy at last commenced.

On the ninth of February, 1587, the Earl of Shrewsbury arrived at Fotheringay. No sooner was Mary informed of his coming than she guessed the purport of his visit—he being Earl Marshal of England. Having dressed and seated herself, she arranged her servants around her, and gave orders to admit him to her presence. He entered her apartment bareheaded, followed by his bitter enemy, the Earl of Kent—whose bigotry led him to rejoice in the judicial murder which was about to ensue. Beale and the sheriff of the county followed—the former read the warrant for her death.

"Welcome, my lords!" said Mary, crossing herself. "The day which I have ardently desired has at last arrived! For twenty years I have languished in captivity—life has been a burthen—and I am happy in at last being able to bear testimony to my religion with my blood! As for the death of the queen—your sovereign—I call God to witness that I never imagined it—never sought it—or ever consented to it!"

As the august speaker made this solemn declaration, she laid her hand upon the gospels, which were lying on the table beside her.

"That book is a Popish Testament!" brutally exclaimed the Earl of Kent, "and of course such an oath is of no value!"

"Therefore the more binding on my conscience! But when am I to suffer?"

"In the morning!" replied Lord Shrewsbury.

As a last request, Mary desired that her almoner, Le Preau, might be permitted to attend her.

"It cannot be!" coarsely answered the Earl of Kent; "such an indulgence is contrary to the law of the land, and would peril not only the souls but the bodies of all who consented to it!"

No sooner had the two earls withdrawn, than her attendants broke out into loud lamentations.

"Weep not!" said their mistress, with the utmost serenity of countenance. "It is the time to rejoice, not to weep! The Earl of Kent hath betrayed that my religion is the real cause of my death!"

That very night, at supper, Mary drank to her attendants, and distributed her clothes and money; prayed fervently, and at a late hour retired to her chamber.

The scaffold had been reared in the great hall of the castle. It was covered with black cloth, and surrounded by a low railing. No sooner were the doors opened than the apartment was filled by the gentlemen of the county, who, together with the guard, amounted to about two hundred persons.

At eight, a message from the two earls was sent to the queen, who replied that she would be ready in half an hour. At the expiration of which time, when the sheriff entered the oratory, she arose with a serene look, and, clasping the crucifix, declared that she was ready.

As she quitted the room, she bestowed her blessing upon her servants, who were forbidden to follow her. The doors were closed upon them, and a loud cry of lamentation from those within resounded through the hall. At the foot of the staircase she was joined by her steward, Melville, and the two earls.

"Ah, Madam!" exclaimed her faithful servant, wringing his hands, "was ever man so unhappy as I am! Was ever man the bearer of such sorrow, as I shall be when I report that my good and gracious queen hath been beheaded in England?"

"Melville," replied his mistress, calmly, "this world is but vanity! I pray thee, report that I die a true woman to my religion, to Scotland, and to France! May God forgive them that have thirsted for my blood! Commend me to my son; tell him I have done nothing prejudicial to the dignity and independence of his crown!"

Bursting into tears, she added: "Good Melville, farewell!" and kissed him, in proof of her affection and gratitude for his long and faithful services.

"It is time to proceed!" exclaimed the Earl of Kent.

These words restored the victim to her wonted courage; the trace of human weakness disappeared.

"My lords," she said, addressing the commissioners with great dignity, "I have one favor to demand. It is that my servants may be present at my death!" To which reasonable request the same nobleman objected, observing that they would only disturb the execution by their tears, or be guilty of some superstitious mummery, such as dipping their handkerchiefs in her blood.

Even this brutal speech did not destroy the courage of the victim.

"My lords," she replied, with great dignity, "your sovereign being a maiden queen, will vouchsafe in regard to my sex, that I may have women about me at the moment of my death! Am I not," she added, "of the blood royal of Henry VII., queen consort of France, and the anointed Queen of Scotland? You might, methinks, grant me so poor a courtesy!"

It was at last arranged that four of her men and two of her women should be permitted to attend her: and she selected her steward, physician, surgeon, apothecary, and her two maids, Kennedy and Curle.

The procession now entered the hall. It was headed by the sheriff and his officers; next followed Sir Amias Paulet and Drury, and the two earls; lastly, the queen herself, Melville bearing her train.

Mary was attired in her richest dress. A long mantle of black satin, edged with sables, the train and sleeves hanging to the ground; the buttons were of jet, in the form of acorns, set with pearls; the pourpoint and bedice of crimson satin and velvet; a pomander chain, with a cross of gold, hung from her neck, and a rosary from her waist; the head-dress was of fine lawn, edged with lace, and a long veil.

Mary seated herself whilst the warrant for her execution was being read. As soon as it was concluded, she addressed the assembly, bidding them to recollect that she was a sovereign princess, not subject to the Parliament of England, but brought to suffer by violence and injustice. She thanked God that she was permitted to seal her testimony to her faith with her blood, and once more declared that she had never consented to the death of Elizabeth.

Here the Dean of Peterborough began to preach, insulting her religion. It was in vain that Mary desired him to desist, stating mildly that she was Catholic, and chose to die in that religion. The churchman even followed her to the other side of the scaffold, whither she had withdrawn to avoid his importunities, till the Earl of Shrewsbury ended

the scene of scandal, by commanding him to pray, and not dispute.

When her servants began to prepare her for the block, the executioners, fearing that they should lose her rich attire, interfered. The queen remonstrated, but soon after submitted.

Kennedy, taking a rich handkerchief, embroidered with gold, pinned it over the eyes of her mistress, whom the headman and his assistant instantly conducted to the block, at which the victim knelt.

"Into thy hands, O Lord, do I commend my soul!"

Such were the last words of this heroic queen—the dignified manner of whose death might have atoned for something more than levity in her days of splendor and prosperity.

At the third stroke of the axe the head fell, amid the sighs and groans of the spectators. When the executioner held it up, the muscles of the face were so convulsed, that it could scarcely be recognised.

"God save Queen Elizabeth!" cried the man, in a loud tone.

"So perish all her enemies!" exclaimed the Dean of Peterborough.

"So perish all the enemies of the gospel!" added the Earl of Kent, in a yet louder tone.

Not one voice replied "Amen!"—and that silence was the condemnation of a deed as pitiless as it was contrary to sound policy. For Mary, old, crippled, and suffering, was no longer dangerous to any but the ministers of Elizabeth.

On the same day, the body of the Queen of Scots was embalmed in the presence of Sir Amias Paulet and the sheriff. It was afterwards inclosed in lead, and kept for six months in the same room, when her murderers ordered it to be interred with royal pomp in the Cathedral of Peterborough, by the side of Queen Catherine of Arragon, the first wife of Henry VIII.

Five-and-twenty years afterwards, it was removed by command of King James, and re-interred at Westminster. A superb monument was erected to her memory by the son who lacked courage to draw the sword to save or to avenge her.

## CHAPTER LX.

ELIZABETH was at her favorite residence, the Palace of Greenwich, when news was brought of the execution of the Scottish Queen. Although there is little doubt that she was perfectly aware of what had taken place, she did not choose to appear conscious of the event; and not one of the members of her council chose to inform her of it.

This double dissimulation between the sovereign and her ministers was intended merely to blind public opinion, and, if possible, clear the character of the queen in the eyes of James of Scotland and the French King—both of whom had interceded warmly for the unhappy prisoner.

On the evening of the second day, her majesty was in the withdrawing-room of the palace, when she observed that there were great rejoicings amongst the people. The houses were illuminated, and a large bon-fire had been kindled in the market-place of the town.

"Methinks," she exclaimed, with a smile, "we have forgotten some feast-day in the calendar! What is the meaning of these rejoicings?"

Her ladies—to whom this question was addressed—answered her only with downcast looks. Not one would brave the first burst of her hypocritical wrath. All were prepared for the comedy she was about to act; but none liked to give her the cue to commence her part.

"What is the meaning of these rejoicings?" she demanded of her young kinsman, Robert Carey, who at that moment entered the apartment.

"Your grace—" faltered the courtier.

"God's death, man! do not 'grace' me!" replied the royal virago, with a gesture of impatience. "I am not used to question twice! I see the houses of the citizens illuminated, hear the ringing of bells, the shouts of the people, and demand to know the cause!"

"Madam," replied the youth, "your faithful subjects rejoice because a great danger to your throne and person has been avoided, and the Protestant religion secured within the realm, by the execution of the Queen of Scots!"

Elizabeth appeared thunderstruck at the intelligence, and maintained an ominous silence. No sooner was she assured that the crime over which she had so long brooded had actually been perpetrated, than she felt, not the horror, but the turpitude of the deed.

"It is the curse of princes," she exclaimed, "to be surrounded by evil counsellors, who mistake their



wishes, and presume upon their favor! I never intended to injure a hair of my dear kinswoman's head; and those who have disobeyed my commandment in this—trifled with my prerogative—shall dearly answer it!"

It was a strong declaration, from the woman who had actually proposed, through her ministers, the murder of Mary, to her keepers—that she never intended to harm a hair of her head. But assertions of princes seldom meet with contradiction—at least, while they live. After death, history, with her impartial pen, gives the lie to many of their words.

Apparently overwhelmed with grief and consternation, Elizabeth retired at once to her chamber, to meditate, most probably, upon the line of conduct she should pursue: not that she feared to avow the act—the dead have few avengers, save their memory; but, with her usual hypocrisy, she desired to shift the odium of the act from her own shoulders to those of one of her dupes. It was not long before she decided upon which.

There is very little doubt that at this period the queen would most willingly have rid herself of her minister, Burleigh; but a storm was gathering against her, from her broils with Spain, which she well knew it would require all his experience and sagacity to dissipate. Davison, therefore, who had acted only in accordance with the directions of the council, was the victim she selected.

When the council and ministers appeared before her, on the following morning, she received them with a furious burst of passion, and demanded how they dared proceed to the execution of her dear cousin and sister, without her special orders.

"Madam," answered Burleigh, with the deepest humiliation, "your majesty having signed the warrant, we thought it best to spare you the pain of giving any further directions, seeing the nearness of blood between yourself and the late Queen of Scots!"

"And who gave you," demanded Elizabeth, with yet increasing passion, "the right to shed the blood of a queen—an example which every crowned head must resent? As for Davison," she added, "we do deprive him of his offices, and commit him to the Tower, to answer for his abuse of our especial confidence!"

Upon hearing this harsh decision, the lords present, well knowing that the unfortunate secretary had acted only on their advice, fell upon their knees and besought her majesty to reconsider her determination; but for once their prayers were unheeded. With oaths and reproaches she drove them from her presence, repeating her commands that Davison should be sent to the Tower.

Nothing could exceed the astonishment of the secretary, when the order was made known to him. Vainly he appealed to Walsingham and Burleigh: neither dared venture to intercede for him. After a long and rigorous imprisonment, he was fined by the Star Chamber the sum of ten thousand pounds, and condemned to remain in durance during her majesty's pleasure.

The scapegoat and dupe of the council and the queen, when he heard the sentence, exclaimed, "That if ever he and Elizabeth stood together at the judgment seat of God, he would make her feel ashamed of herself."

The fact was, the instrument had been found and used—there was no further use for his services.

Even Burleigh—the cruel, wily Burleigh—was compelled to write the most abject letters, before his sovereign consented to restore him to her favor; and even then she carried her dissimulation or resentment so far, as to swear, by God, to the French ambassador, that, but for their long and faithful services—alluding to her ministers—she would have made them shorter by the head.

This oath, if justly taken, reflects eternal infamy upon the enemies of the murdered Mary. If falsely, it shows the character of the virgin queen in a more hideous light than history has yet portrayed her.

Immediately after the execution, an embargo was laid upon all the vessels in the kingdom. Not a ship was permitted to leave, till Elizabeth and her ministers had time to arrange their plans, and tell their own tale. She chose that the intelligence to the court of France and other nations should be made by her own representatives.

As for the King of Scotland, the event proved that she had judged his crafty, contemptible character aright—for, although the news of Mary's death had been received by her former subjects with a burst of generous indignation, and the demand to be led against the regal murderess was general amongst the nobility, he delayed, temporised, and finally accepted the apology of his dear cousin and sister.

Not so the citizens of Edinburgh, who would have torn her ambassador to pieces, had not their king sent a party of his guard to insure his safety: their indignation vented itself in libels and proclamations, one of which went so far as to offer a reward for the assassination of their sovereign.

Never, perhaps, did Elizabeth exhibit more consummate address than in allaying the storm of indignation which the barbarous execution of her captive had raised. From the well-known vacillating character of Henry III. of France, she knew that she had little to fear; but, as a matter of prudence, she expressed her willingness to his ambassador to assist him with men and money, to enable him to crush the league formed by his Protestant subjects, for the free exercise of their religion.

She made a similar offer to Philip of Spain, to abandon the Netherlands to their fate; and a treaty to that effect was actually drawn up; but her master-stroke in diplomacy was the sudden affection which she displayed to her cousin, the young and beautiful Arabella Stuart, whom she sent for to court, and treated with such public demonstrations of favor and regard, that the politic James became alarmed; for the fair girl, whose after-life proved so unfortunate, stood almost in as near a degree to the English throne as himself.

When Sextus Quintus, the reigning Pope, heard of the death of Mary, it is reported, on the authority of Bishop Burnet, that he broke out into the following exclamation:

"What a glorious princess! It is a pity that Elizabeth and I cannot marry—our children would have mastered the whole world!"

Although this anecdote is recorded by the prelate, it must be received *cum grano salis*. For, at the very time Sextus, who although a severe, was anything but an immoral man, was supposed to make the unseemly observation, he was actively employed in inciting the Catholic princes of Europe to take up arms against Elizabeth.

The period at last arrived, pregnant with the greatest danger to Elizabeth. But the daughter of Henry VIII. did not belie her father's blood—her courage rose to meet it.

Philip of Spain had bitterly resented the succor given to his subjects in the Low Countries, as well as the plunder of his treasure, by the enterprising Drake; and resolved to strike a blow which, he fondly hoped, would not only avenge his own personal injuries, but extirpate the reformed religion in its stronghold.

For this purpose, he collected the largest fleet which had ever been assembled—consisting of 130 men-of-war, manned by ten thousand sailors; and having on board twenty thousand soldiers, and upwards of two thousand galley-slaves.

Philip, in his declaration of war against Elizabeth, was guilty of one great piece of impolicy, which deprived him of all chance of an alliance with the Kings of France and Scotland—an advantage which he possibly might have reaped, had his pretensions been limited to avenging the death of Mary: his imaginary claim to the inheritance of the crown of England—a claim he based upon his descent from a daughter of John of Gaunt. Henry III., fearing the aggrandisement of his already too powerful rival, naturally stood aloof; and James—the crafty, politic James—had long looked upon the crown of England as his sure inheritance.

But a yet greater feeling was excited against him in the hearts of the English nation, who remembered him only with abhorrence, as the husband of Queen Mary. The idea of their returning to the Church of Rome was hateful to them, and they prepared to assist their sovereign to repel the threatened invasion with an unanimity which nothing could oppose, when emanating from a people who knew the value of liberty, and were prepared to maintain it. The City of London, whose contingent for the general defence had been fixed at five thousand men and fifteen ships, patriotically made a voluntary offer of double the number of men and vessels. The spirit of the land, from one end to the other, breathed defiance; and on this occasion Elizabeth proved worthy of her people. The Catholics—to their honor—joined heart and means in the general defence. They forgot the many wrongs and bitter persecutions they had endured, in the recollection that they were Englishmen. The lion-hearted queen took the command of her armies, which she divided into divisions—one stationed at Tilbury, under the Earl of Leicester, amounted to twenty-three thousand men. The Royal Army—as the force especially dedicated to the protection of the person of their sovereign was styled—was commanded by Lord Hunsdon. The Earl of Effingham was named High Admiral, and Sir Francis Drake, Vice-Admiral of the fleet destined to oppose the landing of the enemy.

## CHAPTER LXI.

This England never did, nor never shall  
Lie at the proud foot of a conqueror,  
But when it first did help to wound itself.

Come the three corners of the world in arms,  
And we shall shock them; nought shall make us rue,  
If England to herself do rest but true.

It must have been a glorious sight to witness the English army drawn up before the Fort of Tilbury to receive their warlike sovereign, who was preceded by the Earl of Ormond, bearing the sword of state, and followed by a page carrying her helmet. The royal Amazon wore a breastplate of steel, and in this attire rode through the lines, amid the enthusiastic cheers of her troops. As soon as silence could be obtained, she addressed them in the following speech:

"We have been persuaded by some that are careful of our safety, to take heed how we commit ourselves to armed multitudes, for fear of treachery; but, I do assure you, I do not desire to live to distrust my faithful and loving people. Let tyrants fear! I have always so behaved myself that, under God, I have placed my chiefest strength and safeguard in the loyal hearts and good-will of my subjects: and therefore I am come amongst you as you see at this time, not for my recreation and disport, but being resolved, in the midst and heat of the battle, to live or die amongst you all—to lay down for my God, and for my kingdoms, and for my people, my honor and my blood, even in the dust. I know I have the body of a weak, feeble woman; but I have the heart and stomach of a king—and of a king of England, too—and think foul scorn that Parma or Spain, or any prince of Europe, should dare to invade the borders of my realm; to which, rather than any dishonor should grow by me, I myself will take up arms—I myself will be your general, judge, and rewarder of every one of your virtues in the field. I know already, for your forwardness you have deserved rewards and crowns; and, we do assure you, on the word of a prince, they shall be duly paid you. For the mean time, my lieutenant-general shall be in my stead, than whom never prince commanded a more noble or worthy subject; not doubting but by your obedience to my general, by your concord in the camp, and your valor in the field, we shall shortly have a famous victory over these enemies of my God, of my kingdoms, and of my people."

Elizabeth was in the fifty-sixth year of her age when she made this heroic speech; and never, during the thirty years she had swayed the sceptre of the Plantagenets, had been so truly popular with the nation. To her proud heart it was a contest for more than life—honor, fame, and the security of the reformed religion—for Philip had given orders to his generals that every care should be taken to secure her person unharmed; and that once a prisoner, she should be sent to Rome, and placed at the disposal of the Pope, as the arch enemy of the Catholic faith.

In viewing the threatened invasion of England, it must be confessed that the Spanish king had received great provocation, and that it partly arose from the duplicity of Elizabeth's conduct towards him. Whilst peace was still existing between the two crowns, and a treaty of commerce and amity actually on foot—the island queen not only sanctioned Drake in plundering the Spanish galleons, but actually divided the spoil with him. The murder, too, of a Catholic sovereign—the Queen of Scots—was an act which still further inflamed his resentment. Had he succeeded in subjugating the land, the results might have been fatal to the progress of humanity: civilisation would have been rolled back a thousand years—and the light of science, the torch of liberty, for awhile extinguished.

Like the ark upon the waters, an Almighty hand watched over the chosen island, destined to be the cradle not only of freedom, but of nations.

When we view the present degraded condition of Spain—a country weak and emasculated, the prey of factions, the jest of Europe—we wonder that ever England should have been startled from its propriety by any effort such a puny adversary could make. But it must be remembered that in the reign of Philip it was not only a great military nation, but one of the first maritime powers in the world.

Whilst Elizabeth was still with her gallant army at Tilbury, Sir Francis Drake—who had engaged the flag-ship of the Spanish vice-admiral, and taken it—sent its commander, Don Pedro Valdez, a prisoner to her majesty—the most acceptable present he could have offered.

When everything was prepared for the sailing of the Armada, the Pope sent by his legate a consecrated banner, which he had blessed himself, and pronounced the Spanish fleet invincible.



## Men of Character.

We present our readers with a couple of illustrations from a new volume by the great English humorist, Douglas Jerrold, entitled "Men of Character," just issued by BUNCE & BROTHER, of this city.

## JACK RUNNYMEDE.

"Now the next day Jack was to quit town to exercise, as he justly said, the noblest right of an Englishman; namely, to choose a man to make new laws, and to mend old ones. This was the third time Jack had been called upon in the capacity of an elector, and never had his attendance been so necessary to the success of his cause; for a spirit of opposition menaced the return of the old member, accustomed to take his seat for the borough of —, as he would take his easy chair. If, before, Jack felt himself to be only one Englishman, his dignity on the approaching event was multiplied by at least three. Nay, had he been about to return the whole Commons, he could not have entertained a stronger sense of his importance. 'Happy land—glorious laws—heaven-born liberty—Magna Charta—habeas corpus—trial by jury—all passed through his brain, and quickened his blood as he stepped into the mail that was to convey him to the borough of —. He was about to seat himself for his journey, when he heard himself, in no bland accents, called by name—'Mr. Runnymede.'

"Who calls Mr. Runnymede?" asked Jack, thrusting himself half out of the vehicle, and dilating his nostrils as if to snuff the inquirer.

"I've a little affair, Mr. Runnymede—"

"Not now," said Jack—"not now, my good man—when I return—little affairs, indeed!"

"Well then, it's a big affair—and you must come out," and with this the speaker grasped the hand of Jack.

"I tell you, I'm going to the borough of —, to give my vote," cried Jack.

"Give your vote!"

"Yes, sir," and Runnymede was full of the patriot—"give my vote, or do what I like with it. Thank God! I'm an Englishman!" and, as Jack finished the sentence, he almost fell in a heap upon the pavement; hauled out of the mail—for the coachman had taken the reins, and no time was to be lost—by the man who had so anxiously addressed him. "What is this—what is this? Thank heaven! there's the law—and thank—"

"We must do our duty, Mr. Runnymede," said the fellow, interrupting Jack in his thanks.

"And I must do mine," said Runnymede—"and my first duty is to give my vote—yes, to get—"

"Two thousand pounds," cried the man.

"Not so much as that," said Jack, unconsciously.

"Every farthing—for that's what the writ against you says," observed what proved to be a bailiff.

"A writ—and two thousand pounds—from whom? I don't owe two thousand pennies," exclaimed Runnymede, white with astonishment.

"All the better if you can prove it," said the catchpole. "The writ's at the suit of Henry Parsons."

"Don't know such a man," shouted Jack; "and, two thous—why, what for?"

"That would be very ill manners in me to ask," said Mr. Eyes, the bailiff. "Come, sir," he benevolently added, "don't get a crowd."

"But I tell you, I can't come—I—at this moment the mail went off—I shall lose my vote—I—"

"Shall I call a coach, Mr. Runnymede, or will you walk?" asked Eyes, without any comment.

"But you shall suffer for this," and Jack buttoned his coat very resolutely—"yes, yes—there are laws—thank heaven, there are laws! Parsons—two thousand pounds! I see it—you've taken me for another man."

"Eyes smiled—bent his brows—and meekly observed—'Never did such a thing in all my life, sir.'"

"But you have—I know you have—never mind—it's no matter—I'm in your custody, it's true—I shall lose my vote—my candidate may lose his election—but I don't care—there's satisfaction to be had—yes, thank God! I'm an Englishman!" Nor had John Runnymede ceased his many thanksgivings, ere he arrived at the modest dwelling of Mr. Eyes.



"BEHOLD A VERY COMELY YOUNG MAN AT HER FEET—HIS HANDS CLASPED AND SHAKING—HIS JAW DROPT—HIS EYELIDS DOWN."

roof-tree of Mannikin Hall still vibrating with the shock of kisses.

"Imagine, most imaginative reader, a woman, young and lovely, starting at some loathsome thing; say, a boa at once. Her arms flung up—her lips wide apart—her eyes full of horror—her bosom indrawn by a loud, loud shriek—about to come! Such is Lady Scipio.

"Next, behold a very comely young man at her feet—his hands clasped and shaking—his jaw dropt—his eyelids down—and his knees grinding the floor, in the desperate hope of falling through! Such is Job Pippins.

"Now, attentive reader, look to the right, and you will see at the door a portly gentleman of fifty—his face, generally a lightish purple, now a tolerable black. Indeed, his present color, supported by a flattened nose and voluminous lips, for a brief moment make Lady Scipio a Desdemona. Such is the knight—such the outraged spouse! \* \* \*

"Brief was the horrid pause. Sir Scipio—speechless and champing foam—seized the presented stick of Springe; and, raising it high in air, the skull of Job had been no better than a crushed egg-shell, had not the uplifted weapon happily caught the projecting prongs of an enormous pair of antlers hanging over the door. Thoughtless of the impediment, Sir Scipio flung his whole weight upon his arm—Springe pressed forward—the footman was was no less impetuous, when—with a thunder that seemed to shake the steadfast earth—down came the honors of the chace—down fell the horns; and, assisted by Springe and the footman behind, down fell Sir Scipio upon them! Then, indeed, his lady shrieked; and well she might. Would not any woman scream, seeing her husband all but gored to death by antlers!

"Sir Scipio seemed for a moment to borrow the orbs of his man of business; and heavily turning his knightly head, as though a weight had newly fallen there, he looked with very green eyes at his crimsoned wife, dyed that hue with fear—with agitation for her spouse. \* \* \*

"The knight, with his clothes in very strips, fell into what was called his easy chair. Pippins, with unheard of stupidity, for he had not taken to his heels—dropt upon his knees, and the spectators—their ears opening like hungry oysters—formed in a ring! \* \* \*

"And Job trembled; and his voice rattled in his throat; and, at length, shaking with compunction, yet sharpened to a scream by the intensity of its penitence, it cried, 'I—I—I—couldn't help it!'

"And Job Pippins could not help it."



"WELL THEN, IT'S A BIG AFFAIR—AND YOU MUST COME OUT."

## JOB PIPPINS.

"Astounded reader, will it be believed—was ever such effrontery, such hardihood known? We have heard of robbery beneath the gallows—of pockets picked with the fruit of picking pockets swinging in sight of the incorrigible thief—but that a man, with Plato in his eye, should commit a carnal sin with his lips!

"Would we could show how Job Pippins kissed Lady Scipio Mannikin! Does the reader recollect the first four or five quick, sharp, splitting notes of the blackbird, pounced upon a worm—shrieking, whistling, exulting, hysterical? No; they want rapidity, intensity, volume. In our despair, we must even put up with the words of one of the housemaids, who, albeit she was spared a sight of the operation, vowed that Job 'tore up kisses by the very roots!' We fear, too, that the description of the maid may be thought obscure; however, we hope we know when to prefer feminine impressions to our own. And now, gentle reader, it is our most painful duty to call your attention to a family picture. The last kiss is doubtless still ringing in your ears, and the



## Practical Instructions in the Art of Photography.

## CHAPTER VII.

## LIGHT AND ITS PROPERTIES.

(Continued from p. 366.)

We resume our observations on Photography from Vol. I., New Series, page 366.

48. We have already seen (§ 10, p. 102) that when a ray of light falls upon a prism it is bent out of its course, and forms an elongated delicately-colored image upon the wall or a screen. When this occurs, the ray is said to be *dispersed*; the dispersing power of a substance varying according to the indices of refraction of the red and violet rays.

49. For water, the index of refraction for the red rays is 1.330; while that for the violet rays is 1.344; the difference of the two being 0.014. For flint glass, the indices of refraction for the several rays, as determined by Fraunhofer, are as follows:—

Violet	1.671	dark line H*
Indigo	1.660	" G
Blue	1.648	" F
Green	1.612	" E
Yellow	1.635	" D
Orange	1.629	" C
Red	1.627	" B

The difference is, therefore, 0.044, or rather more than three times as great as that for water, which we discover by the breadth of the spectrum, inasmuch as that produced by employing the flint-glass prism is three times greater than that obtained by using the water prism.

50. Crown-glass has a less dispersive power than flint-glass, the differences between the indices of refraction for the red and violet rays being only half as great as that for flint-glass. From our being acquainted with the dispersive powers of glasses, we are enabled to construct what are termed *achromatic lenses*, or those lenses in which the foci of the different rays agree exactly, showing the objects without any colored edges, which we observe in images formed by a single lens.

51. If we place two prisms (A B C, Fig. 26, being of crown, and C A D of flint-glass, so that their refracting edges are directed towards opposite sides, the action of one will destroy the action of the other in a greater or less degree (the dispersion of color produced by the prism, A B C, being counteracted by that occasioned by the prism C A D); consequently, if an incident ray falls upon the crown-glass prism (A B C) it will be dispersed in its passage through the prism into the colored rays, and these falling on the flint-glass prism—the dispersive power of which is double, and acting in a contrary direction—will be refracted in the opposite direction, and emerge with a deviation, but not any dispersion of color.

52. Every simple lens has a different focus for every different kind of ray, because the indices of refraction of the rays of different colors are unequal. The focus of the red rays lie further from the lens than the focus of the violet rays. The foci of the red and violet rays are not equidistant in all lenses, because the degree of curvature of the lenses, and the dispersive power of the substances of which they are composed, cause the variation.

53. In proportion as the curvature of a lens from the centre towards the circumference is inconsiderable, the foci for the different colors will also be nearer to each other; this is the reason that the images of such lenses appear more or less imperfect, and bordered with colored edges.

54. Achromatization of lenses depends upon the same principle as the achromatization of prisms (§ 51). Achromatic lenses are formed of simple lenses constructed of different kinds of glass.

55. The achromatic lens consists of a concave flint-glass lens (B, Fig. 27), and a convex crown-glass lens (A, Fig. 27), the curvatures of each being carefully adjusted on the same principles as the angles of the achromatic prism. When the concave and convex lenses are united, the dispersion of color will be entirely destroyed; and if the lenses are constructed of different kinds of glass, dispersion of color will be destroyed, without refraction ceasing.

In Fig. 28, you observe that we have the convex crown-glass lens (a) ground to fit a concave flint-glass lens (b). The refractive power of the former will place the focus at v for the violet rays, and at r



Fig. 28.

for the red rays, and the foci of the latter falls within these points, as shown by the dotted lines, so that when the combination is effected, a colorless image is formed at a mean point between them, by the union of the rays to form white light.

56. We have already become acquainted (§ 50, 51, 52, 53) with the fact, that some lenses produce images fringed with prismatic colors. This is far from desirable in the practice of Photography, as you will afterwards discover; but it is owing to the lenses acting unequally—the phenomenon observed being called the *chromatic aberration* of lenses. By the chromatic aberration of lenses, we understand that the refrangibility of the rays of light (§ 23 p. 235) do not take place equally, the red rays being less bent than the violet; as the violet ray is more refrangible than the red ray, and is more powerfully acted on by the lens, it follows that it will converge more rapidly. (§ 55, Fig. 28.)

57. There is another phenomenon connected with lenses which it is necessary to mention—*spherical aberration*. As it is important that photographers should possess good lenses, such, in fact, as furnish sharp and distinct images over the whole of the field, much care is required in manufacturing proper lenses, and much judgment required in choosing them. A meniscus lens is the kind required, as it enables the photographer to ensure a good image on a flat field, which cannot be effected if spherical aberration takes place.

58. Spherical aberration is caused by the amount of curvature of the lens, the image being produced distinct and sharp in the centre, and cloudy at the edges, from the rays of light meeting the axis of the lens at different points, instead of being brought to a focus; so that, in fact, we must understand spherical aberration to be the deviation of the rays of light from the true focus of a curved lens.

## CHAPTER VIII.

## PECULIAR PROPERTIES OF THE SOLAR SPECTRUM.

59. We shall now consider certain peculiarities of the solar spectrum (§ 11, p. 167, Vol. I., New Series), viz., its luminous, heating, and actinic properties.

60. The *illuminating power* of the rays of light differs, their intensity being numerically expressed as follows:—

Violet	6
Indigo	31
Blue	170
Green	480
Yellow	1000
Orange	610
Red	94
Extreme Red	32

It is therefore evident that those rays towards the centre of the prismatic spectrum possess the greatest illuminating power, which diminishes as the rays approach towards the extremities. Professor Hunt considers that the illuminating power of the violet ray is greater than that of the indigo ray; and while considering the subject, he remarks, "I am disposed to explain the condition of the prismatic colors under an impression that we have the compound spectrum of three colors repeated in all our experiments—that we have conditions similar to those with which we are familiar in the phenomena of the rainbow, i. e., the appearance of the supplementary bow—that we have the ordinary spectrum, and an extraordinary spectrum, with the order of its colors inverted. We have on one side the least refrangible end, the yellow ray, blending with the red to produce the orange, then the pure red, terminating the ordinary spectrum, the crimson ray being produced by the red of the ordinary, receiving some illumination from the blue of the extraordinary spectrum. On the other side, the most refrangible end, we have the yellow blending with the blue to produce the green ray, then the pure blue, which, passing into blackness, gives rise to the indigo ray; the space beyond this receives some additional illumination from the red of the extraordinary spectrum, and the result is the violet ray and the lavender, under the conditions of reflection from a yellow ground."

61. Sir William Herschel discovered that the different colors of the solar spectrum possessed various heating powers. Having placed a thermometer in each ray, he found that the heating power of the rays gradually increased from the violet, where it

was least, to the red end; and that a thermometer placed beyond the red extremity of the spectrum continued to rise; therefore the *extreme red ray* (§ 11) was found to possess heating powers. The maximum temperature was found to exist at some distance beyond the extreme red, and quite out of visible light; hence we may infer that there are invisible rays in the light of the sun possessing less refrangibility than the red rays; but that they are, nevertheless, calorific, or heat-producing rays.

62. The discovery that the solar spectral rays possessed different heating powers, led Sir J. F. W. Herschel and Professor R. Hunt to inquire whether certain chemical effects produced by light were due to the calorific or heat-producing radiations, or some other cause; and the conclusion they arrived at was, that they are not influenced by heat, but by another power, to which the name of *actinism* has been given.

63. *Actinism*, which literally signifies chemical radiant power, or the chemical changes which are produced by exposure to the influence of the solar rays, has been supposed to be due to the presence of a peculiar and distinct fluid, which has also received the name of *energia*, in addition to that of *actinism*; but the latter is the term now generally adopted.

64. The chemical rays, or *actinic rays*, act in a manner altogether independent of the calorific, or heat-producing radiations; and in our next chapter we shall consider some of the changes produced by them; but previous to entering upon the subject, we must request our readers to examine Fig. 29, which will enable them to understand our previous remarks in connection with the subject. It will be seen that the solar spectrum extends from A to B,

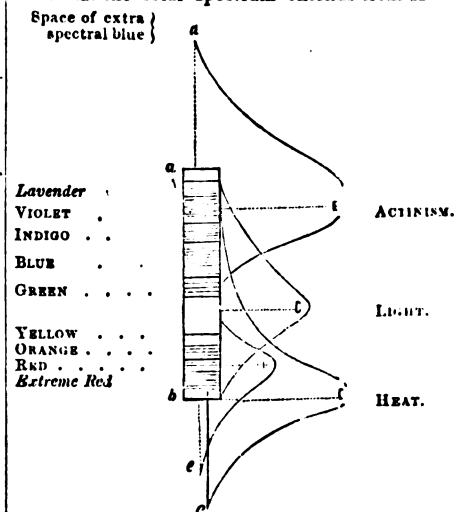


Fig. 29.

the colors being arranged in their natural order (§ 11). The greatest chemical power is at the violet (E), and the greatest heat at the red ray (F). The extreme red ray, which is the point of maximum heat, is seen at b and D; at the opposite end of the spectrum (a) is the lavender ray, from which the chemical or actinic rays gradually decrease in intensity until they reach d, when they lose all power, in the same manner as they do at C, where they are arrested, by the neutral yellow ray, which is also the starting point for the lower actinic curve terminating entirely at e, and attaining great power at F in the red ray, which imparts its own color to photographic pictures. From what we have observed, it is therefore evident that the points E, C, D, represent respectively the three separate phenomena of Actinism, or Chemical Power, Light, and Heat.

THE Campanero, or bell-bird of Demerara, is of snowy whiteness, and about the size of a jay. A tube, nearly three inches long, rises from its forehead, and this feathery spine the bird can fill with air at pleasure. Every four or five minutes in the depths of the forest, its call may be heard from a distance of three miles, making a tolling noise, like that of a convent-bell.

\* See Fig. 6, and § 19, p. 239, Vol. I., New Series.

† The term *achromatic* is derived from two Greek words, *a* without, and *chroma* color, therefore meaning free from color.

‡ The term *aberration* is derived from the Latin words *ab*, from, and *errare*, I wander, and signifies the deviation of the range of light from the true focus of a curved lens or speculum.

|| This term is derived from the Greek word *actin*, a ray.

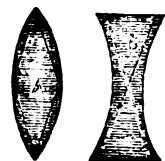


Fig. 27.



## Outlines of Popular Science.

CONTINUED FROM VOL. I.

"But this application of hydrogen gas to balloons is a digression, although neither an useless, nor, we trust, an uninteresting digression. We were to have collected some hydrogen in a bag or bladder, for another purpose; we were to demonstrate what the effect would be of mixing hydrogen with oxygen in the proportion of two volumes to one, and exploding the mixture. Again we must be ingenious, must call our inventive faculties into play. Were we to write about stopcocks, union-joints, soft cement, hard cement, graduated gas-jars, &c., the result is clear enough; our readers would never perform the experiments described:—would never, perhaps, read these descriptions, but contenting themselves with just glancing at the beginning of the subject and its end, they would consider that even more than enough. We must, therefore, be ingenious: stopcocks we don't mean to use, for they are rather out of the way things, and even when procured they are of no use without proper attachments. How, then, shall we manage to get a mixture of two volumes of hydrogen, and one of oxygen, into a moistened bladder? We will manage it thus: taking a wide-mouthed pint bottle, we fill it with water, and when filled, invert it in the usual manner over the shelf of the pneumatic trough. We now take a little bottle, say two ounce capacity, and use it as a measure. This little bottle we fill with water, just as we did the large one, and invert it over the shelf of a pneumatic trough. We now fill it once, twice, with hydrogen gas, and empty it as often into the large, wide-mouthed pint bottle, taking care that no gas escapes: then finally, we fill it once with oxygen gas, emptying the latter also into the large-mouthed bottle. At length, we have accomplished one part of our task: we have procured a mixture of two parts, by measure, of hydrogen, and one part, by measure, of oxygen gas. But that which seems a more difficult part of the task remains to be accomplished. We have to get this mixture into a moist and pliable bladder. How shall we solve the problem? Easily—thus: let the experimenter procure a funnel, either of tin, or porcelain, or glass; to the neck of the funnel let him attach, firmly, by means of some twine, the neck of the bladder, previously moistened in water, to render it soft, and from which all the atmospheric air has been pressed out. Looking at the diagram, the reader will see that its



Fig. 31.

neck is tied with a string, *a b*; not tied, however, in a knot, but the string secured merely by means of one turn, in such a manner that it may readily be slipped. The funnel to which the bladder is attached is to be considered as a gas-jar, filled with water, held tightly by the left hand, whilst the mixture of oxygen and hydrogen gases is to be transferred underneath its mouth, from the large pint bottle. Need we state, at this advanced portion of our sketches, that the operation described must be performed under water?

Well, the mixed gases are now safely got into the bladder, and we can proceed with our first experiment with them, which shall consist in blowing some soap-bubbles in a basin of soap solution. For this purpose the bladder must be removed from the funnel, tied to the end of a tobacco-pipe, and used thus (See Fig. 36).

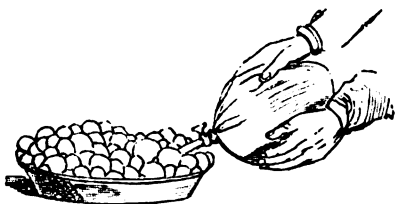


Fig. 31.

"Now," said the lecturer, "having confined the mixed gases in nothing, so to speak, I will touch one of them with a taper flame. Mark now the result. They all explode violently. This part of the result is evident enough. It appeals to your ears; you hear the report. But there is another part of the result altogether lost in this manner of performing the experiment. The two gases form by their union, water,—nothing but water."

And here our constructive ingenuity is completely at an end. The reader cannot by means of any self-constructed apparatus report the lecturer's next experiment. Fortunately, however, its nature will be so self-evident, from mere description, as to render the experiment perfectly easy of comprehension, if not of performance.

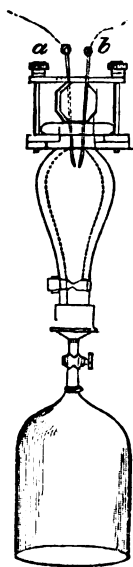


Fig. 36.

The wood-cut represents a very strong glass vessel, something like a soda-water bottle in appearance, but open at each end; at least capable of being opened, the upper end being supplied with a stopper, and the lower end with a stop-cock, rendering the vessel itself capable of being united with a glass bell-jar, represented standing in a pneumatic trough. Now, in the performance of the experiment about to be described, it is essential that the inside of the glass vessel be not moistened; hence it cannot be filled with gas in the ordinary manner, by means of the pneumatic trough. The process, therefore, had recourse to for filling it is this. The vessel itself being screwed on to the plate of an air-pump, and the latter set in action, all the atmospheric air contained in the vessel is pumped out. If, when in this empty condition it be attached to a gas-receiving jar, previously charged with the due mixture of oxygen and hydrogen gas, and the stopcock opened, it is evident that the vessel will become filled with dry mixed gas. How is the latter to be ignited? Not by the application of fire, inasmuch as that would involve removal of the stopper: then, how is it to be accomplished? Chemists now and then have recourse to very out-of-the-way methods for gaining their results, and this is one. If the glass-stopper be observed, two wires will be seen perforating it. Through these wires an electric spark can be transmitted—a flash of lightning in miniature—which, by darting through the gas, inflames it. No sooner does the flash appear than the inside of the vessel, dry before, is seen to be dim with dew, which collecting sinks into a fluid drop of water, nothing but water.

This very ingenious instrument was invented by the Hon. Mr. Cavendish, whose name it bears; still being known as Cavendish's Endiometer. It was by means of this instrument that Cavendish demonstrated the composition of water, thus rendering his name conspicuous amongst great chemists, as his eccentricities render him conspicuous to the non-scientific portion of mankind. He has been described as a man without love, without hate, without hope, fear, pity, compassion, revenge, or ambition; heedless of the world's censure or applause, and totally abandoned to science.

The experiment just described is a very instructive one. Let us now, for a change, present the reader with an amusing experiment. It shall present the advantage, too, of being readily performed; an advantage not presented by the latter.

Not only is hydrogen gas lighter than atmospheric air, but a mixture of two measures of hydrogen, and one of oxygen, is also lighter; hence bubbles blown with this mixture, and sent floating in the air, will ascend. If a lighted taper be brought in contact with one of these bubbles during its ascent, the bubble explodes with a very loud noise, almost like the discharge of a gun. A word of advice to operators, who, unlearned in chemistry, perform these experiments with mixed oxygen and hydrogen gases, for the first time. Let the amount of gases mixed be not greater than absolutely sufficient for performing the experiment, and keep all sources of flame, whether of candle, spirit-lamp, or of whatever kind, as far as may be from the vessel in which the gases are contained.

Professor Faraday showed some very pretty experiments, having for their object to demonstrate the lightness of hydrogen, in addition to that with the balloon of goldbeater's skin.

Having hung a glass jar, represented in our diagram by (a), to a hook, he poured into the jar thus suspended some hydrogen gas, until the latter overflowed



Fig. 37.

the jar, which the lecturer demonstrated by applying a taper flame, when the hydrogen took fire. Finally he ladled out portions of the gas by means of a glass-ladle (b), until the large jar became quite empty. Filled the jar and ladled out the gas, do we not hear a reader exclaim (a very young reader by-the-by), how could he do that, when the jar and ladle are both pictured mouth downward, and must have been mouth downward if the jar were indeed hung from a hook? We will simplify matters by reminding such an inquirer that hydrogen gas, being a very light gas, pours upward not downward, and that whilst reading about pouring hydrogen gas from one vessel to another, he must turn all his ordinary notions of pouring upside down; then all will be right. This was one experiment performed by the lecturer in illustration of the levity of hydrogen gas; the next was as follows:—Having previously removed one pan from the beam of a pair of scales, he hung in its stead a glass jar, as represented in our diagram by (a). Into this jar he poured (the expression will be intelligible now) some hydrogen gas, when immediately the previously existing equilibrium of the beam became disturbed in consequence of the light hydrogen pressing up the jar (a).

Before leaving uncombined hydrogen gas, we will now describe a very pretty experiment, which Professor Faraday did not perform in the children's lectures; but which we have seen him perform on another occasion. The experiment is as follows, and is intended to have illustrated what would have been the consequence as regards our power of hearing, had hydrogen, instead of common

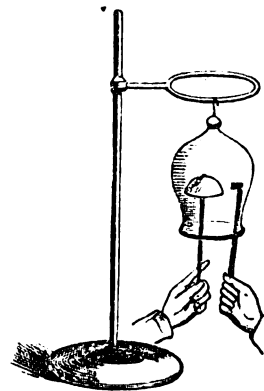


Fig. 39.

air, formed the atmosphere around us. Hang a glass bell—the larger the better, upon a hook. Then fill this bell with hydrogen gas, and elevating into it a little bell, strike the bell with a hammer. The sound will be thin, fleeting, changed altogether, scarcely perceptible indeed, and altogether insufficient for the purpose of hearing. The same fact may be illustrated in

another and still more striking manner, by filling the lungs with hydrogen, instead of common air, and then speaking. Hydrogen gas can by no means support respiration; if breathed repeatedly, it kills, not by the exercise of any poisonous agency, but simply because of its preventing the inspiration of atmospheric air. It may, however, be inspired once with perfect impunity, nor is the act of inspiration attended with any unpleasant sensation. Care, however, must be taken to force out of the lungs, before inspiring hydrogen, as much as possible of their ordinary charge of air—not for the avoidance of any danger, but to insure the success of the experiment, which will not answer if the hydrogen gas be not moderately free from admixture with other gases. The lungs being charged with hydrogen, all that now remains for the experimenter to do consists in speaking; he will soon hear the curious result. Perhaps he can play the flute, in which case he may treat his audience to a perfectly novel variation on a known air. All these experiments show how very nicely balanced are all the agents of the universe—how minutely, how sedulously, how tenderly we are cared for by the Almighty. Our lungs are exactly fitted to breathe air as it surrounds us in our atmosphere;—no other air would supply its place. But granting the reverse of this—granting that we could breathe another gas—still we should want new ears. Our own, and the ears of all creatures, indeed, are specially constructed to be acted on by sound as it floats through one unvarying atmosphere. Here, then, is one of the manifold examples which chemistry makes known to us of God's care for all creatures.



## Facetie.

**WHIS-KEY.**—The key that opens the door of death and destruction.

"You look as if you were beside yourself," as the wag said to a dunce who stood by a donkey.

An alligator is a deceitful creature, and yet he presents an open countenance, when in the act of taking you in.

**WHAT A JEWEL!**—An obituary, very eulogistic of a lady, says: "She was married twenty-four years, and in all that time never once banged the door!"

**PLEASANT AFFLICTION.**—There is a young man in Toledo who has grown round-shouldered through bending over so much to kiss the girls, who are rather short in his neighborhood.

In a country news-room in Yorkshire, England, the following notice is written over the chimney: "Gentlemen learning to spell, are requested to use yesterday's paper."

"'Tis false!" as the girl said when her beau told her she had beautiful hair.

"I shall die like a hero," said the coal, when it was being consumed; "for I shall mix with the ashes of the grate."

**A FALSE ALARM.**—A superstitious Irishman—an implicit believer in ghosts—fell into a state of great excitement the other day, upon hearing that several contributions were to be sent to the Dublin Exhibition from the Gobelins of Paris.

"You are writing my bill on very rough paper," said a client to his attorney. "Never mind," said the lawyer, "it has to be filed before it comes into court."

**VERY TRUE.**—Miss Dubois says she may be old now, but she has seen the day when she was as young as ever she was.

The latest report of Paris fashions says: "Bonnets are very small, and are worn more about the neck than on the head." We suppose shoes will be tied round the ankles before long.

If the best man's faults were written on his forehead, it would make him pull his hat over his eyes.

**JUST CAUSE AND IMPEDIMENT.**—A handsome young Yankee pedlar made love to a buxom widow of Pennsylvania. He accompanied his declaration with an allusion to two impediments to their union. "Name them," said the widow. "The want of means to set up a retail store." They parted, and the widow sent the pedlar a cheque for ample means. When they met again the pedlar had hired and stocked his store, and the smiling fair one begged to know the other impediment. "I have got another wife!"

There is a man in town so witty that his wife manufactures all the butter that the family uses from the cream of his jokes.

**TOM MOORE** said to Peel, on looking at the picture of an Irish orator: "You can see the very quiver of his lips." "Yes," said Peel, "and the arrow coming out of it." Moore was telling this to one of his countrymen, who answered: "He meant arrah coming out of it."

**JUNCE** a man by his actions—a poet by his eye—an idler by his fingers—a lawyer by his leer—a player by his strut—a boxer by his sinews—an Irishman by his swagger—an Englishman by his roundity—a Scotswoman by his shrug—a justice by his frown—a great man by his modesty—an editor by his coat—a tailor by his agility—a fiddler by his elbow—and a woman by her neatness.

"My son," said Mr. Spriggins, to his little son, who was devouring an egg—it was Mr. Spriggins's desire to instruct his boy—"my son, do you know that chickens come out of eggs?" "Do they, father?" said the young hopeful: "I thought the reverse." The elder Spriggins drew back from the table, sadly, and gazed on his son, then put on his hat and went out.

**WANTED.**—To find the jeweller who made the welkin ring.

**HARD TO INTERPRET.**—The Post-Office men, who are obliged to read and construe the superscriptions on the various letters, have a task which must exercise all their ingenuity. One day, lately, a convocation of the Philadelphia Post-Office clerks was held over an irregularly-shaped billet, the direction in which was precisely as follows: "Mysterece A Jay Burd, Lung at combing knew gursy you knighted staid." After two hours and a half of hard study, one of the gentlemen solved the riddle, and this was the interpretation thereof: "Mr. E. A. J. Bird, Long-a-coming, New Jersey, United States."

**POLITENESS ALWAYS MEETS WITH ITS REWARD.**—The following is from a French paper: "Sir, sir, you have dropped some papers!" said a young man, the other morning, to a person passing. "Sir, I am very much obliged to you!" said the other, turning round, and picking up a large bundle. "Excuse

me," continued he, "but have I not the honor of addressing Mr. P——?" "That is my name," said the young man, with some surprise. "Ay, I thought so. I am very lucky in meeting you. I am an officer of the Tribunal of Commerce, and am ordered to arrest you on a bill of Exchange for one thousand five hundred francs. The paper which you were so kind as to tell me I dropped, is the summons against you!"

**JUVENILE INVESTIGATION.**—A little fellow who had just commenced reading the papers, asked his father if the word "Hon." prefixed to the name of Mr. —, the member of Congress, meant "honest?" That little fellow had a mind for investigation.

**BOILEAU D'ESPRAUX's** reply to Louis XIV, when he showed the poet some of his own royal versification, has never been excelled. He said, "Nothing, sire, is impossible to your majesty! You wished to make bad verses, and you have succeeded!"

**BRANDY AND BITTERS.**—A bill was lately handed to the authorities of San Francisco for payment for refreshments furnished to the grand jury of that city while pursuing their investigations, which contained the following items: "One dozen cherry wine, 3,500 cigars, one dozen Martell's brandy, four gallons ditto, five baskets Heidseick, one bottle of bitters, two tins of crackers, and 123 dollars' worth of sherry wine." This would give to each of the 23 jurors two-and-a-half bottles of cherry, 150 cigars, two-and-a-half bottles of champagne, and one-and-a-half quart of brandy. In reply to some inquiries of the supervisors, the chairman of the jury replied: "Their deliberations were so intense, that they required some artificial stimulants."

**ANOTHER ASPECT OF HARD TIMES.**—Brown—not the Jersey ferryman, but Brown, the sexton of Grace Church—Brown, the factotum of all the fashionable balls and funerals of this metropolis, who holds official relations with all the gravities as well as gaieties of the upper ten—even Brown has felt the pressure of hard times. But he meets them, as all who know him would expect, like a philosopher. "Yes," said he, the other night, to a sympathising friend, "there are not many parties or balls this winter, but I make the funerals as pleasant as possible."

**LORD NORBURY.**—A gentleman who practised wit and professed law, thought that he could overcome the punster on the bench. So on one day, when Lord Norbury was charging a jury, the address was interrupted by the braying of a donkey. "What noise is that?" said Lord Norbury. "'Tis only the echo of the court, my lord!" answered Counsellor Readytongue. Nothing disconcerted, the judge resumed his address; but soon the barrister had to interpose with technical objections. While putting them, again the donkey brayed. "One at a time, if you please!" said the retaliating joker.

**TOO BUSY TO GROW.**—Some one asked a lad how it was he was short of his age. He replied: "Father keeps me so busy I ain't got time to grow!"

**MEDICAL ADVICE.**—A Tyneside doctor was lecturing a poor tippler for shortening his days with drink. With the most charming *naïveté*, he replied: "Why, I come from M——, where two doctors drank themselves to death—and sure they'd never took it if it had been bad for them."

**DANGER OF WEARING THE PATENT REMOVABLE MOUSTACHE.**—Nice young man, who wears a moustache, goes to evening party, enters house, arranges "figure and drapery," is ushered into the presence of convoked dimity, pays his devoirs, dimity smiles, fancies himself creating a sensation, is kindly told by a friend that his moustache has moved away from its proper location. He's a blighted flower, and faintly expresses his desire for fresh air.

## A SMART DOG.

A friend of ours has a dog which used to be very smart. He says:

"There warn't anything in all Kentuck," said he, "that could begin with him, 'cept once. One day we started a bar (bear). He put right straight off, and the dog after him, an' I brought up in the rear. They were soon out of sight, but I follered on for a mile or so, and came out at last on a clearing, where there was a log hut, an' a feller setting down an' smoking his pipe as comfortable as possible."

"Did you see anything of a dorg an' a bar, goin' by here?" sez I to the feller."

"'Yes I did, sez he."

"'Wal, how was it?" sez I."

"'Wal, sez he taking his pipe out an' drawing his coat-sleeve across his face, 'it war about n'p an' tug, though I think the dorg had a leetle the advantage."

"'How was that?"

"'Wal, he was a trifle ahead."

**A BRITING JOKE.**—At the embodiment of the Edin-

burgh militia, in Dalkeith, their noble colonel was inspecting the men individually. In doing so, his attention was attracted to a recruit, well known in the Canongate, who has, it seems, given up the calling of "Canal Coals," to shoulder Brown Bess. "I am afraid you won't do," said his grace to the man; "I wonder they passed you!" "What way?" said the recruit. "Why, because you have lost two of your front teeth! You will not be able to bite the cartridge!" "Wull I no?" said the coalman, who did not know he was addressing his grace. "Put yer finger in my mouth, sir, an' ye'll sune ken whether I can bite or no!" The duke did not put the suggested experiment to the test.

**A DIFFERENCE.**—Most respectfully pointed out.—Abroad, the sovereign goes from the palace to the different hospitals to inspect the invalids. At home, the invalids are brought up from the hospitals to the palace, to be inspected by the sovereign.

**FROM THE MINING DISTRICTS.**—An attempt at converting the natives.—*Assiduous young Curate*: Well then, I do hope I shall have the pleasure of seeing both of you next Sunday! *Miner*: Oh, thee may'st coam if 'e wull. We fought on the Croft, and old Joe Tanner brings th' beer.

## DRY LEAVES FROM THE TREE OF KNOWLEDGE.

**MONEY** has been called "the sinews of war," and for this reason: Without money, how is it possible for an army to make an advance?

Few men are "driven to desperation" without having had a hand themselves in the driving.

**POVERTY** must be a woman, it is so fond of pinching a person.

"Life's a bumper," but the teetotallers would wish to make it a bumper of nothing but cold water.

**VULGAR QUESTION AND VICIOUS ANSWER.**—What's the odds as long as your happy? Fifty to one that it doesn't last.

**ALWAYS IN A MESS.**—The people who can never do anything properly, but always make a mess of everything, are doubtless the inhabitants of the Isle of Mull.

**A BRIGHT SCHOLAR.**—*Teacher*: Well, my little man, how do you spend your time after school hours? I hope you don't play in the streets. *Boy*: No, mum, I goes to the tap-rooms in the public-houses, and tumbles three times over 'head an' 'eels for a penny!

The way to make a tall man "short" is to ask him to lend you a thousand dollars.

At Pekin, when an editor inserts any false intelligence, the possibility of its repetition is removed by the removal of his head. What a sad thing it would be for some of our contemporaries if such were the case here.

Young gentlemen of poetic temperament should remember that polkas, waltzes, and similar institutions were not invented to give opportunity to hug the ladies, but as a means to display grace, agility, power of endurance, &c.

**A PERSON** was once in the company of John Foster, praising somewhat fulsomely the piety of the Emperor Alexander, when Foster replied gravely, "Yes, sir, a very good man—very devout; no doubt he said grace before he swallowed Poland."

**A COMPLIMENT.**—As a lady of the Forcécue family, who possessed great personal beauty, was walking along a narrow lane, she perceived, just behind her, a hawker of earthenware, driving at ass with two panniers, laden with his stock in trade. To give the animal and his master room to pass, the lady suddenly stepped aside, which so frightened the donkey that he ran away, and had not proceeded far when he fell, and a great part of the crockery was broken. The lady in her turn became alarmed, lest the man should load her with abuse, if not insult her; but he merely exclaimed, "Never mind, Madam; Balaam's ass was frightened by an angel."

**A FUR CLOAK BETTER THAN AN EMPTY TITLE.**—The *Mercurie Francaise* relates an anecdote of Rostopchin, Governor of Moscow in 1812, which an anonymous correspondent avers has not hitherto been noticed. One day the Emperor Paul, being surrounded by a large circle of Russian princes, addressed the Count Rostopchin as follows: "How happens it, count, that you have not the title of prince?" "Will your imperial majesty permit me to tell you the true reason?" responded Rostopchin. "Certainly," said the Emperor. "It was," resumed the count, "because my ancestor, on his first arrival from Tartary at your court, came in the winter time." "And what had that to do with the question?" asked Paul. "Why, your majesty," replied the count, "in that day it was the custom to offer every new comer the title of prince, or a fur pelisse; and my ancestor, being a man of sense, preferred a warm coat to an empty title." The joke took, and the mad emperor laughed heartily.





#### THE WEDDING DAY—FIRST ANNIVERSARY.

PRESENTS—*Beautiful Bouquet of Flowers from Washington Market, and such a Lovely Bracelet.*

A DRY sort of genius once undertook to name and classify the different sorts of fools in this world as follows: 1st. The ordinary fool. 2nd. The fool who is one and don't know it. 3rd. The fool who is not satisfied with being a fool in reality, but undertakes, in addition, to play the fool.

"Now, my son," said Mr. Puzzleton, "can you tell me what the revenue is?" "Yes, pa; its something that runs away very fast." "What makes you think that, my boy?" "Because the other day, when some commissioners were galloping down the street very fast, I heard a gentleman say, 'Ah! that's the way the revenue goes!'"

"John," said an old farmer to his son, who was in the nightly habit of counting his live stock to see if any had gone astray, "John, have you counted the hogs?" "Yes, sir." And the turkeys?" "Yes." "And the cows?" "Yes, sir." "And the sheep?" "Yes, sir." "Well, John, now go and wake up the old hen, and count her, and then we'll go to bed."

THE *Dover (England) Chronicle* mentions a circumstance in which the ignorance of spelling led to a somewhat expensive result. A newsvender was surprised to receive a written order from one of his customers, residing in a neighboring village, in the following words: "Send me 100 copies of ——— with the latest intelligence." The papers were forwarded as requested, time not admitting of any inquiry being made as to the correctness of the order. The next post brought back ninety-eight of the number; the customer having only required two extra copies, instead of 100. The mistake had arisen from his not knowing how to spell "two," and hesitating as to which was the right word—"two," "to," or "too," he had written it "too" without crossing the t, so that no person, on reading the order, could take it for anything else but 100. As the proprietor of the paper never takes back any papers after they are issued from his office, the papers were circulated, doubtless more to his profit than that of the unlucky wight who had to pay for them.

MAN'S INGRATITUDE.—Petronius Arbitrator assures us that the blackest instance of human ingratitude that ever fell under his notice, was that of a man who made a coat from the wool of a sheep, and then dined off the poor beast.

Is the child of destiny descended by the male or female side? and why is its other parent never mentioned? and is there more than one child of destiny?

LORD BYRON, in writing to a friend, in the year 1807, says, "Sad news just arrived—Russians beat. A bad set—eat nothing but oil—consequently must melt before a hard fire."

By a new arrangement which the Post-Office authorities are about to adopt, an old saying will be rendered obsolete; for how can we talk about being "knocked from pillar to post," when the pillar and the post are in future to be identical?

LITTLE by little, as we travel through life, do our whims increase and become more troublesome—just like a woman's luggage on a journey.

STOPPING in bed too long is decidedly bad for the temper—even port wine gets crustier the longer it has been lying down.

KNELLER AND BISHOP PEARSE.—Calling one day on Sir Godfrey Kneller, at his country seat, near Hounslow, the bishop was taken into his summer-house, where there was a whole-length picture of Lady Kneller. It was much damaged and scratched at the feet, and the bishop expressed a curiosity to know how it became so injured. Sir Godfrey said it was owing to a favorite dog of Lady Kneller's, who, having been accustomed to lie in her lap, scratched the picture in that manner in order to be taken up. This made the bishop mention that Zeuxis painted a bunch of grapes upon a boy's head so naturally that a bird pecked at them. "If the boy," said Sir Geoffrey, "had been painted as naturally as the grapes, the bird would not have ventured to come near them."

COMING HOME.—A frigate being at anchor on a winter's night in a tremendous gale of wind, the ground broke, and she began to drive. The lieutenant of the watch ran down to the captain, awoke him from his sleep, and told him that the anchor had come home. "Well," said the captain, rubbing his eyes, "I think the anchor is perfectly right. Who would stop out such a night as this?"

PRESCRIPTIONS IN LATIN.—The following ludicrously illustrates the necessity of a reform in medical nomenclature. Dr. Doane was very much confounded, a few years since, by a remark of one of his patients. The day previous the doctor had prescribed that safe and palatable remedy, the syrup of blackthorn, and left his prescription duly written in the usual cabalistic characters—"Syr. Ram. Cath." On inquiring if the patient had taken the medicine, a thunder-cloud darkened her face, lightning darted from her eye, and she roared out, "No! I can read your doctor writing—and I ain't a-going to take Syrup of Ram Cats for anybody."

A young medical student, having been mesmerised, was thrown into a state of clairvoyance. On being asked where he was, he said he was in the lodgings of the mesmeriser, his fellow-student. To the question, "What he could see there?" he replied, "that he saw the woman of the house opening the cupboard with a secret key, and helping herself out of the whiskey bottle."

MILITARY ARISTOCRACY.—The common soldier is the red herring, and the officer is the bloater.

A PLEASING PARADOX.—When a young lady wishes to bring her engagement to an end, it is usually a circular termination that she sighs for.

PRIDE.—A proud man is a fool in fermentation, swelling and boiling like a porridge pot. He sets his feathers like an owl, to swell and seem bigger than he is.

A PARISIAN robber, who was seized in the act of stealing in the shop of a tobacconist, said, by way of excusing himself, that he had never heard of a law which forbade a man to take snuff.

"MIKE," said a bricklayer to his laborer, "if you meet Patrick tell him to make haste, as we are waiting for him." "Shure and I will," replied Mike; "but what will I tell him if I don't meet him?"

A WIDOW once said to her daughter, "When you are at my age, it will be time enough to dream of a husband." "Yes, mamma," replied the thoughtless girl, "for a second time." The mother fainted.

YOUNG women generally do much better when set up with husbands than when set up in business. The two arrangements are quite different. If there is one thing more than another that the female institution was cut out and finished for, it is the other half of a courting match.

A CONTEMPORARY says he does not know whether "music is the food of love," but hearing it alway creates in him the love of food.



#### THE WEDDING DAY—FOURTEENTH ANNIVERSARY.

PRESENTS—*Beautiful Bundle of Asparagus from Washington Market, and the nicest Double Perambulator in the World!!*



# FRANK LESLIE'S NEW YORK JOURNAL

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## THE SOLDIER OF FORTUNE:

A TALE OF THE WAR.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "STANFIELD HALL," "MINNIE GREY," ETC.

Continued from Vol. I., page 15.

### CHAPTER XV.

THE Opera-house at St. Petersburg is one of the finest theatres in Europe; erected and supported at

the cost of the Czar, who, whatever his despotism in matters of politics, is an ultra-liberal where the arts are concerned; frequently expending, on the production of a single opera, a larger sum than England, with all her wealth, annually devotes to her museums, galleries, and schools.

Strange that the Calmuck should have a higher appreciation of the ideal and beautiful than the Saxon. The painter or the sculptor, regarded as an

idle and scarce-reputable personage here, would be honored and distinguished in Russia; but then he must not think, still less express his thoughts; and, after all, the privileges of thinking and speaking are worth some privation.

There are few things more surprising to an Englishman in Russia than the familiar manner in which the sovereign of that vast country and the imperial family mix with the people. During a



DEATH OF THE IMAN OF DARGO IN THE DUNGEON OF THE FORTRESS OF SCHLUSSELBURG.



residence of several months at St. Petersburg, we met the Emperor almost daily, on foot, without a single attendant, or decoration of any kind upon his closely-buttoned uniform.

Before our departure, however, we discovered that, although apparently unguarded, numerous agents of police, some in the dress of merchants, others disguised in the caftan worn by the lower orders, closely followed his steps. Woe to the unfortunate wretch who, deeming the occasion favorable, presumed to accost the Czar, to present a petition to him in the streets; true, he was listened to patiently; the reply was invariably courteous; but the instant the autocrat resumed his walk, the imprudent suitor found himself a prisoner.

At the balls in the Opera-house, the severity of this regulation is relaxed in favor of the ladies. Any female, no matter how humble her rank, provided she is masked, may not only accost the Emperor, as he mingles in the crowd, but take his arm and urge any request she may have to make to him; a privilege which—if the gossip of St. Petersburg speaks true—some of the most distinguished beauties, native as well as foreign, have been known to avail themselves.

The Grand Duchess Maria, the favorite daughter of Nicholas, and widow of the Duke of Leuchtenberg, is well known to be passionately fond of masked balls; where she can cast aside her rank and mix, under the protection of her mask, familiarly with the people; not from any love of them, for her temper is even more imperious than her father's, but to gratify her woman's vanity, by listening to that delicious flattery, which no man in his senses would dare to offer openly to the daughter of the Czar.

At an early hour the Markhams and their visitors repaired to the theatre, where the worthy merchant had secured a box commanding a view of the imperial loge.

The Czar and his family, who were the only persons present unmasked, were received on their entrance with the greatest enthusiasm, which, like everything in Russia, had the appearance of being arranged to order; what it lacked in impulse, it made up in noise. It was gracefully acknowledged.

The person of Nicholas, his commanding height, and noble features have been so frequently described, that it would be a mere repetition to draw his portrait here: That of the Empress, however, is probably less familiar to our readers.

This interesting woman, who, as the Marquis de Custine wittily observes in his amusing work, has exhausted herself in grand dukes and duchesses, is tall and thin almost to attenuation; has an air of suffering which forcibly reminds one of an actress fatigued with the part she is condemned to act. Nature evidently intended her for the domestic home, the privacy of life; the excitement of the throne is destroying her.

The elder princes are both remarkable young men. Alexander, the heir to the empire, in figure resembles his father, but his features lack the stern expression, the cold, statue-like pride so characteristic of the Czar. The second, Constantine, is one of those remarkable personages, who, once seen, are not easily forgotten; by the side of the Emperor and his brother, he appears almost diminutive, his height being below the ordinary standard; his face—it would fill a volume to analyse it. Cruelty and cunning are stamped on every line; whilst the eyes insensibly remind those upon whom their searching glance is directed of the fabled power of the basilisk: they first startle, and then freeze with terror. As Charles gazed upon the brothers, he insensibly thought of Cain and Abel.

"How beautiful!" murmured Henri.

His friend regarded him with surprise.

"I mean the Duchess of Leuchtenberg," continued the speaker, who had learnt the name of the princess from Walter Markham.

Our hero whispered the name of Lelia.

"She is Venus," replied the young man, coloring slightly. "But the Grand Duchess resembles the stately Juno. What majesty and grace!"

The comparison was not a forced one. The favorite daughter of the Czar resembles her father more than any other of his family; the same lofty brow, and exquisitely chiselled mouth, softened by feminine grace. Her figure, though full and voluptuous, still retains its perfect symmetry; and there is something positively Grecian in the mould of her throat and head.

Neither Mrs. Markham, her husband, or her daughter, felt disposed to descend to the vast area, formed by covering over the pit of the Opera-house. Excited by the brilliancy of the scene, the rich costumes of the women, and the exquisite music, the two friends, with Walter for their cicerone, quitted

the box and mingled with the crowd of masks. Henri, mad for adventure, Charles more philosophically disposed to indulge in speculations and quiet observation.

Deserted by his two companions, who had left him to join in a *polonaise*, our hero took his station by one of the gilded columns, to contemplate the animated scene before him at his leisure.

Gradually it seemed to lose its fascination, and at last to disappear. His thoughts reverted to home; he was no longer in Russia, but in England. The Moat! the green lane leading from the park to the village church; the spot where had parted from Beatrix—where he first felt that his heart beat with something stronger than a brother's love towards her—rose to his mental view. So complete was the illusion, that he almost fancied he heard her merry laugh, and the rich music of her murmuring voice.

Twice had a gentle hand been pressed upon his arm before he started from his reverie. A female, closely masked, and dressed in the costume of a Tartar peasant girl, was standing close beside him. "Dreamer," whispered the unknown.

"Is it forbidden, then, to dream in Russia?" demanded the young man.

"At least it is imprudent," replied the female; "for dreamers are observed. There is not an agent of police in the theatre but has noticed you. For the last half-hour you have been standing like a statue, with your eyes directed to the imperial box."

"And perfectly unconscious of the fact," said Charles, in a tone of vexation, for he felt annoyed at having made himself a mark for observation. "My thoughts were far from here; I was thinking of home."

"And those you love," observed his friendly mistress. "There is a sympathy between us; for I, as you perceive, am equally a stranger in St. Petersburg."

She glanced at her Tartar costume as she spoke. Our hero smiled incredulously.

The unknown took his arm and whispered in his ear the name of Lelia; he started, and was about to utter some imprudent exclamation, when the lady raised her ungloved hand and placed her finger upon her lips. He recognised upon it the emerald ring, which the fugitive had arranged should serve as a token between them.

"Do you believe me now?"

"Implicitly."

"And you will accompany me to my box?"

"Willingly."

"There, at least," observed the masked female, "we may converse in safety. Speak to me of Paris—the fashions—pleasure—dissipation—of anything—till we have escaped this crowd, where curious eyes are upon us, and ears anxious to catch each word we utter."

The above conversation had taken place in whispers; but from the moment Charles Vavasour understood the rôle he was expected to act, his manner underwent an entire change. He commenced rattling forth a string of compliments and badinage which would have very much surprised his friend Henri de la Tour had he heard them.

The box of his conductress was in the first circle, reserved exclusively for the high nobility, ambassadors, and officers of the Imperial court. A tall old man, in the uniform of the police, gave them admission on a sign from his companion.

Our hero began to suspect that he had been betrayed.

No sooner were they seated, than the lady, who was screened from the observation of the public by one of the half-drawn curtains of the box, removed her mask, disclosing the features of a young and exceedingly beautiful woman—but a stranger.

"Do not follow my example," she said, in a low tone, "it would create suspicion; for, as I have told you, you are watched."

"Hooked like the silliest gudgeon," thought the young man, now perfectly convinced that he had fallen into some snare.

The unknown appeared to read his suspicions.

"Do you still doubt me?" she said.

"I have been advised to doubt everything in Russia," was the reply.

"Those who counselled you did well," observed the female, with a sigh, at the same time replacing her vizor. "Perhaps, like myself, they know the country from bitter experience; it is a vast theatre, where all is tinsel and unreal; where the tongue is bridled, and the heart masked. But I did not invite you here to speak of such things. Your name, I believe, is Charles Vavasour?"

"It is."

"You arrived three days since in St. Petersburg?"

"I did."

"And conducted a lady to the Hotel Coulon?"

"True, madame, to the very letter."

"And afterwards," continued the lady, who appeared so singularly well informed of his proceedings, "assisted her to escape from it in the disguise of a boy, to the house of a friend, not far from the Admiralty quay. You hesitate! I am that friend," she added, "and the cousin of Lelia Mullah, daughter of the imprisoned Iman of Dargo, and wife of Baron Tichoff, sub-director of the secret police. I have confided my liberty, perhaps my life, to your honor. Do you still mistrust me?"

The tone of deep earnestness, and the possession of the ring, dissipated the suspicions which her companion had formed.

"No," he answered, with his natural frankness. "These are accents which cannot deceive."

"Oh, do not trust to that," interrupted the baroness, bitterly. "Russians are actors both by nature and education. I thought as you do once, but have been fearfully deceived. But this is no time to speak of my sorrows; it is of Lelia that I would speak. Her father, contrary to the treaty which the deluded old man signed with the infamous Woronzoff at Teflis, is still a prisoner in the fortress of Schlussburg. He is dying; his child has braved no ordinary dangers, to receive, if possible, the blessing of her father. Will you assist her?"

"At the risk of my life," replied Charles Vavasour, deeply moved by the appeal to his manhood and generosity. "More, at the risk of that which is dearer than life, the disappointment of the hope which brought me from my country. Yet I cannot comprehend," he added, "how the services of a stranger can be necessary, whilst Lelia has a friend so powerful as yourself."

The wife of the director of the secret police of St. Petersburg smiled bitterly.

"Did I not tell you that my husband was a Russian," she said; "a thing without heart or soul, the slave of the sceptre he obeys and hates. You will wonder, perhaps, that speaking of him as I do, I should venture to receive you here; it is by his command."

"Madame! He knows, then, that Lelia is concealed?"

"He knows nothing," whispered the baroness. "he would be the first to denounce her. The discovery would gain him an additional cross or ribbon—badges of ignoble servitude. No; it was to fascinate you, if possible; tamper with your discretion; obtain your confidence, only to betray it."

"And could a husband command this?"

"You forget he is a Russian," once more observed the lady, bitterly. "I would have spared the infamous proposal, had it not presented me with the means of communicating with the prisoner of Lelia. We must be brief," she added; "as a sovereign you will easily obtain permission to visit the sluices of the fortress, in which her father is confined. When you reach the island, the rest will be easy."

"And your cousin?"

"Will accompany you; I have prepared a suitable disguise. The second morning from this, she will meet you at the statue of Peter the Great."

"And the hour?"

"Eight," replied the baroness, after a few moments' reflection. "My husband will be engaged with Count Orloff, and she may quit her concealment securely then. Prove worthy," she added, "of the confidence which the name of Englishman inspires, for it were better far that Lelia found a grave than a prison in Russia."

"Is her danger so imminent, then?" demanded Charles Vavasour. "Surely the Czar cannot descend to war on women."

"It is not the Czar," whispered the lady; "his son, the demon Constantine, who pursues Lelia with his unholy love; whose fatal influence has caused Woronzoff to deny the treaty he had signed; who retains the Iman in the dungeons of Schlussburg; who demands, as the price of the father's liberty, the daughter's shame."

"And your husband," exclaimed the hearer in a tone of indignation, "married to her near relative, can lend himself to such an infamy?"

"Must I again repeat it? He is a Russian."

The bitterness with which these words were uttered, proved the proud agony of the speaker, linked by an indissoluble bond to a man she despised.

"Rely upon me," madame," said Charles Vavasour, in a tone of deep emotion, as he quitted the box; "I will be there, and Lelia has a brother's arm ready to protect her. Tell her," he added, "that she must trust implicitly to my discretion in the arrangements. We must not visit the fortress



of Schlüsselburg alone; two might excite suspicion where a numerous party would pass unobserved."

Catherine Mullah, the wife of Baron Tichoff, was the only child of one of those brave Circassian chiefs, who for so many years combatted by the side of Schamyl for the independence of their common country. The mountain warrior had fallen in an ambush planned by the governor of the conquered provinces, Prince Woronzoff; his hold had been surprised, and his daughter conveyed a prisoner to Teflis. Even Muscovite barbarity revolted at the unnecessary crime of shedding the blood of a helpless girl. And yet to her captors she was a subject of embarrassment rather than triumph, as her hand, conferred upon one of her countrymen, would convey with it undisputed authority over the tribe of which her parent had been chief. By command of the Emperor, it was bestowed on Baron Tichoff, attached to the secret police. The young noble accepted it, as everything is accepted in Russia, with resignation. He neither hated nor loved the bride imposed on him; she was simply indifferent to him.

One only child, a boy, was the issue of this ill-assorted union; and upon him the titled serf of the Czar lavished all the tenderness of his nature. The little Alexis was his idol. His most extravagant caprices were indulged; even his mother was forbidden to thwart them.

Passionately as his father loved him, the human machine obeyed so perfectly the hand which holds the destinies of all within its grasp, that had he been commanded to offer up his offspring as a sacrifice at the Moloch shrine of despotism, he would have obeyed almost without a murmur.

"God and the Czar have willed it," is the answer to his conscience of every Muscovite.

Scarcely had our hero quitted the box of the baroness, before a tall handsome man, in a dark green uniform, entered it. It was her husband.

"Well," he demanded eagerly, "have you succeeded?"

"Success was impossible," answered the lady, coolly.

"How so?"

"Because the young Englishman had nothing to reveal; he told the truth to Count Orloff."

The Baron bit his lip with vexation.

"You have been an unwilling agent in the affair," he observed, in a tone of bitterness; "in heart you are still a Circassian."

"Thank you," repeated her husband, in a brutal tone. "For what?"

"For the only compliment from your lips which I ever valued. You say truly; I was an unwilling agent. I felt the degradation of the task you imposed upon me. But I have been a faithful one. He knows nothing of the retreat of the victim, you would discover."

"We shall see," muttered the Baron, suspiciously. "I will watch him like his shadow. I must quit you," he added, looking towards the imperial box; "the Emperor is about to descend."

Without one word of adieu, the speaker quitted his young wife, to give instructions to his agents, charged with watching over the safety of the idol of Russia, who, with an affectation of confidence in the affection of his subjects, was about to mingle with them, conscious all the while that a hundred eyes were watching all who approached him—a hundred arms ready at the slightest sign of his hand to close round and defend him.

"Where have you been hiding?" demanded Henri de la Tour, as he encountered his friend in the crowd of maskers. "Walter and I have been seeking for you everywhere."

"Dreaming," replied Charles Vavasour.

"Some dreams are dangerous," observed a tall, majestic-looking female, closely masked.

The young men started.

"A challenge, by Venus!" exclaimed the young Frenchman.

"To your friend, sir," observed the lady, haughtily.

"He is a dreamer," replied Henri; "so, like a true brother in arms, I raised the gauntlet for him. He has met with some adventure which has turned his head—seen a face which he will rave about for the next six months; and then—"

"Forget it," added the mask, in a tone of irony.

"It is the creed of you men; though probably in the present instance there may be wisdom in it. I noticed his long, and not too respectful glances towards the imperial loge."

At this moment Walter Markham pressed the arm of Charles, to warn him to be on his guard.

"The stars permit themselves to be gazed at in their sphere," said our hero, now perfectly aware

with whom he was conversing, "without reproving the presumption of their worshippers."

"You think the Empress beautiful, then?" observed the lady, in a careless tone.

"As beautiful as Minerva could appear by the side of Venus."

"You mean the Grand Duchess?"

"Hang the Grand Duchess!" interrupted Henri.

"Sir?"

The tone in which the mask pronounced the monosyllable had something in it so imperious, that the young Frenchman was startled; a look from his companion informed him of his danger. Fortunately, the coolness and tact of his country did not desert him.

"Hang the Grand Duchess!" he repeated. What right has she to be so beautiful, when none dare tell her so?—to excite admiration which none may breathe—desires which it would be madness to dream of? Were she a simple mortal like ourselves, I should be madly, irrevocably in love with her, like my moon-struck friend here. As it is," he added, "I prefer avoiding the blaze of her beauty, to consuming myself like a silly moth in its flame."

It is scarcely necessary to inform our readers that this speech, whose apparent bluntness concealed an exquisite vein of flattery, was addressed to no less a personage than the Grand Duchess Maria herself, whose anger had gradually given place to a feeling of gratified vanity. All women like to be praised.

"Perhaps," observed the lady, with a sigh, "she you name is more to be pitied than you imagine."

It is well known that her marriage with the Duke de Leuchtenberg was not a happy one.

"You are alone," continued the young man, with imperturbable coolness; "permit me, in quality of compatriot, to offer you my arm."

The proposal was an embarrassing one; but it answered the speaker's purpose of impressing her with an idea that she was unknown. It was a compliment, too, upon her pronunciation of the French, in which language the conversation had been carried on.

"Impossible!" replied the mask; "that is, I do not usually accept the arm of a stranger. What brings you to Russia?"

"Pleasure, madame."

"Have you no other motive?"

"The desire to ascertain the fate of a near relative, an officer who remained behind wounded, and a prisoner, after the retreat from Moscow," replied Henri de la Tour.

The Duchess appeared to reflect for an instant before she replied to him.

"Seek the Baron Tichoff in the morning," she said, at last. "I have some slight interest with him, and he will answer your question."

"You jest."

"I seldom jest, monsieur," observed the lady, but without any of her previous haughtiness; "and now, adieu."

"At least, let me escort you to your box," exclaimed the young man, determined to keep up his affected ignorance to the last.

A low, musical laugh, was the only reply to his offer. With a slight inclination of the head, her Imperial Highness disappeared. Henri would have followed, but a number of masks closed round him, apparently by accident, and before he could disengage himself from the circle, the lady had disappeared.

"It was the Grand Duchess herself," whispered Charles Vavasour.

"I know it, my dear fellow," replied his friend. "Think you I would have confided to any one else the motive of my visit to St. Petersburg?"

## CHAPTER XVI.

Russia is not a country, but a vast theatre.  
CUSTINE'S TRAVELS.

THE three young men mutually agreed to observe the strictest silence respecting their adventure; even from Mr. Markham it was to be kept a secret; for the worthy merchant had lived so long in St. Petersburg, that he had caught the infection of the city—terror.

On returning to the box, they found him about to quit the theatre, with his wife and daughter, who began to tire of the spectacle, to which, *par parenthèse*, they were no strangers.

"And how have you been amused?" demanded Mrs. Markham of our hero.

"Fatigued, madam, with pleasure."

"The lot of all," observed the lady, "who pass any length of time at St. Petersburg; *ennui* is the prevailing malady, everything is so artificial. Who would imagine that this crowd of brilliantly-dressed persons constitute but a herd of slaves?"

"Hush, my love," whispered her husband; "have you forgotten the lesson you so often inculcated to your son—prudence?"

"Fear not for my prudence," replied the young man; "I am acclimated."

"I will not ask you to return with us," said the merchant; "to a stranger, the most amusing part of the spectacle is yet to come. At midnight, the company will unmask, and Walter will then be able to point out to you some of the most remarkable personages of the court. By-the-by, did you observe the Grand Duchess?"

Charles could scarcely refrain from smiling as he answered in the affirmative.

"And her Imperial Highness must have observed him," exclaimed Henri de la Tour; "unless they were mutually moon-struck; for nearly an hour he posed himself, like a statue of melancholy, directly opposite the royal loge."

"Oh, yes!" said Catherine Markham; "it was there the lady, dressed as a Tartar peasant girl, accosted him. I saw them quit the crowd together."

"An adventure, by Venus!" laughingly whispered the young Frenchman in the ear of his friend, "Sly fellow! A secret—and from me too?"

Our hero silenced his further rallery by pronouncing, in a low tone, the name of Ielia.

Henri understood him, and at once changed the subject.

As Mrs. Markham rose to quit the theatre, she pressed the arm of Charles Vavasour, and bade him be cautious.

"He is here," she said.

"He—whom?"

"The enemy I warned you of—Colonel Harewood. Despite his mask, I recognised him, as he directed, from time to time, his restless glances our box. He has doubtless read your arrival in the *Gazette*, where the name of every stranger is published. Beware of him," she added; "he is a dangerous man. You cannot mistake him; he is the living likeness of your mother."

With this caution they separated, and the young men returned to mingle again with the dancers in the arena of the theatre.

At the first stroke of midnight, every person present unmasked; and the Imperial Family, with the exception of the Empress, made the tour of the assembly, which formed a line for them to pass through. As the *cortège* approached the spot where the friends were standing, our hero fancied that the Archduke Constantine regarded him with a slight frown—perhaps he only imagined it; but his conversation with the Baroness Tichoff had rendered him suspicious.

The Grand Duchess Maria, on the contrary, secure as she imagined in her incognito, replied to the ardent, yet respectful glances of admiration from his companion, by a smile.

"That woman is something like an ostrich," whispered Henri.

"An ostrich!" repeated Charles Vavasour, with surprise.

"Yes; it is one of the singularities of that bird to hide its head in the sand, and imagine itself unseen and unknown."

On the departure of the Emperor, it appeared as if a weight had been suddenly removed from the breasts of all present; their mirth became more free, more natural, for the eye of the master was no longer upon them. Even amusement is regarded by despotism as a crime; every other feeling ought to be absorbed by the awe of its presence.

The solemn *polonaise*, a cross between a funeral march and a galopade, gave place to the more lively waltz and country dance; the men began to smile, and the women to enter into the only serious business of a Russian lady's life—flirtation.

During the waltz, in which the friends had joined, Charles observed that an officer, whose epaulettes indicated his subaltern rank, jostled very rudely past him. At first he attributed it to the natural awkwardness of the fellow; but the constant repetition of the annoyance, and the fact that, like most Russians, he danced very gracefully, convinced him that the insult was intentional. Anxious for many reasons to avoid a quarrel, he withdrew from the circle with his partner.

"*Allez, monsieur!*" exclaimed the young man, in an imperative tone.

Our hero replied only by a well-bred stare.

"Patience," whispered the girl whom he had been dancing with; "he belongs to the police."

"Does that give him the privilege to insult me?" said her partner, whose blood began to boil at the studied impertinence to which he had been subjected.

"Were you speaking of me?" demanded the young officer, in a manner still more offensive.



"I did you that honor, sir," was the cool reply.  
 "Then permit me to tell you that—"

Before the Russian could finish the sentence, Henri de la Tour, who had followed him in the dance, and who was too much engaged in an animated flirtation with the lady he was dancing with, to perceive that the Russian had stopped directly in his way, whirled against him, and sent him reeling on the floor of the theatre.

There was a general titter; the Russians could venture to laugh at a subaltern; had a general, or a powerful noble, met with a similar *contretemps*, not a muscle would have been moved; laughter, like everything else, being under proper discipline at St. Petersburg.

The words *bête* and imbecile were rapidly exchanged.

"Were you laughing at me, sir?" demanded the discomfited dancer, pale with rage.

"Impossible to have divined more justly," replied our hero, who saw that the speaker, from some motive or other, was determined to pick a quarrel with him.

Raising his eyes, he discovered a tall gentlemanly-looking man, wearing several orders, with his eyes fixed upon him. He needed no one to name him as the enemy he had been warned against; the likeness to the portrait identified him sufficiently; it was Colonel Harewood, and—bitter reflection—his mother's only brother.

"What a fate is mine!" he mentally ejaculated; "doomed to be a victim to both my uncles." For he doubted not but his assailant had been set on to annoy him.

"It strikes me," exclaimed Henri de la Tour, "that I am the person to whom the gentleman—I see he wears epaulettes—should address himself. Do you carry such a thing as a card?" he added, with a glance of the most provoking irony.

The officer hesitated; he was not the one he had been instructed to quarrel with.

"Perhaps," continued the speaker, "he will have the goodness to write his name on a slip of paper? I presume he can do that."

The young man became absolutely pale with rage, and was about to make some intemperate reply, when Baron Tichoff, the director of the secret police, appeared.

"What is this?" he demanded, calmly.

A few words informed him of all that had taken place.

Colonel Harewood approached the baron, and made some observations to him in an under tone. Our hero could not catch the words, but he divined their import, and smiled disdainfully, as Tichoff shrugged his shoulders, with the air of a man who regretted that he could not oblige a friend.

Advancing to the offender, he commanded him, in an authoritative tone, to apologise to the gentlemen he had insulted, and instantly to quit the theatre. The officer executed the first part of the order he had received in the most abject manner, pleading the champagne he had taken as an excuse.

"If Colonel Harewood keeps such excellent wine," observed Charles Vavasseur, with an ironical bow, "I must be careful how I accept his hospitality, should accident introduce me to him."

The bully and his employer colored deeply, and both retreated amid the crowd of dancers.

Almost immediately afterwards, the friends quitted the Opera-house, and returned to their hotel to talk over the adventures of the night.

Henri was delighted that Charles had obtained intelligence of Lelia, for whom, despite his natural levity of disposition—not of heart—he really began to entertain a sincere and honorable passion. The romance of their meeting, the dangers which threatened her, her beauty and misfortunes, appealed to his ardent imagination, and aided to confirm the impression.

The only circumstance which the narrator kept from him was the formidable fact of his having no less personage for a rival than the Grand Duke Constantine. He knew of the impetuous spirit of his friend, and trembled lest, in a moment of excitement, he should cast off the guard of prudence, and openly brave him.

"If ever true love encounters a difficulty in its path," exclaimed the young Frenchman, "a woman is sure to solve it. The Baroness Tichoff must be an angel. Does she resemble Lelia?" he added. "What a destiny if she does, married to such a man as you describe?"

"And to whom," observed Charles, "the Grand Duchess recommended you to apply in the morning. Singular coincidence!"

"Coincidence!" repeated Henri; "bah! there is no such word in love. It was the influence of some

pitiful angel, who watches over Lelia's safety, which inspired her with the generous thought."

"You grow poetical," said our hero.

"There is more poetry in truth than the dull plodders of the world imagine," replied his friend; "not that I class you with such."

"You will see the baron in the morning?"

"Doubtless."

"I must not accompany you; and yet—"

"You fear my discretion," said the lover of the fair Circassian, seeing that he hesitated; "a fact as little complimentary to your friend as to your own discernment. You forget I am a Frenchman, and consequently a match in *finasse* for a dozen Russians, who are only considered civilised beings because they imitate us. Remember what Napoleon said, 'Scrape the Russian, and you will find the Tartar.'"

"But the Tartar is a very cunning, as well as a most ferocious animal."

"Do you know how I intend to treat him?" demanded Henri de la Tour, after a few moments' reflection.

Charles confessed his inability to divine.

"Well, then, I'll tell you. By pretending to take him for what he is not, I shall prevent the baron from showing himself as he really is. Your Russian, from the cradle to the grave, is an actor, always *en scène*; from deceiving others they at last deceive themselves."

With this reflection, rather more philosophic than the ones he usually made, the speaker bade his companion good night.

On the following morning Jack Curlin observed to his master, whilst assisting him to dress, that he thought he should like *Roosha* very well, after all; for that he had already found a very agreeable companion in one of his compatriots. Charles would have taken very little notice of this sudden change in the honest lad's opinions, but for the last piece of information.

"A countryman?" he said.

"Ees, Master Charley; and he be quite a gentleman, not a bit proud like. He asked I to drink *wind wi' un*, as *thof* I had been an old acquaintance."

"And what did you talk about?" inquired our hero, who began to entertain certain misgivings upon the subject of Jack's discretion.

"Oh! a power o' things," replied the groom.

"Lunnon, Harleyford, poor squire that be dead and gone, parson Dickson, and the Hall. Bless 'ee! he know'd un all."

"Doubtless," exclaimed his young master, bitterly.

"As well as *thof* he had been born there; for he said—"

"You stupid, inconsiderate rascal," interrupted Charles Vavasseur. "Did I not caution you how you spoke of me or my concerns to any one?"

"But he be an Englishman."

"You have ruined me."

At this terrible declaration, Jack began to open his eyes exceedingly wide. He could not comprehend how talking with any one about home and England could have such terrible consequences.

"The fellow," continued our hero, "was doubtless a spy of the police."

"Not a bit on it, Master Charley—not a bit on it," he eagerly replied. "He could not abide the police; he told I so."

Despite the annoyance which the circumstance occasioned, our hero could scarcely avoid smiling at the simplicity of the faithful fellow who had unwittingly done him so much mischief. Fortunately, he had remained in ignorance of his quitting the hotel on the night of his arrival with Lelia.

"Now, Jack, answer me," he said; "and recollect that my safety, in all probability, depends on the truthfulness of your replies."

"Ees, Master Charley."

"Did this new acquaintance of yours ask any questions respecting me?"

"A mort o' questions."

"And a lady?"

Jack colored to the very temples. Angry as he felt his master would be at his having been weak enough to be pumped on such a subject, he was above deceiving him.

"Ees, he did, 'bout a lady that you picked up on the quay, the night we comed to this place. I grew almost savage wi' un, for he would have it that you left the house wi' her, *thof* I knew it wor a lie. And so I told un, for I seed you and French gentleman, and landlady's son, all go out together."

"Did you tell him that, too?" eagerly asked Charles Vavasseur.

"Ees, I did; there wor no harm in it."

"Well, Jack," observed our hero, with a sigh, which indicated how much he felt relieved; "the affair is not so bad, perhaps, as I expected; but for the future be on your guard against every man who attempts to enter into conversation with you. I have enemies here."

"I wish I knewed un," ejaculated the groom.

"If they could draw anything from you to my disadvantage, they would. I should not be surprised," he added, "if they even offered you money."

"Money!" repeated Jack. "What! to sell my own master? Noa! noa! they can't be so bad as that. Money! I should loike to catch un at it; dang me if I would'n't strangle un."

From that hour to the latest moment he remained in St. Petersburg, the speaker regarded every person who addressed the simplest expression to him in English with defiance and suspicion; for he looked upon them all as spies and enemies of his dear young master. As the faithful lad could neither speak nor understand any other language, he became reduced to act the part of a mute—a privation which he amply indemnified himself for in his letters to Susan, in which he took care to abuse everything Russian.

Little did he imagine how much his orthography and peculiar style would puzzle the *employers* of the secret police, in whose office every one of his epistles were opened and transcribed.

At first the minister imagined that it was a correspondence carried on in cypher, which had fallen into his hands, till a committee of *savants* discovered that it was merely one of the dialects of the English language, though many of the words were too obsolete even for them to translate.

Had the learned gentlemen said *modern* instead of obsolete, they would have been much nearer the truth. For Jack, during his brief stay with his cousin Snap, in London, had picked up several of the flash phrases of the day, and, with a pardonable degree of vanity, felt anxious to display his newly-acquired *savoir* to his pretty sweetheart.

Charles Vavasseur's first visit, on quitting the hotel, was to the bank of St. Petersburg; where the senior cashier, who remembered his father well, informed him that Anna Petroff, and Alexis, her husband, the persons in whose favor the annuity had been settled, were still living in the neighborhood of Moscow; adding, that the money was regularly paid to them through the agent of Col. Harewood.

"Colonel Harewood?" repeated his visitor, with surprise.

"Yes, they are serfs upon his estate," replied his informant; "and now I reflect, your inquiries bring a singular circumstance to my mind. When the colonel, a few years since, parted with some land to enlarge the gardens of the Empress of Peterhoff, he expressly stipulated that Anna and Alexis Petroff should not be sold with it; contrary to the laws of Russia, which prohibits the separation of the serf from the soil on which he was born."

"Strange," said his visitor.

The cashier merely shrugged his shoulders; probably few circumstances appeared to him singular that occurred in Russia.

"Have you any idea of his motive?"

"We never speculate upon motives," answered the gentleman, courteously; "we only deal with facts. As the representative of the party who purchased the annuity of the bank, you have a right to the information I have given you."

This was a gentle intimation that he had nothing further to expect; and, after thanking the speaker for his politeness, our hero took his leave, and drove to the English Embassy; where he had previously delivered his letters from the Foreign Office.

"I can understand his motives," muttered Charles Vavasseur, as the drosky dashed along the magnificent Newski Prospect. "My prudent uncle did not choose to part with those who might prove his sister's marriage, and my claim to a portion of his inheritance. Oh, gold! gold!" he repeated, "it has destroyed more hearts than the sword. Willingly would I renounce my claim to the yellow dross for the proofs I seek."

Sir Hamilton Seymour, the late representative of England at the Russian court, stands too high in the opinion of all honorable men to require any additional testimony to his worth and thoroughly English character. His extraordinary conferences with the Czar, which at the time of our hero's visit were of daily occurrence, have stamped him in the judgment of his countrymen, not only as a high-spirited gentleman, but as a skillful diplomat. How mean and contemptible do the hints and half-uttered sentences of the monarch appear, contrasted with the truthful frankness of the minister, whom he could neither flatter nor deceive!



How severely will the impartial pen of history one day condemn the ambitious despot! What a noble tribute will it pay to the straightforward, honest ambassador!

On sending up his card at the embassy, Charles was instantly admitted.

"I scarcely expected to have the pleasure of seeing you so soon," observed Sir Hamilton Seymour, after the first salutation had passed between him and his visitor. "You must have obeyed my summons instantly."

"Your excellency's summons!" repeated the young man; "I have not the honor to understand what you allude to."

"Have you not received my letter?" said the ambassador; "but I perceive you have not. I sent for you, Mr. Vavasour, in consequence of a singular circumstance which occurred yesterday, in which you are interested. A gentleman connected with the *chancellerie* of one of the ministers called at my hotel, to demand permission to search the registers for the marriage of Geoffrey Vavasour, your late father."

"And your excellency granted it?"

"Not so," replied the diplomat, with a smile; "fortunately, I had just read the letter of my old friend, Sir Edward Challoner, as well as those from the Foreign Office. I was on my guard."

"On your guard! Gracious heavens! Sir Hamilton, against what?"

"The unknown," answered the minister, "which in a country like this is always dangerous. You are aware," he added, "that had your late father married a Russian lady, you would be considered a Russian subject, and treated as one; had such been the case, in my public capacity, I could neither have protected nor served you; and as a private individual, I do not think that my influence at the present moment is much greater than your own. My precautions proved unnecessary," he added, "since no such register exists."

This was a sad blow to the hopes of our hero, who would rather a thousand times have obtained the proofs of his legitimacy, and braved the claims of Russia to his allegiance. His disappointment expressed itself by the sudden change in his expressive countenance.

"I had hoped—" he murmured.

"Hope still," said the ambassador, kindly. "The absence of the proof does not necessarily imply that no such marriage took place. Your father was much respected, and doubtless had sufficient influence with my predecessor to suppress the entry in the registers, which are open to examination; especially if he dreaded the contingency I allude to, and wished to preserve to you your birthright as an Englishman. May I ask your age?"

"I am nearly twenty, your excellency," replied his visitor.

"About the time of Lord Durham's embassy," observed Sir Hamilton Seymour. "Rely upon it, my dear Mr. Vavasour, that the proofs you seek must be obtained in England."

"I have sought them there," murmured our hero, in a tone of despair, "and failed already in my search."

Dispirited and disappointed, he returned to his hotel, to meet his friend Henri.

## CHAPTER XVII.

Cunning, in striving to attain its ends,  
Of shoots beyond the mark.—OLD PLAY.

BARON TICHOFF was exceedingly embarrassed at the command which he had received from the Grand Duchess Maria, to answer the inquiries of Henri de la Tour respecting the fate of his grandfather—a command which it was equally dangerous to refuse or obey. A word from the favorite daughter of the Czar, he well knew, might at any time not only deprive him of his office, but banish him to Siberia—a country he had not the least desire to visit, although he had been the willing instrument of sending hundreds to its inhospitable clime and eternal snow, and never experienced a single pang of self-reproach even in his dreams.

The Imperial government, on the other hand, watched with the greatest jealousy lest any information respecting the victims of its cruelty should transpire. He had equally to dread its vengeance.

After reflecting on the alternative, he decided, as Russians in similar cases generally decide, on deceiving both parties.

Still it was not without a certain degree of trepidation that he heard his visitor announced.

When Henri entered the cabinet of the baron, he found him in company with a gray-haired officer, who was introduced to him as General Fieldbash,

governor of the fortress of Schlussemburg, the place he was most anxious to visit.

Fortunately, the old gentleman, who had accompanied the late Emperor Alexander in his visit to Paris, spoke French; an accomplishment which, with the harmless vanity of age, he was at all times anxious to display.

With well-acted politeness—for the baron, with the greatest pleasure, could have strangled the visitor who placed him in such an unpleasant position—he demanded in what way he could be of service to him.

"By answering a single question," was the reply. The director of the police assured him, that he should only be too happy to oblige him.

"I should not have ventured on such an unusual step," continued the young Frenchman, "but for the advice of a compatriot, a lady, whom I encountered last night at the Opera-house. Who—"

"Yes! yes!" interrupted the baron, who did not wish, probably, that the general should be as well informed as himself of the interest which the Grand Duchess had taken in his visitor; "Madame Marly, a most estimable person. Excuse me for a few minutes, till I have dispatched an affair of importance with the general."

The general assured the speaker that he was not in the least hurry; in fact, that he had several hours disengaged on his hands, and intended, before leaving, to pay his respects to Madame la Baronne and his dear little friend Ivan.

With all his power of self-control, the wily Russ could not avoid betraying a feeling of impatience, which General Fieldbash was too *rusé* to notice.

Henri read what was passing in the minds of both, and, with his usual  *finesse*, determined to play off one Russian against the other. Instead of entering at once on the object of his visit, he affected to take the old soldier for a fellow-countryman, and expressed the pleasure it afforded him in meeting him at St. Petersburg. Then, before he could reply, related his adventure at the *bal masqué* with the charming *spirituelle* Madame Marly, who had promised to use her influence with the baron, on a subject of the deepest importance to his happiness.

The director of the secret police sat upon thorns; the Governor of Schlussemburg was too well acquainted with the Grand Duchess, not to recognise her instantly from his visitor's description—too intimate with her Highness not to report every syllable that had been so flatteringly uttered by her *protégé*.

"You are fortunate," observed the general, when the young man had concluded his narration, "in having procured such a protectress. If it were not an indiscretion—"

"None in the world!" interrupted Henri, hastily; "I merely wish to ascertain whether the Count de la Tour, an officer of the Imperial Guard, who was taken prisoner at Moscow, and, by some error on the part of the Russian Government, sent a prisoner to Siberia, is still living?"

"Curses on him!" ejaculated the baron; "he is determined on my ruin. Who could have thought that a Frenchman would have had so little tact?"

General Fieldbash smiled; he had learned all that he wished to know, except the answer of his friend, and that, he felt perfectly assured, would not be given in his presence. The information he had gained might, or might not, prove of use to him; at least, it was an additional weapon to be stored in the armory of intrigue and conspiracy.

Rising from his seat, the old man declared that he would, with his host's permission, at once proceed to pay his visit to Madame Tichoff; shook hands with the young Frenchman, whom he looked upon as an exceedingly simple person, and declared how happy he should be to renew his acquaintance with him, should his travels take him to the neighborhood of Schlussemburg.

"Schlussemburg!" repeated Henri. "Where is Schlussemburg?"

The general informed him that it was a fortress on an island in the Lake of Ladoga, and close to the source of the Neva, which rises like a fountain from the bottom of the lake.

"It must be a very curious place?"

"Very," answered both the officials, at the same time exchanging significant glances with each other.

"What is there to see besides the fountain?"

"The fortress."

"My dear general," exclaimed the young man, at the same time taking out his tablets and writing, "how shall I ever be able to thank you sufficiently for your hospitable invitation, which I accept with pleasure."

Tichoff half forgave the speaker his previous indiscretion, in consideration of the embarrassment of the general, who certainly had not the slightest idea

that what he had offered as a mere compliment would be taken seriously. To conceal his annoyance, he retired to pay his visit to the baroness. The director of the secret police and Henri de la Tour regarded each other for an instant in silence. With all the Russian's experience in the craft and cunning of mankind, the Frenchman was the best actor of the two; he possessed the art of concealing art, which the former lacked.

"Now, then, to business," said the baron, pointing at the same time to the table, upon which were pens, ink, and paper. "Be kind enough to write the name and military rank of the person whose fate you are so anxious to inquire."

His visitor did as he was directed, and silently handed it to him.

The director rang a bell on the table thrice, and gave the slip of paper to an officer who answered it. "To the registrar," he said.

The subaltern saluted, and withdrew.

His superior immediately entered into conversation upon various subjects. Gradually he reached the *bal masqué* at the Opera-house, and from the ball to Madame Marly; his object being to ascertain whether or not his visitor had the slightest suspicion of the real rank of his mysterious protectress; but Henri was on his guard.

The messenger at last returned, and placed a paper in the hand of the baron.

"Dead," said Tichoff, reading it.

There was an expression in the cold, crafty eye of the speaker, which convinced the youth he was deceiving him.

"May I ask the date?"

"Five years since."

"Then your registers," observed Henri, with the greatest *sang-froid*, "for once are in error."

"Impossible; they are too well kept in Russia."

"Do dead men write, then, in Russia?" demanded his visitor, at the same time opening his pocket-book, and referring to the last letter his unfortunate grandfather had written to his treacherous friend, the Count Palaski; "for it is not yet four years since the Count de la Tour penned this sad appeal from his exile in Siberia."

This was a proof there was no parrying.

"I perceive," continued the speaker, "that either your duty or inclination has led you to deceive me."

The baron muttered something about inspecting the register himself, and quitted the cabinet; his object being to gain time for reflection, for his danger had now become imminent. Had his visitor been protected by any other than a member of the Imperial Family, he would at once have terminated the difficulty by secretly consigning him to one of the state prisons. It was requisite, however, to use more ceremony with the *protégé* of the Grand Duchess Maria.

Could he have seen the smile of scorn which followed his departure, the director of the secret police of St. Petersburg would have entertained a very different opinion of the perceptive powers of the young Frenchman.

He had not been left many moments in the cabinet by himself, before the door opened, and a beautiful boy, about eight years of age, came bounding into the room. There was something in the expression of the child's features which reminded him of Lelia.

It was the son of Baron Tichoff and his Circassian wife.

"Can you read?" whispered the little fellow.

"Yes."

"Then read that," said Ivan, at the same time placing a card in his hand, on which the words "garden door" had been hastily traced by a female hand. An instant after he had perused it, it was reduced to ashes.

"Mamma gave it me," continued the boy; "but you must not let papa see it."

"He cannot see it now," observed Henri.

The child smiled, and nodded his head approvingly.

When his father returned, he found his son seated on the knee of the visitor, asking him a thousand questions, amongst others, whether he was not coming to see his mamma.

"The old general is with her," he said; "but I don't like him."

"Fie, Ivan!" exclaimed the baron; "so kind as he is to you."

"I don't want his kindness," answered the child, in a tone of a spoiled favorite. "I like French officers best. Why don't you wear a sword and uniform?" he added, addressing himself to Henri. "I am sure you would look much finer in them than papa or the general."

"Because I have no right to wear them in Russia," was the reply.



"Young man," said the director of the police, "I have searched the registers myself, and most solemnly assure you that the Count de la Tour is no longer living."

Henri shrugged his shoulders, as the politest manner of intimating that he disbelieved his statement.

"Do you doubt my word?"

"Your accuracy—your accuracy," replied the youth. "Official memories are apt to be treacherous. Madame Marly, perhaps, may be able to refresh yours."

This was the first intimation he had given of being aware of the illustrious rank of the lady he alluded to, and it opened the eyes of the director instantly.

"Since our game is known," he said, with a sudden affectation of frankness, "we may as well play it out with the cards upon the table."

"Willingly."

"I will be candid with you."

The young Frenchman politely intimated that he should be delighted to see the director of the secret police in a new character.

"I can be candid, he said" answered the wily Russ, in a haughty tone.

"I never deny impossibilities."

The baron dismissed the child to the apartments of his mother, and taking a chair, pointed to his visitor to follow his example.

"I have not seen the registers," he said. "Am I candid?"

"I begin to think so."

"They are not kept here, but at the bureau of the Count Alexis Orloff, the minister to whom I am but a subordinate. The command I have received from—"

"Madame Marly," said Henri.

"From Madame Marly," continued the speaker, with a smile, "is a dangerous one. If I comply with it, I violate my duty to the Czar."

"And should you refuse?"

"The consequences would be equally terrible from her resentment. Now, could I but feel assured that I might rely on your discretion—"

"Well?"

"In three days you shall have the information you desire; and not only that, but the means of communicating with your grandfather."

"What if I refuse?" said his visitor.

"In that case," answered the baron, "you quit this house a prisoner. I shall instantly demand an audience of the Emperor; reveal everything that has transpired to him, and trust to his sense of justice for my safety. Am I candid, sir?"

"Faith!" replied the young Frenchman, with a smile, "but I begin to think you are. 'After all,' he said, 'I am in no hurry to visit a Russian prison; it would interfere with certain arrangements which, at the present moment, I am anxious to carry out. Frankly, therefore, I accept your proposal.'"

"And the pledge that you will not use your influence in a certain quarter to injure me?"

"My honor."

"I accept it," said the director of police. "You see, sir, that I have more confidence in your word than you appear disposed to accord to mine."

"Probably because we know each other," answered Henri. "Nay, my dear baron, you must not feel offended at my frankness; as you said, 'cards upon the table.' I pledge you my word to wait three days; during that period I will not attempt, either by direct or indirect means, to injure you in the estimation of the lady you allude to—more, that no torture, not even the fear of death, shall wring from me the source from which I obtained the information you promise me. Are you satisfied?"

"Perfectly."

And with this understanding the speakers separated.

"The influence of friends is sometimes as dangerous in Russia as that of enemies," thought the young man, as he quitted the hotel of the baron, satisfied that he had made the best of a false position. For after all, he had no reason to suppose that he should ever see the Grand Duchess again; who, probably, by this time had forgotten the momentary interest she felt in a stranger; added to which, he felt anxious to see the end of the adventure with Lelia.

The instant Baron Tichoff was alone, he rang the bell; it was answered by the same official.

"Let the palace of the Grand Duchess Maria be closely watched; and should the gentleman whom you saw here a few moments since attempt to enter it, instantly arrest him."

The subaltern made a note of the instructions.

"Let every visit he makes be reported, and his steps followed."

The man saluted, and withdrew.

In about twenty minutes he returned, and informed his superior that the word had been passed to all the secret agents of the police in the neighboring streets, but that the young Frenchman was nowhere to be seen.

"Impossible!" exclaimed the director.

"True, baron," answered his informant. "He must have entered some house near at hand on quitting the hotel."

"Where?"

The official hesitated.

"Speak out, idiot."

"Yours, baron," he replied.

"Mine!" repeated the astonished Russian; "are you mad?"

"I know of no other that could conceal him."

"An excuse for your stupidity," answered the director, after a few moments' reflection. "He resides at the Hotel Coulon. Place your men there, and bring me word the instant he returns. Begone."

His agent silently withdrew.

"My house!" repeated the speaker, once more to himself; "the idea is preposterous. And yet—pah! she would not dare. But what will not woman dare?"

With this not very complimentary reflection he quitted his cabinet, and directed his steps towards the apartments of his wife; haunted by a suspicion which, whether true or false, seriously annoyed him; for he felt assured, that although employed by the Imperial government to watch the proceedings of others, in accordance with its usual policy, he was subject to a rigorous system of espionage himself.

It was a great relief to him, on entering the salon, to find that General Fieldbash was still present conversing with the baroness.

"Oh, papa," exclaimed Ivan, running towards him; "what have you done with the handsome French gentleman? Is he not coming to see mamma?"

Contrary to his usual custom, the baron answered his question roughly, and the mortified child withdrew to the side of his mother, who silently kissed him.

"I love you best," whispered the little fellow, throwing his arms around her neck; "though you do sometimes scold me when I am naughty; not like papa, when I am not."

"You are come in time to receive my adieu," observed the general, rising to take his departure. "I fear I have wearied Madame la Baronne already by my bavardage."

"You are favored," said his host; "it is not often that my wife condescends to bestow an hour upon my friends."

This was uttered with the intention of discovering exactly how long the lady had been in the salon. General Fieldbash saw the ruse, but feeling annoyed at the air of satisfaction with which the speaker had noticed his embarrassment in the cabinet, resolved not to gratify his curiosity.

"Then I must esteem myself the more favored," he replied, as he bowed to the baroness, who felt more cordially towards her visitor than she had ever done before. He had relieved her from a difficulty, for she perfectly comprehended the drift of her husband's speech.

As General Fieldbash took his leave, Lela, a smart Finland girl, entered the salon to inquire if her lady was ready to dress.

"Your mistress will not ride to-day," exclaimed the director, impatiently.

His wife, who had risen to quit the room, calmly resumed her seat, and the servant disappeared.

"Alexia," said her husband, "I must speak with you."

"Speak," she said.

"Seriously."

"As seriously as you please."

"A visitor left my house scarcely an hour since; it was necessary, for reasons of state, that he should be watched. Although a few brief minutes only elapsed between the giving of the order and its execution, he has unaccountably disappeared."

Not a look or a gesture on the part of his hearer betrayed the interest, the terrible interest she felt in his words.

"And what have I to do with this?" she demanded, in a tone of innocent surprise.

"He must be concealed somewhere."

"Doubtless."

"Here," exclaimed the baron, with a searching glance; "he has been traced back to this very house."

"Then why not have him arrested, my lord?"

observed his wife, who felt perfectly assured that he spoke only from suspicion. "Nothing can be more easy."

"Alexia, you would deceive me."

"Like most suspicious persons," replied the lady, "you deceive yourself."

Her calmness and self-possession for once deceived the wily Russ, who quitted the salon to issue fresh instructions to his agents.

When the suspicions of the Russian police are once aroused, and the machinery at its command set in motion, it is almost an impossibility for the victim to escape: every avenue, every outlet, is guarded; he is so surrounded by spies that every word is weighed—each look is watched—the very breath he draws is measured. Ingenuity may baffle its cunning for a time—chance mislead its agents; but, like the bloodhound, once set upon the track, they are almost certain to run down their prey at last.

The patience of despotism is as inflexible as its cruelty.

The baron had not quitted the apartment many minutes before the same girl re-appeared. She was about to speak, when the lady placed her finger on her lips to impose silence.

"Not here," she whispered; "follow me to my boudoir. One word," she added; "the stranger?"

"Is safe in the pavilion."

An indistinct murmur of approbation rested for a moment on the lips of Alexia, as followed by her confidant, she quitted the room.

## CHAPTER XVIII.

Love's a mighty lord,  
And hath so humbled me, as I confess;  
There is no woe to his correction,  
Nor to his service no such joy on earth,  
Now no discourse unless it be of love;  
Now can I break my fast, dine, sup, and weep,  
Upon the very naked name of love.—Shakspeare.

On quitting the house of Baron Tichoff, Henri de la Tour did not forget the direction of the slip of paper, which the child Ivan had placed in his hand. Full of hope and eager for adventure, he unhesitatingly tried the first door to the right. It yielded to his touch, and he found himself in the garden of the mansion. A passage—or, more properly speaking, a trellis of open iron-work, overgrown with evergreen and parasitical plants—led from the entrance to a small kiosk or summer-house, at about fifty paces from the mansion. So luxuriant was the foliage, that it was impossible for any of the servants or inmates to see who passed or repassed. Simple as the contrivance appeared, it was arranged for concealment, without betraying the purpose for which it was intended.

No sooner had the intruder set foot within the garden, than a young girl, in the dress of a Finland peasant, who was evidently on the watch for his arrival, motioned to him to shut the door.

He obeyed.

"Draw the bolt, she whispered in French. "Diablo!" muttered the young man; "but this seems the land of precautions."

"Not a word," whispered the girl; "our lives depend upon silence. Follow me." And without waiting a reply, she directed her steps rapidly towards the summer-house.

Our readers can now perfectly understand how the agents of the director of the secret police were baffled in their attempts to follow the young Frenchman, and the partial mystification which it caused their employer.

The lower room of the kiosk, to which his guide conducted Henri, was about sixteen feet square, and was furnished with more taste than generally presides in the mansions of the Russian nobility; where profuse gilding, costly marbles, gaudy pictures, and draperies of all the colors of the rainbow, betray their Asiatic love of splendor. But what was still more remarkable, the apartment appeared scrupulously clean—no small merit in a country where the saloons of the greatest nobles—nay, even those of the Imperial palace itself—are infested with nameless and disgusting vermin.

In the centre of the room was an article of furniture not uncommon in English drawing-rooms, and which, like the Russians, we have borrowed from the East—a low, square divan, without either arms or back, covered with cushions; upon this the girl motioned the gentleman to take his seat.

"And now that we are safe," observed the young man, "perhaps you will tell me for what purpose I have been brought here?"

"I do not know," replied his conductress, with a smile.



"Not I, presume, to admire the tasteful arrangements of your mistress's boudoir?"

"Perhaps?"

"Well," added Henri, "I shall not complain, provided you remain to bear me company."

The maidens pointed, with a half-mocking air, to the books which were lying on the table, intimating by the action that they were more suitable companions than herself.

"Pshaw!" he exclaimed. "Books! None but an Englishman or a phlegmatic Hollander would occupy himself with books when there was a living volume so much more interesting within his reach. Come, nearer," he added, with a smile. "I would refuse you."

The print is large enough to be read at a distance," answered the girl, archly.

"Perhaps I am near-sighted."

"Then you should never leave home without your spectacles."

There was something so piquant in the appearance, as well as the replies of the *soubrette*, that her companion, who, like most Frenchmen, held it an article of faith to make love to every pretty woman he met, felt excited and amused. Seeking her by the arm, he vowed that she should pay for her badinage with a kiss.

"This is ungenerous," she exclaimed, trying to release herself. "for I am defenceless. Were I to alarm the servants, I should betray my mistress, and doom myself to the lash."

At the last word, the generous-hearted fellow released his prisoner.

"The lash!" he repeated, in a tone of indignation; "a woman to the lash! Impossible."

"You forget," observed the girl, "that we are in Russia. I was right, quite right, in appealing to your sense of honor; that which with a Russ would have proved an incentive to outrage, with you it has been my protection."

"And are you a Russian?"

"No," replied his conductress; "thank heaven I am a Highlander. We hate the Russians," she added, in a lower tone, "as only the oppressed can hate."

"And yet you serve the Baroness Tichoff?"

"You forget the baroness is a Circassian. I must seek her now, she expects me."

"You need not tell her," said Henri, "that—that!"

He hesitated. His companion saw his embarrassment, and appeared to enjoy it exceedingly.

"That monsieur did me the honor to notice me," she exclaimed, finishing the sentence for him; she will be sure to hear it, though not from my lips."

With these words, the exceedingly interesting little personage quitted the summer-house to return to the mansion, to inform her lady that the bird was caged. Our readers have not forgotten her appearance in the saloon, under pretence of reminding the baroness that it was time to dress.

"Not from her lips!" repeated Henri; "from whose then? She can never suspect me of being such an imbecile."

An idea suddenly struck him that he was not alone in the summer-house, and he began carefully to examine the apartment by sounding the walls with his hands, but without success; they were solid.

Whilst thus occupied, he was startled by a hasty step; he turned, and beheld his late companion pale as a statue before him.

The terror of the poor girl was far more eloquent than language could have been; there was a mute eloquence in her agony which alarmed him. By a rapid gesture she imposed silence; then raising the divan, disclosed an opening in the floor, which she implored him to descend. Henri at once obeyed, the next instant the cumbersome piece of furniture was drawn over the aperture, and he found himself in utter darkness.

Rather more romantic than agreeable," he thought, as he stretched out his arms to ascertain the limits of his new prison.

"Hush," whispered a voice near him; "safety depends on silence."

Low as was the tone in which the words were uttered, the young Frenchman fancied that he recognised them, and his heart began to beat violently. Fortunately, he had sufficient presence of mind to obey the caution he had received, although he would have given worlds to have satisfied himself whether his guess was correct or not.

A few moments afterwards he heard the voice of Baron Tichoff in the room above; the cause of the poor girl's terror was now explained.

He listened in the hope of obtaining some clue which might be useful to him, and was not doomed to disappointment.

"We may converse here, Col. Harewood," he

heard him say, after dismissing his wife's attendant, "without interruption. I felt anxious to visit this pavilion, to assure myself—in fact I had my reasons for not receiving you in my cabinet."

"Which I am far too prudent to inquire into," replied the gentleman who accompanied him.

"Good!" thought Henri; "there are two."

Fortunately they spoke in French; which language, despite the Emperor's dislike to it, is much more frequently employed in conversation by the higher classes at St. Petersburg than Russian, which few of the nobles ever acquire grammatically.

After the almost interminable number of compliments so usual in Russia, and delicately feeling his ground, the colonel at last avowed that the purport of his visit was not merely the pleasure of seeing his esteemed friend the director of the secret police, but to complain of an enemy whose presence in the capital annoyed him.

Had he said alarmed him, it might have been nearer the truth—the rarest thing to meet with perhaps in Russia.

The baron politely alluded to the speaker's influence with the Emperor.

"I cannot invoke it in this case," replied his visitor.

"Then he you allude to is not a Russian subject?"

"No."

"An Englishman, perhaps," said the director, who, having daily access to the archives where the antecedents, actions, words, all but the thoughts of every man of consequence are noted down and arranged by the police, knew more of the colonel's history than the latter imagined.

The naturalised slave confessed that his enemy was an Englishman.

"Shall I tell you his name?" demanded the baron. "It may serve to abridge preliminaries between us; it is your nephew, Charles Vavasseur."

At the name of his friend, the heart of the listener beat violently. He no longer felt inclined to quarrel with his imprisonment, but rather to bless the chance which afforded him an opportunity of defeating, perhaps, the machinations against his hero.

"Charles Vavasseur is his name," answered Colonel Harewood, after a pause; "but I deny that he is my nephew."

"Bah!" interrupted the director of police.

"There is no proof."

"Unfortunately not," observed the official; "or I should long ere this have claimed him as a Russian subject. But the fact is not the less certain, and you know it. Why else did you purchase the two serfs, Alexis Petroff and his wife?—remove them to your estate at Moscow, and give orders to treat them with such rigor, unless to extort from them a confession!"

"But they never have confessed."

"Because they know nothing," observed the baron. "The annuity which the English merchant settled upon them was to reward their connivance; he was too shrewd to employ them as witnesses. I could have told you this before," continued the speaker, "but you thought fit to apply to a subaltern when you should have come to the fountain-head. The attempt to pick a quarrel with the young man at the opera was ill-judged."

"I never spoke to him, till—"

"You, or your agent did, its the same thing, colonel. The means were badly chosen, the fellow was merely a lieutenant of police. Always apply to the fountain-head."

"I would give ten thousand roubles willingly," observed his visitor, "were he sent from Russia."

Baron Tichoff regarded him for several moments in silence.

"Sent from Russia," he slowly repeated. "Would it not be better to pay twenty thousand roubles, and know that he was buried in Russia?"

The blood of Henri de la Tour ran cold. It was the life of his friend they were trafficking in. In the first impulse of indignation, he would have sprung from his concealment and reproached them with their infamy. A moment's reflection restrained him; for not only his own safety might be compromised, but that of his companion, whom, rightly or wrongly, he judged to be no other than Lelia.

It was an intense relief to him when the speakers withdrew.

"The monster!" he murmured.

His mysterious companion replied only by a deep-drawn sigh.

The position of the young Frenchman was becoming embarrassing. Alone, as he believed, with the being whom of all others he felt most anxious to speak with, yet not daring to pronounce the name which trembled on his lips—fearful of betraying

her should his surmise prove unfounded. He was relieved at last by the return of Lana, the Finnish girl, and her mistress, who, after securing the door of the kiosk, drew aside the divan and restored the prisoners to the light of day.

The baroness smiled at the *empressment* with which he assisted his fellow-prisoner to ascend from the cleverly-contrived retreat.

It was the fair Circassian, but so changed, that even Henri, who fancied her image indelibly engraved upon his heart, for an instant failed to recognise her. Her long luxuriant hair was entirely concealed beneath a low Tartan cap of Astracan lamb-skin, such as the pages and domestics in the families of the boyards usually wear; and her female attire had been exchanged for the ample trousers and caftan of the East. So complete was the disguise, that even the Argus eyes of the secret police might have been deceived and taken her for a boy.

She blushed deeply at the ardent expression with which Henri regarded her.

"Do not judge me," she said, in a low tone of voice, "till you know my story. There are motives," she added, "in this land of tyranny and deceit, which can justify even my conduct."

"Lady," answered the young man, respectfully, "he must have read only the dark page of human nature who could doubt you. Young as I am, I can distinguish between the blush of crime and that of innocence. My friend," he added, "has informed me of your project of visiting Schlüsselburg—rely on our assistance."

"Generous man!" answered the baroness. "How can we ere repay—"

"Some actions, madame," interrupted Henri, "repay themselves."

"The danger?"

"The danger, madame," he continued, "is less than you imagine; and accident, which does sometimes favor the persecuted, this morning made me acquainted with General Fieldbush, the governor of the fortress. I was presented to him in the cabinet of your husband. In the course of conversation, he expressed the pleasure it would afford him to receive me at Schlüsselburg; and, faith! I rather surprised him when I took him at his word."

"Providence," exclaimed Lelia, "has indeed watched over me; since, once within the walls, access to my father's dungeon will be easy."

Henri regarded her with surprise, for he had always been given to understand that the prisons in Russia were more zealously guarded than the inquisition of Spain or the *piombini* of Venice.

"I have a friend there," she added.

"Yaroff, the father of my faithful attendant," said the baroness, "is charged with the care of the state prisoners; he is devoted to me; but such is the suspicion with which he is watched," she added, "that it is only at long intervals, and under certain restrictions, he is permitted to see his child. It is the curse of tyranny to doubt its instruments."

"And you are still resolved," said Henri, "to brave the danger of a Russian prison—to—"

"To see my father!" interrupted Lelia, in a voice trembling with emotion; "to receive his last blessing!—to bear back with me to my mountain-home his commands to his faithful followers! Yes, I am of a land whose daughters are accustomed to danger and captivity."

"But there are other dangers," observed the young man.

The disguised maiden touched the small *yaghtagan* which she wore in her girdle, as she replied that against such she was prepared.

There was nothing like the affectation of heroism either in her words or actions; but that deep, calm determination which death cannot appall when weighed against dishonor.

"I must leave you," said her cousin, "lest my absence from the house should be noticed. My husband is a true Russian; confidence is not in his nature."

This, after the conversation which they had so lately overheard, her hearers could readily believe. It was decided that the young Frenchman should remain in the kiosk till evening, when he might quit the place with less danger of being seen. The young man acceded to the arrangement with pleasure, since it would afford him an opportunity of becoming acquainted with the mind of the woman who had so deeply interested him. Lana was to remain upon the watch, and give them timely notice if any intruder approached the place of their concealment. The baroness uttered a few words in the language of their native country, as she folded Lelia in her arms and bade her farewell. The poor girl answered her only by a faint smile.



Henri would have given much to have understood the hint or caution—for such he deemed it.

"Your cousin doubts me, I fear," he observed, as soon as they were alone.

"No."

The natural gallantry of the Frenchman would not permit him to press the inquiry further.

"There is a proverb in our mountains," added the maiden, which says, "Beware of him who serves you."

"It was a caution, then?"

"A useless one," continued Lelia; "for who would doubt the generosity and honor of the man who risks his life to serve me. You know how the land of which I am a child has suffered,—how like a loathsome serpent Russia has coiled its venomous folds around it, stifling the breath of liberty,—how, year after year, those folds have become more close—more oppressive. Europe, in its cold indifference, regards us as a tribe of fanatics—savages; and yet," she added with a flush of enthusiasm, "its brightest annals cannot show a prouder page."

"You are wrong," exclaimed Henri; "Europe has sympathized in silence."

"In silence!" repeated the Circassian, scornfully; "in silence, when its thunders should have awakened the hundred echoes of our rocky shores, the barrier between it and barbarism! It will awaken from its dream," she added, "when it is too late;—awake to curse its apathy. The sword of the Hun was mild in comparison with the leaden sceptre of the Russian."

If the young Frenchman was astonished at the energy with which the speaker expressed herself, he was still more so at the historical parallel she had drawn, and the degree of cultivation which her language and mind betrayed.

"You appear surprised," continued Lelia, "that a woman should speak of such things; but sorrow is a stern teacher."

"Not at your feelings or sentiments," replied the young man, "for there are features so eloquent, that even their silence speaks; but at the language in which you express them."

"True," observed the maiden, calmly; "but that will cease when I tell you that my mother was a Frenchwoman."

"I could have sworn it!" exclaimed her companion, with delight, "for you have the nameless grace—the charm peculiar to my countrywomen."

But not their love of flattery," added Lelia, gravely. "Listen to me," she said; "it is only just that you should learn something of the history of the unhappy being for whom you have incurred such danger, whose only reliance is on you and heaven. My aged father, the Imam of Dargo, capitulated with the treacherous Woronzoff, after a defence which even his enemies confessed to have been heroic. At first the treaty was observed; for Russia had feared the enemy whose swords had thinned her ranks, and dictated rather than accepted terms. Gradually the governor contrived to sow dissension amongst our chiefs. Quarrels broke out between them. Blood was shed under pretence of maintaining tranquility, and the enemy advanced his troops. My father repaired to Teflis to demand an explanation. I accompanied him. The first day we were the honored guests of Woronzoff—the next his prisoners."

"The traitor!"

"A prison," continued the narrator, "was not the worst. The monster proposed dishonor to the brave old man who had confided in his faith—tempted him to betray his people—to barter their liberties for a palace and a pension in Russia."

"And your father?"

"Is dying," answered Lelia, "in the dampest dungeon of Schlusselburg."

"Surely," observed Henri, "the Emperor cannot be aware of his general's breach of faith? Europe would cry shame upon his baseness."

"Europe crouches to him," answered the Circassian, "and to excuse its degenerate spirit, attributes to the Calmuck virtues foreign to his nature. The Czar knows all."

"And this is the man whose moderation has been so praised," said her hearer. "But you—how did you escape?"

"My fate was to have been yet more infamous. The Archduke Constantine, who had taken part in the war against the liberties of Circassia, saw me. Spare me the rest. I might have been his toy—a thing honor should blush to name. I preferred death to infamy, and risked my life to escape from Teflis."

"And yet you have ventured to St. Petersburg."

"To see my father ere he dies; to receive his blessing; to tell him that the child he loved is

worthy of that love; and to receive from him the solemn transfer of his rights over our tribe to Schamyl, the prophet, the avenger of his country."

"Quit this wretched land!" exclaimed Henri, deeply moved, "where virtue is a crime and innocence a victim. Fly to France; I will be your guide, your guardian, protector, brother."

"And leave my task unfinished?" said Lelia, mournfully; "let my father die in his cold, damp cell, with the thought, the burning thought, that his child has dishonored and abandoned him! Never, never! For—worse, far worse, than chains or treachery—they have deceived him by a tale of my disgrace; broken his proud spirit by a lie; aimed at his aged heart a coward's weapon. He believes me the thing I dare not name."

"Infamous!" ejaculated her hearer.

"In Russia they call it politic," replied the Circassian.

"Should the Imam credit the dishonor of his child," said the young man, struck by a sudden terror for her safety, "and—"

"Slay me!" added Lelia, calmly. "I have thought of that; but it has failed to move me. I should at least have time to undeceive him ere I died; and death is sweet upon a parent's breast, hallowed by his blessing."

Although the heart of the young Frenchman longed to pour forth its tale of love and admiration, respect and delicacy restrained him. He felt that such was not the moment; it would appear like setting a price upon his services.

"Lady," he said, raising her hand respectfully to his lips, "I dare not utter all that my feelings prompt. For the first time in my life I feel how ennobling is the courage which a virtuous cause inspires. Doubt not that either myself or English friend will fail the rendezvous; should danger threaten you, one life at least shall be sacrificed freely in your defence."

"Oh, not for me!" exclaimed the maiden, yielding for the first time to the natural weakness of her sex, and bursting into tears. "Why am I doomed to draw destruction on the heads of all who pity me?"

Although the shades of evening had fallen upon the palaces and domes of the city of the Neva, when Henri de la Tour, more in love than ever with the heroic girl, quitted the garden by the secret gate; unfortunately he did not quit it unobserved. Yermaloff, the employé of the minister was on the watch.

On reaching his hotel, the young Frenchman found his friend impatiently awaiting his arrival; they mutually related their adventures since the morning, and consulted on the means of assisting Lelia, and defeating the machinations of her enemies.

## CHAPTER XIX.

He hath as many eyes as Argus has;  
A tongue framed to each deceit.—OLD PLAY.

In Russia there are two distinct establishments, the high and secret police; the former is entrusted with the supervision of all criminal and civil matters, on which the mis-called courts of justice are called upon to decide; and, like everything else in that vast empire, is a system of unblushing corruption and extortion; for so trifling and inadequate are the salaries of every functionary, that it is only by peculation or venality they can exist; custom has almost legalized their tariff.

The secret police is charged exclusively with the important task of watching over the safety of the Czar, and the Imperial Family; of executing the orders and crimes of the Sovereign; of carrying out the dictates of his despotic caprice; all tremble at its power, as at that of an all-seeing providence.

Were a Russian ordered by one of its officers to present himself on such a day and at such an hour in any particular church, and there be married to one whom he had never seen before, he would unhesitatingly obey. A general at the head of his army, or the governor of a fortress in the depth of his stronghold, would submit himself to captivity without a word. The secret of this extraordinary power is in the terror which it inspires; the wife is not unfrequently a spy upon her husband, the sister on the brother, the son upon his father; all confidence in human love withers beneath its deadly influence.

Count Berkendorf, the minister who wields this tremendous power, and who, next to the Czar, is the man most feared in Russia, was seated in his cabinet in no very amiable mood. He had that very morning twice received a visit from the Grand Duke Constantine, who bitterly reproached him for inattention to his commands, or want of zeal in executing them. The prince had learnt from his

spies—for every member of the Imperial Family employs them—that Lelia was in St. Petersburg, and the worst passions of his nature were aroused.

Like his uncle, the ferocious Constantine, so long the oppressor of Poland, his Imperial Highness observed no measures with those who had offended him; it is said that even his father, despot as he is, stands in awe of his ungovernable temper.

As our readers may imagine, his interview with the count had been anything but pleasant to the latter personage.

"Some of my agents," thought the minister, "must have played me false."

Opening his portfolio, he re-perused, for the twentieth time, the reports of the visit made by his orders to the Hotel Coulon; and the interrogatory which Charles Vavasour had been subjected to.

Still his suspicion pointed to the young Englishman, for none but an Englishman, he felt assured, would venture to brave his authority.

"She is not in the hotel," he muttered; "and his footsteps have been watched. I can account for every hour of his time since he landed in St. Petersburg."

A bell which hung directly over his chair rang twice. Count Berkendorf placed his ear to a tube which communicated with the room below.

Yermaloff, Baron Tichoff's agent, and the minister's spy upon his conduct, demanded an audience. He was at once admitted.

"Be brief," said the count, mastering his impatience, "I am occupied."

The man related Henri de la Tour's visit to his master.

"Henri de la Tour," repeated his chief, referring to his reports to ascertain whether or not such was the name of Charles's friend; "proceed."

Yermaloff hesitated for an instant, not from any feeling of remorse at the idea of betraying his superior, the man who had befriended him, for he would have denounced his own father as readily, but from the fear of compromising his own safety, by mentioning the name of the Grand Duchess Maria.

"Am I to speak twice?" demanded the minister sternly. "What brought the Frenchman to the director?"

"He came at the recommendation, your excellency," answered the man, who had listened to every word which had been uttered in the baron's cabinet, "of one of his countrywomen—a Madame Marly."

"Madame Marly! I don't recollect the name."

"He met her at the *bal masque*, your excellency, last night; possibly it may be a feigned one."

The count slightly started, and regarded the man for several moments, as if to read on the fellow's visage how far his ignorance was affected or real.

"Some intrigue," he observed in a careless tone. "I have no time to attend to it at present, but, as you are here," he added, "perhaps you may as well conclude your report; only be brief, for I am in no humor to waste my time with trifling."

His visitor took the hint, and in an inconceivably brief space of time unburdened himself of all he knew; the departure of Henri from the house, his sudden disappearance in the street, and non-alignment in the garden.

"That will do," said the count, when he had heard his tale; "you may withdraw."

"Any orders, your excellency?"

"None."

Yermaloff left the cabinet with a profound bow; he was not deceived by the minister's affected indifference; he felt that the intelligence he had communicated was important, and doubted not but in due time he should find his reward.

No sooner had he withdrawn, than Berkendorf summoned one of his confidants, to whom he communicated his instructions; one of them regarded the director.

"The baron will be here in half an hour," he said; "if, when he descends, he gives orders to send one of the registrars to me, let him pass as usual; if not, arrest and keep him close prisoner."

The agent listened to the order with an unmoved countenance, although it affected the liberty of one second in authority only to the speaker himself.

As Yermaloff left the office of the chief of the secret police, he encountered Baron Tichoff; there was nothing unusual in the circumstance of the visit, for the agents were liable at all hours to be summoned to his presence; yet the fellow could not repress a slight appearance of confusion. The director saw at once that his agent had been beforehand with him with Count Berkendorf, and that his position was a critical one.

He wisely determined, therefore, to reveal every-





VISIT OF CHARLES, HENRI, ETC., TO THE FORTRESS OF SCHLUSSELBURG.

thing; the order he had received from the Grand Duchess Maria, the visits of Henri de la Tour, Colonel Harewood, and the offer of the latter.

As he proceeded the brow of the count gradually cleared.

"Admirable, my dear baron!" he exclaimed.

"I highly approve your conduct. As for the young Englishman I abandon him to your discretion, he has offended one who seldom forgives; as for the twenty thousand rubles, we will account for them."

In other words, the speaker intimated his expectations of receiving the lion's share.

"By-the-by," he continued, "Madame la Baronne, if I am not mistaken, is not a native of Russia."

"No, your excellency."

"A Frenchwoman?"

"A Circassian," replied the director, perfectly assured that the wily minister was as well acquainted with every circumstance connected with his marriage, and the name of his wife's family, as himself.

"A love match, I presume?"

The official shrugged his shoulders, as he observed; that he had given his hand to the lady in obedience to a command from Woronzoff, to whose staff he had formerly been attached.

The director and the minister parted with mutual expressions of esteem. As the former quitted the cabinet, the superior requested him to send one of the registrars to him.

Little did the baron suspect that the apparently unimportant message was the password to his liberty.

"Thank heaven!" muttered Count Berkendorf, "I have obtained the clue at last;" and, ordering his carriage, he left his office to make his daily report to the Czar.

Schlussemburg is an ancient fortress, formerly belonging to Sweden; built upon a rock, close to the source of the Neva, a fountain which rises from the bottom of Lake Ladoga. It consists of a group of buildings, surrounded by a wall, and contains, besides the prison, the residence of the governor and a singular old church, in which are several remarkable monuments.

General Fieldbash was promenading with several of his officers on the margin of his island domain, when a boat, rowed by six men, drew near to the shore. As it did not display either the Admiralty flag or that of the police, for several minutes he was puzzled to understand so unusual a circumstance, all boats being strictly prohibited from approaching within a certain distance of the place.

"Fishermen," observed one of the group.

"They have no nets," objected a second.

A third raised his glass, and remarked that there were two gentlemen, a Tartar page, and a servant in livery, in addition to the rowers.

The governor bit his lips with vexation; he remembered the invitation he had so incautiously given to Henri, and doubted not but the mad-cap Frenchman had taken it as serious. Had there been time he would have sent an order by one of his own guard-boats to prohibit them from landing.

"This comes of being polite to foreigners," he muttered. "Had it been an Englishman, I should have been more careful; they are such a matter-of-fact people. A Frenchman, one would have thought, would have had more tact."

In a few brief words he explained to his companions the embarrassing position in which he had placed himself. Some suggested one thing, some another; the idea started by his nephew and aid-de-camp appeared the most feasible.

"They must not enter the fortress," he observed. "Certainly not," replied his relative; "it is more than my life is worth."

"Well, then," said the young man, "the best thing your excellency can do is, to show them the church, and send orders to serve refreshments under a tent upon the shore, the fineness of the day will render the arrangement agreeable, without appearing singular."

All agreed it was the very best thing to be done under the circumstances, and orders were issued accordingly.

Although General Fieldbash secretly cursed his own imprudence, he received his unwelcome visitor with a gracious smile, and expressed himself highly flattered at the very early fulfilment of his promise.

"Nothing like punctuality," observed Henri, after introducing his friend Charles. "As Louis XIV. observed, 'it is the politeness of kings;' and your excellency merits to be treated *en roi*."

No man flatters or loves flattery better than a Russian. The governor introduced his officers and nephew, whom he had previously enjoined not to quit sight of the intruders for an instant; for, although he was far from suspecting they had any ulterior design in visiting the island, his safety depended on the fidelity with which his orders were executed. He relied upon their evidence to exculpate him in the eyes of Count Berkendorf.

So attentive were the Russians to the two gentlemen, that they never quitted their side for an instant. As for Jack Curlin and the Tartar page, they were beneath their notice.

"Bless me!" exclaimed the governor, "what are your servants doing?"

Lelia and Jack had just landed a huge napper from the boat, and placed it on the rock out of reach of the tide.

"A precaution, at which, I trust, you will not be displeased," replied Henri, coolly.

"A precaution?"

"Not feeling assured that I should have the happiness of finding General Fieldbash at Schlussemburg, I and my friend brought a collation with us, the best Coulon could provide; intending, in the event of disappointment, to pic-nic on the shore."

"Indeed!" observed one of the officers, drily. "It is a very fortunate circumstance that you did find the General at Schlussemburg, or you might have been disturbed at your collation by a shot from the ramparts."

"Vraiment!" exclaimed the young Frenchman.

"You are, doubtless, aware," continued the speaker, "that Schlussemburg is a state-prison."

"Something of the kind."

"And that strangers are prohibited to approach within a certain distance, or land without permission."

"But we had permission," answered Henri, "as we repeated over and over again to the stupid fellows who rowed us. They fancied, I imagine," he



added, with a frank smile, "that we intended to take the island, I and my English friend here."

The Russian, who was of the old Muscovite party, curled his moustache, and looked exceedingly shocked that such an idea should be started even in jest.

By this time, several servants, a corporal and a party of soldiers had arrived, and began pitching a tent upon the shore. As soon as the young men were made to understand the intention of the governor, they affected to be in raptures at the idea, observing how much more agreeable it would be to refresh themselves under a canvas-roof, with the fresh breeze from the Neva, and its delicious waters to cool their champagne, instead of the saloon of Monsieur le Gouverneur.

Even the suspicions of the early old Muscovite were allayed by such apparent frankness.

Being in a state-prison as well as a fortress, observed Charles Vavasour, addressing himself to General Fieldbush, "both myself and friend comprehended how improper it would be to request an introduction within its walls."

The old soldier felt considerably relieved. Half the danger arising from his imprudence, he felt, was averted.

"But if the same objection does not extend to the church?"

"Certainly not," replied his excellency, happy at being able to maintain his character for hospitality, and show his authority at so cheap a rate. "Michael," he added, bowing to his nephew, "place a sentinel at the landing-place, and order the rowers to keep at a furlong's length from the shore."

"Perhaps my English servant had better remain in the boat," suggested Charles.

This was a precaution which appeared superfluous, even to the governor of a Russian prison.

"No, no," he replied; "he can remain and assist in arranging the good things your friend has so hospitably brought with him."

Nearly an hour was passed in inspecting the church, with its monuments and relics, during which time the young men were upon the rack; they felt that watchful eyes were upon them, and it was with the utmost difficulty they could exchange glances or a word without being observed. The inspection was finished at last, and they returned to the tent, where Jack Curlin, assisted by the Tartar page and the servants of the governor, had arranged the collation.

Jack looked uncommonly cross as his young master approached.

"Here's a blessed country, Master Charley," exclaimed the faithful fellow. "Why, I can't stir a step without one of these whiskered bears sticking to me like my shadow. I want a thief."

Our hero explained to him that he was in a fortress, and the necessity of the precaution which had annoyed him.

"Maybe," replied Jack, in a dissatisfied tone; "but if this be a coming to see furrin parts, better stay at home. Why I ha' seen naught; they won't let I go even to the church."

"What does the fellow say?" inquired the governor of his nephew, who understood English sufficiently well to comprehend the conversation between Jack and his master.

The young man repeated what had been said, and suggested that the servant should be allowed to gratify his curiosity.

His excellency accordingly informed his visitors that their domestics might enter the church, the gates of which were still open.

Jack sauntered leisurely towards it, followed by the Tartar page.

"Had not an officer better accompany them?" suggested one of the officers.

General Fieldbush contented himself with ordering a soldier to be placed at the entrance to the sacred edifice, into which the visitors by this time had entered, with orders to conduct them, on their exit, back to the tent.

That done, he sat down to the table, and with a good conscience abandoned himself to the society of his guests.

Never had the two friends exerted themselves more to please. Henri was full of anecdote, and related the *ou dits* of the most brilliant saloons of Paris to the attentive group around him. Both were enthusiastic in their admiration of everything Russian.

"Then you are not one of those wretched republicans?" observed the old officer, whose ideas of France and Frenchmen were not the most complimentary.

"Republican!" repeated Henri in the tone of a man of fashion, deeply hurt at being taken for a rouge. "The class you name are daily becoming

rare, even in France. A specimen may be met with occasionally in society," he added, "where it is tolerated, just as some boor, or exceedingly ignorant personage, might be in the present circle, on account of his singularity."

Several present smiled at the delicate irony of the young Frenchman's reply. The person, however, who had drawn it forth, listened with most stolid indifference; the shaft was too fine to penetrate his coat of mail.

"I think you may be right after all," he continued; "for I hear that you are imitating us, and that is one step in the right direction."

The idea of France imitating Russia was too original not to provoke a smile.

"May I ask in what respect we have been so fortunate?" demanded the young man.

"Why, you have an Emperor."

"Ha!" exclaimed Henri, "you are right, my dear sir, quite right; we have an Emperor or Czar, but I can assure you that, although a very promising personage, he has still much to achieve before he can be compared to the august monarch whose health I have the honor to propose."

"I should think so," said the officer, as he drained his glass of champagne.

"But time may work even that miracle. There are hopes of him."

The Russian, as the highest compliment he could pay the speaker, sincerely wished he might succeed; when the governor, who perfectly understood the rillery which had been lost on his subordinate, by way of changing the conversation, addressed himself to Charles Vavasour, and inquired how he had been amused at the *bal masqué*.

"Admirably!" replied our hero; "the ladies of St. Petersburg possess all that the most fervent imagination could desire in grace and beauty. I was no less dazzled than delighted."

"And the Grand Duchess Maria?" added the general, with a scarcely-repressed smile.

This was evidently intended as a feeler, to ascertain whether the young strangers were aware of the real rank of the pretended Madame Marly; but they were on their guard.

"Very lovely," they both replied, "But her wit, her condescension."

"Of that," said Charles, "we cannot judge, never having been presented to her Imperial Highness; but if the countenance may be taken as an index of the mind, her heart and understanding are worthy of each other."

"The Duke of Leuchtenburg must have been a happy man," observed Henri de la Tour; "a few years' existence, with such a woman for his wife, was worth a long life, such as is rarely allotted to ordinary mortals."

The Russians exchanged glances with each other, it being well-known, in the higher circles of St. Petersburg, that the Imperial pair lived most unhappily together; for several years they occupied different apartments in the palace, and never met unless upon state occasions.

Like her brother's marriage with the young Queen of Portugal, his union with the daughter of the Czar proved a fatal one.

State policy has many curious secrets, if we could only unravel them.

It is now time that we quitted the governor and his unwelcome guests, and follow Lelia and Jack to the church.

#### CHAPTER XX.

Stone walls do not a prison make,  
Or iron bars a cage;  
Minds innocent and quiet take  
That for a hermitage.  
If I have freedom in my love,  
And in my soul am free,  
Angels alone that soar above  
Enjoy such liberty.

SIR RICHARD LOVELACE.

SCHLUSSELBURG, as we informed our readers in the preceding chapter, had originally been a Swedish fortress, and although exceedingly strong both from its position and the thickness of its massive granite walls, was not very imposing in its appearance.

Satisfied with its security as a state-prison, the Czars had done little to improve it; not so with the church—that had been adorned with all the meretricious gilding and painting, which Russians love to see in their sacred edifices. The plain table, which, while devoted to the simple worship of the Lutherans, stood directly under the east window, had been removed, and a richly-sculptured altar and screen substituted in its place; pictures of the Virgin and saints, with gold and jewelled crowns, disfigured the walls, but not a single statue; it being one of the inconsistencies of the Greek church, to reject images as idolatrous, although it pays a superstitious worship to pictures.

As if the material, canvas or marble, could constitute any essential difference.

Jack Curlin and the Tartar page were permitted to enter the building without being followed by the soldier appointed to watch them; as there was only one entrance to the edifice, the governor thought any further precaution unnecessary.

Jack stared about him with a considerable degree of amazement; the riches of this place astonished him; in the simplicity of his heart he could scarcely conceive the gaudily-painted and decorated building a house of prayer.

It looked more like a show-place, he thought.

Had his companion spoken English, he would have expressed his opinions pretty plainly of the unhappy ignorant *Rossians*, as he called them; unable to indulge in conversation, he relieved his mind by a low emphatic whistle, as he paused before some gilded shrine and endeavored to calculate its cost.

"What would they say at Harleyford?" more than once escaped his lips.

The only person in the church besides themselves was a hard-featured old man, who, immovable as a statue, remained kneeling before the richly-embroidered veil, or curtain, which in the Greek church separates the sanctuary from that part of the building devoted to the laity, and is only drawn aside at the sanctus and elevation.

Jack took him for a priest, till the sight of his long boots, drawn over the knees, and a bunch of heavy keys suspended by an iron chain from his girdle, undeceived him.

The first time Lelia passed by the side of this mute personage, they exchanged a glance of recognition, the second time the old man pointed with his finger to a piece of matting; she took the hint, and knelt beside him.

"Lana," whispered the trembling girl.

"Hassim," replied the old man.

They were the names of the speaker's daughter, and the Iman of Dargo, his prisoner, and had been agreed upon between the Baroness Tichoff and himself, as a token of recognition.

"Why did you bring a companion?" demanded Yaroff, in a low tone.

"I could not avoid it,"

"He is a spy."

"Not so," she replied, "he is an Englishman, the servant of the noble, generous man, who has risked his own liberty to conduct me here; he has no suspicion either of my sex or purpose."

During this hastily-whispered conversation, the speakers, to outward appearance, were intently occupied in prayer before the picture of the *Pagana* or *Virgin* on the altar at which they were kneeling.

"Follow me," said the old man; "the priests will soon arrive, and then curious eyes will be upon us. Remember," he added, "that one hour is all I dare give you with my prisoner."

Yaroff rose, and bowing reverently as he passed each shrine, directed his steps towards the sacristy of the church, which was separated from the rest of the building merely by a screen of highly-ornamented masonry, whose interstices were filled with stained glass.

"Close the door," he said, as soon as Lelia entered; "but do not draw the bolt."

The fair Circassian looked anxiously round, she saw no means of egress except the one by which she had entered.

"My father," she uttered in a tone of mingled reproach and supplication, "you will not break faith with me?"

"I break faith with no one," replied her conductor.

"You will lead me to his dungeon?"

"In five minutes you shall be folded in his arms; he is confined in the cell in which the Czar Ivan was murdered; it is beneath our feet."

So saying, the speaker opened one of the carved oaken presses, ranged against the wall, used to contain the copes and vestments of the priests; and raising the bottom by means of a singular-looking instrument, which he had carried with the bunch of keys at his girdle, discovered a flight of narrow winding steps.

Lelia shuddered as she directed her gaze into the abyss, and vainly sought to penetrate its gloom.

"Descend," said her guide.

A feeling of womanly terror made her hesitate. Yaroff observed it, and asked, in his usual cold and unimpassioned voice, if she doubted him.

"No," replied the poor girl, "for you are a father; and, like myself, of a nation which Russia has enslaved and oppressed; you can feel for my sorrow, and the sufferings of my countrymen."

"You do trust me, then?" said the man, fixing



his eyes upon her, as if he would read her most secret thoughts.

"Implicitly."

A faint smile broke over his calm features, rested upon them for an instant, like a sunbeam on an iceberg, then disappeared, like some guest, chilled by its cold reception.

"You may do so," he said, "for you and yours have been kind to my motherless child. But for the Baroness Tichoff, Lana must have remained in this gloomy fortress, exposed to the insolence of a brutal soldiery, and still more brutal officers."

"Descend," he added, "I must remain behind to close the entrance."

Lelia unhesitatingly complied with the direction, guided by the light of one of the consecrated tapers, which the gaoler had lit in the sacristy, she descended into the gloomy abyss; the old man followed, drawing the trap so cunningly contrived in the floor of the press, after him. An involuntary shudder ran through her veins as she heard the ponderous bolts drawn after him.

At the bottom of the winding stairs were several doors strongly barred on the exterior; each appeared like some huge stone rivetted on a living sepulchre.

"Which is my father's dungeon?" she demanded.

Her guide pointed to the one directly under the sacristy, and silently withdrew the massive fastening.

"I will remain here," he said. "Father and child, who have so long been separated, need no witness of their meeting."

The Circassian offered him the light.

"You will require it in the cell," he continued. "I am so used to these subterranean passages, that, like a mole, I am at home in the dark. Remember that your stay must not exceed an hour. In a few moments you will hear the chaunt of the priests in the chapel above; when it ceases, your last word must be spoken."

The poor girl inclined her head in token that she comprehended his instructions, and, with a deep-drawn sigh, entered the prison of her father. It was some moments before the feeble light of the taper, which she still carried, enabled her to penetrate its obscurity.

Upon a bed of straw reclined the gaunt figure of an aged man, whose venerable beard fell like a snow wreath upon his chest; his dress had evidently been rich, but the damps of the den—more like the lair of a wild beast than a human habitation—had tarnished the embroidery and rotted the material. The arms and legs of the prisoner were bare, and wasted by long suffering; as he turned upon his straw at the sound of her footstep, the clank of heavy chains grated both upon her ears and heart.

It was the Iman of Dargo, one of the countless victims of Russian treachery, torn from his country, despite the solemn treaty which guaranteed him his liberty.

"Father!" murmured Lelia.

The Circassian attempted to raise himself, but was so weakened by his long captivity that he only partially succeeded; as the light fell upon his noble features, Lelia saw that the hand of death was upon him, they were so haggard and worn. The dark, piercing eyes, which glared upon her from their hollow sockets, alone retained the fire of their former expression.

"Who calls?" said the Iman, in a faint tone: "who mocked me by the name of father?"

"Have you forgotten the voice of your child?" demanded the poor girl, kneeling beside him, and attempting to raise his head, and rest it on her bosom. "Can this disguise conceal me from you?"

"Lelia!" groaned the captive, at the same time endeavoring to thrust her from him.

"Lelia!" almost shrieked his daughter, "who has braved a thousand perils to reach your dungeon—to receive your blessing—to hear your last commands—to soothe, to die with you!"

With a violent effort, the aged Circassian released himself from her embrace, and in a tone of passionate grief and indignation, demanded what brought the mistress of Constantine, the apostate and enemy of her country, to his dungeon.

Could the deceived, unhappy man have seen how the rich blood rushed to the cheek of Lelia at each accusing word, in eloquent denial, he would have required no further proof of her innocence.

"Father," she sobbed, "you have been deceived." "I know it," retorted the captive, fiercely, "and by my own child; the girl I loved with all a parent's tenderness and confidence; whose honor I deemed, like an angel's brightness, not to be tarnished by a stain of earth. Look on me," he added; "the chain which binds these limbs has bowed me down less than the sense of shame and the sting of ingratitude. You have poisoned even the memory of the past; made your mother's name as loathsome

to me as your own; for from her wanton blood you must have inherited—"

"Father," exclaimed Lelia, interrupting him; "blaspheme not the dead!—the pure and innocent dead!—each word you utter will return like a coat of fire upon your heart to punish its injustice. I am your child; treat me as you please, accuse me as you will; listen to the accusation of those who never opened their lips but to deceive you; believe the lie, the odious lie, which it would blister my lips to repeat, even as it wrings my heart to hear—"

"Can you deny your shame?" demanded the prisoner.

"It is for you to judge me," answered Lelia; "you are my father—the lord of life; you are a chief amongst your people, and know the duty which your rank imposes."

"What mean you?"

The disguised page drew from her belt a long Tartar knife, sharp as one of those sacrificial instruments with which the priests of old slew the victims they offered up, and placed it in the hands of the Iman, then knelt calmly by his side.

"In this dungeon you are still a sovereign," she said, "and I am your subject as well as child; listen, before you strike; it is not pardon I demand, but justice—death, if guilty, your blessing, if innocent."

The mountain prince regarded her for a few moments irresolutely; feelings of earlier days, recollections, and the yearnings of parental love, overcame him.

"No," he faltered, "no. However criminal, I cannot take the life I gave."

The weapon fell from his hand. Lelia raised it, and calmly replaced it in his grasp.

"This is weakness," she said, "not justice."

"Be it so," exclaimed the old man, recovering his former sternness. "I am once more the judge; let me forget the father. I left you," he added, "a prisoner in the hands of a traitor, Woronzoff."

"You did."

"Exposed to the solicitations of the Grand Duke Constantine."

"He was most persevering in his infamous proposals," replied Lelia. "I might have purchased your freedom, wealth, all that could gratify the vanity of woman, at the price of honor."

"And you refused?"

"Are not you a prisoner?" demanded his daughter, reproachfully, "and am not I here? At last the tyrant threatened violence. Father, I was alone, unarmed, without a friend—young, helpless, wretched, in his hands."

"And you yielded—yielded to force," groaned the Iman: "say it was to force, that I may have some excuse for sparing you."

"No, I fled."

Her father shook his hoary head incredulously, and grasped the knife with a convulsive effort.

"Fled!" he repeated, scornfully; "fled from Teflis—as if I did not know how securely the voluptuous tyrant guards the gilded cage which contains his victims. Fled without assistance! Impossible!"

"I had assistance."

"From whom?"

"From heaven," replied Lelia; "and the man whom it has raised to save our prostrate country, Schamyl—the prophet-warrior—the preserver and avenger. He penetrated even to the palace of Woronzoff, and, despite his guards and spies, contrived to bear me to the mountains."

Like most of his countrymen, the Iman was deeply impressed with the belief of Schamyl's supernatural powers; but even to him the statement appeared so extraordinary that he hesitated to give credit to it. That the leader of the Circassians should have risked his liberty to save the honor of a girl whom he had never seen—for whose safety he had no particular interest—staggered him. Lelia saw the struggle between incredulity and confidence; and although she would much rather have owed her vindication to her father's belief on her word—hesitated no longer to produce the proof she had brought with her. It was a letter from the prophet-chief.

Drawing it from the lining of her vest, she placed the paper in the trembling hand of the captive, and held the taper whilst he untwined the silken thread which bound it. Twice did the Iman press the seal with reverence to his forehead and his lips, before he perused it.

With a cry of joy, he cast the weapon from his hand, and pressing the kneeling girl to his breast, implored her with passionate tenderness to forgive him.

"Lelia," he sobbed, "my child—my child, whom I can own and love—pardon the cruelty, the injustice of your father. Fool, fool, that I have been to

be deceived! But they heaped seeming fact on fact, painted with devilish cunning the triumph of the tyrant—your resistance, struggles, fall—suffering," he added, "has blinded my once clear reason. I trust have been mad; Lelia mad; when I doubted you. Forgive, forgive your poor, imprisoned father."

It was some moments before the agitated girl could reply to him; but her tears, more eloquent than words, fell upon his hands and cheek, which she covered with kisses.

By this time the chaunt of the priests was faintly heard in the chapel above, and the maiden knew that the moments of their interview were numbered.

"Dogs!" muttered the old chief. "Oh! I can brave them now—defy their tortures, pay them back scorn for scorn. Lelia, my country shall be free, and thy blood still reign in Dargo. Schamyl demands your hand, and with it the investiture of my tribe. I have no son to succeed me," he added, mournfully; "you, you are the only one of my race the hand of tyranny has spared."

At the astonishing intelligence that the warrior-prophet had demanded her hand, Lelia turned deeply pale. She saw in an instant the great advantage which must result to her country by such an alliance, since it would materially add to the wealth and influence of its deliverer; but her heart revolted at the project. Much as she admired the devotion and courage of Schamyl, he was about the last man she had ever seen whom she would select for a husband.

"You forget, father," she murmured, "that I am a Christian. You promised my mother—"

"You must renounce your faith," interrupted the old man, passionately. "Are not our persecutors Christians? and would you continue to hold aught in common with the Muscovite? No, my child; your country demands the sacrifice; your father implores it. A crown," he added, "a crown shall reward it. Promise me."

"This is so sudden—so unexpected," murmured Lelia.

"Promise me," shouted her parent, "on my blessing."

The countenance of Lelia became pale as she gazed upon the haggard, care-worn features of the speaker, upon which the hand of death was plainly visible, investing them with that awful beauty which frequently precedes and follows death. The look of agony, too, in his appeal went to her very heart.

"If Schamyl demands my hand," she said.

"He has demanded it," interrupted the Iman.

"The sacrifice shall be made."

"You promise it?"

"On your blessing, father!" replied his child, with desperate resolution, "and by my mother's memory."

Once more the captive pressed her to his bosom, and breathed over her innocent head as rich a blessing as ever fell from a parent's lips; then, overcome by the agitation of the interview, suddenly fell back upon the damp floor of his cell, fainting and exhausted.

"You are dying, father," sobbed the maiden, bending over him. "You are dying."

"Happy, Lelia, happy. For me the captive's chain will soon be broken, and the hour's smile which welcomes me to paradise will beam from your mother's lips. Nearer, my child, nearer! The ring—the badge of the sovereignty of Dargo—and the treasures of our tribe, are still in safety; you must deliver them to Schamyl—to your husband—to my successor and avenger."

He whispered a few words in the ear of Lelia, pressed her in a last convulsive embrace, and died with his head upon her bosom.

There are certain positions in which nature has given us an extraordinary power to repress all outward tokens of grief; occasions when the chords of feeling are so stretched that they cease to vibrate. Had the Iman died in his palace, surrounded by all that rendered life joyous and death a terror, his daughter would have mourned and felt inconsolable at his loss; but a captive, and in the dungeon of his enemies, she looked upon it as a relief from suffering, and mentally thanked heaven that she had been permitted to soothe his last moments by her presence.

Reverently closing his eyes with the hand of filial tenderness, she knelt and prayed long and fervently by the corpse.

The gaoler, who had remained outside the cell during the interview, knocked twice at the door. Receiving no answer, he gently pushed it open, and saw at once what had occurred; the body of his late prisoner was stretched upon the pallet of straw, partially covered by the worn, ragged cloak which his daughter had spread over it.

"Dead!" he muttered.

"Free!" replied Lelia, rising from her knees; "even Russian tyranny has done its worst; my



father has escaped his chain. You will not permit his sacred ashes to remain unburied; promise me they shall have the rights of sepulchre, for he was a prince.

"He shall have a royal grave," replied Yartoff; "this is the cell in which the youthful Czar Ivan was murdered; they shall sleep side by side."

"Thanks," said the maiden, "the service has ceased in this chapel above," continued the speaker, "and it is time for us to depart."

"I am ready, quite ready," said the maiden, calmly.

The Finlander regarded her with surprise.

"You wonder that my eyes are tearless," she continued—"at my self-command: you forget that I am a Circassian; we wait not for the dead till we have avenged them."

Yartoff took the taper, which by this time was half burnt out, and silently lit her from the cell.

#### CHAPTER XXII.

The map of gold, whose grovelling heart clings to his money-bags; who holds his faith like merchandise, pledged to the highest bidder. Hath yet one tie to tell him he is human.—OLD FLAY.

HENRI and our hero exerted themselves so successfully to amuse the Governor of Schlussemburg and his staff, that the hours passed quickly; not one of them thought of quitting the tent. Still it was not without serious misgiving that they awaited the termination of their enterprise; fortunately, the arrival of the priests, and the service which followed in the church, by exciting the curiosity of Jack and detaining him, obviated one and not the least of their dangers. His master had decided not to intrust him, from no doubt of the poor fellow's fidelity, but his discretion; one threatened to neutralise the other.

Jack could not comprehend the great attention which, during their row upon the Neva, the two gentlemen had paid to the Tartar boy, who had joined their party; he scarcely knew how or when, and his sudden disappearance in the church was equally a mystery to him; he was bewildered. From the hour he first set foot in St. Petersburg to the present time, he had wished himself and Master Charley back at Harleyford a hundred times at least, sagely concluding that "if Russia was a specimen of furrin parts, the sooner they returned whom the better."

Could he have foreseen the adventures which were about to follow, we question, if he would have remained satisfied with merely wishing himself out of the country—the chances are, he would have attempted to escape.

When the singing was over in the church, Jack, who had seen all he cared to see, left the sacred edifice at the same time with the priests. He felt anxious respecting his late companion, and fearing his master might blame him for having lost sight of him, determined at once to acquaint him with the fact. Luckily Charles Vavasseur anticipated his intention.

Calling to him, he bade him seek for a hamper of wine which had been left in the boat.

"Res, sir, but—"

"Do as I bid you," interrupted the young man, in a tone of command, which made Jack open his eyes very wide.

"I must tell 'ee, Master Charley—"

"Silence, sir, no impertinence!" then, in a lower tone, he added, "I know all, not a word for your life." The lad gave a low, expressive whistle. Obtuse as he generally was, his mental faculties were at last awakened, and he began to suspect that to remain silent was about the most advisable thing he could do; and most probably our readers share his opinion.

General Fieldbush smiled as our hero resumed his seat at the table.

"English independence," he said. "I have often heard, but doubted the fact till now, that domestics in England frequently dispute the orders of their masters."

"Sometimes," replied his visitor.

"Horrible! abominable!" ejaculated several of the Russian officers; "it must be a wretched country—no serfs."

"Nor tyrants," added Charles; "all are free there as the air they breathe."

"How can you possibly manage your domestics," demanded the old Muscovite major, "when they are insolent!"

"Discharge them."

"Pah!" was the reply; "in Russia we have a surer way—we beat them."

"Even that will not prevent their lying and stealing."

The advocate for Russian discipline admitted that such was the case.

"Then I contend, gentlemen," continued Charles, "that the English system is best; a good English servant will occasionally grumble, and show a want of proper respect, but then he is honest. Now the poor fellow whom you heard me chide just now, I could trust him with all I possess in the world, and he—"

"Would fly with it," said the major, laughingly;

"they are all alike."

"No, no; he would die defending it."

This was a fidelity which none of the Russians could comprehend; and evidently doubted; although politeness prevented their expressing their opinion. Just as the conversation began to flag, Henri de la Tour, whose natural impetuosity and peculiar feelings for Lelia, rendered him more anxious than his friend, saw her, to his great relief, leisurely quit the church, and, without approaching the tent, direct her steps toward the boat. But the young men knew that the object of their visit to Schlussemburg was accomplished.

With many thanks to the governor for the hospitable reception they had received, and a warm invitation both to him and his officers to visit them at St. Petersburg, they took their leave.

"As they rowed from the shore, a boat, bearing a government flag at the stern, appeared in the distance.

"Row at your utmost speed," said Charles, addressing the men; "the tide is in our favor. Ten roubles a man, if you land us on the Admiralty-quay in three hours."

The promised reward was no slight incentive, and the oars flashed with wonderful rapidity in the sparkling waters of the Neva.

No sooner had they passed the government boat, than Charles and Jack, who had frequently rowed upon the Orwell, took an oar each, and added the strength of their arms to the rowers. Their light bark shot through the water like an arrow. Henri drew close to the side of Lelia.

"You have seen your father?" he whispered.

The disguised page bowed her head in silence.

"And received his blessing?"

"With his last breath," she murmured. "He has passed from the tyranny of the oppressor to that rest where all are equal."

"Dead!" exclaimed the youth, in a tone of the deepest commiseration.

"Aye, dead—in his loathsome dungeon; and you doubtless wonder that my eyes drop no tear, that my lips do not quiver, as I tell you his sad fate. Alas! you know not how both may be schooled by misery. The oppressor tried to bow his haughty spirit," she continued; "he defied them. Privation, indignity, physical suffering he resisted; so they tried what moral torture could effect."

"Moral torture! I do not comprehend you."

A deep blush suffused the pale cheek of the maiden.

"They told him," she continued, "that his child had dishonored him—had become the toy, the shameless minion of the Grand Duke Constantine, and his heart broke beneath the shame."

"Curse them!" muttered the young man, indignantly; "double curses on the dastards who could belie such suffering and virtue! But you undeceived him?" he added; "your presence in his dungeon, your words, your looks, the holy air of innocence which, like the halo round an angel's brow, encircles you, gave the lie to their infamous cruelty?"

Lelia regarded him with pleased surprise; she had met with one at last who seemed to comprehend her nature.

"Pardon me," said Henri; "the question appears an insult to such purity. He could not see and doubt you."

"He died at last with the conviction that his child was worthy of him," she replied. "But I have a task, a duty to perform, which will require all my courage to sustain me. This night I quit St. Petersburg—I trust for ever."

"Alone?"

"Alone, if heaven so wills it."

"Lelia," whispered the young man, deeply moved, "the situation in which you are placed, so helpless, so unprotected, alone can justify the words I am about to utter. I love you; let me be your guide—your support; give me a husband's right, and let me see the man, whatever his rank and power, who will dare oppress you."

"Impossible!" cried the girl, greatly agitated. "My father, with his dying breath, extorted from me a promise that I would be another's."

It was in vain that the lover urged that such a promise was unholy and void in the sight of heaven; that a parent had no right to demand from filial piety the sacrifice of a life of misery; that it was a

duty to break it. "Unless," he added, in a tone of despair, "you love the man to whom your father destined you."

"He is great," she replied.

"And I am poor."

"And noble," continued the maiden. "I reverence and honor him, but I can never love him. This is a trial I had not foreseen; but it is my fate to involve in my misfortunes all who sympathize or feel with me. Let me reflect a few moments; I will speak soon."

"Cannot your heart, decide, Lelia?"

"It is not of that I think; and yet I am not ungrateful for your offer, which honors the poor fugitive. Listen to me," she said; "I dare not return to the house of my cousin Alexis; I have had proofs that my place of refuge is suspected by my enemies. There is but one man in St. Petersburg who will run the risk of saving me."

Henri looked at her reproachfully.

"Or, at least, whose security I will risk," she added, correcting herself—"Issoff, the Armenian banker. His son is a prisoner in the hands of Schamyl; the old man has proffered enormous sums for his ransom; my safety must be the price of it."

"I have heard of the man you speak of," replied Henri; "he is treacherous, mean, a worshipper of Mammon in its most vulgar form, devoted to the court—"

"Still he is a father," interrupted Lelia, "and that is my protection; whilst his devotion to my oppressors will render him unsuspected. He has vessels on the Neva, trades with Jatainboul and Circassia—it is my last, my only hope."

"Not the only one, if—"

"No more," whispered the maiden. "I can bear my sufferings, whilst assured that I suffer singly. Should the noble, generous man, to whom my father's dying words consigned me, reject the gift—"

"Reject the gift!" interrupted the young Frenchman, passionately; "Lelia, you expect too much from human virtue; as well might you ask of the wandering spirit to turn from the gates of paradise open to receive him, as for man to reject the bias of calling you his bride."

"You do not know him," answered the girl; "there is no virtue too sublime, too superhuman for the prophet of Circassia."

"Schamyl!" exclaimed Henri.

"He is the husband destined by my father for his child."

After a hasty consultation with Charles, it was decided that, instead of proceeding to the Admiralty-quay, they should land at a less frequented one, near to the residence of the banker Issoff, whose house they knew.

Both the young men were perfectly aware that the boatmen employed on the Neva, as well as the droaky-drivers, were in the pay of the police; they arranged, therefore, that Henri and Lelia should quit the bark alone, and his friend and Jack remain, under the pretence of waiting their return. This would prevent the fugitive being followed—a precaution which, as it afterwards turned out, insured her safety, for the suspicion of the boatmen had been excited, not less by the promise of ten roubles each, than the change in their landing-place.

As the fair Circassian quitted the boat, she made her adieu to our hero by a silent pressure of the hand; a word might have proved dangerous.

No sooner had they set foot on land than, by a vigorous stroke of the oar, Charles Vavasseur pushed off from the shore.

The rowers not deeming that he understood a word of Russian, began to consult with each other what was to be done.

One suggested forcing him to return; another advised gentle means.

"Will not his excellency land?" demanded the man who acted as captain of the crew.

"Not yet."

"It is not permitted to lie to, so near the quay."

"In that case," replied the young man, perfectly aware of their design, "we can push further into the stream."

The men took their oars, as if with the intention of complying with his request, and with one hearty stroke would have brought the boat back to the landing-place, had not Charles called to Jack to back water; by their united exertion the intention was defeated.

"Do you call that pushing further into the stream?" he said.

There was a murmur and a second whispered consultation, after which the same spokesman declared that they were determined to land at once.

"And the ten roubles?"

"We can wait for them," replied the man, with a



space; "his excellency is not the only liberal paymaster in St. Petersburg."

At the same instant he attempted to grasp the ear which our hero held in his hand, whilst another made a similar attempt upon the one held by Jack Curlin; there was a short struggle, a loud splash, and in an instant the two ruffians were splashing and floundering in the stream.

The Russians were cowed; they felt they had to do with cool determined men, who were not to be trifled with.

"A pleasant party," exclaimed Jack; "only say the word, Master Charley, and I'll clear the boat of them."

His master, however, did not choose to say the word; he felt that his purpose was answered, for by this time Henri and the fugitive were out of sight, and consequently safe from pursuit. Affecting to treat the whole affair as a joke, he bade the men row towards their companions; they obeyed, and in a few minutes they were once more safe on board.

Now, then, pull to the shore as fast as you please. They had not reached the landing-place more than a few minutes before the party were surrounded by a body of the secret police, and arrested in the name of the Emperor.

"This must be some error," exclaimed our hero, indignantly. "I am an Englishman."

"We know it," replied the officer in command.

Jack did not take his arrest quite so patiently; he was for showing fight, and more than one of the police, in all probability, would have felt the weight of his arm, had not his master commanded him to desist.

"What I give in?" said the lad.

"Even so." "If I must, I must; but hang me, Master Charley, I never expected such an order from you. It's a disgrace and a shame," he added, "to be taken by a parcel of scoundrels; what would they say in Harley-street?"

"Where is your companion?" demanded the officer.

"You see him," replied Charles Vasseur, pointing to Jack Curlin.

"I meant the young Frenchman, Henri de la Tour."

"By this time, doubtless, at the hotel of his ambassador," was the reply, "who will know how to obtain redress for this outrage. I presume," continued the speaker, "it is not your intention to keep me and my servant upon the quay all night; conduct me to your employer."

"Patience; you will see him in good time; my task is not ended yet."

"All is over," thought Charles; "they know that Henri has promised to return, and wait to complete the number of their victims."

Issoff, the Armenian banker, is well known as one of the richest men in St. Petersburg, and probably the most avaricious; in his case, the thirst for gold had brought with it its fitting punishment, for in an evil hour he had naturalized himself a Russian subject, in order to secure an immense contract for the army, which the Emperor had decided should be given on no other condition. The miser obtained it; but from that hour he was a slave; true, the fetters which bound him were of gold, but he did not feel their weight less galling.

His only son, whom next to his yellow idol he loved, perhaps, better than aught else on earth, had been compelled to serve in the army of the Caucasus; where, in one of the numerous engagements against Schamyl, he had been taken prisoner.

At first, the old man waited in the hope of his being exchanged; disappointed in that, he had offered considerable sums for his ransom; the only reply which the Circassian chief had ever deigned was, that he should learn the terms of his release when the moment had arrived to name them.

For two years the wealthy banker had expected them impatiently. Schamyl had, doubtless, his own motives both for the answer and the delay.

An old cashier, who had been employed for many years in the establishment, was just closing the ponderous ledger in which he had entered the transactions of the day, when Henri de la Tour, followed by the Tartar page, entered the office, and demanded to speak with his employer.

"Too late, sir," said the man, respectfully; "business is ended for the day; the clerks are all gone, and I should have left, too, but for—"

"I have no time to listen to your reasons," interrupted his visitor, "which, doubtless, are very excellent ones; take this card to your employer."

A piece of gold accompanied the request.

"I will do as you wish," replied the cashier; "but it will be useless."

"Tell him," said Lelia, for the first time breaking silence, "that I bring him the terms of his son's ransom."

"Take back your gold sir," exclaimed the man, greatly agitated, for he loved his young master, and mourned his captivity with deeper sorrow even than his father did, for his was an undivided affection. "Cheerfully, joyfully will I do your bidding; long, long and anxiously, have we expected to hear them."

Carefully closing the door of the banking-house, and drawing the massive bolts, he invited Henri and Lelia to follow him to the private apartments of the banker.

"Is he alone?" demanded the disguised maiden.

"Alone?" repeated the old man; "yes—that is to say," he added, struck by a sudden suspicion of their purpose, "he is alone in his chamber; but there are those within call whom the slightest cry would bring to his assistance."

The two visitors smiled at his terror, and assured him that it was groundless.

"Maybe," he muttered, suspiciously, "maybe; at least I will conduct you to him."

Issoff retained many of the habits of the East, both in his person and house; a low divan occupied three sides of the room into which the young Frenchman and his companion were introduced; at the upper end of it was seated the Armenian, dressed in the long caftan and black cap peculiar to his country—a costume which in private he still retained, although when upon change, or occupied in the banking-house, he dressed like any other Russian merchant.

He was a thin, sharp-featured man, apparently about sixty years of age; his ample beard, which had once been black as jet, was silvered with grey, and the thick bushy brows, beneath which a pair of restless eyes peered with an expression of extreme cunning, bore the same marks of age.

Perfectly aware that for no ordinary visitors the old cashier would have ventured to intrude upon his retirement after business hours, the banker, without expressing either anger or surprise, demanded, with one of his blandest smiles, whom he had the honor of receiving.

"News," whispered the cashier, "news from my dear young master; they come to name his ransom."

The manner of Issoff changed in an instant; to do him justice, his first thought was of his son, the next of the gold which was about to be wrung from him, as he imagined, as the price of his liberty.

"I am poor," he said, "very poor; commerce has gone badly with me of late, and the hand of authority has been hard upon me. I trust the captor will be merciful."

"Schamyl is ever merciful," replied Lelia.

"Are you his messenger?" demanded the banker, not without a certain expression of surprise.

"Even so."

"And at what sum"—here the Armenian sighed heavily—"does he fix the liberty of my poor boy?"

"It must be told to you alone."

"I have no secrets from Miran," replied the old man, "he has eaten my bread for forty years; you may speak freely in his presence."

"Learn then the terms," said Lelia, "upon which, not only the liberty but the life of your son depends."

She placed in the hands of the banker a strip of parchment, on which were several lines written in cypher. The Armenian, who had had many transactions with Schamyl, readily decyphered them.

"It is a great thing," he said, wringing his hands in terror, "to brave the wrath of the Czar."

"Can he more than kill?" demanded the maiden, in a tone of ill-repressed contempt.

"But my boy—my only son?"

"May be saved by the resolution and courage of his father," interrupted Henri de la Tour, who began to comprehend the transaction. "You have ships, great commerce, are known to be devoted to the Emperor; suspicion's self would hesitate to accuse you."

"Suspicion is a principle in Russia," replied the Armenian, bitterly; "none are exempt. But I think—that is, I—"

Here the old man broke off suddenly, and entered into a whispered consultation with his cashier, an occasion which the young Frenchman availed himself of to urge his suit with Lelia.

"I have decided, said the banker at last; "and will answer with my life for your safety; but it must be on two conditions."

"Name them," said Lelia.

"The first is, that you do not quit this house till the moment arrives for your embarkation."

"Granted."

"The next, that you promise me to use your in-

fluence with Schamyl to circulate the report that he has received a ransom of one hundred thousand roubles for the freedom of my son?"

"That, too, I promise."

"As for the rest," added the old man, with a sigh, "I can take the word of Schamyl."

He clapped his hands three times, when a side door opened, and several females appeared—they were his wife and daughters; to their care he consigned the fugitive, first informing them of her sex.

"Farewell," whispered the fair girl to her companion and protector. "If it be any solace to your sorrow not to suffer alone, learn that Lelia shares it with you."

Before the lover could reply, she had disappeared with those to whom the banker had consigned her.

Henri returned at once towards the quay, where he had left his friend, and arrived in time to find himself, like Charles and Jack, a prisoner.

## CHAPTER XXIV.

But yet, oh woe! rage not beyond thy deed;  
Deem it not glory to swell in tyranny;  
Thou art of blood; joy not to see things bleed.  
Thou fear'st death: think they are loth to die.  
A plaint of guiltless heart doth pierce the sky.  
—SIR PHILIP SIDNEY.

The proceedings of the secret police in Russia, as its name implies, are conducted in mystery and obscurity; tyranny there ever fears the light of day. Barbarism, affecting civilization, casts an impenetrable veil over its cruelty, hiding the wounds it so unhesitatingly inflicts. A person of rank disappears from society; should any foreigner be indiscreet enough to inquire after the victim, the answer, even from the nearest relative, in nine cases out of ten, is that he has retired to his estates, or travelling for his health.

Their re-appearance after an exile of twenty or thirty years creates neither observation nor surmise in society; they are received with the same polite indifference which accompanied their departure; and the pardoned noble is far too prudent ever to allude to the place of his long residence; as for the cause, he frequently remains, to the end of his existence, ignorant of it himself.

A lady of high rank in Russia, who had offended the late Czar, was conducted, on quitting the ball-room at the palace, to a carriage which so nearly resembled her own that she had not the slightest suspicion of her danger, till she found herself in the office of Count Berkendorf, who politely informed her that his Imperial Majesty had decided that the air of St. Petersburg was unsuited to her health. Tears, prayers, the agony of her woman's heart—for the lady in question was both a wife and a mother—were unavailing; she was compelled to change her ball-dress for a coarse gown of grey cloth—rather an unusual indulgence—and a wrapper of sheep-skin; and without being permitted one farewell to those she loved, sent off at once to Siberia.

Fifteen years afterwards, she was once more placed in a carriage, and after travelling several months, found herself again in the presence of the dreaded minister, who, after congratulating her upon her recovered health, informed her that henceforth she was at liberty to reside in the capital.

Her ball-dress, and, strange to say, her jewels, were restored to her; for the orders respecting her, it seems, had been most particular; even the bouquet of faded flowers was not forgotten; and in the very costume she had worn sixteen years before, she was conducted to the house of her husband.

Servants, children, all had forgotten her, except her husband, to whom her return must have appeared like a visitation from the dead.

A week afterwards, she resumed her place in society, without exciting more than a momentary curiosity, felt, not expressed; she was even invited to the palace balls, and went, well knowing that a second visit to Siberia would have been the consequence of her refusal.

So quietly was the arrest of the two friends and Jack Curlin effected, that even the passers-by, and the crowd of idlers on the quay, had not perceived that anything unusual had taken place; or if they did, they affected not to notice it, which was much the same thing. A plain carriage drove up, into which they were compelled to enter, and were driven off they knew not whither.

The presence of the officer who rode inside with them prevented conversation; Charles and Henri could only exchange a pressure of the hand, which convinced the former that Lelia was safe.

"This is a queer country, Master Charley," observed Jack. "What be they goin' to do wi' us? We ain't robbed or murdered, that I knows of."

It was evident, from the glance of the official,



that he understood English, having most probably been selected for that reason, and but here rejoiced that he had prudently refrained from asking any question of his friend.

"Some mistake, Jack," he observed, in a tone of affected indifference. "It can be nothing else. Doubtless it will be soon explained."

"The sooner the better," replied the honest fellow. "I wish we were safe back in Harleyford again. I don't like travelling in furrit parts," he added, doggedly. "It beant half so pleasant as in England."

His young master thought so too; but did not permit himself to give utterance to his feelings, for he knew that he had a hazardous game to play.

Count Berkendorf was seated in an apartment in his hotel very different from the one in which we first introduced him to the notice of our readers. The first had the usual appearance of the cabinet of a diplomatist or government employe of high rank—was elegantly, nay, luxuriously furnished, and every way suited to the important position he was known to hold in the confidence of his Sovereign.

The room which he now occupied was situated in one of the wings of the house, and removed as far as possible from the street; it was what the Count familiarly called his executive department.

It was plainly furnished, and the windows, which looked into a court-yard, grated and guarded by shutters of iron, very thickly padded, so as to prevent any noise or cry, which might be uttered in the interior, being heard on the outside.

The only remarkable attempt at decoration which had been made, was in the floor; that was of oaken marqueterie. The small blanks were worked into a variety of devices; in the centre was an arm-chair, fixed in such a manner that it was impossible to move it; it stood about three feet from a large table, the only one in the room.

Although outwardly impassible and cold as the snows of his country, the great man was suffering secretly from great mental irritation. He had just received a visit from the Grand Duke Constantine—the only member of the Imperial family, except the Czar, of whom he stood in dread; and only of him, from the fact that there were certain points in the Prince's character which even he could not fathom, and to a Russian minister a mystery is a danger.

Constantine was at the head of the only party which existed in Russia—the old Muscovite party, which even his father considered it more prudent to flatter, than oppose, seeing that the high nobility have a very unpleasant way of expressing their discontent to their Czars, as Paul, the late Emperor Alexander, and his brother Constantine, ultimately discovered.

"Wife," said the Count to a secretary, an aged gray-haired man, with a very venerable cast of countenance, well-known in St. Petersburg under the nick-name of Judas, and who is more detested if possible than the minister. This wretch had been born in the hotel of the secret police, had served all his life in it, and was the depository of more secrets than any other man in the empire. Whenever the late Emperor Alexander felt curious upon particular transactions in the reigns of his immediate predecessors, he used to send for this old man. And dark indeed must have been the secret which he could not have enlightened the Imperial mind upon.

It is said that in addition to his own personal experience and knowledge, he had inherited a vast amount of traditional information from his father and grandfather, both of whom filled the post which he at present enjoyed; in fact it was regarded as a sort of heir-loom in his family.

What curious secrets the wretch could have revealed; what light could he not have thrown upon some of the darkest pages of modern history! Ten to one but he could have decided whether the unfortunate son of Peter the Great, was really beheaded by his own father—a supposition which, horrible as it may appear, is not at all improbable, when the ferocious disposition of the regenerator of Russia, as he is called, is taken into consideration; or poisoned by those who served him. The fate of many of Catherine's lovers, must have been well known to him; and as to the hands which prepared the poisoned draught for Alexander, Constantine, and his wife, he must have been as well acquainted with them as with his own.

Doubtless he had wrung them often in token, to use a diplomatic phrase, of his high consideration.

Even the count respected him for his vast experience, and in any very difficult cases, generally had recourse to his advice, which, whether for death, the mines, or Siberia, was given with an indifference to

human suffering which sometimes startled even the minister, although in the end he invariably followed it.

At the word "write," Judas—Pillitz was his real name—with a methodical air, opened one of the numerous portfolios on the table before him, and dipped his pen—of steel, like his own heart—in the ink, then looked in the speaker's face, as much as to say, "I am ready."

"It is to Baron Tichoff," observed the count.

"Yellow paper, then, I presume?" replied the employe.

"Why yes, it may be as well," deliberately answered Berkendorf.

"The safest," muttered the secretary, changing the sheet of white paper for one of the required color.

The count dictated the note which was as follows:

"DEAR BARON.—If not particularly engaged, do me the favor of a visit this evening, say eight o'clock. As I have not had the honor of paying *mes hommages* to Madame la Baronne for some time, perhaps you will use your influence to induce her to accompany you. The countess is most anxious to see her respecting a ball, or some such important matter."

So much mystery about so simple a letter, we think we hear our readers naively exclaim; alas, they have other means of communication in Russia than by words, signs, or writing. The real meaning was, Baron Tichoff and his wife were commanded to appear before the secret police at eight o'clock this evening on pain of his Majesty's displeasure. All this was communicated simply by the color of the paper—a distinction which the director, from his position in the police knew too well to dream for an instant of disobeying it. Had he been directed to sacrifice the only thing he loved on earth—his boy—by an order signed by the same hand, and written on the same fatal-colored paper, he would unhesitatingly have complied with it.

Such is terror, and such is obedience in the dominions of the Czar.

The note to his subordinate had not been dispatched more than half an hour, when the door of the apartment opened, and Charles Vasseur, Henri, and Jack Cuffin, were ushered into his presence. About twenty sleek, half military-looking personages accompanied them; they were all men about the middle-age, the long tried and unscrupulous agents of whatever crime they were ordered to commit; fellows who had no conscience, save the will of the minister; no dread, save of his wrath, and that of the Czar.

As Jack looked round the room, and saw only the minister and his secretary, he mentally congratulated himself.

There was no chance, this time, he thought, of his name figuring in the newspapers as it had done in London. He was right; there was no chance indeed.

"Gentlemen," observed the count, with one of his blandest smiles, by which he trusted to throw the two friends off their guard, "you really appear to possess an extraordinary talent for getting into difficulties. Orloff informs me that you have already had an interview with him; this time he has turned you over to my care."

"May I ask whom I have the honor of addressing?" demanded our hero.

"Certainly; I am the Minister Berkendorf."

Both the young men shuddered as they heard the name so dreaded in Russia; but neither for an instant contemplated betraying the defenceless girl who had trusted to their honor.

"A civil-spoken gentleman thought Jack; not that he could understand a word of the conversation, which was carried on in French, but he judged from the speaker's manner, a mistake which wiser men than he had made, for there is something extremely fascinating and courteous in the address of a Russian of high rank, when he wishes to captivate the confidence of any one; and it is quite natural that it should be so, for even the tiger is graceful, and seldom shows its fangs before it springs.

There are strong affinities between the human and the brute creation, if naturalists would only take the trouble to study them.

"Count Berkendorf will remember," observed Charles Vasseur with the same studied politeness, "that I am an Englishman."

"I shall not dispute the fact, at least at present," was the reply.

"And I have the honor to be a Frenchman," added Henri de la Tour, impatiently.

"I should have judged monsieur to be a native of that distinguished nation," observed the count, from his vivacity, and the purity of his accent, even

if I had not had the advantage of seeing his passport."

"Why have we been dragged here?" exclaimed the young men both together.

"Dragged here?" repeated the minister. "I thought you came in a carriage. I trust no incivility has been used; my orders were most strict."

The prisoners began to get impatient at so much exquisite politeness, and insisted on being informed why such orders had been given.

"For the simplest reason in the world, gentlemen; you have, I am willing to believe, without knowing it, assisted a very great criminal to escape from justice, and—"

"Criminal!" interrupted Henri de la Tour, with a burst of generous indignation. "I know of no such person."

"In that case, I must refresh your memory, gentlemen. On the night of your arrival in St. Petersburg, you conducted a female to the Hotel d'Orléans."

"We did."

"And afterwards assisted her to quit it."

"You have no proof?"

"I require none," said the minister, blandly, "on the night of the *bal masqué*," he continued, addressing Charles Vasseur, "you visited a lady in her box at the theatre."

"I presume," observed our hero, haughtily, "you do not expect me to name her."

"I will spare you the trouble," answered his questioner, in the same imperturbable tone. "The Baroness Tichoff, the wife of my excellent friend, the director of police. You, sir," he added, turning to the young Frenchman, "visited her husband yesterday under some frivolous pretence, and remained concealed in his hotel till evening. You see I am perfectly well informed of your proceedings."

"But this does not prove that—"

"Patience, gentlemen; I am coming to the point; you started on a visit this morning to the fortress of Schlüsselburg."

"We were invited by General Fieldbush."

"I know, muttered the minister, drily; "the party consisted of your two selves, the servant who is here present, and a Tartar page—who is that page?"

"A lad," exclaimed Henri, "who doubtless made haste to regale himself with the money he had earned by accompanying us."

"In that case, you can doubtless guide us to his home," said the count.

"I?"

"Yes, for you accompanied him, or rather her, for I am perfectly aware that it was no other than the woman we seek. By a very clever manoeuvre you defeated the arrangements I had made—defeated them for a brief space, for it is impossible she should ultimately escape me. You see, gentlemen," added Berkendorf, "I am acquainted with everything."

"Except the place of concealment of your victim," said Henri.

"Exactly."

"And that?"

"You must guide me to."

"I!" exclaimed the young Frenchman, in a tone of indignant defiance; "you should tear me in pieces first. I would not betray the meanest creature on this earth that had trusted to me, much more a lovely persecuted angel—a woman whose only crime is a virtuous contempt of your base employer."

"And is this your answer?"

"The only one I shall condescend to give."

"Try his companion," said the secretary, in Russian; "this mad fool is not to be moved by words."

"And you, sir?" said the count, addressing our hero.

"Cannot give you the clue you seek," interrupted his friend, willing to shield Charles from the consequences of a refusal, which he felt a glory and pride in braving alone.

"And this is your final answer?" said the minister, bending his brows with an ominous frown.

"It is."

"And yours?" he added, addressing Charles Vasseur.

"I have no other to give than my friend."

"Now then, hear me," exclaimed Berkendorf, suddenly throwing aside the courtesy and constrained politeness which hitherto had marked his conversation. "You, sir,—this was to Henri—have violated the laws of the empire by giving succor and assistance to a criminal,—assisted an artful woman to escape from justice."

"Say rather from a brutal libertine," interrupted the lover of Lelia.

"And must take the consequences of your Quixotism. As for you," he continued, fixing his



eyes with a terrible expression upon our hero; "you, who are a Russian subject—"

"False," said Charles; "I am an Englishman."

"That remains to be proved. Had I found you willing to atone for your madness and folly, grave as the offence has been, I might have been induced to pardon it, but the hour of mercy is past."

"And that of retribution will soon arrive," burst forth the young Frenchman, indignantly. "My ambassador, to whom I am personally well known and recommended, will find the means to claim me even from your hands; and once free, there is not a court in Europe in which I will not publish the infamy of the Grand Duke Constantine—the subserviency of his father's minister."

Considering the position in which the friends were placed, this was an imprudent speech, for it betrayed his knowledge of transactions of which even a Russian despot might be ashamed. The countenance of the count became almost livid with rage, whilst a quiet smile broke over the features of his aged secretary.

A bell in the adjoining room rang twice with considerable violence. Berkendorf left the apartment, but after a brief absence returned.

He whispered a few words in the ear of Pilnitz, who, nodding his head as much as to say that he expected it, unlocked a portfolio with a key which he wore attached to a silver chain around his neck, drew from it a paper with a massive seal attached to it, and began to write.

"An order for our imprisonment," mentally exclaimed both the young men, who still remained confident that the remonstrance of their ambassadors would eventually release them; and so it might, had it been intended they should know their fate.

"At least, my servant has nothing to do with the offence," said Charles, "if offence has been committed. You will grant his liberty, however you may feel yourself authorized to act by us?"

"No," thundered the minister.

"By what authority do you detain him?"

"My will—which you will find as stubborn and unbending as your own. Think you that Englishmen are the only men in whom firmness is to be found?"

"I protest—"

"You will have ample time both to protest and reflect, gentlemen; the same carriage which brought you here, will convey you to your destination. Good evening."

"One word, count," said Henri de la Tour; "I warn you that by expelling us thus summarily from Russia—which I presume is your intention—that you incur a heavy responsibility."

"I am prepared to meet it."

"England will demand satisfaction."

The minister and the secretary exchanged a cynical smile, and the former, calling one of the officers of police to him, who, during the interview had remained in the room, whispered with him for some time; then, bowing to his victims, withdrew.

"This way, gentlemen," said the official, as soon as his superior had quitted him; "the carriage is in waiting."

"Of course you will permit us to return to our hotel first?" observed Charles Vavasour; "we cannot quit St. Petersburg without our baggage."

"Of course not," replied the Russian, with a polite bow; "it would be so very inconvenient."

"You will also," added Henri, "allow us to write letters to our friends?"

Every accommodation which, consistent with his orders, he could show them, the officer declared he should be happy to afford.

"Where be we goin' now, Master Charley?" demanded Jack Curlin, whose mind began to misgive him.

"To the hotel first."

The honest fellow's countenance brightened at the intelligence.

"Glad to hear it."

"And then," added his master, "I fear from St. Petersburg. The tyranny of this land is infamous!—to be expelled from it, like a criminal!—the object of my journey unaccomplished! It is enough to drive me mad."

"Wi' joy, I should think," observed the groom; "there be noa place like England; catch I in furrin parts again, that's all. I'd sooner live in the worst stable at the most, than a palace in Rooshia; that be my way o' thinking."

The officer, in the politest manner possible, reminded them that they had no time to lose; and taking the lead, conducted them to the carriage. It was now so dark that they could not perceive that it was a different one from the vehicle which brought them; scarcely were they seated, before the doors were locked upon them.

"What can this mean?" demanded Henri.

Before his friend could reply to him, the working of a spring was heard, and the windows were closed by grated shutters.

Charles Vavasour uttered a groan.

His companion repeated the question.

"It means that we are going to Siberia," replied our hero.

"Thank goodness," observed Jack, "that we be going somewhere; for any place be better than Rooshia."

Overwhelmed with the despair and horror of their position, the two friends sat, for a considerable time, holding each other by the hand, whilst the groom, in the joy he felt at the idea of quitting the country he detested, secretly wondered how much nearer Siberia was to Harleyford.

When Count Berkendorf quitted the room, it was to join the Grand Duke Constantine in an adjoining cabinet, so skilfully contrived that he could both hear and see all that passed in the chamber of examination.

He was short in stature, compared with his brother and father; of a cunning rather than an intellectual cast of countenance, but at the moment the minister entered, his features were so distorted by passion as to destroy their natural expression.

"The idiots!" he exclaimed.

"Your Imperial Highness heard—"

"Every word," said the prince. "Berkendorf, I neither can nor will forgive the insolence of these strangers; my name must not be made the laughing-stock, the sport of Europe; they must be silenced."

"Has your Imperial Majesty decided by what means?"

"Not by death—that were too merciful."

"The mines, then, prince?"

"Not by that living death, Siberia. By the laws of Russia I know," continued the youthful tyrant, "that my father only has the power to issue such a decree; but you, Berkendorf, can arrange it. The time may come," he added, slowly, "when it may be in my prerogative to confirm the decree."

The count bowed.

"Shall it be done?"

"It shall, prince; and if discovered, I will trust to your sense of justice to reconcile my compliance with your wishes with my duty to the Emperor."

"I promise you," said the Grand Duke, at the same time graciously extending his hand to the speaker, who kissed it respectfully.

"Have you sent for Tichoff?" added the prince.

"I have, your Highness."

"And his wife?"

"For both, as you directed."

"She is the cousin of Lelia," continued Constantine, "whom I will move heaven and earth to discover. She shall find that my perseverance equals her pride. Let no means be spared to insure success; I have set my heart upon it."

So saying, he waved his hand to Berkendorf, who quitted the cabinet to execute the mandate he had received.

## CHAPTER XXIII.

Scorn arms the soul with stern endurance,  
Which e'en oppression cannot vanquish.

HAIK OF THE EAST.

WHEN Baron Tichoff received the polite and friendly note from the head of the secret police, even his subservient nature experienced something like a pang; for he well knew its secret purport, and dreaded lest the firmness of his wife should draw down upon her defenceless head the wrath of Berkendorf and the Grand Duke Constantine. He was not without an uneasy sensation as to its ultimate consequences for himself, for a functionary once suspected in Russia is already on the high road to disgrace. The idea of making the least attempt to warn her of her danger, or screen her from the too probable consequences of her indiscretion, never once entered either his heart or brain; like most selfish men, his fears were stronger for himself than for the woman whom he was bound by every law of honor and manhood to protect. As a matter of course, he resolved at once to obey; had he been ordered to conduct her to the scaffold, instead of the hotel of the minister, he would as unhesitatingly have complied with the infamous mandate.

"Alexia," he said, in a tone of kindness, so different from his usual mode of addressing her, that his wife regarded him with surprise, "I wish you to go out with me this evening for an hour or two."

"Where?" demanded the unsuspecting victim.

"Where!" he repeated, playfully. "You women are always so curious! Surely you can trust your-

self with your husband. The fact is, I expect visitors whom I wish to avoid seeing."

"More mystery!" observed the unhappy woman, with a sigh. "The very atmosphere I breathe is tainted with it—it clings to me like my shadow. Shall I never be able to utter the thought as it rises spontaneously to my lips?—to live without a guard on every look and word? Even existence becomes a burden at such a price."

"Not in Russia," was the reply.

"Would I had never seen the land! I feel as if it were one huge prison."

"It is so," observed her husband, gravely, "to those who violate its laws; for such there is no escape; sooner or later the most secret action is brought to light, weighed, and punished. The iron hand may remain for months—nay, years—suspended over them, but it is certain to fall at last. But this cannot possibly affect you," he continued, in a slightly-ironical tone. "The Baroness Tichoff, the wife of one of the heads of the police, is too wise, too obedient, to endanger either her own or husband's safety by a crime; she knows too well the consequences."

"Say she respects herself too much," said Alexia, proudly. "Would that every one bore a heart as free from self-reproach as mine! I will ask you no more questions, since it is your pleasure to be particular: I submit. Is it far we are going?"

"A half-hour's ride."

"Does Ivan accompany us?"

"No," replied the baron, in some confusion; "it may be late before we return, and it is unwise to expose his health by giving him a precocious taste for excitement and amusement."

"Amusement! we wonder the world did not blister the coward's tips."

The Baroness Tichoff would have retired to dress, but her husband informed her that it was not necessary.

Alexia recollected that it was the first representation of a new opera, and concluded that he was about to take her there.

"Throw your large Indian shawl over your dress," he said, at the same time looking at his watch, with nervous anxiety, fearing to be a minute too late in presenting the victim to Count Berkendorf; "you will require it on your return."

In a few minutes the lady was ready, and they drove off, her husband continuing to keep her in conversation till the carriage stopped; the baroness looked up, and saw, to her surprise and terror, that it was at the residence of the man of all others, except the Czar, the most dreaded in Russia.

"Is this where you have brought me?" she exclaimed.

"I have just recollected that I must see the count, upon particular business," replied her husband, evasively. "You had better alight," he added, "for a few minutes; it was only the other day the countess expressed how anxious she was to see you."

Alexia was not deceived; she saw at once that the baron had been ordered to conduct her to the presence of the minister—felt that she was about to be subjected to an official examination, perhaps worse—and the contempt she felt at his infamous duplicity and subserviency to his tyrants gave her strength to repress all outward demonstration of terror.

"I am ready," she said.

The baron assisted her to alight, and, like an attentive husband, offered her his arm to lead her into the hotel; she declined his courtesy; and, with a firm step, walked by his side. They were received by two confidential employes, and conducted to the same apartment in which Charles and Henri de la Tour had so lately been prisoners.

Count Berkendorf was still busily engaged, in writing, with his sinister-looking secretary, and counsellor Pilnitz.

The latter personage rose upon their entrance, and retired, after bestowing a half-satirical, half-friendly smile upon the director.

"Ah! my dear baron," exclaimed the minister, in his blandest tone, "I am happy to see you. Madame la Baronne! this is an unexpected pleasure."

At the word *unexpected*, Alexia fixed her eyes upon him with a searching expression, well knowing that he received few unexpected visitors.

"And fortunate," added the speaker, "since it spares me the necessity of a formal visit to madame, to make certain inquiries, to which, I regret to say, I must receive an answer."

"Inquiries!" repeated the lady.

"Of my wife, count!" said her husband, with well-affected astonishment.

"You are aware that madame is the niece of the Iman of Dargo."



The Baron admitted that he was aware of that fact.

"And consequently the cousin of Lelia Mullah, who, as you well know, despite the utmost endeavors of the police, has hitherto eluded their search."

"Surely you cannot suspect that my wife would be so imprudent as to—"

"I know it," interrupted the minister; "there is no other house in St. Petersburg that could have afforded her shelter. Your loyalty, Baron, is unsuspected. I am also aware that a young French gentleman remained the greater part of yesterday concealed there—that with his assistance, and that of a young Englishman, the fugitive visited the fortress of Schusselburg. I had made preparations for arresting them," he added, "on their return, when, by a manoeuvre as bold as it was unexpected, she escaped."

Despite the fear which she naturally experienced on her own account, Alexia could not repress an involuntary feeling of satisfaction.

"In consideration of your services and fidelity," resumed the minister, addressing the obsequious husband, "the Czar is willing to overlook the indiscretion, not to use a harsher term, of the baroness."

The titled slave was affected almost to tears, as he eloquently expressed his gratitude at the goodness and condescension of his Imperial Majesty, Alexia regarded this display of baseness, if possible, with increased contempt.

"On one condition," added the count.

"Of course," replied the baron, "even heaven requires repentance and atonement, ere it pardons, and the Czar is its vicegerent upon earth; my wife will only be too happy, too grateful to expiate her fault by confession."

The lady remained silent.

"Where is Lelia Mullah concealed?" demanded Berkendorf. "Surely," he added, after waiting some moments for a reply, "you cannot be so unwise as to persist in your silence?"

"Alexia!" exclaimed the director, "this is madness. Can you deny that Lelia was concealed at my hotel?"

"Or that Henri de la Tour passed the greater portion of the day there?" added his chief.

"I confess nothing," said the unhappy woman, firmly; "I deny nothing; I am in your hands, do with me as you please."

"Think of your husband."

This appeal was about the last to shake her resolution.

"Of your child," added the count.

At the allusion to her boy the baroness burst into tears, and sank into the chair, fixed as we described in the preceding chapter, in the floor in front of the only table in the apartment.

No sooner was she seated, than the count placed his hand upon the handle of an instrument concealed beneath the desk on which he had been so lately writing, and pulled it towards him; a cunningly contrived piece of mechanism was set in motion, and Alexia found herself firmly fixed in her seat by two half-circular springs of steel, which clasped her suddenly round the waist.

Her countenance became deadly pale; but the features of her husband remained cold and impassible. He knew that it was as much as his liberty and place were worth, to express either dissatisfaction or resentment by a word or look, even if he felt any.

"You will not compel me to use means," said Berkendorf, who had now changed his tone of courtesy, and bland, graceful manner, for the stern voice and brusque bearing of a Russian judge, "which I should feel loth to apply to one of your sex and rank. Be wise, you know not the peril to which you expose yourself by your obstinacy."

"I guess it," replied Alexia, "for I know into whose hands I have fallen."

"The law declares that in case of contumacy the lash—"

"The lash!" shrieked the unhappy lady, in a tone of horror, for even her imagination had not supposed him capable of such barbarity, "you cannot mean it. The lash and a woman!—manhood would cry infamy upon you."

"It has fallen," observed the minister, unmoved by her words, "upon a form as fair, a name as high."

"Be wise, Alexia," said her husband; "there is still time."

"Coward!" exclaimed his wife, "degraded, pitiful coward! thing without heart or soul, less noble than the brute! The vilest animal defends its mate. I scorn and loathe you."

Baron Tichoff bit his lips, and turned aside.

"This is trifling" said the count, "will you give the information I demand?"

"I cannot."

He shrugged his shoulders incredulously.

"You mean you will not?"

The baroness made no reply.

"I am sorry for you, Tichoff," observed Berkendorf, "but my orders are imperative; her obstinacy leaves me no choice. By heavens!" he added, for he was struck with something like admiration at the courage and firmness the victim displayed, "I would willingly have spared her."

"The will of the Czar and heaven," replied the obsequious husband, "must alike be done; I have tried all I can to move her. She has risked my safety as well as her own—compromised my position; I, of course, have nothing to urge in her defence. I trust," he added, "to your friendship and sense of justice, to report my perfect innocence in this dark treason, and submission to the pleasure of his Imperial Majesty, a right."

The head of the secret police bowed gravely; whatever his private opinion of the conduct of the baron might be, the moment had not yet arrived to express it.

"Fear not," he said, "but your devotion will be appreciated and rewarded."

With these words he resumed his seat at the table and rang the bell twice; the chair in which the prisoner was secured slowly descended to a chamber beneath, leaving the aperture through which it had disappeared, open.

"Perhaps you would rather retire," he said to the baron.

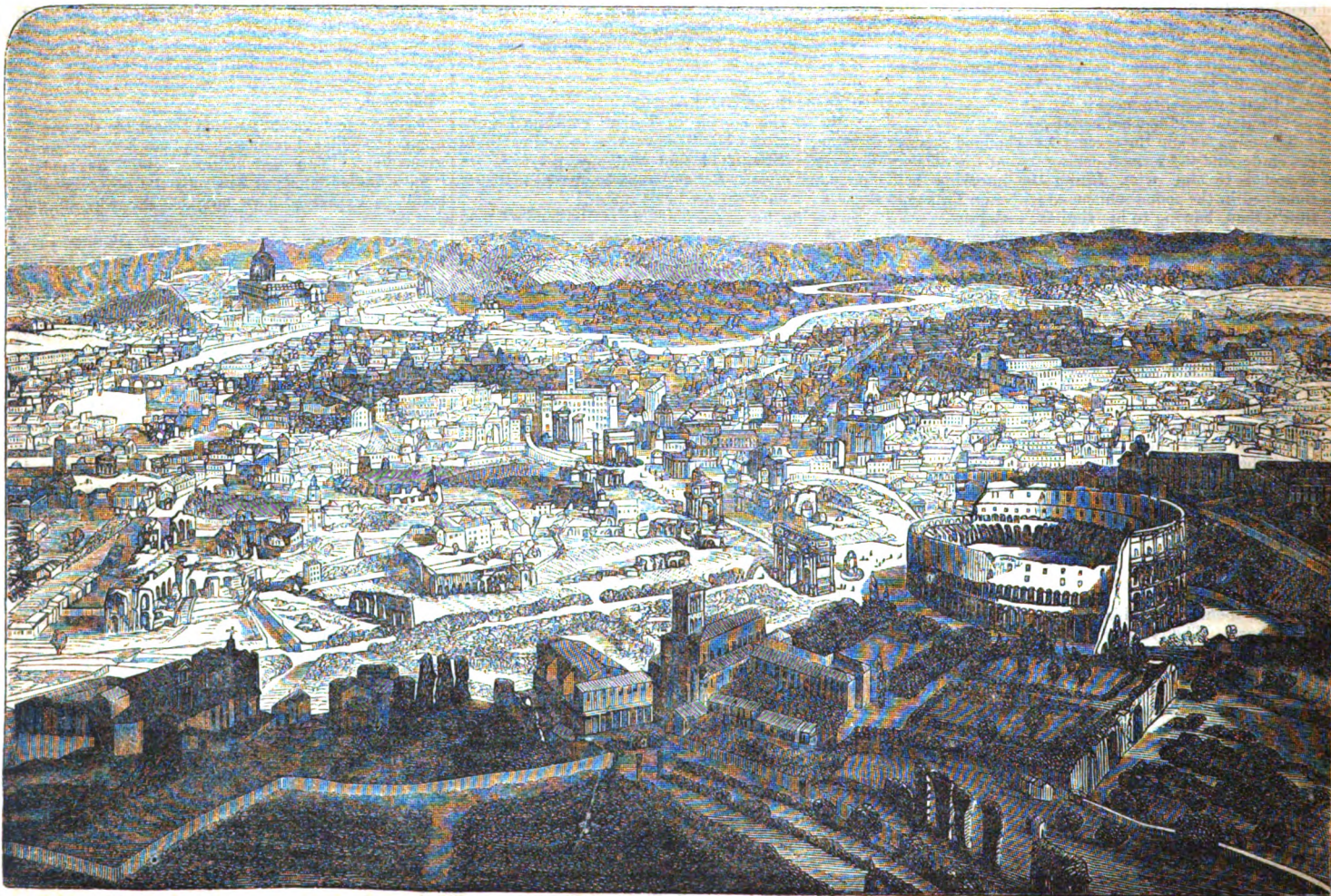
"My loyalty and devotion," answered the hypocrite, "are proof against even this trial. Pray report my conduct rightly."

Had it been necessary to prove his devotion by being himself the executioner of the fearful outrage about to be perpetrated upon the person of his own wife, the wretch would unhesitatingly have performed the unmanly, degrading task.

Presently the sound was heard of the descending lash; one bitter shriek followed, then all was still—not a groan or cry escaped from the victim.

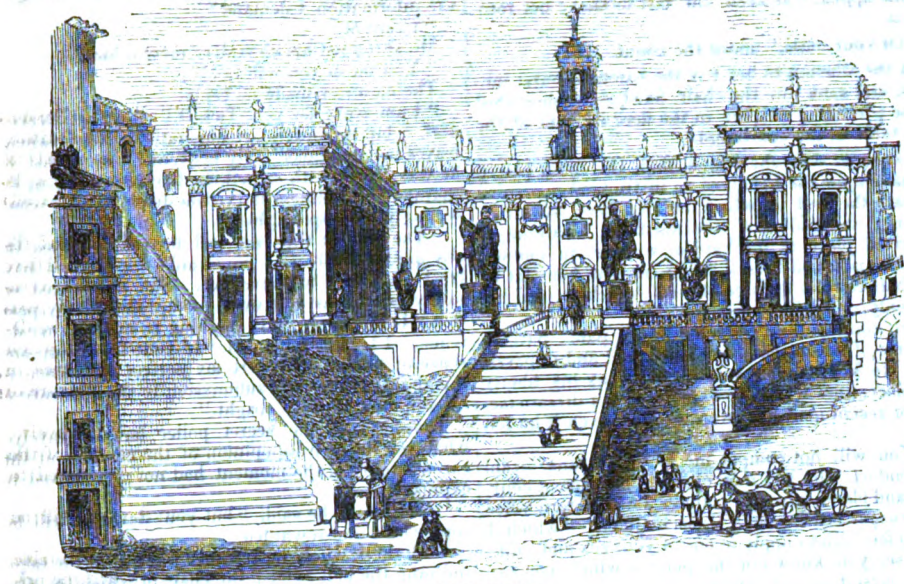
To be continued.

EVERYWHERE endeavor to be useful, and everywhere you are at home.



GENERAL VIEW OF ROME.





THE CAPITOL.

### A Memoir on the History and Topography of Rome.

BY WILLIAM JOSEPH O'HEA.

Here a proud people's passions were exhaled,  
From the first hour of empire in the bud,  
To that when further worlds to conquer failed.

CHILDE HAROLD, Canto iv.

Of all the great centres of civilisation which have at different epochs filled the world with their glory, there has not been one whose vicissitudes have attracted such universal attention, or excited such abiding interest, as have been created by the varying fortunes of the "Eternal City." The seat of a mighty empire, which for centuries was almost co-extensive with the known world; attaining the zenith of its grandeur at that cardinal point of history where the darkness of Paganism begins to recede before the advancing light of Christianity; contributing by the Imperial unity of its wide-spread dominion and by its laws, its language, and its literature, which the majestic genius of its people had made current amongst all nations and for all ages—the only human means which could most speedily and effectually diffuse and establish among the different races of mankind the knowledge of the true God; presenting in the miraculous vitality of its existence, which has preserved it a metropolis for nearly three thousand years,\* an extraordinary contrast to the fate of the other great cities of antiquity; recovering in later times, as if grown young again, its wonted supremacy, though of a character widely different from that which it had possessed of old, Rome must continue to be, as it has been at every period, the admiration as well of the gifted and the learned, as of the less accomplished among the students of its wondrous story. At the present day, even amidst the "chaos of ruins" all around, the modern city is graced by monuments of architecture, by works of science and of art, which the structures of no other capital can rival, and which are well worthy to have ranked amongst the noblest features of the City of the Cæsars; and it constitutes one of the most peculiar and attractive of the charms which the investigation of the topography of Rome presents, that you can at the same time gratify the imagination and the taste by the pursuit of antiquarian research and by the study of the most perfect productions of genius in modern times; while the history of the causes which brought down "the Mistress of the World" from her high estate entertains and instructs, and elucidates much that would otherwise be obscure and unintelligible. Those causes were manifold—

The Goth, the Christian, time, war, flood, and fire

But long before the name of Alaric had become the terror of Italy, the seeds of decay had entered into the constitution of the Imperial City. Previously, however, to adverting further to the circumstances of its decline, it is requisite to notice the various catastrophes, restorations, and rebuildings of "Old Rome," which finally resulted in the production of an *Epitome of the Universe*, as it was called, in order

\* Rome was founded, according to Varro, Plutarch, and Pausanias, about the year of the world 3288, or 176 years before the Christian era. There are other dates mentioned, differing slightly from this.

that we may the more distinctly mark the epoch to which that marvellous aggregation of magnificent structures belonged, the remains of which have become "a marble wilderness."

The mean, straggling town which, in the early ages of the Republic, was destroyed by the Gauls under Brennus, was rebuilt with quite as little taste and regularity as presided over its first foundation. The streets were narrow and irregular; the dwellings of rude construction, low, and devoid of ornament. As the State advanced in power and prosperity, the public buildings were re-constructed on a grander scale, and new ones were added, which redeemed, in some degree, the meaner aspect of the private houses, even of the patricians, in the erection of which neither elegance nor beauty was introduced until at a comparatively later period, when the stern simplicity of the early days of the Republic gave place to the luxury which resulted from the constantly increasing wealth of all the great families of rank, who monopolised the governments of the provinces, and amassed riches by the most oppressive exactions and the most corrupt administration of the provincial revenues.

#### IMPERIAL ROME.

Where gorgeous tyranny had thus amassed  
All treasures, all delights, that eye or ear,  
Heart, soul could seek, tongue ask.

CHILDE HAROLD, Canto iv.

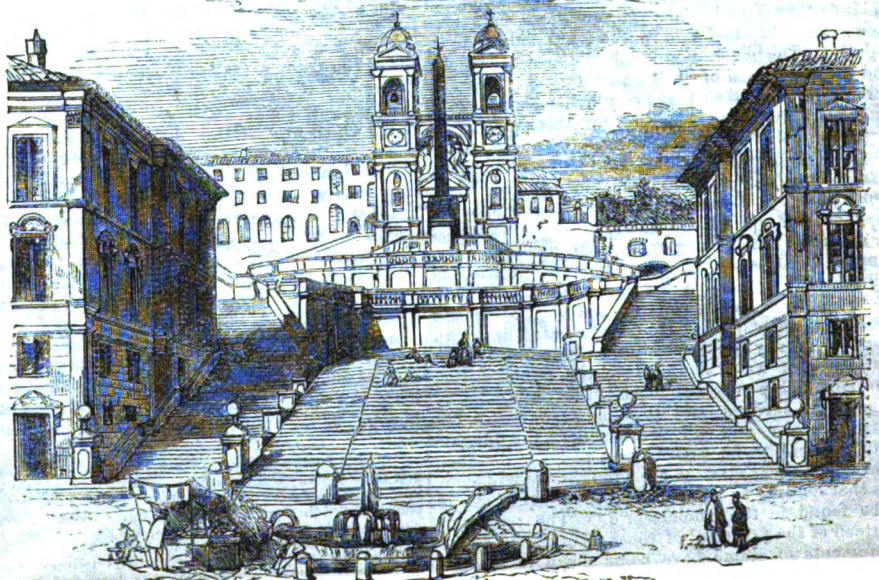
A great fire which occurred a short time previous to the concentration of the Imperial power in the hands of Augustus, gave to that Emperor an opportunity of displaying his magnificence in the restora-

tion of the city, the greater portion of which had been destroyed in the flames: baths, palaces, porticoes, and shrines—"the temples of the immortal gods"—reared their gorgeous piles under the creative power of the Imperial munificence; and it was his boast that "he found Rome built of brick, and that he left it marble." But Augustus did not remedy the chief defect in the construction of the city—its irregular, ill-arranged plan, with its narrow winding streets. These remained as imperfect as in the rebuilding after the demolition by the Gauls; and the grand work of remodelling was reserved for Nero,† in the tenth year of whose reign occurred that stupendous conflagration, from which only four out of the fourteen regions‡ into which Rome was divided escaped uninjured: three were completely demolished, and the remaining seven suffered such havoc as to be left with scarcely a monument or trophy of past ages standing. In the ten quarters where the flames raged, all was desolation and ruin; and the site of "the seven-hill'd city"§ became almost literally a *tabula rasa*, whereon was subsequently raised by Nero and his immediate successors that assemblage of architectural wonders, which made the name of Imperial Rome for ages synonymous with all that is grand, gorgeous, and magnificent. The graphic pen of the historian Tacitus has left us a fearful picture of the horrors of that dreadful catastrophe. The fire, he tells us, began in that part of the Great Circus which was contiguous to the Palatine and Cælian Mounts; it quickly spread to the higher, as well as to the lower districts of the city: the shrieks of women—the various attempts to save the young, the feeble, and the aged—the hurrying in all directions through the narrow, tortuous streets, of those anxious only for their own safety—the vain efforts to rescue rich property and valuables—the consternation of those who, flying from the flames in a direction of apparent safety, turned back in despair on finding the conflagration extending in front of them as well as behind and on either side—combined to produce a scene of inextricable confusion and inconceivable horror, which was aggravated by the terror inspired by gangs of ruffians, who ran about in all directions, flinging lighted brands to feed and spread the flames, and preventing, with menaces of denunciation, all attempts to stay the progress of the fire, declaring at the same time that they had authority for so acting. From this and other circumstances of the time, Nero, whose cruelty and wickedness made him obnoxious to the charge, was accused of being the

† Nero began his reign A. D. 54.

‡ The fourteen regions of ancient Rome were:—1. Porta Capena; 2. Cælimontana; 3. Isis and Serapis; 4. The Temple of Peace, or the Via Sacra; 5. The Esquiline; 6. Alta Semita; 7. Via Lata, i. e. Broadway; 8. The Roman Forum; 9. The Flaminian Circus; 10. Palatium; 11. Circus Maximus; 12. Piscina Publica; 13. The Aventine; 14. Transtiberana. The regions, or districts, of the modern city are named:—1. Rione Monte; 2. R. Trevi; 3. R. Colonna; 4. R. Campo Marzo; 5. R. Ponte; 6. R. Parione; 7. R. Regola; 8. R. Sant. Eustachio; 9. R. Pigna; 10. R. Campitelli; 11. R. Sant' Angelo; 12. R. Ripa; 13. R. Trastevere; 14. R. Borgo.

§ The seven hills are the Palatine (which was the first enclosed by the founders of Rome), the Capitoline, the Quirinal, the Cælian, the Aventine, the Esquiline, and the Viminal.



PIAZZO DI SPAGNA.



wilful author of the disaster; and the rumor received universal belief, that during the height of the conflagration he looked on calmly, enjoying the terrific scene, while he accompanied himself on his lyre, as he sang the destruction of Troy, to which he compared the devastation around him. The fire lasted six days, at the close of which it was arrested by levelling to the ground large masses of buildings at the foot of the Esquiline Hill. It burst out a second time, but was soon finally subdued.

Amongst its ravages were included, not only the destruction of the most interesting remains of the Republican city, but also the loss of the noblest works of Grecian art—painting, sculpture, and bronze. To remove from his own shoulders the odium of such a nefarious crime, Nero charged the Christians, who were then becoming somewhat numerous at Rome, with being the authors of the calamity; and to give color to the calumnious accusation, he subjected them to the most exquisite torture.

On that part of the site of the ruined city lying between the Palatine and the Esquiline Hills—a space which was more than a mile in breadth—Nero erected his celebrated "Golden House," as he called the new palace in which he fixed his abode. The vastness of extent and the varied magnificence of this Imperial residence, and its ornamental grounds, almost surpass belief; and if the details that have come down to us respecting it were not too well authenticated to admit of doubt, they might justly be regarded as fabulous. Within its inclosure were comprised spacious fields, groves, orchards, and vineyards, artificial lakes, hills, and dense woods, after the manner of a solitude or wilderness, the whole being encompassed by an ample portico. The palace itself consisted of magnificent buildings, raised on the shores of the lake, like buildings of a miniature city. The various wings were united by galleries, each a mile in length. The "house" or immediate dwelling of the Emperor was decorated in a style of the most excessive gorgeousness. It is described as having been tiled with gold (whence its name), with which precious metal also the marble sheathing of the walls was profusely decked, being at the same time embellished with ornaments of mother-of-pearl (which was in those times valued even more highly than gold), and with a profusion of precious stones. The ceilings and wood-work were inlaid with ivory and gold, and the roof of the grand banqueting-hall was made to resemble the firmament. It was contrived to have a rotatory motion, so as to imitate the supposed motion of the heavenly bodies; and from it were showered perfumed waters. The vastness of the plan, which was projected by two famous architects of that period, named Severus and Celer, prevented its being finished during Nero's life; and one of the first expenditures of Otho's reign (anno 69) was for the completion of the palace, which, however, was not long destined to stand in its entirety a monument of Nero's extravagance, for it was in part destroyed by Vespasian, who commenced on the site the celebrated Colosseum; and a fire in Trajan's reign proved fatal to many of its majestic piles of building.

The portion of the site of the lately-destroyed city which was not occupied by the "Golden House," was appropriated to the streets and the private and public buildings of the restored capital; and in the formation and erection of these, good taste and judgment prevailed. The thoroughfares were spacious, straight, and laid out with order and regularity. The houses were built of a uniform height, and the court-yard of each was enlarged. The emperor's intention was that every house should stand detached in its own enclosure; but this magnificent idea was only carried out in part. The mansions that were isolated were called from that circumstance *insule*, or isles, and had large porticoes erected in front of them. It was, however, in its public buildings that the splendor of Imperial Rome was most conspicuous. In this category were comprehended temples, theatres, amphitheatres, porticoes, triumphal arches, obelisks, baths, fountains, aqueducts, &c. These last were among the grandest of the majestic wonders of the capital. Pliny, in treating of them, says:—"If any one will diligently estimate the abundance of water supplied to the public baths, fountains, fish-ponds, artificial lakes for galley-fights, to pleasure-gardens, and to almost every private house in Rome, and will then consider the difficulties that were to be surmounted, and the distance from which these streams are brought, he will confess that nothing so wonderful as these aqueducts is to be found in the whole world." The names of fourteen of the principal of these most useful of the monuments of Rome have come down to modern times; that which conveyed the largest stream into

the city was the Claudian (begun by Nero and finished by Claudius); and it precipitated its waters in a mighty volume, like a mountain cataract, into an immense marble reservoir. The fountains, both for ornament and use, were almost numberless, and of exquisite design; while the *thermae*, or baths, were in fact magnificent temples of health and recreation, so richly were their lofty apartments decorated with mosaic and sculptured groups and ornaments, while the purifying element flowed in copious quantities, and of every variety of temperature, into capacious marble basins. Attached to these baths were libraries and pleasure-grounds, having places set apart for gymnastic exercises, and for the philosophic disputants and their schools, wherein they lectured and discussed the doctrines of their respective sects.

Of all the localities of Rome, the most celebrated in history, as well as the most superb in architectural decoration, was the district called the *Roman Forum*. It bore that name from its comprising within its precincts the far-famed Forum Romanum—now a desolate field of ruins, called by the undignified name of Campo Vaccino, *anglicè* Bullock Field. Here, amidst the crowded profusion of public edifices, stood the Temple of Concord, which so often resounded with the eloquence of Cicero, Cæsar, and others of the great "conscript fathers," during the deliberations of the Senate. In this region, also, the great Temple of Jupiter reared its lofty marble elevation upon the Capitol; and around, or adjoining the Forum, were the Temple of Saturn, the Temple of Castor and Pollux, the Temple of Janus, the Temple of Fortune, the Temple of Jupiter Tonans, the Tabularium (in which were deposited the bronze tablets on which were engraved the decrees of the Senate and other public acts), the Arch of Tiberius, the Temple of Vespasian, the Arch of Septimius Severus, the Curia Julia (where the Senate usually assembled), the Arch of Titus, the Gracotatus, the Temple of Vesta, the Julian Basilica, the Temple of Antoninus and Faustina, &c. The Forum Romanum was usually called, by way of distinction, the *Forum*.<sup>\*</sup> The precise limits of its site and its extent, in the area at the foot of the Capitoline and Palatine Mounts, have long proved a subject of perplexity and controversy among antiquarians, the views of many of whom have been justly condemned by later and abler investigators as improbable and extravagant. The celebrated book and map of the accomplished Roman archæologist, Canina have effectually dispelled the clouds of error which have hitherto obscured this the most interesting question connected with the topography of ancient Rome.

Adjoining the Forum was the *Comitium*, or Assembly, an open space used in the early times of the Republic for the three grand descriptions of assembly, to which the people were summoned by the magistrates, for the exercise of their rights and privileges as citizens; viz., the assembly by tribes, by centuries, and by *curia*. Subsequently, it was in part roofed and walled in, decorated with columns, &c., and became one of the ornamental buildings of the locality.

Facing the Forum, and opposite the Temple of Concord, was the Tribune for public speakers, which is so famous in Roman history under the name of the *Rostra*, so called from its being originally, in the time of the Republic, decked with the beaks or prows of ships taken from the enemy. From this platform (if we may use so modern a term) the orator harangued the *Quirites* (as the Romans loved to be called) assembled in the Forum.

The *Mamertine Prison* and the *Tullian Dungeon*, with which every classical student is familiar as the scene of the death of the Catiline conspirators, and which have an all-absorbing interest for the Christian tourist as the places in which Saints Peter and Paul were imprisoned, previous to their martyrdom in the reign of Nero, were situated also near the Temple of Concord; and, though built—the former so early as the years 630 before the Christian era, by Ancus Martius; the latter by Servius Tullius, nearly a century later—they are, at the present day, in excellent preservation, owing to the cyclopean strength of their original construction, and to the circumstances of their having been consecrated, at a very early period of Christian Rome, as shrines of the holy Apostles, St. Peter and St. Paul, in commemoration of their incarceration there.

<sup>\*</sup> The Forums were open spaces, surrounded by buildings, and were usually oblong in form. They were of two kinds: viz., markets for the sale of meat, vegetables, &c.; and places of public resort, corresponding, in some degree, with what in modern Continental cities, are *par excellence* named *places*. The erections around the latter kind were usually edifices of a splendid character, such as triumphal arches, porticoes, temples, &c., of which the Forum of Trajan presented some of the best specimens in Imperial Rome.

The church of St. Giuseppe dei Falegnani stands above these subterranean chapels, the walls of which preserve the appearance they presented in their earliest existence, being constructed of large blocks of stone, rudely put together without cement, in the ancient manner known as the Etruscan style of building. The Tullian, or lower dungeon, is approached by a flight of steps from the Mamertine; and in it is a well of clear water, in which tradition says St. Peter baptized his gaolers Processus and Martinianus, whom he had converted to Christianity in the course of his nine months' incarceration: there is also inserted in the floor a fragment of a column, to which, it is said, the holy Apostle was chained.

The Forum of Julius Cæsar, the Forum of Augustus, and the Forum of Trajan—all equally celebrated for their architectural wonders—especially the latter—were in this region, through which also ran the *Cloaca Maxima*, or Great Sewer, built by the elder Tarquin, in the early days of the Kings, prior to the Republic, and constructed with such solidity, and of such capacious dimensions, that a great portion of it remains perfect at the present time.

Finally, within this gorgeous quarter of the city the CAPITOL reared its Imperial head. It was distinguished into three parts; viz: the two peaks of the Capitoline Mount—the northern crowned with the Great Temple of the Capitoline Jupiter, the southern forming the fortress known as the Tarpeian Rock (in modern times bearing the very unworthy designation of Monte Caprino), from which criminals condemned to death were precipitated; and the intervening area between, called, from its position, the *Intermontium*, now styled the Piazza di Campidoglio. The site of the Temple of Jupiter is now occupied by the Church of Santa Maria d'Ara Cœli. The Temple was begun by the Tarquins, but was not completed until the establishment of the Republic, when it was consecrated, in the year 508, B. C. to Jupiter Optimus Maximus. It was constructed and embellished on a scale and in a style of grandeur extraordinary for that period of the State; and in all the succeeding improvements, the original conception of costly decoration was fully carried out. The gates were of brass, and the tiles of the roof were of bronze gilt. A conflagration 425 years after its foundation having reduced it to ashes, its restoration was immediately commenced, and was brought to completion under the dictatorship of the celebrated Sylla, who, however, did not live to witness its dedication. Consuls, Generals, Dictators, and Emperors lavished gifts of immense value upon it from time to time. Sylla did not hesitate to despoil the Temple of Jupiter Olympus, at Athens, of brazen ornaments and pillars for it. Augustus gave a collection of precious stones of great price, and 2000lb. of gold, for its decoration. It contained bronze and silver, and gilt shields, and a profusion of various treasures, including a golden chariot. Its *façade*, which looked to the south, in the direction of the Forum and the Colosseum, was adorned with three rows of columns; its sides with two; and the interior presented the aspect of a triple temple—for the three naves were separated, not by open arches or pillars, after the manner of a Basilica, but by party-walls of marble. Those divisions were dedicated respectively to Juno, Jupiter, and Minerva—each being furnished with a statue of the divinity to whose worship it was appropriated: viz., the central with that of Jupiter, the lateral compartments with those of Juno and Minerva. The famous Sybilline Books were carefully preserved in a chapel beneath the shrine of Jupiter. In the civil war between the Emperors Vitellius and Vespasian, A.D. 61, the Capitol was again destroyed by fire; and, having been restored by the latter, it was a third time reduced to ashes during a great conflagration which, in the reign of Titus, raged during three days and three nights, and inflicted vast injury on the city. The Emperor Domitian restored it (for the third time) in a style of magnificence far exceeding its ancient splendor, and the gilding alone cost 12,000 talents—an amount nearly equal to ten millions of dollars, while the columns were of Pentelic marble—one of the finest of the white marbles of Greece. It stood thus without further mishap, in all its pride and beauty, the grand seat of Pagan pomp, the metropolitan temple of Roman idolatry and superstition, until, with the decline of the heathen ritual, under the emperor Gratian, who, in the course of his reign (A.D. 375 to 383) confiscated to the service of the State, or of the Christian Church, the revenues of Pagan priests and vestals, and abolished their honors and immunities—it became a prey to neglect, and consequently slow though certain ruin. "*Auratum squallet Capitolium*,"

says St. Jerome, writing shortly after this period, "*fuligine, et araneorum telis omnia Roma templa cooperta sunt*;" and again the same learned and holy authority tells us, "*Squalor Capitolium, templa Jovis et cetera considerant*." The exact period of the final destruction of this grand shrine of Satan has not been ascertained. On the entrance into Rome of Theodosius, in the beginning of the year 389, after his victory over Maximus, he summoned the Senate, which was still composed of the adherents of the heathen superstition, and put to the vote the important question whether the Pagan or Christian worship should be the established and recognized religion of Rome; and the Senate in compliance to the Imperial predilections, decided by a large, though hypocritical majority, in favor of the religion of Christ; and in the succeeding reign of Honorius, an Imperial edict (A.D. 399) ordered the closing of all the shrines and temples, the number of which amounted to no less than 424. These circumstances sufficiently account for and confirm the accuracy of the description of St. Jerome, "*Squalor Capitolium*." It must have suffered considerably in the first sack of the Goths (A.D. 410), as well as under the operation of the edict of Theodosius the Younger, who, in the year 426, decreed the destruction of the fane and temples. But, to the ravages of Genseric (A.D. 455) and Ricimer (A.D. 472) must in all probability be ascribed the final demolition (except, perhaps, the walls) of this grand edifice, in which, for upwards of eleven hundred years "the altars of the immortal gods" had smoked with incense and the blood of victims, according to the ritual established by Numa Pompilius.

The Palaces and Villas of the nobles contributed likewise in no small degree to the magnificence which everywhere saluted the view in the Imperial metropolis. The enormous wealth of the Patrician families, derived from vast and numerous estates which they severally possessed in all the most fertile provinces of the empire, far exceeded any modern standard of private riches, and enabled them to indulge in the most luxurious habits and tastes; one of the most universal of which was the construction within the city of residences of more than royal splendor, encompassed by parks which, after the fashion of the grounds surrounding Nero's Golden House, presented the appearance of miniature cities, in such thronged profusion were they studded with baths, temples, theatres, hippodromes, open decorated places or fora, fountains, aviaries, lakes, groves, gardens, groups of statuary, &c. Those splendid mansions and villas not only abounded within the limits of the city, properly so called, as marked by the circuit of the modern walls, which follows pretty closely the line of circumvallation built by the Emperor Aurelian, but extended out in all directions towards the country along the great roads for several miles, bringing within the suburbs many considerable villages; and thus making Rome somewhat like modern London, an aggregate of towns, rather than a single city.

The Campus Martius should not be omitted in a notice of the *memoriabilia*. Originally a private demesne of the Tarquin family, it became, on the expulsion of that royal race, the property of the Republic, and was appropriated to the purposes of a national training-ground for the Roman youth, where they were taught those martial exercises which fitted them to become the conquerors of the world. Augustus and his successors expended large sums in its decoration. Pleasure-grounds, embellished with fountains and cool groves, afforded a grateful retreat after the exercise of the various games—racing, wrestling, throwing the quoit, &c. Theatres, Egyptian obelisks, architectural structures, and monuments of great beauty—amidst which rose the marble mausoleum of Augustus, crowned with a bronze statue of the emperor—added to the attractions of this noble park, and rendered it a suitable appendage to the mighty city.

The Circus Maximus, where the chariot and horse races, the games of the athletes, &c., were held, is noticed in another place.

The Palatine Mount likewise possessed an ample share of the wonders of the city. Here stood the great Library of Apollo, stored with the best collection of Greek and Latin works extant in the time of Augustus, and containing the bronze colossal statue of Apollo, 50 feet high, from which the building derived its appellation. In it Augustus, towards the close of his reign, frequently convened the Senate. Adjoining were the Temple of Apollo, the houses of Augustus, Tiberius, Caligula, &c., and that aggregate of splendid structures which formed the Imperial Palace of the Cæsars.

We may close this hasty, and we fear insufficient, glance, through the ruins of ages, at the stupendous structures of Imperial Rome, by the mention of the

Gardens\* of Sallust, the Gardens of Lucullus, the Baths of Caracalla, the Baths of Diocletian, the Colosseum, the Pantheon, and the Mausoleum of Hadrian, all of which were amongst the most conspicuous of the admirable monuments of its magnificence.

The Imperial City was continually enlarged and improved during the first century and a half of the Christian era by the Emperors, who were constantly replacing meaner edifices by grand and imposing structures, of the most varied character and vast dimensions, on which, by lavishing enormous treasures—the spoil of conquered provinces—and employing the cheap labour of countless captives and slaves, they were able to accomplish with facility what would, under other circumstances, have been impossible. The fires that occurred in the civil wars of Vitellius, and Vespasian, and during the reigns of Titus and Trajan, furnished opportunities to the three last-named Emperors to indulge their taste for the grand, in the respective restorations they were thus called on to make; but, independently of such occasions, they and their immediate successors were ceaseless in their efforts to produce an aggregation of architectural wonders commensurate with their own exalted conceptions of that beauty and majesty which should characterise the City of the Cæsars.

It may not be inappropriate to add a few words here on the habits and manners, which, with little variation, during the five centuries that Rome flourished an Imperial city, characterised the daily life of its inhabitants. The Plebeians, or humbler classes of the *gens togata*, disdained, as servile and degrading, the manual industry and mechanical arts which form the basis of the wealth and independence of commercial and trading communities. The labor of the husbandman was the only industrial occupation deemed worthy of the Roman citizen; and the frequent interruptions of military service rendered agriculture by no means a very profitable pursuit. Hence, from an early period, the Plebeians were overwhelmed with debt; and the possessions of those who were proprietors of land speedily fell into the hands of the avaricious nobles, who plied the practice of usury in the most unscrupulous fashion. Their wants were, however, supplied by the corrupt liberality of the candidates for offices of distinction and emolument in the State, as long as the possession of the right of suffrage vested power and patronage in their hands. But, with the loss of power which they suffered under the Emperors, all sense of dignity, which they might otherwise have had amidst all their poverty, passed away, and they degenerated into a mere pauper rabble, whose numbers were continually recruited from the idle the dissolute, and the vagabond members of the community, in the various and most dissimilar provinces of the Empire. So that the lower orders of Rome presented a population the most motley and heterogeneous imaginable; who, if they had their cry of "*Panem et circenses*" (bread and the public games) gratified, were content to pass the day basking in the sun in idleness, or in the grossest dissipation and debauchery.—the prototype of the modern *lazzaroni*. They are allowed, at the public expense, originally, a certain quantity of corn monthly for their support; subsequently that was converted into a daily allowance of bread, which was baked at the public ovens, and distributed to the people in their respective districts. To it were added a certain portion of pork or bacon, and a measure of oil, and also of wine, at an insignificant price, thus constituting a very substantial and effective species of "out-door relief." They had a superabundant supply of wholesome fresh water for domestic purposes at the numberless fountains erected in every locality of the city, whilst at the *thermae* they could avail themselves of the most luxurious baths free of expense. Independently of this participation in the bounty of the State, which laid its richest provinces under heavy contributions, in money and in kind, for the purpose, every rich noble kept open house for a large train of dependents, who regarded the great man as their patron, and "the crumbs that fell from his table" as

\* By the term *gardens*, the Romans meant not merely ornamental grounds in the modern sense, but enclosures without the precincts of the city, which embraced within their extensive boundaries artificial lakes, mounts, groves, villas, porticoes, lofty towers, terraces, and whatever other objects that boundless extravagance could suggest, or exhaustless wealth create, to minister to their sensual appetites and habits of excessive luxury. The two gardens named above were amongst the most celebrated of those in that beautiful quarter of the city which encompassed and stretched up the slopes of the Pincian Hill, and which was called, in consequence, *Collis Hortulorum*, i.e. the Hill of Gardens. They subsequently became the property of the Emperors, in whose hands their sumptuous character was greatly augmented. In the vicinity of the site of the Gardens of Lucullus is the quarter of the modern city chiefly frequented by the English.

one of the chief sources of their sustenance. The mansions of the nobles, as already mentioned, occupied the greater portion of the area of the city, and from the splendor of these their mode of life can be readily understood. But the *plebs*—the *proletarian* *culgus*, as Horace called them—were crowded into small, badly-lighted, and ill-ventilated apartments, in houses which were raised in narrow, confined streets, to a lofty elevation, story above story, to accommodate the vast numbers of the citizens. These numbers have been variously computed, in the absence of any fixed data. The moderate estimate of Gibbon, of a million and a quarter, applies to a period when the Empire, and with it the metropolis, was fast declining, as well in populousness as in power and prosperity; but it may serve to indicate how numerous (including slaves) must have been the population of the Eternal City in the palmy days of Trajan, of Hadrian, and of the Antonines.

#### THE DISASTERS OF THE IMPERIAL CITY.

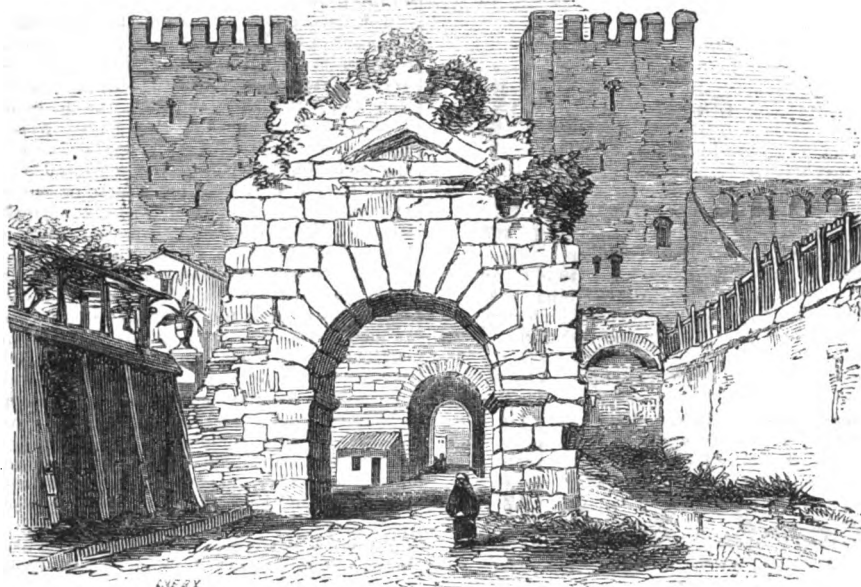
The Goth, the Christian, time, war, flood, and fire,  
Have dealt upon the seven-hill'd city's pride:  
She saw her glories star by star expire,  
And up the steep barbarian Monarchs ride,  
Where the car clim'd the Capitol, far and wide  
Temple and tower went down, nor left a site.  
Chaos of ruins! who shall trace the void,  
O'er the dim fragments cast a lunar light,  
And say, "Here was, or is," where all is doubly night?  
CHILDE HAROLD, Canto iv.

The first of the grand shocks which proved fatal to the splendor of the Imperial City was communicated during its capture and brief occupation by Alaric and his Gothic hordes, anno 410. For upwards of a century and a half, however, previous to that catastrophe, the operation of the causes which had most contributed to its magnificence had been suspended; while others had come into force, of character positively prejudicial, and well calculated to foster a certain, though gradual decay. From the reign of the Emperor Decius, A.D. 250, to the abdication of Diocletian, in the year 305, the incessant incursions of the Goths and Vandals on the eastern side of the Empire, and the civil wars and insurrections headed by various pretenders to the Imperial purple, which had distracted Gaul and the western provinces, whilst they wholly absorbed the attention of the Emperors, and kept them constantly absent from the metropolis, had served at the same time to dissipate the diminished treasures which the crippled resources of the provinces were still able to yield, and which in more prosperous times had been applied to the decoration of the Capital. On the restoration of a comparative state of tranquility under the latter Emperor, Rome, in a great degree, ceased to be the seat of government. Diocletian, associating Maximian with himself in the dignity of the purple, and dividing the empire into the Eastern and the Western, fixed his own residence, as ruler over the former, in Nicomedia, on the Sea of Marmora, the chief city of Bithynia, in Asia Minor; while Maximian chose Milan as the metropolis of the West: and though the Senate still sat in their ancient halls beneath the Capitol, they no longer exercised any of the administrative powers of the State, which had become wholly centred in the vigorous and unscrupulous hands of the Illyrian peasants, whom the chance of war and the caprice of the army had placed upon the throne of the Cæsars, and who, quite regardless of, and probably insensible to, the majestic beauty of the Eternal City, regarded the expenditure necessary for the maintenance of its lustre unimpaired as money uselessly squandered.

The short restoration of the Imperial presence, in the person of the rapacious tyrant Maxentius (anno 306–312), was more detrimental to the city than the absence and neglect of his predecessors had been.

The reign of the Great Constantine did not stay, but, on the contrary, it accelerated the tendency to decline, which the circumstances of the times had produced. As soon as the defeat and destruction of his rivals had laid the whole Empire prostrate at his feet, he transferred the seat of dominion to the shores of the Bosphorus; and Constantinople, called after his own name, founded (A.D. 324) on the site of Byzantium, and decorated with profuse magnificence, quickly attracted from the discarded banks of the Tiber that numerous section of the patricians who had everything to hope or fear from the countenance or disfavor of the Imperial Court. Many of the wealthy Christians also withdrew to the new capital, for the more unrestricted exercise of their religion; for Rome was in a great degree still Pagan. The deserted palaces of those absentee nobles soon became a prey to neglect; and the numerous retainers and dependents, who thickly swarmed in the vicinity of the aristocratic mansions, disappearing with the departure of the lordly sunshine which had called them into existence, the first feature of decay—a diminish-





ARCH OF DRUSUS.

ing population—began to characterise this epoch of mighty Rome.

The incessant wars and revolutions, external and internal, which harassed and exhausted every province of the Empire, during the close of the fourth century, notwithstanding the transcendent abilities of the great Theodosius, evidenced its steady progress towards final dissolution into its original elements—a condition, however, which was indicated with still more emphatic distinctness in the aspect of material decline which Imperial Rome assumed under its influence and operation; while whatever advantages of honor or of splendor which were connected with the residence of the Imperial Court and of the great officers of state and justice, were monopolised by Milan, Ravenna, and Constantinople.

It was in this state of things, that, during the reign of the feeble Honorius, Alaric and his myrmidons, after long hovering about their prey, at last pounced upon the ill-fated city, which they entered at midnight, on the 24th of August, 410. During six days the ferocious rapacity and licentious fury of the barbarians raged unrestrained through its marble palaces and gilded temples. The destructive agency of fire was called to the aid of their violent passions, which were directed with unerring certainty against the noblest and richest monuments of art and luxury by the hatred and revenge of forty thousand slaves, who had deserted from their Roman masters to join the Gothic camp. Unheard-of atrocities were inflicted on the wretched Romans. Indiscriminate massacre, tortures, captivity, and exile were the ultimate fate reserved for them; and, when the savage invaders retired from the half-ruined city, the numbers of the inhabitants were so thinned, both by the previous flight of the terror-stricken who had withdrawn at the approach of Alaric, and by the slaughter of those who, vainly confiding in the strength of their walls, had remained, that the streets and public places, once so populous and full of life, presented the aspect of a solitude. On the return of the population, no less than 14,000 entered the city in one day.

To the Christian churches alone, especially that of St. Peter's, which had been erected by Constantine the Great was any immunity from the general destruction extended; but with respect to the other great structures of the city, though the massive piles of marble masonry and brick-work, and the enormous beams of bronze, resisted the impotent violence of the destroyer, yet, in their dismantled state—the impoverished condition of the citizens furnishing but slender means for their subsequent repair and restoration—they readily fell to decay. The prestige of inviolability which had so long encompassed the renowned city with a mystic character, as it were, of divine sanctity, was irretrievably lost; and, from this disastrous era, the march of ruin advanced with an accelerated step for a full century with little or no interruption. Although some restorations were effected through the zeal and energy of the Prefects of the city, yet they were by no means commensurate with the ravages which had been committed by the hordes of Alaric.

The Western Empire, on the stability of which the grandeur of Rome depended, was torn and

devastated during the first half of the fifth century, by the savage tribes of the Vandals, the Alanni, the Suevi, the Burgundians, the Franks, etc., who settled permanently in those rich provinces which had regarded Rome as their mother of cities—their metropolis, and who only looked upon the former seat of the Cæsars as a rich object of plunder. Africa, too, which had hitherto been the granary from which the luxurious citizens of the capital had drawn their supplies, soon fell into the hands of the barbarians; and thus, under the operation of famine, the population shrank into fearfully diminished proportions, and many noble mansions became tenantless ruins.

In the year 452, Attila, "the Scourge of God," at the head of 500,000 Huns—the fiercest, the most hideous in personal aspect, and the most savage of all the barbarian hordes then let loose on the civilised world—advanced with furious haste across the Alps towards Rome, devastating with fire and sword the countries through which he passed; but the payment of a large sum of money, and the persuasive exhortations of Leo (justly surnamed the Great, for his many virtues and abilities), who then sat as Pope in the chair of St. Peter, operated so powerfully on the mind of the barbarian, that he withdrew his forces beyond the Danube, and the imminent destruction was thus averted.

But the respite of ill-fated Rome was not of long duration. In less than two years from Attila's retreat, Genseric, the King of the Vandals, who had a few years previously entered Africa from Spain, and had made himself master of the whole southern coast of the Mediterranean, set sail for the Tiber,

with a numerous host of Moors and Vandals, and on the 15th of June, A.D. 455, entered the defenceless capital.

During full fourteen days and nights, the barbarian horde rioted in wanton pillage. They set to work on the rich booty like practised corsairs, and, free from any apprehension of interruption, they loaded their ships with the spoils of both Pagan and Christian Rome. All that had been restored during the forty-five years that elapsed since the hasty ravages of Alaric, was again dismantled and despoiled. From the Pagan temples on the Capitol the gilt statues of the gods and heroes, and all the rich paraphernalia pertaining to the shrines and worship of Jupiter, Juno, and Minerva, which had hitherto continued untouched, notwithstanding the abolition of heathenism as the religion of the State, were carried away,\* together with what remained of the costly decorations, the magnificent furniture and plate of the Imperial Palaces, and Nero's Golden House, on the Palatine Hill. The gold and silver taken away amounted to several thousand talents; and even the brass and copper fixtures and sculptured marbles were torn from the buildings, whose structure, in which they had been embedded, was thus left shaken and tottering, a ready prey to certain ruin.

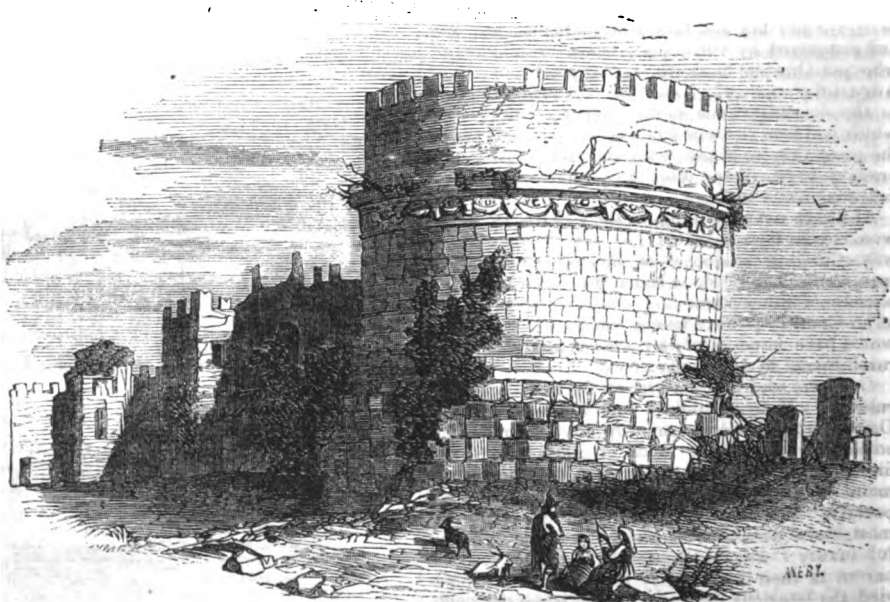
The most remarkable, however, of the various objects of curious value and importance of which Genseric rifled the Eternal City, were the spoils of the Temple of Jerusalem, which, four centuries before, had decorated the triumph of the Emperor Titus, on his return from the subjugation of the Jews, and had subsequently been deposited in the Temple of Peace. The golden tables of the Law, the seven-branched golden candlestick, the elaborately-chased golden vessels, and the various costly utensils of the gorgeous ritual of Israel, were now degraded to the base purpose of enhancing the plunder of a savage sea-robber.† The Christian churches were also included in the general rapine, and the Vandal followers of the blasphemous Arius deemed it no sacrilege to lay violent hands on the altars of the Roman Catholic temples.

Thousands of unhappy captives, of both sexes and all ages, were torn from their homes by the barbarous conquerors; and solitude and desolation again reigned in the once gay and crowded thoroughfares of Rome.

The Imperial fortunes of the once proud Empire city were now fast hastening to their final end. During the short period that intervened to the dissolution of the Western Empire—from A.D. 455 to A.D. 476—its last convulsive struggles were felt with fatal violence at the heart and centre of vitality, the metropolis. There the supreme power was vested in the hands of a barbarian chief, of Suevic origin—the Patrician or Count Ricimer—who, from the prejudices entertained against his birth, being unable to assume the Imperial purple himself, conferred that empty dignity upon such of his creatures

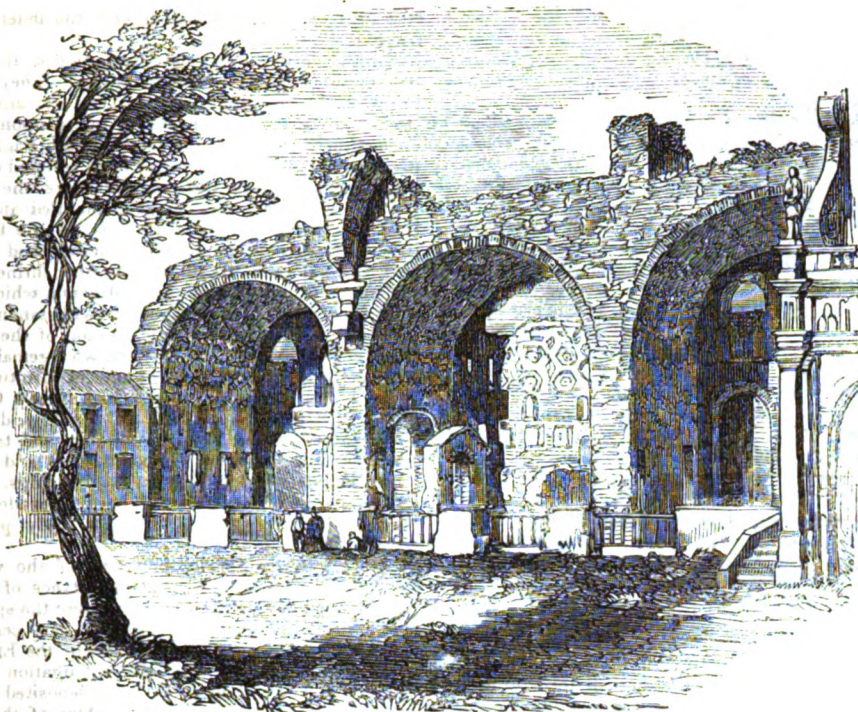
\* The ship which bore the spoils of the Capitol was lost on the voyage back to Africa, and all it contained went to the bottom.

† These relics of the Jewish temple were, it is said, recovered in the next century by the famous Belisarius, and were sent back to Jerusalem by the Emperor Justinian.



TOMB OF CECILIA METELLA.





BASILICA OF CONSTANTINE.

as he deemed the fittest tools for his own selfish purposes—hastening or delaying their downfall as suited his caprice or ambition. Not finding the Emperor Anthemius (whose daughter he had espoused) as pliant and subservient as he desired, Ricimer set up another Emperor (the senator Olybrius), and advancing from Milan, appeared under the walls of Rome, with a numerous host of Burgundians, Suevi, and other barbarians. He readily took possession of what may be called the Christian town, which had gradually sprung up in the vicinity of St. Peter's, beyond the Tiber; while his adversary, Anthemius, held the old or heathen city. During three months, while famine and pestilence thinned the inhabitants, the ravages of unscrupulous barbarians on both sides (Anthemius being chiefly supported by an army of Goths) brought havoc and ruin on many a noble pile and classic monument. At length Ricimer forced his way over the bridge of St. Angelo, and the fury of the soldiers exhausted itself on the devoted city; in the language of a contemporary writer, the Pope Gelasius, it was *subverted* (A.D. 472). Anthemius perished in the slaughter; and forty days afterwards, the Romans were rescued from the destructive protection of Ricimer by his death, which happened on the 20th of August in the above year.

At this period Italy was overrun by bands of barbarian soldiers called Confederates, whose chiefs aspired to, and contended amongst themselves for, the possession of the supreme power. One of these, Orestes, having placed his son Romulus Augustus, (who in derision was styled Augustulus) on the Imperial throne, they and their adherents were attacked and conquered by a barbarian adventurer, Odoacer, who put Orestes to death, and deposed the feeble Augustulus, A.D. 476; and the Senate consenting to the discontinuance of the Imperial succession, which had now become a mockery, the existence of the great Empire of the West was thus ingloriously brought to a close, after a duration of twelve centuries and a half!

Although not pertaining, in the strict sense of the word, to the history of the city, the desolation that was gathering around it at this disastrous epoch requires to be noticed, as the destruction of the resources of the surrounding country put an end to any reparative powers which the capital might and would have derived from a populous and prosperous rural district in its vicinity.

Odoacer, who was the first of the barbarians that ruled as "King of Italy," and his successor the Ostro-Goth Theodoric, gave up to their rapacious soldiery a third of the lands of Italy. But these dissolute and idle adventurers were not the men to maintain the fertility of the Campagna. "Their poverty," says Gibbon, "was incurable, since the most liberal donations were soon dissipated in wasteful luxury. As the most fertile estates became barren in their hands, they despised, but they envied, the laborious provincials; and when their subsistence had failed, the Ostro-Goths embraced the familiar resources of war and rapine." Oppressed

by the presence of such destructive hordes, the soil quickly ceased to supply the natural wants of man; and in a chronic condition of scarcity, and amid repeated famines and their attendant pestilence, the population that was spared by the sword gradually wasted away, until at length whole districts, extending many leagues in every direction, became entirely depopulated, presenting the appearance, which many of them still retain, of an uncultivated desolate wilderness.

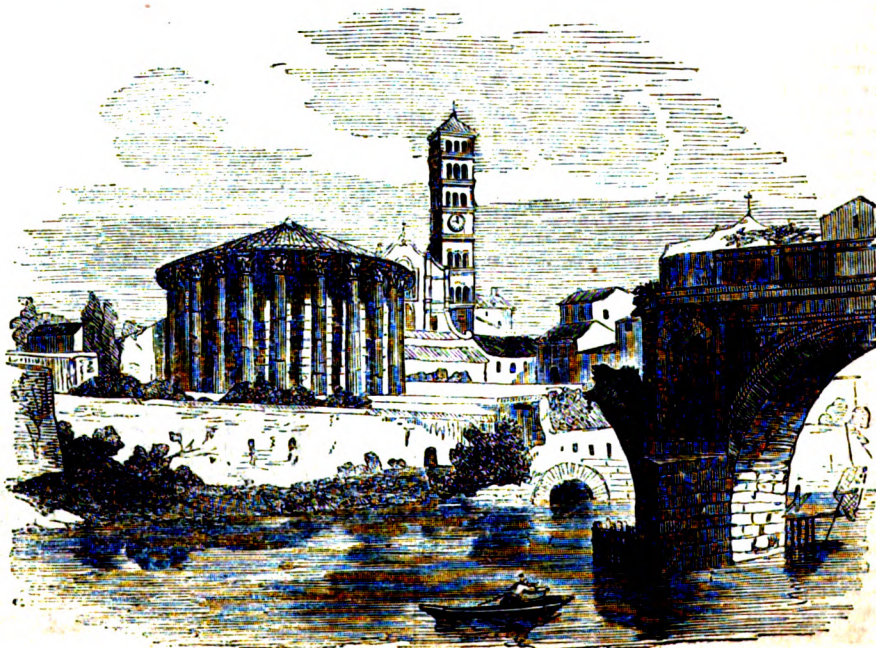
During the sixty years immediately succeeding the fall of the Western Empire, the dominion of the barbarians in Italy is not marked by the occurrence of any grand disaster to whatever remained of the beautiful and wonderful in the Imperial city. Theodoric, the Ostro-Goth, who was a statesman as well as a warrior, indeed, endeavored to arrest the universal decay that he saw around him. We learn from his minister, the accomplished Cassiodorus, that there were even then (the close of the fifth and beginning of the sixth centuries) many imposing structures still remaining—so numerous, so lasting, and so stupendous had been the monuments of Rome's magnificence, and so difficult their final destruction! There still stood, either wholly or in great part preserved, the Colosseum, the Forum of Trajan, the Circus Maximus, the Capitol, the Palace of the Cæsars, and the Theatre of Pompey. All around, scattered far and wide, broken columns,

piles of masonry, and blocks of marble lay prostrate on the ground.

The celebrated Belisarius, the general of the Emperor of the East, Justinian, having entered Italy to re-assert the sovereignty of his master over the West, advanced in the year 536 to rescue Rome from the barbarians; and such was the fame of his arms, and so crippled at that period were the resources of the Goths, that, without waiting his approach, they evacuated the city, and Belisarius made his entry without opposition on the 10th of December, amidst the acclamations of the inhabitants, who hailed him as their deliverer. During the following sixteen years Rome was captured no less than four times successively: viz. by Totila, the Goth, in 546; by Belisarius, in 547; by Totila again, in 549; and finally by the Greek general, the eunuch Narses, in the year 552. The dilapidation of Rome by barbarian hands is usually considered as having terminated with Totila's last capture; but the various assaults, sieges, and efforts at defence, which mark this fatal era, filled up the measure of destruction, and completed the deformity of the wide-spread ruins which now occupied the site of the Imperial City. The desolation of the adjacent country, from the Appenines to Naples, advanced *pari passu* with the ruin of the capital. During those fearful sixteen years, upwards of 15,000,000 of human beings perished by the sword, famine, and pestilence; the most fertile provinces were made desert; the most flourishing cities laid in ruins; and the entire order of things, which had grown up into a matured system under the power of old Rome and the civilization of Paganism, was literally blotted out of existence, and the very memory of its grandeur became almost effaced from the minds of men; whilst Christianity, unimpeded in its growth and progress amid the wreck of empires, expanded into fuller and more perfect development.

It is almost a question whether the defence of Belisarius, or the siege by Vitiges, and the assaults and capture by Totila, were the more destructive to the architectural ornaments which had survived down to that time. Vitiges, the Gothic King, who blockaded the city for a whole year after the entrance of Belisarius, viz. from the spring of the year 537 to March, A.D. 538, is described as coming down upon it like a raging lion. He destroyed the noble aqueducts which supplied the beleaguered inhabitants with water; and thus originated the ruin of the *thermæ*, whose reservoirs being no longer fed by copious streams, the baths became useless, and rapidly fell a prey to neglect and decay. Vitiges also burnt and wrecked every structure which he found without the walls; but, as he was unable to force an entrance, the interior of the city escaped his ravages.

Belisarius, who found it necessary, in order to repel the fierce assaults of the Goths, to rebuild in great part the walls of the Emperor Aurelian, pressed by the urgency of the case as well as by the want of other materials, was obliged to have recourse to the broken columns, entablatures, statues, altars, &c., which he found at hand, to repair the shattered fortifications; and his work, which is in part still



TEMPLE OF VESTA.



discernible, received the appropriate name of "*Opus tumultuarium*," to mark both the haste of its construction and the heterogeneous materials of which it was indiscriminately composed. Many precious relics of art thus ignobly perished. His soldiers, too, having converted the Mausoleum of Hadrian (now the castle or fort of St. Angelo) into a fortress, tore from their pedestals the masterpieces of Greek sculpture with which it was decorated, shattered them into fragments, and hurled them as missiles upon the heads of the besiegers.

When Totila first took the city, his intention was to uproot every trace of its foundations and reduce it to a "sheep-walk\*"; but, when he had levelled about one-third of the city walls, he yielded to the remonstrances of his opponent, Belisarius, who, from his retreat at Ostia, conjured him not to hand his name down to infamy by prosecuting so monstrous and savage a course of destruction. His occupation, nevertheless, was a sad calamity for wretched, dismantled Rome. At the earnest request of the Archdeacon Pelagius, the inhabitants were saved from slaughter and violation, but their property was delivered up to pillage after the richer portion of the spoils had been set apart for the royal treasury of Totila himself. The Goths, on their departure, tore down the city gates and carried them off in triumph: the miserable wreck of the Senate was ignominiously driven out by the Gothic cavalry into the fields of Campania, where its members took refuge in their villas, and speedily met that death which the prayers of Pelagius had only for a time averted; the young nobles, who were led captive in the conqueror's train, were no more heard of; and the wretched populace, now reduced to a few hundreds, fled in terror, or were expelled by Totila's commands; and not one human being was suffered to remain within the walls, so that the very existence of the once all-powerful "Senate and People of Rome" was utterly obliterated—"the lofty city" had become the "lone mother of dead empires\*"; and when Belisarius, issuing with a small band of trusty followers from Ostia, after the departure of Totila, advanced "o'er steps of broken thrones and temples" to again plant the Imperial standard on the Capitol, he is said to have been overwhelmed for a time with grief, horror, and consternation at the "chaos of ruins" which on all sides encompassed him. The Greek general, however, lost no time in vain lamentations: he quickly set to work to repair the walls; he summoned back the scattered inhabitants; brought all his forces within the circuit of the fortifications, and prepared to resist the second advance of Totila. His efforts were successful. Totila, after three ineffectual assaults, was forced to retire and await until the departure of Belisarius furnished a more favorable opportunity. This soon came, and he again laid siege to Rome, which at that time contained so much cultivated land within the walls, that the Greek garrison relied on the large quantities of corn which they had sown in it for their support during a protracted defence. But the treachery of a few Isaurian soldiers again, as in his former siege, opened the gates to Totila (A.D. 549), and the Goth once more seated himself in the City of the Cæsars—animated, however, with altered sentiments. He no longer meditated ruin; Rome was to be the capital of his Gothic kingdom. But the hostility of the Emperor Justinian was not to be averted: there was no peace for the Goths while they encumbered the Italian soil with their hated presence; and the eunuch Narses, at the head of a motley host of Lombards, Heruli, Huns, and Persians, overthrew the forces of Totila in a pitched battle (A.D. 552), and recovered Rome. The death of their brave king, and some further defeats by Narses, completely broke the power of the Goths; and Italy being annexed to the dominions of the Emperor, his representatives, or Exarchs (as they were styled), fixed the seat of their government at Ravenna, and Rome was degraded to the second rank in the cities of the Empire.

During the closing years of the sixth century, when the Lombards, having obtained possession of the north of Italy, extended their inroads to the Campagna and the very gates of Rome—when the misery and degradation both of town and country were the most extreme, the universal voice of the clergy and people called to the Papal Chair St. Gregory, surnamed the Great; and, while the genius of the Pontiff rescued his country from the perils which threatened to overwhelm it, his reign (A.D. 590—604) inaugurated the temporal power of the Popes, which the subsequent exigencies of the State, and the alternate neglect and oppression of the Greek Emperors and their Exarchs, ultimately, with

the consent and by the desire of the Roman people, confirmed and strengthened, until the princely donations of Pepin and Charlemagne, at the close of the eighth century, gave shape, and communicated stability and independence to the Papal dominions and sovereignty.

"The same character," says Gibbon, "was adopted by the Italian, the Greek, or the Syrian, who ascended the chair of St. Peter; and, after the loss of her legions and provinces, the genius and fortune of the Popes again restored the supremacy of Rome." In the two centuries that the Lombard kingdom lasted, their incursions (which laid waste the Campagna) did not affect the city itself, with the single exception of the assault of Astolphus, in 755, which proved fatal to the structures without the walls: and, until the wars and disorders of the middle ages, Rome (under the Popes) enjoyed a long immunity from siege and capture, which was but once interrupted, viz. in the year 896, when the forces of the Emperor Lambert defended its walls against the Bavarian Prince Arnulphus, who, however, succeeded in entering the city as conqueror.

The prime causes of the desolation of the Eternal City having been thus briefly indicated, it remains to add a word or two on the other co-operating agencies, which largely helped to reduce her to a "marble wilderness."

The pious zeal of the early Christians, whose horror of idolatry frequently found expression in the destruction or desecration of the Pagan temples, altars, and statues of gods and heroes; and the poverty or willing economy of Popes and Bishops, nobles and private individuals, who, for want of more easily attainable materials, had frequent recourse in almost every age from the fifth to the fifteenth century, in the erection of churches, and the repairs of the walls, fortresses, and habitations, to the massive buildings of the Imperial city, as to an inexhaustible quarry,\* contributed in no slight degree to produce this result. Causes equally destructive are also to be found in the fires which generally accompanied the numerous tumults and outbreaks of the populace, and which occurred with more fatal frequency after the withdrawal of the Imperial Court to Constantinople. The repeated inundations of the Tiber were likewise a fertile source of dilapidation. Ancient Rome was far more exposed to the irruptions of the Tiber than the modern city, the soil of which, by the accumulation of centuries of debris and alluvial deposit upon the ruins of open places, streets, and buildings, has been elevated from thirteen to fifteen feet above the old level, and is, therefore, less accessible to the rising waters. Add to these, the endless feuds of the rude aristocracy of the middle ages, which were carried on within the walls; the effects of tempests and earthquakes, the violence and frequency of which are noted both in early and comparatively recent times; the abstraction of marbles by Charlemagne in the ninth, and Robert of Sicily in the fourteenth century, for the construction and decoration of their respective palaces at Aix-la-Chapelle and Naples; and the silent wear of time in the deserted quarters, and some conception may be formed of the manifold agents of destruction that concurred to humble "the seven-hill'd city" pride.

The Rome of the middle ages demands but brief notice. Our limits, and the inferior interest of the period, as far as relates to the purpose of this memoir, do not admit of a detailed account of the ruinous effects upon the skeleton of the Imperial city, produced by the intestine quarrels and bloody strife of the feudal factions—of the adherents of the Popes and Emperors, in the dissensions between the Church and the revived empire of the West—and of the Guelphs and Ghibellines, in the distracted epoch between the tenth and the fifteenth centuries. Pitched battles of the most sanguinary character were repeatedly fought within the walls; ancient ruins and modern churches were alike made subservient to the purposes of domestic war, either by furnishing lime and materials for, or by becoming the substructures of towers and fortresses sufficiently strong to resist the assault of a siege. In the tenth and eleventh centuries the chief places of the city were thus parcelled out amongst the Colonna, the Orsini, the Conti, the Frangipani, the Savelli, and other noble families. The ravages of the Normans under Robert Guiscard, and of the troops of the Emperor Henry IV., towards the close of the latter period, desolated the Leonine City beyond the Tiber, (built by Pope Leo IV., in the middle of the ninth century), the mighty fabric of the Colosseum, and the districts around the Esquiline, the Cælian, and the Viminal Hills.

In 1291, after the death of Nicholas IV., there was an interval of six months during which no Pope was elected; and there being no legitimate authority in existence, a loose rein was given to the violent passions of the factions, who rioted in an internecine warfare against life and property.

Some of the occasions most fertile in disorders of this kind, were the coronations of the Western Emperors; but, perhaps, the most calamitous period of all, during those turbulent times, was the interval between the years 1306 and 1376, when the Popes took refuge from the dangers and difficulties by which they were beset, in the dominions of the French Monarch, and fixed their abode at Avignon: a period which is also remarkable in history for the attempt made by the celebrated Rienzi to establish, under the quaint title of the "Good Estate," a Republican form of Government, in the room of the Sovereignty of the Popes—an attempt which proved as futile as the revolutionary efforts of our own day.

The strong measures adopted by Pope Eugenius IV., in 1434, to coerce the obedience of some of his revolted subjects, are cited amongst the destructive agencies of that era, but there is much surmise and conjecture in what is advanced on that head.

Rome at this time had degenerated, after a duration of upwards of two thousand years, to a condition and aspect as mean as, and infinitely more wretched than, it presented in the days of its first founders. A very small portion of the great space within the walls was occupied by the inhabitants; the rest of the inclosure being field, marsh, or garden; the streets were narrow, irregular, and filthy; and the houses, devoid of elegance or ornament, were built, without reference to order, either upon or amongst the rubbish of the Imperial ruins. From this paltry town sprang the modern capital which we now behold, and which the taste and magnificence of its ecclesiastical Sovereigns has studded with ornaments of art that rival the architectural prodigies of the City of the Cæsars.

#### MODERN ROME

Thro' every change that seven-hill'd city hath  
Retain'd her sway o'er nations, and the Cæsars—  
But yielded to the Alarics, the Alarics  
Unto the Pontiffs: Roman, Goth, or Priest—  
Still the world's master! Civilized, barbarian,  
Or saintly—still the walls of Romulus  
Have been the circus of an empire.

Like Thebes, or Babylon, or Carthage, the name of Rome might have been erased from the earth, if the city had not been animated by a vital principle, which again restored her to honor and dominion.—GIBBON.

The rise of modern Rome cannot be referred to a date earlier than the close of the fifteenth century\* (1480), when Sixtus IV. wholly recast the city, on a scale in some degree commensurate with its noble destiny, and the grandeur of the title which admiring ages have conferred upon it—"the Eternal City." This enterprising Pontiff lengthened the streets and made them wider and straighter; he cleared them of the obstructions created by the shapeless ruins which rose in deformed masses on every side; he repaired the walls; he improved the communication between the two banks of the river by the erection of a new bridge; and the buildings which were raised in every quarter under his auspices were of a superior character. The spirit of improvement which he introduced was zealously carried out by the Popes immediately succeeding, and Julius II., and Leo X., are distinguished among the principal contributors to the re-construction and re-decoration of the city in this period. The Roman nobles, too—especially the Colonna and Orsini—instead of wasting their resources in intestine feuds, applied them to the purposes of luxury, and erected family mansions—or, as they were more appropriately termed, palaces—of the noblest extent and proportions, which the revival of the arts and the abundant living genius of the period, enabled them to finish in a style of splendor unsurpassed and rarely equalled in ancient or modern times. Painting, sculpture, and architecture, in their palmiest day of excellence, copiously contributed their most felicitous efforts to the decoration of these gorgeous edifices, many of which still attest the proud pre-eminence of Italy over all other modern nations in the domain of art.

Magnificent churches also reared their lofty dimensions, under the untiring zeal of Popes and Cardinals. Most of the various buildings of the Vatican, including the Loggia and Belvedere, a great portion of St. Peter's, the palaces of the Cancellaria, the

\* The term used by Procopius, the secretary of Belisarius, who was an eye-witness of the scenes he describes, is *enclabaton*.

\* The marble slabs and ornaments were frequently broken up and burnt for lime. The Colosseum was for years a *colossal lime-kiln*.

\* The pontificate of Nicholas V., from A. D. 1447 to 1455, though marked by some restorations in the city, is more distinguished by his firm establishment of the Papal power over the hitherto turbulent and ungovernable Romans, who, until his reign proved themselves true to their ancient reproach of inability to bear complete servitude or perfect freedom. The last Emperor crowned in Rome (Frederick III.) received the diadem at his hands, A.D. 1452.



Farnesina, and, a little later, the Farnese, with its noble certile; the Lungara and Giulia streets, spacious, long, and straight, on either side of the Tiber, and a vast number of other great works, especially in the lower city, on the banks of the river, attest the spirit of enterprise which distinguished men of the period under consideration brought to the restoration of the city.

In the Pontificate of Clement VII., (A.D. 1523—1534) however, a frightful storm of destruction broke over the capital of Christendom, as disastrous in its effects as the first fury of the Goths, eleven centuries previously. The political complications with Spain and Germany, which had for some time prior become more menacing daily, at last reached a crisis by the irruption of the German troops of the Emperor Charles V. across the Alps, towards the close of the year 1526. They were commanded by George Frundsberg; and being, like their leader, attached to the new movement of the Reformation, their hostility was animated by the fervor of religious zealotry. They advanced through Italy with little or no obstruction to their impetuous career; and, with numbers greatly increased by accessions from the Spanish and Italian armies of the Emperor, arrived before the city on the 5th of May, 1527. The resistance was feeble; and the next day these modern Goths poured their hostile masses into Modern Rome. Their thirst for spoliation and plunder was heightened by the absence of all control over their proceedings; for Frundsberg had been seized with a dangerous illness on the line of march, and the constable, Bourbon, on whom the command then devolved, had been killed under the walls at the first assault. For upwards of nine months, until the 17th of February, 1528, Rome, with all its revived magnificence, was given up to the ravages of these barbarous hordes. Clement was besieged in the castle of St. Angelo, while the Imperial troops rioted in the sack of his capital. Churches were in an especial manner devoted to pillage; not only were the sacred vessels of gold and silver taken from the altars, but the rich vestments of satin and velvet embroidered in gold, tapestries and carpets, the costly productions of the Italian loom, precious stones, and rare valuables with which the munificent piety of princely and noble families had endowed the religious temples of the city, were seized with fierce rapacity and carried off. Palaces and private mansions shared a like fate; and amongst the works despoiled are enumerated statues and columns, and many monuments of antiquity. Two years later witnessed another calamity of a different character—an inundation of the Tiber, which was attended with considerable damage to many edifices.

But the glory of Rome was not to be thus extinguished: the vital principle which has so long animated its chequered existence from its first foundation had lost none of its elasticity in the sixteenth century. The work of restoration and embellishment was renewed with increased vigor in succeeding Pontificates. Under Pius IV. (A.D. 1559—1566) the foundation of the Palazzo del Conservatori, on the Capitoline Hill, the church of Santa Maria degli Angeli, on the Viminal (erected by Michael Angelo), and the Porta Pia, in the neighborhood of the Quirinal, evinces with what earnestness that Pontiff applied himself to the accomplishment of his cherished object—the re-peopling and re-clothing with habitations the deserted hills. The taste and luxury of the nobles, cardinals, and prelates, ably seconded the designs of the Popes, and Rome once more began to resume her ancient pre-eminence in monuments of art.

The grand restorer, however, of the sixteenth century was the celebrated Sixtus Quintus (A.D. 1585—1590). By means of the *Aqua Felice*, he brought a copious supply of water—sufficient to feed twenty-seven fountains—from a distance of 22 miles into the city.

The immediate neighborhood of the church of the Trinita dei Monte, on the Pincian Hill, and the Piazza di Spagna, was also the scene of his improvements; and the streets named after him, Felice, Sistina, &c., perpetuate the memory of his labors in this quarter. The spirit of the antiquarian, which would guard with tender veneration from even a rude or careless touch the relics of a past age's greatness, was wholly unknown to the utilitarian Sixtus, and he felt little scruple in *Christianizing* the statue of the Capitoline Minerva, by replacing the spear of the goddess with the cross, as emblematic of Christian Rome; and the columns of Antonine and Trajan, which he crowned, the former with the statue of St. Paul, the latter with that of St. Peter. He also raised from their prostrate condition several ancient Egyptian obelisks which had decorated the Imperial city.

The course of improvement thus vigorously entered upon was followed up in succeeding reigns, though not with quite the same energetic assiduity. Clement VIII. made several important additions to the Vatican, to St. Peter's, and to other churches; but it was reserved for the opening of the seventeenth century to produce a rival of Sixtus, in the person of Paul V., (Borghese—A.D. 1605—1621), who, following out the plans of his predecessor, not only founded and decorated palatial and ecclesiastical structures, but also applied himself to the creation of improvements of a character to promote physical comfort and convenience, by widening and lengthening streets, cutting thoroughfares through the dense masses of mingled rubbish and wretched dwellings which blocked up several localities, and rendering those and other crowded districts open and airy, by the formation of piazzas or squares, which he surrounded with stately buildings. He crowned his labors by the completion of a still more stupendous project than the *Aqua Felice* of Sixtus, viz., the aqueduct which bears his name, the *Aqua Paolina*.

Paul V. also resolved to signalize his pontificate by putting a final hand to what remained to be finished of the structure of St. Peter's: he accordingly enlarged and extended the principal nave, and completed the *façade* and portico of the gigantic basilica. Urban VIII. (Barberini—A.D. 1623—1644) erected churches, palaces, and fortifications; he repaired and strengthened the lines encompassing the Castle of St. Angelo and the Vatican, adding a ditch and rampart; and by continuing the fortified wall from the latter to the gate of San Pancrazio, which he rebuilt, he united the Leonine City to the Trastevere, and completed the entire circumvallation of the city on the right bank of the Tiber.

The Piazza Navona, with its fountains and obelisk, occupying the site of the ancient Circus Agonalis of Alexander Severus, the church of St. Agnes, with its noble *façade*, the Palazzo and Villa Pamfili, and various other works attest the building industry of Innocent X. (Pamfili—A.D. 1644—1655). The labors of the succeeding Pope, Alexander VII. (Chigi—1655—1667), are marked by the endeavor to produce uniformity and regularity in the streets, squares, and buildings, to effect which he never hesitated to pull down and demolish, as well as to build up. His grand work was the magnificent colonnade of the Piazza of St. Peter's. The Ara Cœli, the Collegio Romano\*, the Sapienza (the National University of the States of the Church), the Propaganda, and the Piazza del Popolo, were also the objects of his restorations and many embellishments.

Many of the modern improvements were, however,

\* The *Collegio Romano* was the grand central establishment of the Jesuits, for the purposes of education. It is a huge pile of building without any great architectural pretensions, approached by a spacious quadrangular court, surrounded by a portico of two stories high, and is situated on the northern side of the piazza of the same name, a little to the right of the Corso, as you advance towards the southern extremity of that street. It was erected in the Pontificate of Gregory XIII., about the year 1582, after the designs of B. Ammonati. The north-west angle of the structure is formed by the Church of St. Ignatius. Its chief attractions for the stranger are its noble library of 70,000 volumes, and the Kircherian Museum (founded by Father Kircher), celebrated for its complete collection of ancient Roman and Etruscan coins, camos, rings, &c.

The *Propaganda* is a college founded upon the most comprehensive plan ever yet devised for any purpose, in any age or country. Its object is to educate young men of every complexion, natives of every habitable part of the globe, for the service of the altar and the propagation of the Roman Catholic faith in their own language and among their own countrymen; and, accordingly, professors of the various branches of learning which constitute the education of a Catholic priest—viz, the learned languages, history, physical science, logic, metaphysics, the scriptures, and theology—direct the studies of these youths through the medium not only of Latin, the common language of the college, but also of the native tongue of each; and hence the extraordinary circumstance of upwards of forty different dialects spoken within its walls is of daily occurrence. Amongst these languages are the Hebrew, the ancient and modern Chaldean, the Samaritan, Syriac, Arabic, modern and ancient Armenian, Persian, Turkish, Kourdish, ancient and modern Greek, Latin, Italian, Maltese, Coptic, Ethiopian, various African dialects, three different dialects of Chinese, other dialects of Asia and India, comprising Hindustani, Pegu, Georgian, &c.; and the various languages of Europe, such as the Irish and other branches of the Celtic tongue, the German, Dutch, English, French, Spanish, Portuguese, Polish, Bulgarian, &c.

One of the most interesting sights which the scholar can witness in Rome, is the annual examination of the students which occurs in the second week of January. The natives of the various climes, dressed for the occasion in their national costume—Chinese, African, Indian, Egyptian, or Negro, as the case may be—recite speeches, sing songs, or enact a portion of a play in their respective tongues before a crowded auditory, which is always attracted by so extraordinary a spectacle.

The *Propaganda*, so called because it is the college de *propaganda fide*, is situated in the Piazza di Spagna, in the most fashionable quarter of the town, and was founded in the beginning of the seventeenth century, during the pontificates of Gregory XV. and Urban VIII., from the designs of Bernini and Borromini.

but too often obtained at the cost of relics of antiquity.

Rome had thus, towards the close of the seventeenth century, become almost wholly the city of splendid churches and palaces we now behold it. Some further improvements were made in the last century, but they were not numerous, nor of much importance; and many of the streets, especially those of the poorer class, were suffered to remain the mean, dingy, narrow lanes which they were in the beginning of the fifteenth century, and which, without much essential improvement, they continue to be at the present day.

Modern Rome occupies scarcely more than a third of the space contained within the circuit of the walls; extending from north to south little more than a mile and a half, and from east to west (from Santa Maria Maggiore to the banks of the Tiber at the Ponte Rotto) about a mile and a quarter. Like the ancient city it lies chiefly on the left bank of the river, but in other respects the population has shifted its quarters altogether. The most thickly inhabited parts of Imperial Rome lay to the south and east of the Capitoline Hill, and comprised the Palatine, the Aventine, the Quirinal, the Esquiline, the Viminal, the Celian Hills, and their intermediate valleys. All this area is now a wilderness, covered with ruins and mounds, clothed with weeds, and interspersed with fields, gardens, vineyards, and a few scattered churches, convents, and humble habitations. The modern city stretches to the north of this desolate region; its most densely-peopled quarters lying upon the site of the Campus Martius, which was the park of the city of the Cæsars, and upon the slopes of the Pincian, which was the Hill of Gardens.

#### THE RUINS.

Cypress and ivy, weed and wallflower, grown  
Matted and mass'd together, hillocks heap'd  
On what were chambers, arch crushed, columns strown  
In fragments, choked up vaults, and frescoes steep'd  
In subterranean damps, where the owl peep'd  
Deeming it midnight; temples, baths, or halls?  
Pronounce who can? for all that Learning reap'd  
From her research hath been, that these are walls.

CHILDE HAROLD, Canto iv.

With respect to the ruins of Ancient Rome, few and fragmentary as they are at the present day, it is undoubtedly to the intelligent and pains-taking excavations of the French during their occupation of the city under Napoleon, from the year 1809 to 1814, that we owe that spirit of truly learned inquiry which has elucidated, by enlightened research and actual discovery, the history, origin, and purpose of those interesting relics, with a truthfulness that until now had been deemed utterly unattainable. Much, however, remains to be done; and let us indulge the hope that the fruit of the investigations hitherto pursued may stimulate those who alone have the power, to renewed efforts in a cause of such high and noble interest.

All dissertation on the ruins, without an enlightened and comprehensive system of excavation down to the original level, can be at best but guess-work, more or less correct or erroneous as chance directs. As the "Childe" hath it—

The double night of ages, and of her,  
Night's daughter, Ignorance, hath wrapt and wrap  
All round us; we but feel our way to err;

Rome is as the desert, where we steer,  
Stumbling o'er recollections.

And, in good sooth, the Roman antiquaries, in all their numerous and voluminous treatises, have been doing scarcely aught else than "stumbling o'er recollections." To enter, then, in this place, upon a topic the treatment of which must be necessarily of a critical and inquiring character, would be as inappropriate as it would be dry and uninteresting to the general reader, and more calculated to repel than to attract his attention—a result certainly the least desirable possible on our part. We shall, therefore, restrict ourselves to noticing a few of those ruins which are not only the most stupendous of the relics of antiquity, but are also the best authenticated, both as to their purpose and history.

#### THE COLOSSEUM.

Arches on arches! as it were that Rome,  
Collecting the chief trophies of her line,  
Would build up all her triumphs in one dome,  
Her Colosseum stands.

And here the buzz of eager nations ran  
In murmur'd pity, or loud roar'd applause,  
As man was slaughtered by his fellow man.

CHILDE HAROLD, Canto iv.

The Colosseum, or Coliseum, as it is sometimes written, claims attention first among the ruins, as well on account of its majestic proportions as of its having been the grand theatre of those games which bore the especial impress of the national character of



the Roman people; and upon which some explanatory observations are requisite, in order to arrive at a fuller understanding of what this giant structure really was, and in what respect it constituted the most characteristic feature of Pagan Rome.

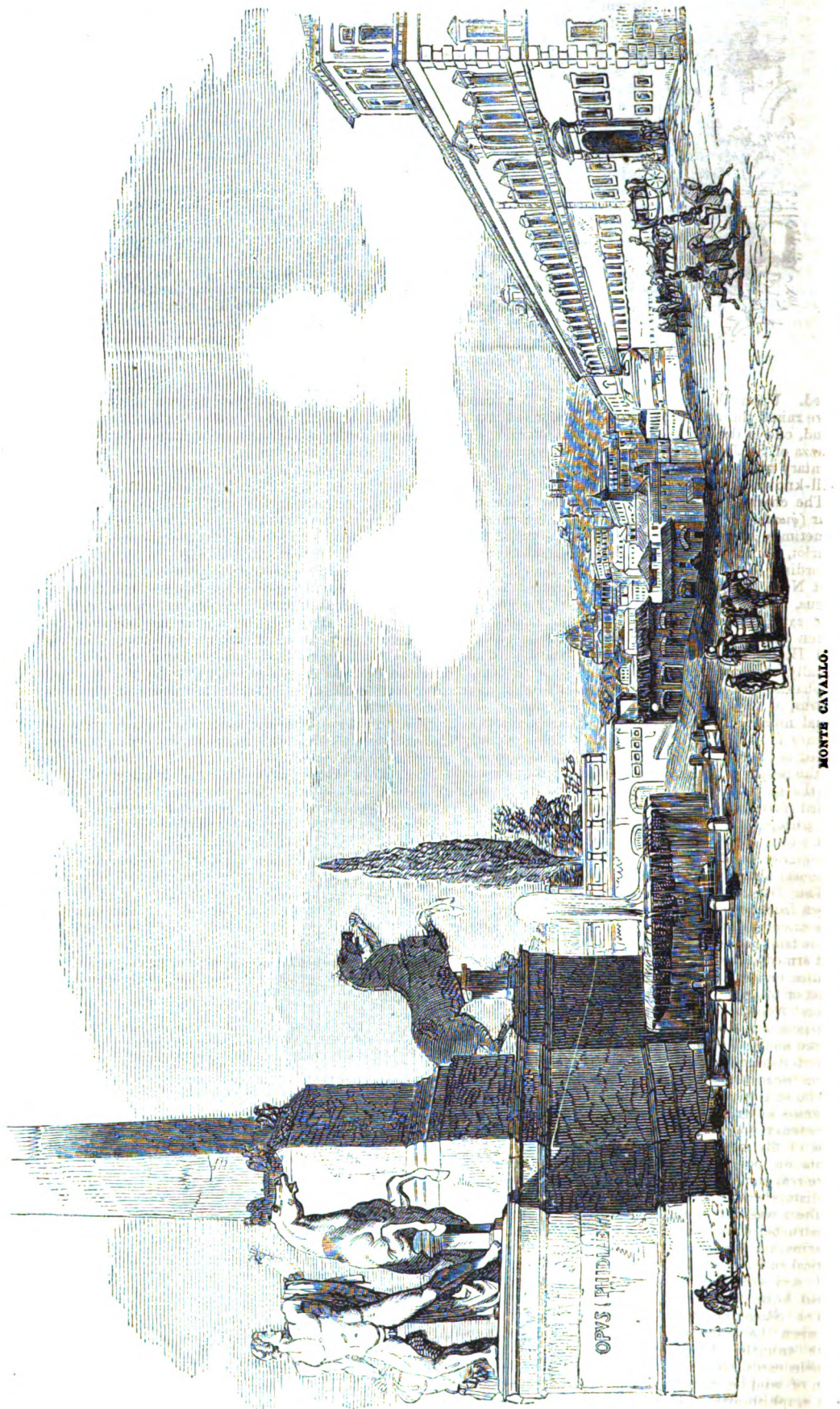
Under the generic title of *Ludi Circenses* (games of the circus), may be classed all those public amusements which consisted of the exhibition of gymnastic feats of strength or skill, where the accomplishments displayed were those of the body, as contra-distinguished from scenic representations, at which the drama—the emanation of the intellect—was presented to the attention of the spectators. The theatre was the home of the latter; the amphitheatre, the circus, the *naumachia*, or artificial lakes, the *stadia*, &c., were the localities devoted to the former. These comprised, first, the *Pentathlum*, or *Quinquetium*, that is, the Five Games which were always classed together; viz. running, leaping, throwing the discus, wrestling, and boxing; and next, the chariot races, the combats of gladiators, the exhibition and combats with wild beasts, the *ludus Trojæ*, and the *naumachia*, or naval engagements. All these games were celebrated either in places set apart for each respectively, as the Circus for the chariot-races and the *ludus Trojæ*; the *Stadium*, for the five games of the *Pentathlum*; the Amphitheatre, for the combats of gladiators and wild beasts; and the *Naumachia*, for representations of sea-fights: or they were all, with the exception of the chariot race, exhibited occasionally, especially on grand festivals, in the amphitheatres; and this occurred most frequently after the erection of the Colosseum, the vast dimensions and more perfect construction of which presented, for such a variety of display, facilities unattainable in other amphitheatres.

Attached as the Romans were to these various kinds of entertainment, the gladiatorial combats and the races were those which excited their highest admiration, and the inordinate love of which formed the grand and master passion of all the desires with which dissipation, depravity, or innate ferocity inspired the Roman heart. The lust of blood—at once inflamed and gratified by the sanguinary scenes of the arena—was a perfect *furor* with the populace, intense as it was lasting; for the gladiatorial shows were the latest remnants of Pagan barbarism that yielded to the humanizing influences of Christianity—the Gospel having been preached full four hundred years before those murderous spectacles were abolished. The races, whether with or without the chariot, were conducted by persons who were classed into four companies or factions, which were distinguished by separate colors—the *Prasina* (green), the *Russata* (red), the *Alba* or *Albata* (white), and the *Veneta* (azure or sky-blue). Such was the interest attached to the race, that the entire population of the city was divided into the adherents and abettors of the four factions, whose quarrels frequently led to sanguinary tumults, according as the chief citizens, in the time of the Republic, or at a subsequent period, the Emperors, by favoring one faction or the other, and thus placing it in the ascendant, rendered it more powerful, insolent, and overbearing to the rest. In the days of Caligula and Nero the Green was in the ascendant.

The Circus was an oblong enclosure, semicircular at the farther end, and surrounded by seats rising one above the other, for the accommodation of the spectators. The enclosed area was divided by a low wall, which ran nearly through it, parallel to the oblong sides, a passage being left at both ends, for the horses to run round. This partition was called the *spina*, and the course round it was named the *spatium*. The *spina* was usually decorated with ornamental structures and architectural embellishments, such as porticoes, columns, obelisks, &c. The barrier, or starting-place, was termed the *carcer*, and upon each end of the *spina* were raised three conical pillars, grouped together upon a basement, and they were designated the *meta*, or goals. The chariots, after starting from the *carceres*, or bar-

riers, where their station had been determined by lot, ran seven times round the *spina*; and the great aim of the charioteers was to round the *meta* in each of the seven heats as closely as possible—to graze it, in fact, as, by effecting that, their circuit would be so much the shorter than that of their rivals outside them, and their chance of success in arriving first

Peter's), of *Heliogabalus* (near the church of Santa Croce), of *Alexander Severus* (now the Piazza Navona), of *Flora* (now the Piazza Barberini), of *Hadrian* (adjoining the castle of St. Angelo), &c., the principal or national being that known as the *Circus Maximus*, which was situated in the low ground between the Aventine and the Palatine



at the winning goal, at the end of the last heat, proportionally increased. The struggle is pictured by Horace with laconic force, in the words "*Metaquo servidis evitata rotis.*"

Of these *circi* there were several in Rome, such as the *Flamian Circus* (now occupied by the Palazzo Mattei), the *Circus of Nero* (on the site of St.

Hills, and which, originally founded in the infancy of Rome by Tarquin the Elder, became, by subsequent repeated enlargements, improvements, and decorations, one of the grand sights of the city. It was surrounded by noble porticoes and seats of marble, wherein, during the Empire, no less a multitude than 455,000 spectators could be accommo-





BATHS OF CARACALLA.

dated. Upon the *spina* of the Circus Maximus were raised the two Egyptian obelisks, which now stand, one in the Piazza del Popolo, the other in the Piazza of St. John Lateran. There are some fragmentary traces of this circus still to be seen on its well-known site, now called the Via de' Cerchi.

The chariots had generally either two (*biga*) or four (*quadriga*) horses, yoked abreast. There were sometimes, however, six or seven horses yoked to a chariot, which was then called *sejugis*, *septemjugis*, according to the number; and Suetonius tells us that Nero, when he played the charioteer in the circus, had ten horses yoked to his car (*decemjugis*). The same Imperial madcap introduced races between camels, matched two and two, in the circus; and Heliogabalus delighted the populace with an equally strange variety of contest—that of racing elephants. The number of chariots entered in each *missus*, or match of seven heats, was four, and the usual number of matches in a day amounted to twenty-four; to which there was one generally added at the close of the day's sport, at the expense of the people, who made a collection for the purpose on the spot—hence this twenty-fifth match was called *Missus Ærarius*. Originally, the sound of the trumpet announced the commencement of the race; but, ultimately, in the times of the Empire, the signal was given by the display of a napkin (*mappa*) hung out at the chief magistrate's seat.

The *Troja*, or *Ludus Troja*, was a game handed down from the earliest period of Latin history. It was celebrated in the circus by youths of the most noble families, who, dressed in ornamental costume, and armed with spear and javelin, sustained a mimic combat on horseback, something in the manner of a joust or tournament.

The *Naumachia*, a Greek word signifying naval engagements, and applied both to the combat represented and to the place of representation, were originated during the first Punic War, when the Romans began to be initiated in the mysteries of sea-fights, and were at first practical schools of naval exercise, as well as public amusements. They were sometimes merely races to test the skill and swiftness of the rowers, but usually they consisted of fights on board galleys; and as the engagements were real combats, in which the blood of slaves and gladiators was copiously shed, the interest attaching to them was very great. The Emperor Augustus constructed a magnificent *naumachia*, in the Trans-tiberina, on the site of Caesar's groves. It was elliptical in form, 1800 feet long, and 1200 feet broad, and was supplied with water by his aqueduct, called *Aqua Alsietina*.

The Shows of Wild Beasts comprised combats between the animals alone, and combats of men with animals. Lions, tigers, panthers, leopards, caméléopards, elephants, and almost every description of wild beast, were pressed into the service of the amphitheatres. The combatants who engaged the wild beasts were called by the general name of *bestiarii*, whether they fought on foot or mounted; and were for the most part insolent or criminal slaves sold by their masters for the service of the arena, prisoners of war, or the vilest malefactors. At times these unfortunates were merely ordered to be thrown to the beasts (*ad bestias dari*), to be torn to pieces before the assembled people, without hav-

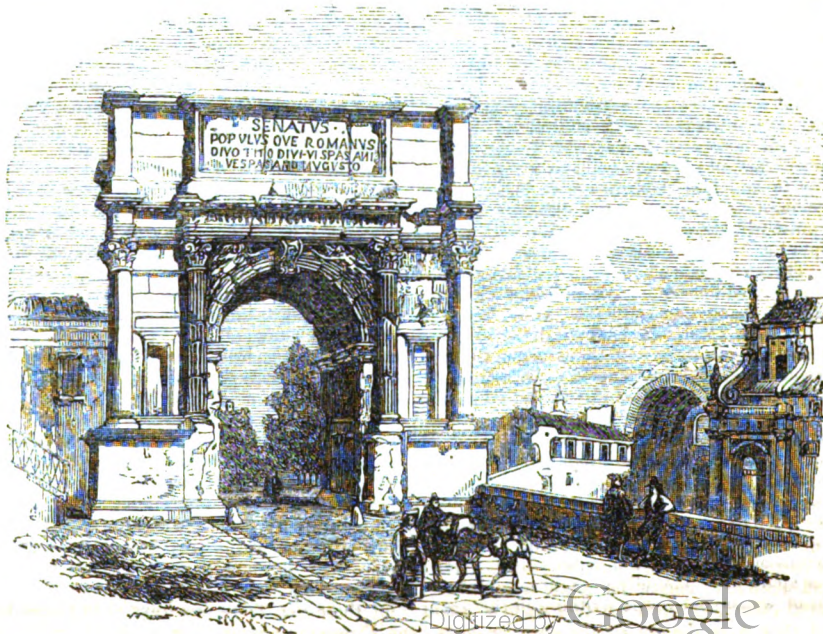
ing arms allowed them for their defence—a practice which was constantly adopted towards the primitive Christians during the persecutions from the time of Nero to that of Diocletian.

The *Gladiatorial Combats* were the most ancient and strictly national of all these sanguinary spectacles, and were originally exhibited only at the funeral games of distinguished citizens by their children or heirs, who, in the ferocious superstition of early Pagan barbarism, believed that, by thus shedding human blood over the graves of their deceased kinsmen, they appeased and put at rest their *manes*, or departed spirits. Those cruel shows soon became the great delight of the savage populace, and, accordingly, whoever wished to obtain their votes at elections, or aimed at popularity for other purposes, pandered to their cruel appetites by an abundant supply of those exhibitions, in their varied forms.

The number of the gladiators was so very great as frequently to threaten danger to the State; and many laws were passed in the times of Cicero and of Augustus Caesar, particularly restricting as well the occasions for giving those games as the number of the gladiators who might be at one time within the precincts of the city: but these laws, opposed as they were to the fierce spirit of the age, soon became a dead letter, and under Caligula, Nero, Domitian, and the more dissolute or more magnificent of the Emperors these massacres were exhibited on the most extensive scale imaginable and with the most unbounded license, so that not only dwarfs and women fought, but even senators and knights, divesting themselves of the dignity or modesty pertaining to their condition, mingled with slaves,

malefactors, and professional gladiators in the butcheries of the amphitheatre—a degradation in which they were frequently countenanced by the example of their Imperial masters. The gladiators in the most comprehensive sense of the term, included several different classes of combatants, according to their costume, arms, or country. The *Thracians* were the principal and most highly prized gladiators, on account of their fierce courage and skill. They carried their national weapon, the *sica*, or sabre, and a small round shield (*parma*). The hired or professional combatants were divided into *familia*, or companies, and lived apart from the rest of the community, in *ludi*, or schools, where they were trained and instructed in their art by regular professors, called *lanista*. Their board was the best and most nutritious to be had; so that *sagina gladiatoria* (gladiator's fare) was synonymous with good cheer. Such of them as were freemen, and fought for the love of notoriety, or *hire*, were designated *actorati*. The person who gave the exhibition was called the *editor*, and he either furnished his own slaves, who had been trained to the fight, or hired the combatants from the *lanista*; and, for a few days prior to the games, he posted up *libelli*, or bills, setting forth the number of gladiators and naming the most celebrated, the description of combat, the day and hour, and all the other circumstances requisite to be known. At the appointed time, on the day of exhibition, the gladiators were marched round the arena, so that all their *points* might be seen and understood by the assembly; they were then carefully matched, according to age, weight, strength, &c., and were supplied with wooden foils (*rudes*), headless spears, and other harmless weapons, with which they exhibited their dexterity, and at the same time raised their own courage and the expectations of the assembly to the proper pitch of excitement. Then, at a signal, these were laid aside, and they were handed their proper weapons, and immediately commenced the fight. As soon as a gladiator was disarmed, or wounded so as to be disabled, his adversary called out "*Habet*" or "*Hoc habet*," ("He has it"), and the party worsted lowered his arms in token of defeat, while a pause ensued in the combat, and the victor looked up to the spectators to decide the fate of his opponent, who at the same time appealed to them for mercy. If they happened to be in good humor, or were pleased with the skill or courage displayed by the vanquished party, they pressed down their thumbs (*pollices premebant*), and he was saved; and if they disapproved of the poor wretch's conduct in the fight, they bent back their thumbs (*pollices vertebant*), as a signal to despatch him—and he was forthwith butchered on the spot, and his gory body was dragged out of the arena with a hook, into a place set apart for that purpose, and called the *Spoliarium*.

The rewards accorded to the victors consisted either of money; of the woollen fillet or cap of liberty, which, if they were slaves, conferred freedom upon them; or, lastly, of the *rudis*, or wooden foil—the effect of the latter being to exempt the recipient from further participation in the bloodshed of the arena. They then hung up their arms in the temple of Hercules the patron deity of gladiators,



ARCH OF TITUS.



as a votive offering, and an indication of their release from all obligation to fight for the future; and they usually became *lanista*, or teachers of the gladiatorial art.

Such, then, being understood to have been the sports of the Roman amphitheatres, the purpose and character of those buildings become obvious, and a description of the principal one in Rome—the *Colosseum*—is rendered more clearly intelligible. The origin of the term "Colosseum" has not been precisely ascertained, neither has the period at which it first came into general use. It has been traced to the middle of the seventh or beginning of the eighth century, and is supposed to be derived either from the colossal proportions of the building itself, or from the colossal statue of Nero which was ultimately placed near it, after Nero's Golden House had been destroyed. The usual name of the Colosseum, during the first six centuries of its existence, was the Flavian Amphitheatre, from its founder, the Emperor Flavius Augustus (Vespasian). It occupies the site of Nero's Lake, in the valley between the Palatine, the Esquiline, and the Cælian Hills. Vespasian commenced its erection about A.D. 70 or 71; but it was not completed until some nine years subsequently, about A.D. 80, in the reign of his son, the Emperor Titus, who dedicated it with great pomp and magnificence. Its form was that of an ellipse, 564 feet long, and 467 broad in its greatest extent. The interior area, or arena, (so called from being covered with sand), on which the games were exhibited, was so capacious that upwards of 10,700 beasts could stand within its circuit. This area was surrounded by a wall twelve feet high, over which was a projecting row of seats fourteen feet in depth, and covered at top, for the chief magistrates, senators, foreign ambassadors, etc., which was called the *podium*. Here, also, were accommodated the vestal virgins and the *editor*, or person who gave the games; and behind the senator sat the *equites*, or knights, on fourteen seats set apart for them, as the second order of nobility. In the times of the Empire, the *podium* was furnished with an elevated tribune, surmounted by a canopy, in which the Emperor sat in state. The front of this first range of seats was protected from any irruption of the wild beasts by a breast-work or parapet of gilt bronze; and, as a further security, an iron palisade encompassed the arena, at the foot of which, beneath the *podium*, there was a deep cut or canal full of water. This, the first story of the structure, rested on a basement of eighty arches; behind it rose three walls in succession, each increasing in height until the outer one reached an elevation of 140 feet—a wide passage or corridor, called an *ambulatorium*, being left between each wall, which communicated with the outside by means of eighty portals called *vomitories*, and with the corridors of the upper stories, by means of numberless flights of stairs. The separate height of each of the three walls on the inside constituted a distinct story, and from each a tier of marble seats, covered with cushions, ran sloping down towards the arena, and afforded accommodation for the people. These seats were called *popularia*, and the number of persons who could view the games from them and the *podium* amounted to no less than 87,000; while in the wooden galleries erected over the outer wall, for the lowest classes, 20,000 individuals found room to assist at the spectacles of the arena. A large awning, called the *velarium*, was extended around the summit, and protected the spectators from the sun or rain, while the atmosphere within was rendered cool and delicious by the play of numberless fountains, and the odor of aromatic perfumes; and such was the extraordinary skill and simplicity of contrivance with which the various passages and means of ascent and descent were constructed, that all parties, of whatever rank, found their way to and from the respective localities allotted to each, without the least difficulty or confusion, notwithstanding the vast masses with which the amphitheatre was thronged at every representation. The exterior wall presented a *façade* consisting of four compartments, of different architectural orders, rising one above the other, viz. the Doric, the Ionic, and two Corinthian orders, the highest having pilasters instead of columns, and every second interval being pierced for windows.

It was in this vast edifice, amidst the brutal shouts of a populace maddened with sanguinary excitement, that, for nearly 300 years, the blood of thousands of the primitive Christians was poured out like water, and their bodies torn to pieces by furious beasts. Its walls perpetually resounded with the cry, "*Christiani ad leones!*" during the earlier part of the exhibition, when the gladiators butchered each other for their entertainment; and the day's sport was generally brought to a close by the sight of a mangled victim writhing in the grasp

of a lion, a tiger, or some other beast of prey. On the occasion of the dedication of the amphitheatre, Titus exhibited shows of gladiators, combats with wild beasts, etc.; and Trajan, during an exhibition which lasted 123 successive days, brought upon the arena one thousand pairs of gladiators. Sometimes the arena was converted into a forest, by means of large trees and bushes, etc., being transplanted to it for the occasion, with the soil around them, as they stood, and then various beasts of the chase were hunted through its mazes. In this manner the Emperor Probus, on one occasion exhibited four thousand ostriches, boars, deer, wild sheep, etc. But it was the gladiatorial combats—the human massacres which were most prized by the dissolute nobles, who were buried in luxury, and consumed by the desire of morbid excitement; and by the blood-thirsty populace, who, when every other quality of the Roman citizen had fled from their breasts—leaving them a debauched, degraded rabble—retained the sanguinary ferocity of a ruder age, without its redeeming courage. It was in vain that the then feeble voice of Christianity was raised in abhorrence and denunciation of these demoniacal sports, which cut off thousands yearly in the prime of life: even the Imperial authority itself failed to put down the furious fashion of the time; and the edicts of Constantine the Great were of little avail in the cause of humanity. At length, what neither the sovereign power of the Christian Emperors nor the humanising influence of polished civilization could effect, was accomplished by the devoted zeal of a humble monk. On the 1st January, A.D. 404, Almachius, or Telemachus, an ascetic of the Eastern Desert, who had come to Rome, inspired with the holy purpose of putting an end to those feasts of the Prince of Darkness, even though it should cost him his life, entered the amphitheatre with the eager crowd of spectators, and when the gladiators commenced their mutual butcheries, rushed in between them and endeavored to put a stop to the combat. Stones and missiles of every description were immediately hurled at the too-daring Reformer; and, by the order of the Prætor Atypius—a person possessed of the most inordinate love of those exhibitions—he was slain on the spot. But in this, as in other instances of the effusion of the blood of the martyrs, the sacrifice was fruitful in happy results. The feeble, vacillating spirit of the Emperor Honorius, often, but in vain, urged by his Christian counsellors to grapple with the inveterate abuse, was at last roused to action by the horror inspired by the murder of Telemachus; and enforcing with the full weight of the Imperial power the existing laws, and issuing new edicts, he put an end to the gladiatorial shows for ever. The fighting with the wild beasts, however, was not abolished until towards the close of the reign of the Gothic King of Italy, Theodoric, about A.D. 526.

After the Colosseum had ceased to be used for its original purpose, history is, for a considerable time, silent as to its fate; but, when mention of it again occurs, at a long subsequent period, its dilapidated aspect plainly indicates how fully it shared in the disastrous vicissitudes of the Eternal City. In the Middle Ages, during the turbulence and commotions of the intestine factions, it was converted into a fortress, and was variously held by one or other of the contending parties. In the year 1332, it was in the possession of the "Senate and People of Rome," as the dominant portion of the citizens at that period styled themselves, in contradistinction to the noble families, and was applied to a purpose of the same character as that of its original design. A grand bull-feast was given in its arena, a description of which has been left us by a contemporary writer, Ludovico Monaldesco. It was also used as an hospital, as an artisan's factory, and in various other ways, until at length, shorn of more than half its proportions by the combined effects of the decay of time, aided by earthquakes and inundations, and the incessant spoliations, for centuries, of Popes and Princes, who only regarded it as an inexhaustible quarry, it was consecrated within a comparatively recent period to the offices of religion, and the destructive agency of man was thus stayed. More active measures were taken for its preservation in the present century by Pius VII. and Leo XII., who secured it on the outside by strong buttresses at the south-east and north-west extremities. Gregory XVI., also made some considerable restorations in the middle and outer walls on the south side, where they had disappeared.

As to the present appearance of the Colosseum, apart from its stupendous height and its enormous dimensions, which must strike every beholder with astonishment, its most characteristic feature is the marked contrast presented in the aspect of strength and durability which the huge blocks of stone com-

posing its structure exhibit, and the perfect picture of ruin and desolation conveyed by the yawning rents and fissures in the walls, and the extraordinary luxuriance of the mural and parasitic plants and shrubs with which they are covered in various places, and which often attain the size of full-grown trees.

Within the arena, the sacred character, communicated to the building in recent times is indicated by a large black cross, which is planted on a mound in the centre of the arena, and by a series of pictures representing the various stages of Christ's passion and death, which are hung round the *podium*, or brick basement wall of the interior, as appropriate decorations of the place where so many martyrs had, by their tortures and death, borne witness of their faith in the truth of the Redemption. There is also at one end of the arena an altar surmounted by a Madonna, which forms a simple species of Lady-chapel. In order to ascend to the upper corridors, an application to the custodian is necessary; but to all the lower parts of the building there is the freest access, as the arena is in fact a public thoroughfare.

Taken altogether, the ruins of the Colosseum constitute, perhaps, the best representative which modern times could have of ancient Rome: it was the national amphitheatre: its form and construction are sufficiently preserved to show with the greatest clearness and intelligibility the style and manner of the cruel exhibitions of the arena, which were so peculiarly Roman; its majestic proportions impart to the mind an adequate conception of the grand character of the public edifices of the Imperial city, while its present desolate state eloquently proclaims the violence of the vicissitudes which laid them prostrate. To have the imagination, however, fully impressed with the associations pertaining to the locality, it is perhaps advisable to visit the Colosseum by moonlight.

(To be continued.)

**HURRY.**—No two things differ more than hurry and despatch. Hurry is the mark of a weak mind; despatch of a strong one. A weak man in office, like a squirrel in a cage, is laboring perpetually, but to no purpose, and in constant motion without getting on a jot: like a turnstile, he is in everybody's way, but stops nobody: he talks a great deal, but says very little, looks into everything, but sees into nothing; and has a hundred irons in the fire, but very few of them are hot, and with those few that are, he only burns his fingers.

**CURIOUS CALCULATION.**—What a noisy creature would a man be were his voice, in proportion to his weight, as loud as that of a locust! A locust can be heard at the distance of 1-16th of a mile. The golden wren is said to weigh but half an ounce, so that a middling-sized man would weigh down not short of 4000 of them; and it must be strange if a golden wren would not outweigh four of our locusts. Supposing, therefore, that a common man weighed as much as 16,000 of our locusts, and that the note of a locust can be heard 1-16th of a mile, a man of common dimensions, pretty sound in wind and limbs, ought to be able to make himself heard at a distance of 1000 miles.

**COAL A SOURCE OF NATIONAL GREATNESS.**—During a brief sojourn of that eminent geologist, Hugh Miller, in England, he critically examined the carboniferous districts, especially the coal fields of central England, to which she has for so many years owed her flourishing trade. Its area, he remarks, "scarcely equals that of one of the Scottish lakes—thirty miles long and eight broad; yet how many steam-engines has it set in motion! How many railway trains has it propelled, and how many millions of tons of iron has it raised to the surface, smelted, and hammered! It has made Birmingham a great city—the first iron depot of Europe. And if one small field has done so much," he says, "what may we expect from those vast basins laid down by Lyell in the Geological Map of the United States? When glancing over the three huge coal fields of the United States, each surrounded with its ring of old red sandstone, I called to mind the prophecy of Berkeley, and thought I could at length see what he could not, the scheme of its fulfilment. He saw Persia resigning the sceptre to Macedonia, Greece to Rome, and Rome to Western Europe, which abuts on the Atlantic. When America was covered with forests, he anticipated an age when that country would occupy as prominent a place among the nations as had been occupied by Assyria and Rome. Its enormous coal fields, some of them equal in extent to all England, seem destined to form no mean element in its greatness. If a patch containing but a few square miles has done so much for central England, what may not fields, containing many hundred square leagues, do for the United States!"



### The Lily of the Valley.

In the month of May, 1853, I passed a very pleasant week at Geneva, Switzerland, tarrying two or three days in one of the little villages near the banks of Lake Leman; and you shall know how agreeably my time was spent, and of my meeting with the Lily of the Valley.

The reader is aware that in some parts of Northern Europe the English language is spoken; indeed, in many of the Swiss hotels it is quite common. I was in one instance, however, fortunate enough to meet with a family who talked good old Saxon, the head of which was the host of the pretty little village inn at which I rested. Here, as in other lands, the children have their May-day Festival; and, though I was not quite in time to witness their merry-making, I was in time to inhale the fragrance of the flowers—in time to tell you of the exquisite beauty, even though withered on the stem, of the Lily of the Valley. What a lovely day it was, as, looking from the window of my hotel, I watched the bright sunbeams as they danced and sparkled on the clear blue waters of Lake Leman. The breeze was crisping the waves, so that they danced and gently tossed about the tiny boats, with milk-white sails, that glided on its surface.

A very compact little vessel was hired for a moderate price, and, as she fluttered her wings to the wind, I seemed fairly to revel in the quintessence of quiet and repose. The first summer rain had lately fallen, and the valleys, hills, and dales, refreshed by the showers, seemed to send up a song of thankfulness to heaven, while the trees, filled with blossoms—some just putting forth their leaves, looked so green and lovely; and, as far as the eye could reach, it was one vast panorama of matchless beauty. On nearing a little village, the name of which I have forgotten, not very distant from the far-famed Zurich, whose waters have been immortalised in story and song, I observed, as I thought, an unusual gaiety and liveliness among the people, and was about remarking to my companion that I imagined it was some *fête* day, when he informed me we had just arrived in time to see the last of the Swiss May festival. Children's sports are to me always interesting, and so away we went, through innumerable groupings of lads and lasses, and vineyards, bowers, and gardens of surpassing beauty, the air seemingly laden with the perfumes of a thousand exotics, when suddenly, in the distance, the well known Maypole is seen. But the dance had ceased; the little twinkling feet that so lately had trodden on the spring blossoms had disappeared; but the Lily of the Valley was there, and its fragrance was sweet beyond description.

A little blue-eyed girl of some seven summers had just plucked the flower, and, placing it in her bosom, began to cry. This attracted my attention, and I went and asked her to tell me the cause of her grief. She said that her little sister, whom they used to call the Lily of the Valley, had been taken from them, and she was going to send this flower with her to heaven, to be planted there. I need not say I became much interested, and followed the little stranger for some distance; but in the throng of children I soon lost her.

The little ones that, on my arrival, were grouped together in the very height of glee and excitement, as I fancied, were speaking in subdued tones, while the peasants looked sad and gloomy.

Musingly I strolled to the inn of the village, where I learned the cause of the ceasing of the festivities. Here, also, had they a May Queen, one they were wont to call the Lily of the Valley. For three summers had she reigned over her little flowery band, when suddenly she was called away to bloom in the fields of light above.

The sun never beamed more gloriously than upon the May-morn about which I am writing; the last crowning of the Lily of the Valley, and though its little head was bent in sickness, the genial sunshine, it was thought, would revive, and the merry-making and excitement prove beneficial rather than injurious. And so they placed her upon her floral throne.

The shouting of a hundred tender voices went up; processions were formed, and garlands, wreathed by little hands, were tossed in the air. All eyes were turned towards the throne of roses, and her crown of pure white lilies that she loved to wear was placed upon her brow. She looked so lovely there, in her dress of buds and blossoms—but she was very pale, and her eye looked up to heaven. Could she have heard them calling her away! She smiled so sweetly—she could not be in pain! And then she tried to raise herself—but the exertion was too much for her, and just waving her little hand,

She fell, in her saint-like beauty,  
Asleep by the gates of light.

The color returned not to her cheek—and thus this tender flowret, in the very height of its May-day glory, was taken to be transplanted in the heavenly nursery.

The May-day dance was over. Garlands and wreaths of flowers dropped from slender hands, that in their glee had held them, and tears flowed like rain—and where so lately smiles, laughter, and the joyous strains of music floated on the air, sobbings now were heard, and rejoicings were at an end.

I thought it was a glorious way to die—ere the young heart had grown familiar with the pains of sin. While even the spring flowers budded, bloomed, and blossomed on her very breast—while the shoutings of innocent voices greeted her, her spirit passed silently away.

This is the story they told me; and now I will tell you, my reader, what I saw.

On the night of the day that I arrived, the funeral of the little May Queen took place. Never before did I feel so strongly the impressiveness—nay, the beauty of death, divested, as it appeared to be, of all its gloom and terror.

There was no coffin—no pall—no raven plumings—none of the trappings and sombre liveries of the grave seen there—but, upon two pieces of cedar wood, bound tightly together with boughs of evergreen and myrtle, forming a sort of trellis-work, the body was placed, dressed in a garment of plain white, with a single flower—the Lily of the Valley—resting on the breast. The scene was most imposing. It was night; but the moon shone full upon that lovely face; it was so light—it did not look like death. And then it seemed to smile, as though a pleasant dream was her's—or, perhaps she was talking to the angels. And then each of the children kissed those little lips, so still now and cold, and their hearts seemed breaking. I could hear their sobbings, and they called her "Lily"—and they seemed to think that she could hear them, and one said, she knew she smiled when they called her; but now she had gone to God to be a queen among his little angels. She was so very beautiful. And then they sang a hymn; and its distant echo among the hills made me think that it was answered by the cherub voices. It was so distinct, so very clear, that it startled me—and then, I saw them turn away and weep, for the Lily of the Valley had passed from their sight for ever.

ROSES AND TULIPS.—It is so uncommon a thing to see tulips last till roses come to bloom, that the seeing them in this garden grow together, as it deserves my notice, so methinks it should suggest to me some reflection or other on it. And perhaps it may not be an improper one to compare the difference betwixt these two kinds of flowers to the disparity which I have often observed betwixt the fates of those young ladies who are only very handsome, and those who have a less degree of beauty, recompensed by the accession of wit, discretion, and virtue; for tulips, whilst they are fresh, do indeed, by the lustre and vividness of their colors, more delight the eye than roses; but then they do not alone quickly fade, but as soon as they have lost that freshness and gaudiness which solely endeared them, they degenerate into things not only undesirable but distasteful; whereas, roses, beside the moderate beauty they disclose to the eye, do not only keep their color longer than tulips, but, when they decay, retain a perfumed odor, and divers useful qualities and virtues that survive the spring, and recommend them all the year. Thus those unadvised young ladies, who, because nature has given them beauty enough, despise all other qualities, and even that regular diet which is ordinarily requisite to make beauty itself lasting, not only are wont to decay betimes, but, as soon as they have lost that youthful freshness which alone endeared them, quickly pass from being objects of wonder and love, to be so of pity, if not of scorn; whereas those who were as solicitous to enrich their minds as to adorn their faces, may not only with a mediocrity of beauty be very desirable while that lasts, but, notwithstanding the recess of that and youth, may, by the fragrance of their reputation, and those virtues and ornaments of the mind that time does but improve, be always sufficiently endeared to those who have merit enough to discern and value such excellencies, and whose esteem and friendship are alone worth their being concerned for. In a word they prove the happiest, as well as they are the wisest ladies, who, whilst they possess the desirable qualities that youth is wont to give, neglect not the acquisition of those which age cannot take away.

DOUBLE cherry-trees make most show of blossom but bear no fruit.

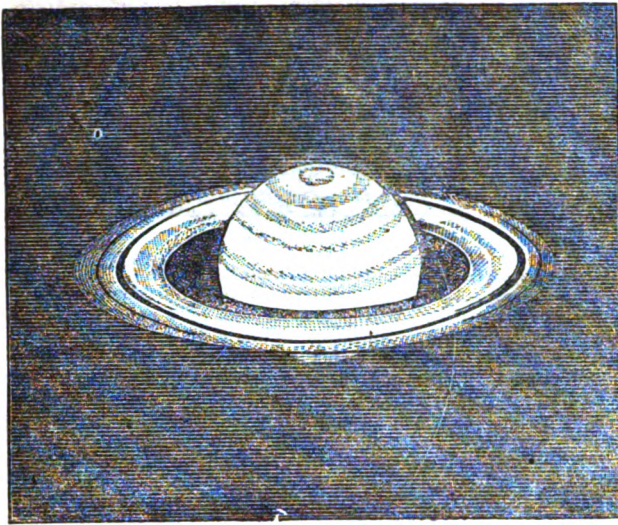
A CALIFORNIAN TOWN.—It was dark when we entered Sonora; and as the habits of the people here are nocturnal, the evening may be said to have commenced as we alighted. It certainly had commenced, for Greenwich Fair might be spoken of as a sober picture of domestic life, compared to the din and clamor that resounded through the main street of Sonora. On either side were gambling-houses of large dimensions, but very fragile structure, built of a fashion to invite conflagration, though offering little of value to the devouring element when the invitation was accepted, which it was about every other night or so. In most of these booths and barns, the internal decorations were very glittering; chandeliers threw a brilliant light on the heaps of gold that lay piled on each *monté* table, whilst the drinking bars held forth inducements that nothing mortal is supposed to be able to resist. On a raised platform is a band of music, or perhaps some Ethiopian serenaders, or if it is a Mexican saloon, a quartet of guitar, and in one house, and that the largest, is a piano, and a lady in black velvet, who sings in Italian and accompanies herself, and who elicits great admiration and applause on account of the scarcity of the fair sex in this region. Each gambling-house is full; some are crowded, and the streets are full also, for it is Saturday, a night on which the miners flock into Sonora, with the avowed intention of purchasing necessities for the ensuing week, and returning the same night; but, seduced by the city's blandishments, they seldom extricate themselves from its temples of pleasure until very early on the ensuing Monday morning, when they return to their camps and *long toms*, and soothe their racking headaches by the discovery of chunks of gold.

BEAUTY.—Let any one look around at the numerous fond couples of his acquaintance who are peacefully smiling in each other's faces, in defiance of realities and the common verdict of mankind, and he must acknowledge that beauty is but a name, and ugliness a chimera. In effect there are no such things. Poetry, and novels, and romances have made a certain combination of auburn hair, blue eyes, Greek noses, and pearl teeth an indispensable part of the *matériel* of true love; but in the commerce of the living world this is all sheer nonsense. Depend upon it that, in spite of arbitrary standards, there is no one so ugly who has not his oglings, his amorous looks, and languishing smiles—and that somebody or other has the heart to relish and return them. Nay, beauty itself chooses ugliness for its mate, without thinking it ugly. Look at Mr. and Mrs. Smith. How balsamic is such a union to us that are ugly. We mean not to utter a word in disparagement of beauty, but we see no harm in extending its empire by multiplying its attributes. A man may have a just sense of all that is essentially and by universal assent most lovely—and yet, under some inexplicable allusion, fix his own final choice upon features that no one thinks agreeable but himself. He may make his quotations from twenty established belles—drink to the tyranny of all the reigning toasts—and then go and surrender up his soul for ever to a mouth charmingly awry, and teeth divinely not in rows. This is as it should be. By such by-laws as these, Nature elicits harmony from the jarring elements of the world; thus, amidst all her seeming inequalities and inconsistencies, by a series of kindly compensations, she assimilates all conditions, and provides means for making every one contented and happy.

THE ELECTRIC TELEGRAPH.—The communication by electric telegraph is now completed between the three presidencies, the north-west provinces of India, and Lahore. The lines between Bombay and Madras were joined by moonlight near Belgaum, on the night of the 31st of December, and the communication between the presidencies completed on the first day of the year. The submarine Atlantic telegraph is said to be now fairly under way, and the last doubt removed about its final completion. Six hundred men have been employed for a year in its construction from New York city to St. John's, Newfoundland, to which point—1200 miles—it is nearly completed. Before two years have gone by, it is said, intelligence will be flashed regularly every hour from London to New York.

THE OPERA AT ST. PETERSBURG.—Curiously enough, amidst the horrors of war, the Grand Opera at St. Petersburg continues to run on as smoothly and as peaceably as if nothing were amiss. Lablache, Ronconi, Calzolari, &c., &c., continue to warble unmolested, and the mimic massacre of the "Huguenots" is there nightly enacted with the utmost nonchalance, as if the too real and too terrible massacre going on in the immediate vicinity were but painted shadows upon the slides of a magic lantern.





SATURN,

AS SEEN IN NOVEMBER, 1852, WITH A REFRACTOR OF 6½ INCH APERTURE AT WATERINGBURY, NEAR MAIDSTONE, ENGLAND, BY W. R. DAWES.

### THE PLANETS: Are they Inhabited Worlds?

#### CHAPTER IV

1. If the estimate of the real magnitudes of the satellites, given at the conclusion of the last chapter, be admitted, their probable apparent magnitudes, as seen from Saturn, may be inferred from their distances. The distance of the first, Mimas, from the nearest part of the surface of the planet, is only 94,000 miles, or about  $2\frac{1}{2}$  times less than the distance of the moon; the distance of the second is about half that of the moon; that of the third about two-thirds, and that of the fourth about five-sixths, of the moon's distance. If these bodies, therefore, exceed the moon in their actual dimensions, their apparent magnitudes, as seen from Saturn, will exceed the apparent magnitude of the moon in a still greater ratio than that in which the distance of the moon from the earth exceeds their several distances from the surface of Saturn. Of the remaining satellites, little is as yet known of the seventh, Hyperion, which has only been recently discovered; and the great magnitude of the sixth, Titan, renders it probable that, notwithstanding its great distance, it may still appear to the Saturnians with a disc as great as that of the terrestrial moon.

2. All that has been observed respecting the remarkable appearances presented by the rapidly varying phases of Jupiter's moons is equally applicable to Saturn; the spectacle, however, being enriched and varied by twice the number of moons. Since the first satellite changes from the thinnest crescent to the half moon in five hours and a half (terrestrial), the gradual change of phase must be as visible as the motion of the hand of a timepiece. The second changes at a rate only one-half slower, that is, it passes from a thin crescent to the half moon in eight hours. The first passes from the state of the new to that of the full moon in eleven, and the second in sixteen hours. The interval between new and full moon for the third is twenty-two hours; for the fourth, thirty-two hours; for the fifth, fifty-three; for the sixth, eight terrestrial days; for the seventh, eleven; and for the eighth, forty.

3. The eclipses, solar and lunar, produced and suffered by these eight satellites, are not so frequent and regular as those described as taking place in the Jovian system, because Saturn's equator is inclined to the sun's course at an angle of nearly 27 degrees, considerably greater than the obliquity of the ecliptic, the consequence of which is that the sun, at and near the Saturnian midsummer and midwinter, departs to a great apparent distance from the equator, to which the motion of the satellites (except the

eighth) is confined. For the same reason, the satellites depart further from the centre of the shadow, and all except the nearer ones generally move clear of the shadow in opposition. The Saturnians, therefore, have the advantage over the Jovians of witnessing the frequently recurring spectacle of several full moons in their firmament.

4. The invention of the telescope having invested astronomers with the power of approaching, for optical purposes, hundreds of times closer to the objects of their observation, one of the earliest results of the exercise of this improved sense was the discovery that the disc of Saturn differed in a remarkable manner from those of the other planets in not being circular. It seemed at first to be a flattened oblong oval, approaching to the form of an elongated rectangle, rounded off at the corners. As the optical powers of the telescope were improved, it assumed the appearance of a great central disc, with two

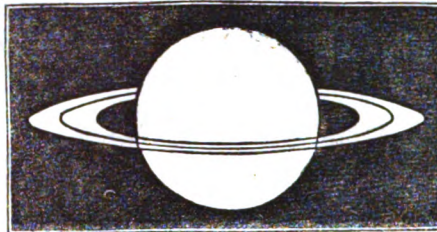


Fig. 2.

smaller discs, one at each side of it. These lateral discs, in fine, took the appearance of handles or ears, like the handles of a vase or jar, and they were accordingly called the ansæ of the disc, a name which they still retain. At length, in 1659, Huy-

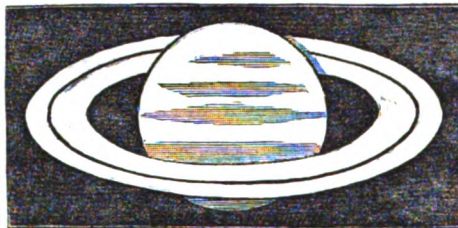
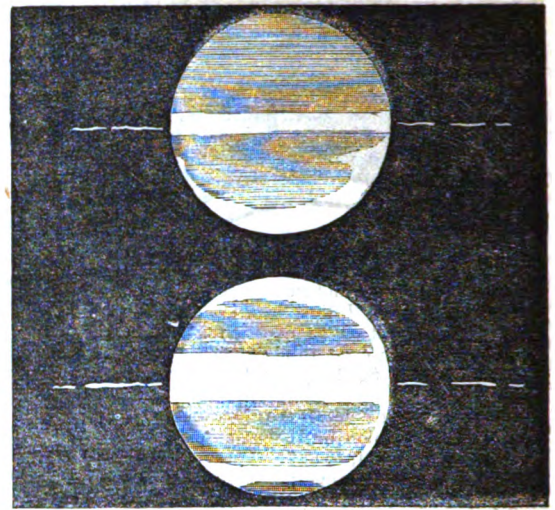


Fig. 3.

gens explained the true cause of this phenomenon, and showed that the planet is surrounded by a ring of opaque solid matter, in the centre of which it is suspended, and that what appear as ansæ are those parts of the ring beyond the disc of the planet at either side, which by projection are reduced to the form of the parts of an ellipse near the extremities of its greater axis, and that the open parts of the ansæ are produced by the dark sky visible through the space between the ring and the planet.

The improved telescopes, and greatly multiplied number and increased zeal and activity of observers, have supplied much more definite information as to the form, dimensions, structure, and position of this most extraordinary and unexampled appendage.

It has been ascertained that it consists of an annular plate of matter, the thickness of which is very inconsiderable compared with the superficies. It is nearly, but not precisely, concentric with the planet, and in the plane of its equator. This is proved by the coincidence of the plane of the ring with the general direction of the belts, and with that of the apparent motion of the spots by which the



Figs. 4, 5.

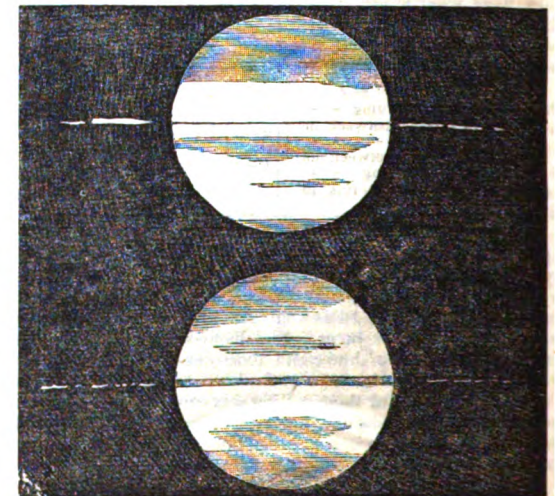
diurnal rotation of the planet has been ascertained. When telescopes of adequate power are directed to the ring presented under a favorable aspect, dark streaks are seen upon its surface similar to the belts of the planet. One of these having been observed to have a permanence which seemed incompatible with the admission of the same atmospheric cause as that which has been assigned to the belts, it was conjectured that it arose from a real separation or division of the ring into two concentric rings placed one within the other. This conjecture was converted into certainty by the discovery that the same dark streak is seen in the same position on both sides of the ring. It has even been affirmed by some observers that stars have been seen in the space between the rings; but this requires confirmation. It is, however, considered as proved that the system consists of two concentric rings of unequal breadth, one placed outside the other, without any mutual contact.

5. While the planet is carried round the sun in its orbital motion, the rings are presented to the view of observers situate on the earth under different aspects. In two positions of the planet at opposite points of its orbit the ring is seen edgewise, its plane then passing through the earth. It assumes these positions at intervals of about fifteen terrestrial years, or half a Saturnian year. If the ring were thick enough to be distinctly visible, and if its thickness were uniform, it would at these times have the appearance represented in fig. 1.

As it moves from these positions the rings become inclined at a sensible angle to the visual line, and this angle increasing from year to year, they appear more and more open, as represented in fig. 2; until, after an interval of  $7\frac{1}{2}$  years, or a quarter of a Saturnian year, the plane of the rings forms the greatest possible angle, about 28 degrees, with the visual line. At this time the appearance of the rings would be such as is represented in fig. 3.

The times at which the rings are presented edgewise to the earth are very nearly identical with those of the Saturnian equinoxes. The last which took place was in 1848, and the next will consequently be in 1863.

6. In 1848, the ring being presented edgewise,



Figs. 6, 7.

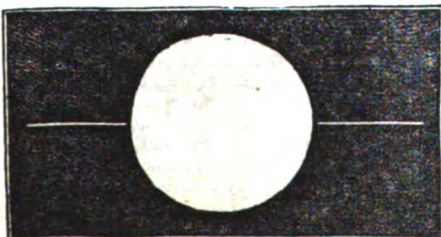


Fig. 1.



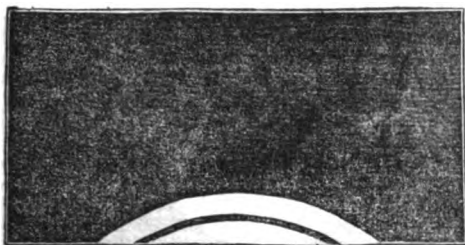


Fig. 2.

some very interesting and curious observations were made upon it by M. Julius Schmidt, at the Observatory at Bonn. It was found that the ring, instead of appearing as an even, thin line of light, such as is represented in fig. 1, appeared as a broken and uneven line.

We have selected from the telescopic drawings made on that occasion by M. Schmidt, four, which are shown in figs. 4, 5, 6, 7. These are intended only to represent the appearance of the edge of the rings, and not of the streaks on the disc of the planet.

Fig. 4 represents the ring as seen on the 26th June.  
 Fig. 5 " " " " 3rd Sept.  
 Fig. 6 " " " " 5th Sept.  
 Fig. 7 " " " " 11th Sept.

7. This singular appearance must arise from great mountainous inequalities on the surface of the ring, rendering it much thicker at some parts than at others. At some parts it is too thin to be visible at Saturn's distance, while at the parts rendered thicker by lofty mountains, it is apparent.

8. The breadth of the rings, as well as of the intervals which separate them from each other and from the planet, have been submitted to very precise micrometric observations; and the results obtained by different observers do not differ from each other by a fortieth part of the whole quantity measured. In the following table are given the results of the micrometric observations of Professor Struve, reduced to the mean distance:—

The relative dimensions of the two rings, and of the planet within them, are represented in fig. 8 projected upon the common plane of the rings and the planet's equator. Each division of the subjoined scale represents 5,000 miles.

9. The most surprising result of recent telescopic observations of this planet has been the discovery of a ring, composed, as it would appear, of matter reflecting light much more imperfectly than the planet or rings already described; and, what is still more extraor-

dinary, transparent to such a degree that the body of the planet can be seen through it.

In 1838 Dr. Galle, of the Berlin observatory, noticed a phenomenon, which he described as a gradual shading off of the inner ring towards the surface of the planet, as if the solid matter of the ring were continued beyond the limit of its illuminated surface, this continuation of the surface being rendered visible by a very feeble illumination, such as would attend a penumbra upon it; and measures of this obscure surface were published by him in the "Berlin Transactions" of that year.

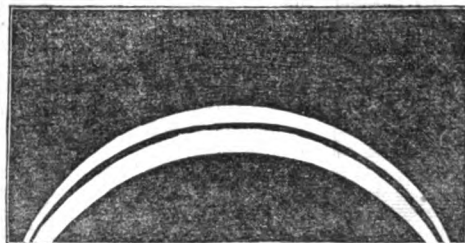


Fig. 11.

The subject, however, attracted very little attention until towards the close of 1850, when Professor Bond, of Boston, and Mr. Dawes, in England, not

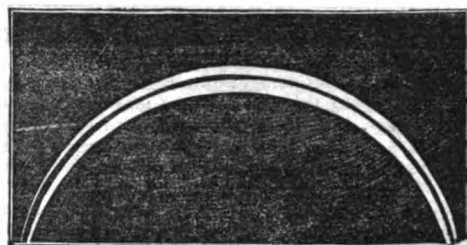


Fig. 13.

a lower latitude and more serene sky. The result of these observations has been the conclusive proof of the unique phenomenon of a semi-transparent annular appendage to this planet.

10. The planet surrounded by this compound system of rings is represented at the head of this chapter. The drawing is reduced from the original sketch made by Mr. Dawes. The principal division of the bright rings is visible throughout its entire circumference. The black line, supposed to be a division of the outer ring, is visible in the drawing of Mr. Dawes; but was not at all seen by Mr. Lassell.

A remarkably black thin line, at the inner edge of the inner bright ring, was distinctly seen by Mr. Dawes in 1851 and 1852.

The inner bright ring is always a little brighter than the planet. It is not however, uniformly bright. Its illumination is most intense at the outer edge, and grows gradually fainter towards the inner edge, where it is so feeble as to render it somewhat difficult to ascertain its exact limit. It would seem as if the imperfectly reflective quality there approaches to that of the obscure ring recently discovered. The open space between the ring and the planet has the same color as the surrounding sky.

11. The rings must obviously form a most remarkable object in the firmament of Saturnian observers, and must play an important part in their uranography. The problem to determine their apparent magnitude, form, and position, in relation to the fixed stars, the sun, and Saturnian moons, has, accordingly, more or less engaged the attention of astronomers. It is nevertheless a singular fact that, although the subject has been discussed and examined by various authorities for three quarters of a century, the conclusions at which they have arrived, and the views which have been generally expressed and adopted respecting it, are completely erroneous.

12. In the Berlin *Jahrbuch* for 1786, Professor Bode published an essay on this subject, which, subject to the imperfect knowledge of the dimensions of the rings which had then resulted from the observations made upon them, does not seem to differ materially in principle from the views adopted by the most eminent astronomers of the present day.

Sir John Herschell, in his "Outlines of Astronomy," edit. 1849, states that the rings as seen from Saturn appear as vast arches spanning the sky from horizon to horizon, holding an almost invariable situation among the stars; and that, in the hemisphere of the planet which is on their dark side, a solar eclipse of fifteen years' duration takes place.

This statement, which has been reproduced by almost all writers both in England and on the continent, is incorrect in both the particulars stated. First, the rings do not hold an almost invariable position among the stars. On the contrary, their position with relation to the fixed stars is subject to a change so rapid that it must be sensible to Saturnian observers, the stars seen on one side of the rings passing to the other side from hour to hour. Secondly, no such phenomenon as a solar eclipse of fifteen years' duration, or any phenomenon

		Apparent Magnitude at mean Distance.	In Semi-diameters of the Planet.	Miles.
Semi-diameter of the planet -	$r$	8"-995	1-000	39,580
Exterior semi-diameter of exterior ring -	$a$	20-047	2-229	88,309
Interior do. do. -	$a'$	17-644	1-961	77,636
Breadth of exterior ring -	$a-a'$	2-403	0-268	10,573
Exterior semi-diameter of interior ring -	$b$	17-237	1-916	75,845
Interior do. do. -	$b'$	13-334	1-482	56,669
Breadth of interior ring -	$b-b'$	3-903	0-434	17,176
Width of interval between the rings -	$a-b$	0-407	0-045	1,791
Width of interval between planet and interior ring -	$b-r$	4-339	0-482	19,089
Breadth of the double ring, including interval -	$a-b'$	6-713	0-747	29,540

only recognised the phenomenon noticed by Dr. Galle, but ascertained its character and features with great precision. The observations of Professor Bond were not known in England until the 4th of

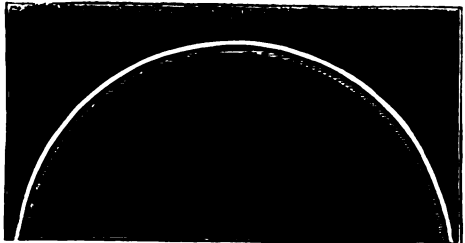


Fig. 12.

December; but the phenomenon was very fully and satisfactorily seen and described by Mr. Dawes on the 29th of November. That astronomer, on the 3rd of December, called the attention of Mr. Lassell to it, who also witnessed it on that evening at the observatory of Mr. Dawes; and both immediately published their observations and descriptions of it, which appeared in Europe simultaneously with those of Professor Bond.

It was not, however, until 1852 that the transparency was fully ascertained. From some observations made in September, Mr. Dawes strongly suspected its existence; and about the same time it was clearly seen at Madras by Captain Jacob, and in October by Mr. Lassell at Malta, whither he had removed his observatory to obtain the advantages of



Fig. 10.

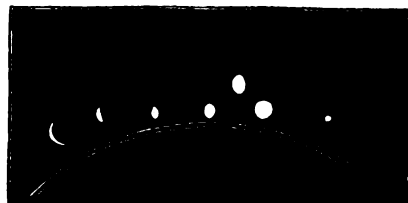


Fig. 14.



bearing the least analogy to it, can take place on any part of the globe of Saturn.

Among the continental astronomers who have recently reviewed this question, the most eminent is Dr. Madler, to whose observations and researches science is so largely indebted for the information we possess respecting the physical character of the surface of the Moon and Mars.

This astronomer maintains, like Herschel, that the rings hold a fixed position in the firmament, their edges being projected on parallels of declination, and that, consequently, all celestial objects are carried by the diurnal motion in circles parallel to them, so that in the same latitude of Saturn the same stars are always covered by the rings, and the same stars are always seen at the same distance from them.

This is also incorrect. The zones of the firmament covered by the rings are not bounded by parallels of declination, but by curves which intersect these parallels at various angles.

Dr. Madler enters into elaborate calculations of the solar eclipses which take place during the winter half of the Saturnian year. He computes the duration of these various eclipses in the different latitudes of Saturn, and gives a table, by which it would appear that the solar eclipses which take place behind the inner ring vary in length from three months to several years, that the duration of the eclipses produced by the outer ring is still greater, and that the duration of the appearance of the sun in the interval between the rings varies in different latitudes from ten days to seven and eight months.

These various conclusions and computations of Bode, Herschel, Madler, and others, and the reasoning on which they are based, are altogether erroneous; and the solar phenomena which they describe have no correspondence with, nor any resemblance to, the actual uranographical phenomena.

13. The problem of the appearance of the system of rings in the Saturnian firmament, and their effect in occulting and eclipsing occasionally and temporarily the sun, the eight moons, and other celestial objects, was fully discussed, and, for the first time, definitely solved in a memoir by the author of these pages, read to the Royal Astronomical Society in 1853, and published in the twenty-second volume of their "Transactions."

It is there demonstrated that the infinite skill of the Great Architect of the Universe has not permitted that this stupendous annular appendage, the uses of which still remain undiscovered, should be the cause of such darkness and desolation to the inhabitants of the planets, and such an aggravation of the rigors of their fifteen years' winter, as it has been inferred to be from the reasoning of the eminent astronomers already named, as well as many others, who have either adopted their conclusions, or arrived at like inferences by other arguments.

It is shown, on the contrary, that, by the apparent motion of the heavens, produced by the diurnal rotation of Saturn, the celestial objects, including, of course, the sun and the eight moons, are not carried parallel to the edges of the rings, as has been hitherto supposed; that they are moved so as to pass alternately from side to side of each of these edges; that in general such objects as pass under the rings are only occulted by them for short intervals before and after their meridional culmination; that although under some rare and exceptional circumstances and conditions, certain objects, the sun being among the number, are occulted from rising to setting, the continuance of such phenomenon is not such as has been supposed, and the places of its occurrence are far more limited. In short, it has no such character as would deprive the planet of any essential condition of habitability.

14. The appearance which the ring presents to the Saturnians must vary very much with the latitude of the observer and the season of the year. In the summer half-year, the observer and the sun being on the same side of the ring, it will present the appearance of an arch in the heavens, bearing some resemblance in its form to a rainbow, the surface, however, having an appearance resembling that of the moon.

The vertex or highest point of this arch will be upon his meridian, and the two portions into which it will be divided by the meridian will be equal and similar, and will descend to the horizon at points equally distant from the meridian. The apparent breadth of this illuminated bow will be greatest upon the meridian, and it will decrease in descending on either side towards the horizon, where it will be least. The division between the two rings will be apparent and, except at places within a very short distance of the equator, the firmament will be visible through it.

The distance of the edge of the bow from the ce-

lestial equator will not be everywhere the same, as it has been erroneously assumed to be. That part of the bow which is upon the meridian will be most remote from the celestial equator; and in descending from the meridian on either side towards the horizon the declination of its edge will gradually decrease, so that those points which rest upon the horizon will be nearer to the equator than the other points.

15. Some idea may be formed of the varieties of appearance presented by the ring to observers in different latitudes of the planet, by imagining an observer starting from that Saturnian pole which is on the same side of the ring as the sun, to travel along a meridian towards the equator. At first the convexity of the planet will intercept all view whatever of the ring, and this, as has been shown in the memoir already referred to, will continue until he has descended below the latitude 63 degrees, 20 minutes, 38 seconds. At this latitude the ring will just touch his horizon, and will continue to be more and more seen until he descends to latitude 47 degrees, 33 minutes, 51 seconds, when both rings will be seen as represented in fig. 9.

In descending to lower latitudes, more and more of the rings will rise above the horizon, and they will assume the form of a double bow, as represented in fig. 10.

As the observer descends lower and lower in latitude, the bow will take a higher and higher position, and will span a greater portion of the firmament, as represented in figs. 11, 12, 13.

It will be observed that, in all cases, the width of the bow decreases from the meridian to the horizon, and also decreases with the latitude of the observer.

In fig. 14 is represented a portion of the ring, with the satellites as they appear above, showing different lunar phases.

We must refer those who may desire to pursue the uranography of Saturn into its details to the memoir already cited, published in the "Transactions of the Royal Astronomical Society," and to Chapter XV., of Dr. Lardner's "Astronomy."

16. We have thus presented the reader with a brief and rapid sketch of the circumstances attending the two chief groups of globes which compose the solar system, and have explained the numerous and striking analogies which, taken together, amount to a demonstration that, in the economy of the material universe, these globes must subserve the same purposes as the earth, and must be the dwellings of tribes of organized creatures, having a corresponding analogy to those which inhabit the earth.

17. The differences of organization and character which would be suggested as probable or necessary by the different distances of the several planets from the common source of light and heat, and the consequent differences of intensity of these physical agencies upon them, by the different weights of bodies on their surfaces, owing to the different intensities of their attractions on such bodies; by the different intervals which mark the alternations of light and darkness; are not more than are seen to prevail among the organized tribes, animal and vegetable, which inhabit different regions of the earth. The animals and plants of the tropical zones differ in general from those of the temperate and the polar zones; and even in the same zone we find different tribes of organized creatures flourish, at different elevations above the level of the sea. There is nothing more wonderful than this in the varieties of organization suggested by the various physical conditions by which the planets are affected.

But these arguments and analogies will acquire great additional force, when it is shown that the other bodies composing the solar system are not furnished with like provisions, and exhibit none of the fitness, for the dwelling places of such tribes.

18. The Sun, as will be shown in another part of this series, is a vast globe, invested with an ocean, or rather an atmosphere, of flame, in which the most astonishing convulsions and eruptions are continually manifested. Here is no moderated and regulated temperature, no alternations of light and darkness, no succession of seasons, no varieties of climate, no divisions of land and water. The sun is, in fact, a vast globular furnace, the heat emitted from each square foot of which is seven times greater than the heat which issues from a square foot of the fiercest blast furnace. Such is the intensity of this heat, that although the distance of the earth from the sun is little than 100,000,000 of miles, and although the surface of the earth, by reason of its diurnal rotation, is withdrawn from the sun's direct influence during alternate intervals of twelve hours, yet the total quantity of heat received by the earth from the sun in a year is sufficient, if uniformly diffused over its surface, to liquefy a crust of ice covering it 100 feet thick.

It follows from this that the average heat received by each square foot of the earth's surface from the sun in a year would be sufficient to dissolve 5,400 lbs. weight of ice.

How entirely removed from all analogy with the earth such a globe of fire must be, is apparent.

19. The moon, on the other hand, while it has nothing in common with the sun, is not the less destitute of all those analogies to the earth which suggest habitability. We shall, on another occasion, explain fully the circumstances attending our satellite. For the present, it will be sufficient to observe that it has no atmosphere, no clouds, no water or other liquids, no intervals of light and darkness, bearing any analogy to our days and nights; that its surface bristles with one unbroken continuity of rugged mountainous region more savage than the glaciers which crown the summits of the Alps, the Andes, or the Cordilleras, and that even in the valleys a temperature must prevail colder than that of our poles.

It will therefore be easily imagined how little analogy such a globe has to the earth, and how utterly unsuited it would be for the habitation of organized tribes.

20. Astronomical observation renders it probable that the satellites of the other planets are under physical conditions similar to that of the moon, and that, like the moon, they are deprived of the conditions of habitability.

21. A numerous class of bodies, called comets, have been proved by modern observation to be connected by gravitation with the solar system. These bodies appear generally to be divested of all solidity, and to be masses of vaporous matter floating through the system. It is obvious that these can have no analogy to the earth.

In the space between the two groups of planets which present such striking analogies to the earth, another group consisting of six or seven-and-twenty bodies, circulate round the sun, as represented in the plan of the system given in this tract, Chap. II., fig. 1. The number of these is augmented every year by the discovery of some which were not before seen.

22. These bodies, which have been called PLANET-OIDS or ASTEROIDS, obey the law of gravitation in their motion round the sun. Their distance from that luminary are not only different one from another, but they differ from all the other planets in their extremely small magnitude. In the telescope they are seen as stars of the tenth or twelfth magnitude, and their real magnitudes are so minute that they have never yet been certainly ascertained, notwithstanding the number and power of the telescopes that have been directed to them.

As to their origin, and the parts they play in the economy of creation, nothing can be offered but the most vague and uncertain conjecture. According to the opinion of some, they are the minute fragments of a single planet, which has been smashed to pieces by collision with the solid nucleus of a comet, assuming the possible existence of such a body. According to others, the fracture may have been produced by internal explosion, arising from causes similar to those which produce earthquakes and volcanic phenomena. Others again reject altogether the hypothesis of the fracture of a formerly existing planet, and substitute for it the contrary hypothesis, that these numerous minute bodies are the germs or constituent elements of a future planet, which will be formed by these bodies gradually coalescing into one globe, some of them, perhaps, assuming the character of satellites to it.

These are speculations which, however ingenious and attractive, are beside our present purpose. It is plain that the planetoids, as they now actually exist, present none of the analogies to the earth which are so conspicuous in the other planets.

Let your desires and aversions to the common objects and occurrences in this life be but few and feeble. Make it your daily business to moderate your aversions and desires, and to govern them by reason. This will guard you against many a ruffle of spirit, both of anger and sorrow.

A HABIT IN THE ENGLISH MIND.—There is a decided tendency in the English mind to ask what may be the consequences of a proposition, before inquiring into its validity; as if it were possible, by a bare act of human volition, to make that which is, a nonentity—or that which is not, a reality. In the instance of geology, the habit (for it is but a habit) has been productive of the most mischievous results, and has covered some very worthy and respectable writers with a ridicule, which has reflected on the national character in the eyes of scientific Europe.



## Thoughts about Names.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "FLORENCE SACKVILLE," "THE GRAMMAR-SCHOOL BOYS," ETC. ETC.

I was very much amused a few days since upon making a nursery visit to one of my friends, whose family had lately received the coveted addition of a daughter, to be introduced to the young stranger with a warm appeal from mamma that I would support her view of the right spelling of baby's name.

"It is Katharine," she said, with the strongest emphasis her pretty voice could bestow. "Katharine with a K; Shakspeare's Katharine; and George and Fanny and mamma do nothing but laugh at me, and insist upon the C; now that is not the right spelling, is it?"

"Yes, certainly," exclaimed George, as he gently lifted the embroidered wrapper from the tiny face, "she doesn't look much of a shrew now, and I do not intend to prejudge and make a victim of her poor child, by giving her a name to justify which she will think herself bound in honor and good faith to become one.

"Oh! but George," persisted his wife, eagerly, "now you have furnished me with an argument against yourself; for if it is only the effect of association—that you dread, don't you think a shrew is better than a murderess, a wicked, good-for-nothing creature like the Medici? No, baby," she continued, bending down and kissing the small atom vehemently, "if you are to be Katharine it shall not be in honor of that hateful woman. No, no, better be a shrew, (and I think Petruccio's wife only displayed a proper spirit, a little exaggerated perhaps, but still innocent), than a fiend. What do you say, Mrs. A.?"

"Oh! I quite agree with you; I do not in the least like Katharine with a C; but besides one's antipathy to the royal poisoner, I have a much more homely reason for disliking it. By adopting the C, I think we lose our right to all the pretty diminutives, Kate, Kitty, Kathleen, Katchen, which to my fancy are all charming, and the privilege of claiming them as her own, no trifling addition to a young lady's attractions."

"Ah! well!" said George, shrugging his shoulders, as his little daughter, discomfited by the energy with which her bassinette was swung from side to side, uttered a fretful remonstrative cry, "you must have it your own way, I suppose; and not without some reason, I'm afraid; the child is already infected, the venom of the letter has begun to distil, for hear what a clamor! By my word I think the young lady asserts her right to the K pretty loudly. However, don't suppose you've conquered me," he said, turning round with the door in his hand, "or that I've nothing to say in behalf of my poor C, that your unamiable Florentine certainly did her best to disgrace. Does not the legend set forth that our bluff Harry's one good wife was Catalina, twisted by us into Catherine, and that that excellent lady who lent her help and counsel to three popes and sundry bishops, was Catarina, besides which there are a host of others? Catharine of France, ancestress of the Tudors; Catharine of Wurtemberg, Grand Duchess of Russia, who, unlike the generality of her ambitious sex and family, preferred a poor German principality, with a man she loved, to the imperial diadem of France, offered to her by Napoleon. It is rather a grave question to raise at the end of a conversation, with an open door in one's hand certainly, but the answer would be one well worth knowing, how far the destinies of all Europe might have been changed if Catharine with a C had been Katharine with a K, and inheriting all those fiery qualities inseparable from the initial, had mated with the conqueror. Moscow might yet have flourished, and Balaklava been unheard of. Depend upon it, in spite of Juliet, there's a great deal in a name."

I quite agreed with him, and so I think will hundreds of others, who, however, for fashion's sake they applaud the abandon of the fair. Italian's philosophy, will still, in their secret hearts, tully agree with my friend George that there is a great deal in a name.

Who, for instance, has not his own ideas of the countenances, qualifications, and figures belonging to certain names inseparably connected with them, and would not feel his taste so cruelly outraged by the introduction of a humpbacked Isabella, or a sturdy, red-haired Blanche, as if some grievous wrong had been done to him? and these ideas, formed for the most part in our earliest days, when fancies and affections take stronger hold upon us than they do afterwards, are seldom to be obliterated by even actual contact with persons the very opposites of our visions.

For instance, who, beyond all other names, does

not love the sweet sound of Mary? Upon whose tongue does not its quiet, home-like music linger, and who has not in his eye and heart the picture of a fair slight figure with gliding step, rich hair, eyes of the deep hues which the Heavens wear when they are sunniest, and a voice which soothes all sorrows, doubles all joy? Whose darling sister is not a Mary! What lover in his reveries does not clothe his idol in the perfections which belong so entirely to no name on earth as that which we have coined from the Hebrew phrase "Star of the Sea," and this in defiance of all the vulgar housemaid's flirting chambermaids, etc., with whom, during his passage from boy to manhood, he has become acquainted.

Then Isabella! before whose eyes does not the haughty presence and glorious countenance of the Castilian Queen rise at the sound; and who, hearing of a woman with this name, does not imagine to himself, a tall, stately figure with the beauty of an empress, and the temper of an autocrat?

Katharine too, respecting whom we gossiped a while back, and for whose beloved initial K we would do battle stoutly, are any one's notions of her such as would be suggested by the Greek word Katharos, whence we derive the name, and which means pure or stainless? Are they not rather of the dark-eyed, bright-toothed, imperative-voiced Paduan, for whose subjection by her particularly disagreeable spouse, not one of us but has quarrelled with the bard, so often as we have read his story, or of the merry, graceful, noisy romp, whom we all know and love as bonnie Kate?

Margaret again. The pearl: the Daisy, Marguerite the Fayre. Ladye of Provence, whose simple device her royal husband ever wore upon his hand, and which the first grim Earl of Shrewsbury did his best to immortalize in the pages of the superb volumes he laid at the feet of Royal Angevin flower! Who does not separate this sweet name, breathing of love, of poesy and Provence, from the sturdy Gretchen, who served our beer in that little ale-house by the Rhine, where tired, hot, and dusty, we stopped last year to rest, the dear cousin Madge, who is so indefatigable a mender of all the torn gloves and stringless bonnets in the house; and Peggy, the old pony, who, ever since we can remember, has carried the post-bag to and from the town?

Yes, assuredly we have all our readings and thoughts of certain names, and however experience may contradict our fancies, and do its best to teach us wisdom, the labor is useless. The ideal has become a part of ourselves, and we can no more separate our fancy from its subject than we can persuade ourselves that the dear legends and fairy tales of our nursery days were fictions. That Cinderella never lived, or that there is no "Bogie" in that dark closet on the stairs.

Common sense, a slight knowledge of the natural history of the pumpkin tribe, will almost convince one against one's will, that a chariot never could have been made out of that memorable specimen which grew in Cinderella's papa's garden; and the perusal of Mrs. Crowe's *Night Side of Nature*, and a few more authentic ghost books, with (under our brother's protection) a rigid investigation of the dark closet, will go far to destroy our faith in the black man who haunted our cot; but nothing, no experience, no acquaintance with the veriest opposites of our ideals, can ever take from us our name fancies, or divest our favorites, or aversions of their peculiarities.

ST. VALENTINE'S DAY.—The number of letters posted during St. Valentine's Day, in London, was 350,000, and it is estimated that of this number at least 140,000 were Valentines.

NATIONAL DEBTS.—The following is a correct statement of the debts by the principal States in the world: Austria, amount of debt £211,000,000; Baden, £7,000,000; Bavaria, £14,117,000; Belgium, £26,000,000; Bolivia, £521,000; Brazil, £12,392,000; Buenos Ayres, £2,500,000; Chili, £1,784,000; Columbia, £6,825,950; Cuba, £311,230; Denmark, £13,069,000; Ecuador, £3,817,000; England, £773,923,000; France, £233,000,000; Granada (New), £7,500,000; Greece, £8,250,000; Guatemala, £594,500; Hamburg, £4,000,000; Hanover, £5,174,000; Holland, £102,451,000; India (British), £48,000,000; Mexico, £10,000,000; Peru, £9,953,800; Portugal, £19,122,000; Prussia, £33,500,000; Roman States, £17,152,000; Russia, £68,000,000; Sardinia, £23,000,000; Saxony, £6,223,000; Spain, £70,000,000; Sweden, £450,000; Switzerland, £160,000; Turkey, £5,000,000; United States of America (Federal), £10,000,000; Venezuela, £3,789,000; Wurtemberg, £4,850,000; total, £1,736,229,550.

THE LETTERS AND PAPERS OF THE GREAT NAPOLEON.—We are enabled to add to former notices of the progress already made in the collection of Napoleon's works some interesting details. The number of documents now subscribed exceeds five thousand: this extraordinary number will show how rapidly contributions are reaching the ministry. The most interesting of these contributions—because the least known—are those written while the hero of Austerlitz held inferior rank in the army. Numbers of letters written during the early portion of his career have been sent to the Imperial Commission. They were addressed to people often almost unknown, and were treasured by them after the writer had become celebrated. Of these contributions the most remarkable are about sixty letters of instructions and explanations written by Napoleon while commanding the artillery at Toulon. The Imperial Commissioners have also in their possession an autograph letter addressed by Napoleon to Cardinal Fesch—in which he describes, minutely and clearly, the proper duties of an archbishop. Indeed, Napoleon's correspondence with the clergy promises to form a remarkable portion of his collected works. It appears that he wrote a series of letters to the Ministre des Cultes, in which he gave his notion of a good priest. The main point on which he forcibly dwells is, that the Church has no business with affairs of state. It is said that these lessons to the Minister of Religion are both severe and just. Napoleon favored the priests while they remained within the walls of their church; but his correspondence clearly shows that he was little inclined to encourage their fondness for inserting a spiritual finger in the political pie. The active search which has been made in every ministry has, in short, already produced some very curious contributions to the history of the Empire. They will further prove the universality of Napoleon's genius—for he touches upon every detail of public business, always in a vigorous, argumentative way. Great events never appeared to have distracted his mind from the minor calls upon his time. The decree establishing the *Comedie Francaise* was dated from Moscow.

A YOUTHFUL HERO.—A Sergeant-Major, now in Wellington Barracks, who has recently returned from the Crimea, has sent the following enthusiastic account of the conduct of a young soldier, only ten years old, of the 3rd Battalion Grenadier Guards, under the command of Col. Thomas Wood. The writer states that this boy accompanied the army to the heights of the Alma, preserving the most undaunted demeanor throughout the battle. At one time a 24-pounder passed on each side of him, and shot and shell fell about him like hail; but notwithstanding the weariness of the day, present dangers, or the horrid sight, the boy's heart beat with tenderness towards the poor wounded. Instead of going into a tent to take care of himself after the battle was over, he refused to take rest, but was seen venturing his life for the good of his comrades in the battle-field. This boy was seen stepping carefully over one dead body after another, collecting all the broken muskets he could find, and making a fire in the night to procure hot water. He made tea for the poor sufferers, and saved the life of Sergeant Russell and some of the private soldiers who were lying nearly exhausted for want. Thus did this youth spend the night.

At the Battle of Balaklava he again assisted the wounded. This boy did his duty by day and worked in the trenches by night, taking but little rest.

At the Battle of Inkermann he was surrounded by Russians about twenty minutes, and, to use his own words, he said he thought it was "a case" with him, but he escaped all right. He received one shot, which went through his coat and out at the leg of his trousers, but Providence again preserved him unhurt. He helped with all the bravery of a man to get in the wounded, and rested not until the poor sufferers were made as comfortable as he could make them. He waited on the doctor when extracting shot from the men, and waited on the men before and after. "Thus did this youth," says the writer, "do anything for any one who needed help. Some of the wounded say that they should not have been alive now had it not been for this boy's unwearied watchfulness and kindness in their hours of helplessness. This boy has been recommended by Col. Robinson, Col. Wood, and other officers in her Majesty's service.—*English Paper.*

ENVY.—When men are full of envy, they disparage everything, whether it be good or bad.

ENTHUSIASM.—Every great and commanding movement in the annals of the world is the triumph of some enthusiasm.





STRAWBERRY CULTURE AT THE SOUTH.—LARGE EARLY SCARLET.

### Strawberry Culture.

MR. PRABODY has given to the public, in an essay on the subject, his plan of culture, and the principles on which it is founded, together with the results of his long and successful experience. We copy from the essay referred to, the following important passages, commending them to the thoughtful consideration of our readers, almost all of whom may and should be, to a greater or less extent, cultivators of that most delicious fruit, the strawberry:—

#### A HINT FROM NATURE.

*Feed the plant for fruit instead of for vine.*

Intelligent experimental cultivators have long since discovered that plants have a specific for their wood, leaves, and fruit. Physiologists know full well that it takes different substances to form the bones, flesh, and muscles of animals. And profiting by these hints in nature, we stint the luxuriant habit of the strawberry vine, and force the fruit.

**THE SECRET.**—The whole secret of strawberry culture is, to cultivate for fruit and not for vine or blossom. Much depends upon the locality of the strawberry bed. No tree or plant should be near it; the strawberry loves shade, but not a shade that sucks its very life-blood out. The lowest part of the garden, the bank of some little stream of water, are proper localities, and where it is possible, select new land. As to the soil, our beds are on as poor

pine land as gopher or salamander ever built into pyramids, and we believe it is pretty generally conceded now, within a circle of a few hundred miles, that we do occasionally have a strawberry. We do not know but a stiffer land may suit them better, but ours does well enough, and we are not disposed to act like that foolish man who "was well, wished to be better, took physic, and died." The strawberry may be transplanted any time from September until March. The plant, properly taken up, is very tenacious of life, and bears transplanting well.

**DIRECTIONS, ETC.**—The ground designed for the strawberry-bed should be ploughed or spaded as deep as tools can well make it. If the soil is light and thin, a thick coat of swamp-muck or partially decomposed leaves, with leached or unleached ashes, will be fine to turn under. After the ground is pulverized and levelled, mark it off into rows two feet apart. Now plant eight rows of Hovey Seedling and one of the Early Scarlet, two feet apart in the rows, and so continue until the bed is finished. We speak particularly of these two varieties, as we should consider it labor lost to cultivate a variety which only gives fruit three or four weeks in the season. And we have never found a finer fruit, in point of size and flavor, than the Hovey, and none finer flavored than the Early Scarlet. Care should be taken that the plants are put into the ground just as they came out of it; that is, with all their laterals spreading, and not all gathered together and

strawberry-bed: Proper location, vegetable manures, shade to the ground, and WATER, WATER, WATER.

**ECONOMY OF TIME.**—Many people take no care of their money till they have come nearly to the end of it, and others do just the same with their time. Their best days they throw away, let them run like sand through their fingers, as long as they think they have an almost countless number to spend; but when they find their days flowing rapidly away, so that at last they have very few left, then they will at once make a very wise use of them; but unhappily they have by that time no notion how to do it.

**THE TRIUMPHS OF PERSEVERANCE.**—The following, taken from one of Dr. Johnson's beautiful papers in the "Rambler," was the motto Dr. James Hope chose for his thesis when applying for his degrees: "All the performances of human art, at which we look with praise or wonder, are instances of the restless force of perseverance. It is by this that the quarry becomes a pyramid, and that distant countries are united by canals. If a man were to compare the effect of a single stroke of the pickaxe, or of one impression of the spade, with the general design and last result, he would be overwhelmed by the sense of their disproportion. Yet those petty operations, incessantly continued, in time surmount the greatest difficulties; and thus mountains are levelled, and oceans bounded, by the slender force of human beings."

crammed into a little hole. Now, if the object be to get a large number of plants for another year, keep them well worked with the hoe, and let the runners take root. The whole ground will be full by fall. But if fruit be the object, cover the whole surface of the ground with partially decomposed leaves or straw, and as the first runners begin to show themselves, take them off. Care must be used in taking off the runners; they should be cut, and not pulled off, as careless servants will ruin many plants. When the vine has once commenced fruiting, it will show but little disposition to run, as its whole effort is to make the fruit—particularly if the vine is not over-stimulated. It is not enough that the strawberry-bed is in a moist, cool location; for if the ground is moist, the plants want water to set the fruit, and to swell the fruit when set. We care not how much water they have when in bloom. If the season proves dry, we give them water to set the fruit by artificial rain; and unless it rains twice a-week, we give artificial rain to swell the fruit, and then we give artificial rain to form the next fruit-stems, and so on. Fear not to give too much water; water morning and evening. If grass and weeds show themselves, use the hoe freely. After it is no longer an object to gather fruit, let the vines run and mat together. In the winter, go through with the hoes, thinning out to twelve or eighteen inches; leaving the cut-up vines to decay where they were cut; and then cover the whole bed with leaves, straw, swamp-muck, etc., but use no animal manure. Let the proportions of male and female plants remain the same as when first planted.

Let the cultivator remember the four great requisites for a profitable





THERESA RECEIVING HER FATHER'S BLESSING.

## TEMPTATION.

Continued from page 42.

As a matter of course, the recognition which had just taken place ended Madame Garrachi's authority over her pupil. One week previous, and the *ex-prima donna* would have bitterly regretted the discovery—it was now a matter of comparative indifference to her. Her revenge was accomplished. She had done with the world, and it enabled her to carry into execution her long meditated project of retiring to a convent.

"I shall see you once more!" she said, kissing Fanny affectionately on the forehead; "to take my last farewell. My only anxiety is removed. I leave you to the affection of a parent who will know how to prize the treasure she has recovered—to a lover," she added, in a whisper which brought the warm blood to the cheeks of the fair girl, "who appears worthy of you."

Lowering her veil, she retired from the green-room.

The director of the theatre was the only one likely to suffer by the withdrawal of Fanny from the stage. Yet even he found consolation—for he had that very day received an offer from a rising singer, whose reputation was just extending beyond her native Italy—Madame Catalini—who afterwards became so popular in England.

Our heroine returned with Martha and Captain Foster to the house of the former in Harley street, where, for the first time since her childhood, she slept—we had better have said rested—beneath the same roof with her adopted parent; in fact, not an inmate of the house—unless we except the domestics—closed an eye that night. Their feelings had been too much agitated to sleep. Miss Mendez offered grateful thanks to heaven that it had heard her prayer at last, and restored to her the object of her affections. Miss Wyndham was torn by jealousy and envy. The fortune she had intrigued for seemed further from her grasp than before—for the ordeal which she vainly trusted would sink her in the affections of the wealthy grand-daughter of Peter Quin, had confirmed her place in them for ever.

It was daybreak when Clement quitted Harley street. He had been too much excited to sleep. Lover-like, he passed the remaining hours of the night in plans and dreams of the future. He felt anxious for his father's introduction to Fanny. Her

sweetness, her virtue and beauty, he felt assured, would vanquish any repugnance the old gentleman might entertain on the score of her birth, respecting which there still appeared some painful mystery.

Poor Clem! He judged with the sanguine hope, the blind confidence of a lover. His father was a man of the world, and if not the slave, was at least influenced by its prejudices.

### CHAPTER LX.

In peace, love tunes the shepherd's reed,  
In war, he mounts the warrior's steed;  
In halls in gay attire is seen,  
In hamlets sports upon the green,  
Love rules the court, the camp, the grove,  
And man below, and saints above—  
For love is heaven, and heaven is love.

WALTER SCOTT.

FANNY had not been many hours under the roof of her adopted parent before her candid, truth-loving nature revealed itself by confiding to Miss Mendez her only secret—the love she felt for Clement Foster. The avowal was accompanied by a confession of her fears, lest her appearance on the stage should have shaken the affection and confidence of the young soldier.

Agonising as was the doubt, she would not have recalled the step, even had it been in her power to have done so. She paid her debt of gratitude to Madame Garrachi, and found consolation in the recollection.

Martha listened to her with a mingled feeling of admiration and self-reproach. At the risk of her future happiness, the object of her care had nobly performed her duty—whilst she, on the contrary, had neglected hers; for, with the clue in her possession, it had long been in her power to discover the real parents of our heroine—to restore her, probably, to a home of love and happiness—to dry the tears of those who mourned her.

The conviction that she had been selfish in her affection, whilst Fanny, on the contrary, had been noble and self-denying in hers, was a painful one. In vain she attempted to reconcile her conduct to her conscience, by reflecting on the vast fortune she intended to leave her. The experience of her own sad life whispered that wealth was but a poor substitute for those natural and endearing ties which make the heart so rich—a mother's smile—a father's tender care—a sister's or a brother's love: all of which, for aught she knew, her culpable silence had deprived her of.

"He loves you devotedly, tenderly!" she exclaimed, as she enfolded the blushing girl in her

arms. "I have known Clement from his boyhood! His is not the nature to love lightly or to change—even," she added, mentally, "if his father should oppose his choice! There might be a struggle—but the heart would prove victorious!"

Fanny raised her soft blue eyes, and fixed them long and earnestly upon the speaker. If love in its impetuosity sometimes blinds, in its purity it strengthens the judgment of youth. She saw that Martha had not given utterance to all her thoughts.

"I am sure he will act rightly!" she said, with a half-suppressed sigh; "and even when it is most painful to our self-love, the path of duty is the wisest as well as best!"

Miss Mendez colored deeply—she felt the unintentional reproof.

"You are right!" she observed; "a duty neglected haunts us like a shadow, mingling even in our dreams; and the voice of reproof grows louder with years! You have given me a subject for reflection, Fanny!"

"You! Oh, no!" interrupted the grateful girl; "you can have no such reproach to make to yourself—you are all tenderness and goodness!"

"He who framed the heart alone can judge it!" replied Martha, more collectedly; "its greatest weaknesses oftentimes arise from the depth of its affections! But we will speak of this another time; heaven is more merciful to us than we are to ourselves, and leaves the gates of atonement open long after passion and selfishness would have closed them!"

With this observation the conversation was permitted to drop; but it had made a powerful impression on the naturally rightly judging mind of the speaker. The seed was sown, and only required time to ripen and bring forth fruit.

At a very early hour Madame Garrachi called, to announce her intended departure for France and to take her leave of her former pupil. They had not lived so many years isolated from the world, continually in each other's society, without contracting a mutual feeling of affection. It was painful to part, but the resolution of the once brilliant *artiste* was taken.

"Impossible!" she said, in reply to Fanny's entreaties that she would make England her home. "The only tie which could have bound me to the world is broken—the duty of watching over your future happiness has devolved on those who possess a natural claim on your affection—mine has been the claim of circumstance—"

"And gratitude!" interrupted our heroine.



"It is my consolation to feel so, Fanny!" continued her visitor; "had I cultivated your understanding only—had my instructions left you a cold, brilliant, heartless being, fitted merely to shine in the world—it would be a bitter reproach to me in the retirement to which I hasten; but your heart, your affections, naturally warm and impetuous, have been schooled, as well as the intellect which God has given you! My fate has been both a lesson and a warning! The man to whom you confide the destiny of your life will never win you by calculation!"

"It is painful—very painful—to part with those we love!" sobbed the agitated girl; "then it is we feel how many opportunities of showing our affection have been neglected—remember the unkind words which have pained, or thoughts which have wronged them!"

"Farewell, Fanny!" said Madame Garrachi; "child of my adoption! Second only in my heart to the memory of my poor murdered boy! You will not forget your old playfellow or his unhappy mother! You will sometimes visit his grave, and see that no rude hand uproots the flowers we planted there! It is the last request I shall ever make you!"

"Oh, not the last!" exclaimed Fanny, throwing her arms around her; "you are dear—very dear—to me! Instructress—friend—can no prayers, no entreaties shake this sad resolution? Remain with us—my mother, who is all tenderness and indulgence, will, I am sure, consent! If her friendship and my affection cannot efface the past from your memory, they may at least render the future happy!"

"No!" replied the ex-prima donna, after a mental struggle which proved how much the effort cost her; "my home henceforth is the cloister! I know all that you would urge!" she added; "its loneliness—its calm overshadowing the peacefulness of the grave: to me these are its temptations! After a life stormy and agitated as mine has been, I require repose! Respect my religious convictions, Fanny, even as I respected yours!"

Although a fervent Catholic, Madame Garrachi had scrupulously forbore to interfere with the faith of her pupil.

To such an appeal Fanny could only reply by her tears.

"You will keep these, for my sake!" resumed the speaker, at the same time placing the *écrin* which contained her jewels upon the table. "Do not hesitate!" she added, seeing that our heroine was startled at the value of the gift. "I have no further use for them! Diamonds are for the living, not the dead: and to the world I have long been as dead! I wrong no one by bestowing them upon you—for the revolution left me without a relative on earth; and now nothing remains but that last word—Farewell!"

"Not yet!—oh, not yet!"

"It must be spoken, Fanny!" and for your sake, as well as my own, spoken at once! I have no right to wring your heart! I shall pray for your happiness, although I may not witness it! The best wish I can breathe for you is that your fate may not resemble mine!"

Silently she pressed her former pupil in one long sad embrace, and left the room. It was evident she feared to trust her resolution in presence of the tears and entreaties of our heroine, the pang of separating from whom was her last great trial.

When Miss Mendez entered the library, she discovered her adopted child plunged in the deepest sorrow; still it was not without a certain degree of satisfaction she heard what had taken place. Madame Garrachi was in some degree a rival in the heart of the fair girl, and, with the exception of Clement Foster's share in it, it was her wish to engross it all.

Perhaps our readers will consider there was something ungenerous in the feeling; and if so, they are right in their judgment; but few natures are perfect. The defect in Martha's was a morbid fear lest Fanny should cease to love her. She almost regretted the magnificence of the singer's parting gift, as if it were robbing her of her right for any one to bestow diamonds upon Fanny.

It was not until a late hour of the day that our hero, after discharging his regimental duties, found himself at liberty to pay a visit to Harley street. There was something, Miss Mendez fancied, more than usually grave in his manner—at least, it was different from the joyousness of the preceding evening; and, for the first time in her life, she felt doubtful of her favorite.

"Was it possible," she mentally asked herself, "that he could hesitate, when a word might secure him such a prize?"

Clement had not hesitated, but he had deliberately weighed the consequences—and the result was, that

it would be better for Fanny's happiness, as well as his own, that he should retire from the army. Her doubtful birth, the connection of her supposed mother with the murderer, Peter Quin, and the opposition of his father, which he foresaw, decided him.

For some time the conversation was dull. All three appeared laboring under some restraint. Had Martha ever been in love, she would at once have divined the cause; but it never entered into her imagination that her presence, as the French say, was *de trop*. The lover, unable longer to endure the painful feeling, with his usual straightforwardness, whispered in her ear, "that he wished to be left alone with Fanny."

The conscious girl would have quitted the drawing-room with her, but Clement, taking her gently by the hand, detained her.

"When the heart is burning with impatience," he said, "it cannot stand upon the cold, formal laws of ceremony! I am come to hear my doom! Speak, Fanny! Is it misery or bliss? Am I to be the happiest or most wretched of mankind? You know my feelings—all that I would ask, all that my love demands!"

"I am unchanged!" replied our heroine, with a modest blush. "Perhaps I am wrong to speak thus plainly, but I have been reared in ignorance of the world, know nothing of its rules and prejudices! When I bestowed my affections, I gave them so entirely that it is beyond my power to recall them!"

"And would you," demanded Clement, in a tone of passionate tenderness, "say that you do not regret the promise which sets the seal upon my felicity?"

"No!" said Fanny, mastering her confusion. "If the simple, honest love of her you have honored by your choice can make you happy, be happy—for it is wholly and unreservedly yours!"

It would be difficult to describe the rapture with which the young soldier listened to the confession so frankly made, and still more so to repeat the words in which he thanked, or rather attempted to thank her. Those who have loved—and who has not?—can imagine far better than we can describe them.

A long and mutual confidence followed. The now happy girl explained to her lover the cause of her appearance upon the stage, the debt of gratitude which she had contracted to Madame Garrachi, and the struggle it had cost her to make the sacrifice—for her natural delicacy had recoiled from, rather than found pleasure in, the triumph of the artist.

Her lover hung enraptured upon every word she uttered. The more he comprehended her feelings and character, the deeper was his love and admiration of her conduct.

"Could my father but judge as I judge," he mentally exclaimed, "my happiness would be perfect!"

Armed by the love and acceptance of Fanny, our hero now felt that he had a right to call upon Miss Mendez for some explanation respecting the birth of her adopted child. He felt also that it was due to his parent.

"I must see Martha," he said, "before I quit the house! There must be no mystery between us! If I rightly judge her, she will not reject my entreaties for your hand! Oh, when—when," he added, pressing it fondly to his lips, "will it be mine indeed?"

It was sometime before he could find resolution to tear himself away. More than once he entreated her to repeat the words which had rendered him so happy. To convince him," as he said, "that it was not a dream that the love of which he felt so proud was really his."

We need not say that our heroine complied with his solicitation; and when at last they did tear themselves from each other, she retired to her chamber, blushing, happy tears of joy resting like dew-drops on the long, silken lashes of her downcast eyes—her lips trembling with the impress of love's first kiss.

Never had it been the seal of a purer bond than the one it ratified between them.

Martha guessed in an instant the nature of the explanation which had just taken place, when she beheld the countenance of Clement radiant with joy and satisfaction. Silently she extended her hand to him: the wish nearest her heart was gratified.

"Congratulate me, my dear Miss Mendez!" he exclaimed. "I want words to tell you all my happiness!"

"I do congratulate you most sincerely!" she replied. "You have won a prize! Many will envy you the love of a truly virtuous heart! I can

imagine such feelings, Clement, although it has never been my fate to experience them!"

"Then you confirm the gift?"

"Gladly, joyously!" answered Martha. "Could I have chosen a husband for Fanny from the world, you would have been my selection!"

The happy lover raised her hand to his lips.

"But there must be no concealment," she added, proudly, "from your father! My child must be wooed openly—the choice be known to the world!"

"Do you think," said our hero, "that I would insult the merits of the woman I have chosen by appearing ashamed of my choice? Do not wrong me by such a suspicion! The man who could hesitate an instant would be unworthy of her!"

"You are right!"

"This very hour, armed with her acceptance and your approval, I mean to seek my father!"

"And should he refuse his consent?" observed Miss Mendez.

"It would be a sorrow!" replied the lover, firmly; "but would not change me!"

"Noble boy!" ejaculated the lady, as he took his leave; "he has taught me my duty, and, painful as the task will be, I must perform it!"

With this resolution, so tardily arrived at, she left the room to offer her blessings and congratulations to Fanny.

The various paragraphs which had appeared in most of the morning papers—some headed "Extraordinary Scene in His Majesty's Theatre"—"Interesting Discovery of the Parent of Mademoiselle Louise"—"Romance in Real Life"—all of them giving an account more or less correct of the occurrence of the preceding night, had attracted the attention of Mr. Foster. He was perfectly aware that his rich client had discovered her real or adopted child, and more than once, during the business of the day, found himself speculating on the consequences—for he had long been aware of the desire of Miss Mendez, in the event of Fanny being restored to her, for her marriage with his son.

"Fortunately," he muttered, "they have never met! She has appeared, too, upon the stage—and I know Clem's notions of female delicacy and propriety too well to suppose him capable of forming such an attachment!"

With all his confidence, a vague uneasiness haunted him. He was neither a stern nor an ambitious man, but highly sensitive on the score of honor. The birth of our heroine was a mystery to him. In his secret thoughts he believed her to be really the child of Martha, whose descent from Peter Quin—a name which the confession of Stork had now rendered publicly infamous—rendered the idea of an alliance between Clement and her daughter doubly distasteful.

Whilst mentally calculating on the possibility of getting his son from London for a short time, his reveries were disturbed by the sound of his voice in the outer office.

His heart misgave him, when our hero, after the usual salutation, requested to be favored with an hour's private conversation.

"Is it very important?" he demanded; "for you see I am deeply occupied with these papers! They concern the death of poor George Maitland! The body has been removed from the cellar of the house in Westminster, where the murderers had interred it, and consigned to consecrated ground! His father, who has just arrived in England, is determined to sift the affair thoroughly! The exposure will be terrible for our poor friend Miss Mendez!"

"It is of her, sir, as well as of myself, that I wish to speak!"

The old lawyer rose from his seat and drew the bolt of the door between the two offices.

"I am ready, Clem," he said—"quite ready—to hear you!"

The young soldier commenced by an account of his first meeting with Fanny at the Chateau Vert. We will pass over his description of her person, manners, and virtues. He was eloquent as most lovers are, and ended by declaring the impression she had made upon his heart, and his intention of making her his wife.

"By all means, my dear boy!" exclaimed the old gentleman, shaking him warmly by the hand—for as yet he dreamed not that the fair girl he had been describing was the adopted daughter of his client—"and heaven bless you both together! Where is she? Doubtless still in France?"

"On the contrary, sir—she has arrived in England!"

"Clem, you rascal—my dear boy, I mean!" said the lawyer, struck by a sudden suspicion that our hero was already married; "you have not stolen a march on your old father! You are not —"



He paused, and looked smilingly in the face of his son.

"Married!" added the captain, finishing the sentence for him. "No sir—not yet!"

"Right, my boy! All fair and above board with your father? Tell me where is the dear girl?"

"At the house of her mother in Harley street!"

At the words "Harley street" the smiles vanished from the countenance of Mr. Foster.

"You do not mean," he said, "that the young lady whose name fills so conspicuous a paragraph in the morning papers, the daughter of Martha Mendez, and the object of your choice are one and the same person?"

"Even so, father!"

"And you ask my consent to your marriage?"

"As the crowning act of your love and kindness to me!" replied his son. "Nay, do not answer me until you have heard all that I have to urge!"

"That is but just!" observed the old man, gloomily. "Proceed!"

"I love her, father—not with that boyish feeling which lasts for a time and changes with each fresh face—but with the devotion of manhood—the deep, true passion of reason and conviction! There is no other woman upon earth who can render me happy! I have reflected on my choice and its consequences! I am prepared to quit the army!"

"And so break a career which promises to end so honorably!" interrupted his parent, passionately; "Clement, this is folly—madness—infatuation! I will not insult you by supposing that you are influenced by the probable amount of the girl's fortune—for I should scorn you if wealth could guide you in the choice of a wife; but reputation ought!"

"Hers is spottled!" replied the lover.

"She has been an actress?"

"But for two nights!"

"Her birth?"

"Even if it proves, as you suppose, illegitimate," urged his son, "she is not to be blamed for that! Were anything less than my happiness at stake, your wish would be my law!" I have exercised the right of nature and of manhood, in selecting the future partner of my life—have proposed and been accepted!"

"Madman! What have you done? The descendant of a murderer—nay, possibly the daughter of one of the ruffians who perpetrated the cruel deed! Have you weighed well the consequences of such an alliance—the stain upon your name—the finger of scorn which will pursue you—the contempt, the pity of all who know and blush for your weakness?"

"Everything!" replied Clement, turning very pale—for he began to see that all hope of obtaining his father's consent was at an end.

"Not everything!" said the old man sternly; "there is one consequence more terrible yet—your father's curse, should you dishonor his grey hairs and honest name, by an alliance with the child of Martha Mendez!"

"You will not curse me, father!" observed the young man, seriously; "for it is not in your nature to be unjust!"

"Disinherit you!" added the lawyer.

"Oh let that be the only penalty," continued our hero, "and I will endure it patiently! The fortune you have obtained by honorable labor you have a right to dispose of as you see fit—but not of your affection—I have nature's claim to that—I inherit it by right of blood—my mother's memory—the love and duty which till this hour have waited on your wishes!"

"You are right, Clement Foster!" replied the old man, deeply moved; "I cannot curse my only child!"

"Your blessing, father!" eagerly exclaimed his son.

"Blessings are for the obedient—not the rebellious, headstrong boy, whose vaunted duty and affection vanish at the breath of passion! My resolution is taken! From the hour which sees you the husband of the daughter of Martha Mendez, we are strangers!"

As he uttered these brief, harsh words, the speaker rose, and, walking to the door, withdrew the bolt—a sign to our hero that the conference was ended. Poor Clement left the office silently and with a heavy heart: he would fain have shaken his father by the hand, in token that they parted at least without hostile feelings towards each other; but the lawyer drew coldly back from the proffered pledge.

"As I suspected!" he murmured, as he threaded the well-known avenues of the Temple; "his prejudices are not to be vanquished! If he had but seen her!" he added; "if he had but seen her!"

At first he felt disposed to blame his own precipitation, which had produced the dreaded crisis. A few moment's reflection, however, convinced him

that he had acted rightly: there would have been something degrading to the object of his love in keeping their engagement a secret from his father.

Little did he imagine that the old man had already determined to see her—with what intention will appear at another time and place.

## CHAPTER LIX.

The course of true love never doth run smooth.

SHAKESPEARE.

BITTERLY did Miss Mendez reproach herself when Clement Foster informed her of the result of his interview with his father, and the old man's objections to his union with Fanny. Had she, when first she became acquainted with the lawyer, confided to him the history of the adopted child—placed in his hands the clue she possessed—there could be little doubt that he would long ere this have discovered the mystery of her birth.

"I need not say," continued our hero, "that my father's prejudice is a source of the deepest uneasiness—for he has ever been a kind and indulgent parent to me—but, above all, I fear its effect upon the susceptible mind of Fanny. It would strike a cruel blow to her happiness. We must conceal it from her."

"Will that be possible?" demanded Martha. "Although young and ignorant of the world, she is gifted with no common share of penetration. No," she added, musingly; "those who have sinned must bear the punishment. Oh, Clement, I have acted selfishly, if not wickedly."

"How am I to understand you?"

"That Fanny is not my child?" she continued; "nay, do not doubt me, or let a false delicacy induce you to conceal from me the truth that Mr. Foster's objection to this alliance arises from the dear girl's supposed relationship to me."

"Not to you," said our hero, soothingly—for he saw that she was greatly excited—"he still regards you with respect and admiration for your many excellent qualities; but to your grandfather, whose name has lately become—"

He paused, and hesitated to finish the sentence.

"Infamous!" added Martha, completing it for him; "I know it—FEEL it! The very servant who stands behind my chair boasts to his companions that he is not descended from a hired murderer. I have reflected, and, even at the risk of losing the affection of my child, have determined to unveil the mystery—you must assist me."

"Willingly," replied Clement, who secretly rejoiced at the positive assurance he had just received; "but let me entreat you, think more justly both of yourself and Fanny. If you are not her parent, you have bestowed on her a parent's love. Her earliest recollections are of you—her feelings towards you must ever be those of a fond affectionate child."

"I would fain believe so," observed Miss Mendez, mournfully; "at least I will endeavor to preserve her love, by following the dictates of duty. I have some reason to believe that the only person who can fully clear up the mystery of Fanny's birth is now in England—although for many reasons he wishes his residence here to be kept a secret—but, most of all, from me."

"Might not money induce him?"

"Money," interrupted the woman, bitterly, "is useless. He is rich!"

"His name?"

"Sir John Mordaunt!"

"The owner of Brierly Grange!" exclaimed Clement Foster, with surprise.

"In all probability you will find him difficult of access—his residence at the house denied by the servants—more," she added, "it may be dangerous to penetrate to his presence; but once arrived there, and the letter I will give you placed in his hand, the danger ceases. Take George with you—you can rely on his prudence and fidelity."

"I would trust my life to them!" replied her hearer: "yet I cannot understand why a man of his rank and fortune should thus conceal himself!"

Martha smiled.

"Fortune again!" she said; "I thought you judged the world better, Clement! Gold will buy its observance and pleasures, but not its respect or safety!"

"Safety?"

"Question me not?" she continued; "for I can explain nothing. Success depends upon my silence."

Her visitor urged her no further, and it was arranged between them that he should start upon his expedition into Berkshire the following day, and that the real cause of his absence should be kept a secret from Fanny; nothing was more easy than to

allege military duty as an excuse. Under ordinary circumstances the want of ingenuousness would have revolted him; but the motive for once appeared to justify the want of confidence—it spared the being whom he loved unnecessary pain.

Despite his efforts to appear cheerful, Fanny quickly discovered that some secret uneasiness was preying upon his mind. Her questions added to his embarrassment—he was a poor dissembler.

"I do not ask your confidence!" she observed, as he took his leave; "for, to be valued by me, it must be offered freely. If it be a sorrow, Clement, do not let your affection for me cause you to confine it to your own breast. Such burthens become lighter by being shared with those we love."

"On the contrary!" exclaimed her lover, as he bid her a last adieu; "it is a *hope*!"

The animation with which these words were uttered, and the look of passionate tenderness which accompanied them, almost convinced her that her fears were groundless.

From that day Miss Mendez became so deeply occupied in affairs evidently of a private nature, that our heroine was left almost entirely to herself, and gladly seized the occasion to visit her former friends, Mrs. Watkins, the blind lieutenant, and the rest of the inmates of the house in St. Martin's Court.

As for Sally and her husband she was aware that they were still—thanks to the liberality of Martha—in Italy, where the young painter was rapidly advancing in fortune as well as reputation in his art.

It was on her return from one of these visits that the servant informed her a gentleman was waiting to see her in the library.

"Did he ask for me," she inquired, "or for your mistress?"

"For you," replied the man.

"By name?"

"Yes, miss."

Fanny was puzzled to imagine who the gentleman could be—she knew no one. Miss Mendez was from home, and the idea struck her that the visit might originally have been intended for her. With this impression, she decided upon seeing the gentleman.

With all his prejudice, the lawyer—for it was the father of our hero—could not help confessing, when the fair girl entered the room, that he had never beheld a more lovely being. The instant she saw him she guessed his name, from the strong resemblance to his son.

"Mr. Foster, I presume?" she said.

"Yes—Foster is my name," replied the old gentleman; "and now that I have seen you, the task I have imposed upon myself becomes doubly painful."

Has anything occurred to Clement—to your son, I mean, sir?" demand our heroine, the blush fading from her cheek and a deadly paleness succeeding.

"On that score," said her visitor, I am happy to say I am not the bearer of unpleasant intelligence. Clement, for aught I have any reason to suppose to the contrary is well, quite well, although he parted in anger from his father."

"In anger, sir?"

"My dear young lady," said the lawyer, "allow me to explain the motive of my visit candidly: I must then leave it to your own good sense and feeling to decide."

Poor Fanny felt a sudden sickening sensation at her heart—a foreboding of what was about to follow came over her.

"Although a military career was not the one I should have chosen for my boy," resumed the speaker, "he has distinguished himself so nobly in it that the most brilliant prospects appeared opening to him. As a father, I need not say that I felt proud of him; but he is about to quit the army."

"Quit the army!" repeated Fanny, mechanically.

"May I ask the cause of a determination to which at present I am a stranger?"

"His approaching marriage with yourself."

"Which you disapprove of, sir," replied the agitated girl. "I read it in the coldness of your manner—the studied—pardon the expression—the forced courtesy of your tone in speaking to me."

"Had the happiness of my son alone been concerned," observed Mr. Foster, "my consent would have been freely given; but his honor will be compromised!"

The rich blood rushed to the cheek of Fanny, who drew herself up proudly, and gazed upon the speaker long and earnestly.

"His honor," she answered at last, "is dear to me as my own—and both, I believe, are without a stain. There is some mystery in this which I cannot comprehend: explain it, sir—for pity's sake, explain it. If I am ignorant of the world, I am not



the less sensible of the duties and obligations which it imposes, or unwilling to fulfil them. How can your son's marriage with me inflict a stain upon his honor?"

As gently as possible the lawyer proceeded to relate to her the history of Peter Quin and the mystery that shrouded her own birth, and concluded by adding, that had she been the child of any other person but Martha Mendez—

"Hold, sir!" interrupted our heroine; "respect the parent in the presence of her child; the memory of the murderer you have a right, in common with all good men, to brand and execrate; but you have none to attempt to weaken my affection for the best and tenderest of mothers. You have made me very unhappy," she added, bursting into tears; "but I forgive you."

Mr. Foster was deeply moved by her distress; it was impossible to gaze on so much candor and ingenuousness and not feel the injustice of visiting upon her innocent head the errors of others. He even so far forgot his prejudices as to hint that if it were possible to conceal from the world the unfortunate relationship his objection might yet be got over.

"By a falsehood," observed Fanny; "by an act of ingratitude to the author of my being—by consenting to a lie! I will point out to you, sir, a better way."

Her visitor gazed upon her with surprise:

"By renouncing the hope of happiness," she continued; "sacrificing the feelings, wishes, and dreams of my heart at the shrine of duty. It may break in the struggle, but it will break nobly. For the crimes of Peter Quin from whom you say I am descended, although the world judges differently—I feel that I am in no way responsible; but I am for the honor and happiness of your son. I will never bring disgrace upon the name of him I love. Henceforth all that has passed between us is cancelled, and—"

She would have added "forgotten," but tears impeded her utterance. Never before, in the course of his long and honorable career, had Mr. Foster received so humiliating a lesson: the inconsistency of his conduct had been rebuked by the innocence of a child.

During their interview Martha had returned home, and, hearing of his visit, had assisted unobserved at the latter part of their conversation: the expressions of love and devotion from her adopted child had amply repaid her for the care and affection she had bestowed on her.

Advancing from the breakfast-room, she eagerly embraced our heroine, and, turning to the lawyer, thanked him, in a sarcastic tone, for his generous conduct in her absence.

"You forget," he observed, "that I have a son!"

"Who, thank heaven is free from the narrow prejudices of his father!" retorted Miss Mendez; "you plead your own right as a parent for seeking to destroy the respect of mine for her mother! Shame, man—shame!"

It was the second rebuke Mr. Foster had received, and he began to feel that his prejudices had carried him too far.

"Had I really been the degraded, wretched being you suppose me," continued the woman, with increased animation, "my claim to the love of my offspring would not have been less sacred! Accustomed to deal with the falsehood of mankind, you suspected my truth when I told you that Fanny was not my child!"

"Not your child!" exclaimed the astonished girl. "Oh, unsay those cruel words—my heart refuses to believe them! I remember your affection—the tears you shed over me in infancy—your patient sweetness and untiring care! Confess that you are my parent, or my heart will break!"

"No, Fanny—the hour for dissimulation has passed; it has been the one great error of my life, and it is just that I atone for it! You were stolen from your natural protector when an infant, and confided to my care. I was a lonely, solitary creature, without one tie in common with my fellow-creatures—a single being in the world to love me! Can you wonder that you became so dear to me? Your birth, I have every reason to suppose, is noble! In a few hours I shall possess the proofs!"

"May I really credit this extraordinary tale?" demanded the lawyer; "and yet, when I reflect upon your character for truth and sincerity, it is impossible to doubt it!"

"Leave this gentleman to his reflections!" said Martha, gently leading our heroine from the room; "and when he remembers the many years of friendship that have existed between us, unless his nature be quite changed, I think he will regret his ungenerous conduct to an unhappy being who fancied that

at least she had one friend on whom she could rely!"

As they were about to quit the room, the footman appeared, ushering in the reader's old acquaintance, Duncan—no longer in the dress of a soldier—for Lord Peapod had procured his discharge. He had obtained the address of Fanny from his lordship. The poor fellow came to reclaim the packet which he had confided to her care a few moments before his arrest at the Chateau Vert.

No sooner did the eyes of the lawyer catch the address than he became greatly excited, and claimed it as his property; declaring that it had been stolen from his office several years since.

"Impossible!" replied the man; "Colonel Harrington assured me that it had been intrusted to him by my dead master!"

"And who was your master?"

"Edward Trevanian, sir!"

The explanation which followed convinced the faithful fellow that he could not place the deposit so sacredly confided to him in better hands than those of Mr. Foster, whose joy at obtaining possession of it in some degree compensated him for the mortification he had just endured. With something like an apology to Fanny for the pain he had caused her, he returned with the will to the Temple.

#### CHAPTER LX.

Strange tales are told.

The shepherd shuns the spot, deeming it haunted.

OLD FLAT.

WHEN Clement Foster and his faithful servant George arrived in the neighborhood of Brierly Grange, instead of proceeding at once to the house, they took up their quarters for the night at a farm whose tenant was distantly related to the latter. As for our hero, time and his military campaign had so changed him that none of the old familiar faces which he remembered appeared to have retained the least recollection of him—they stared upon him as he drove through the village as upon a stranger.

"And so, farmer," said the ex-gamekeeper, as they were seated at their evening meal, "the old house, you say, is shut up?"

"Yes, George, it be, and the servants discharged!"

"Ay!" interrupted his wife; "all but housekeeper and steward: and I wonder they stay in such a place!"

"You speak, I presume," observed our hero, "of the fine old mansion which we passed on the way to your farm?"

"It be fine enough!" muttered the good dame; "too fine, perhaps for those who inhabit it! It be no use, Thomas!" she continued, compelled at last to notice the nods, winks, and warning looks of her husband, who, having been born and bred upon the Mordaunt estate, did not like to hear anything which might be construed into disrespect against its owner; "but either Sir John be come back or the place be haunted!"

"Pshaw!" ejaculated the old man, pettishly; "why should Sir John—who is a barrow-night and one of the richest men in the county—hide in his own house like a thief ashamed to show his face?"

"Farmer Gunter saw un, Thomas, and the lights at night in the north wing!"

"After leaving the public house?" replied the master of the farm; "and then no sensible man would pay the least attention to anything Farmer Gunter sees! If the servants have been sent away, it be for *conomy*, or something of that kind; and as for the lights in the north wing, I never heard o' them before!"

There are few wives, however excellent, who can bear to be flatly contradicted by their husbands, especially when they feel that they are right. On the present occasion it was doubly galling, being in the presence of her relative, George, and the officer gentleman, his master. Had the farmer been a tactician, he would have permitted the surmises, hints, and *on dits* of the dame to pass without contradiction—for contradiction, woman like, put her upon her mettle, and caused her to array facts as well as suppositions against him.

"Didn't Luke, the postboy, from Old Windsor, say, in this very room, he drove Horrocks, the steward, and a stranger to the Grange three nights after the servants had gone?"

"Luke is a fool, my dear!"

"Fool or no fool, you can't deny it!" retorted his wife; "and the gentleman who has been seen at midnight walking about the park?"

"Some friend of the housekeeper's!"

"And the eggs and fowls we have orders to send daily to the hall?"

This was a clincher. The farmer lit his pipe

and took refuge in silence. Had he been wise he would have done so at first.

Our hero and his companion had heard quite enough to assure them that some one had taken up his abode at the Grange who, for reasons best known to himself, desired his residence there to be kept a secret—and who more likely than its owner. The following morning, accompanied by George, he quitted the farm, and directed his steps toward the mansion.

There is something inexpressibly sad in revisiting a place which we have inhabited in our youth, especially when those who once made it a happy home are no longer there to welcome us. Frequently during their walk Clement paused to contemplate some well-known spot, and point it out to his companion. There was the home-wood, where he shot his first bird—well did he recollect the pride and satisfaction he experienced on the occasion, and the dispute he had with the keeper as to whether the unlucky partridge had been fairly on the wing or not. Then there was the walk in which he used to saunter with Miss Wyndham and Martha; the stile where they awaited his return after a day's sports; examined his giberals, and laughed or congratulated him on its contents.

As they reached the front of the house, George silently pointed to the window over the porch, at which he had thrown up the gravel to alarm him on the night of Miles's attempt to obtain possession of the papers in the cabinet of Peter Quin.

"I have not forgotten it," said Clement Foster, "or that in all probability Miss Mendez owes her life to your presence of mind!"

"Say rather to yours, sir! You shot the robber—I merely gave the alarm!"

"We will divide the merit between us, then!" replied his master.

"Do you intend to call at the house, sir?"

"Certainly! It is not a feeling of mere idle curiosity which urges me—I should blush to be guilty of an intrusion urged by such a motive; but the happiness of my life in some degree depends on my obtaining an interview with Sir John Mordaunt!"

"You really believe that he is there, sir?"

"I have not the least doubt of it!" answered Clement; "such, too, is the conviction of Miss Mendez; but we must be cautious in our proceedings—he doubtless has powerful reasons for concealment!"

"If at the Grange," observed the ex-gamekeeper, who had known the place from childhood, "I'll ferret him out! He must be clever indeed to play at hide-and-seek with me! I could hunt every nook blindfolded!"

It was some time before their summons at the hall-door was answered. When the old housekeeper at last appeared, she was so flurried that both our hero and George had to make themselves known to her.

"She was happy to see them—very happy!" she said; then hesitated, muttered something about the house being shut, and finally, as if ashamed at her want of hospitality, asked them if they wished to walk in and rest themselves.

"*Wish to walk in!*" repeated George; "of course we do! Captain Clement has run down on purpose to see the old place again! He thinks of taking it!"

Mrs. Everett informed them that it was no longer to let.

"Sir John coming home at last?" demanded the persevering querist.

The housekeeper eagerly assured him that there was not the least probability of such an event—at least in her time. His health was so bad—Italy agreed with him—in short, gave a hundred unnecessary reasons why the baronet should not return to the seat of his forefathers. Our hero pitied her confusion, and followed the reluctant steps of the old lady as she led the way to her own room: he felt there was something cruel in making her regard for him—the means of betraying her duty to her master.

The eyes of both her visitors, on entering the cosy little apartment of Mrs. Everett, rested upon a tray standing on the centre of the table. On it were a dish of cold game and a bottle of claret; they noticed also several articles of plate with the Mordaunt arms engraved upon them.

A mutual glance, conveying the conviction that Sir John was really in the house, passed between them.

"Why, one would imagine you expected us," observed George, "from the preparation you have made. Just the thing for the captain's lunch."

And, without further ceremony, he drew the tray towards his master.

To hide her confusion, the housekeeper began to converse in a very hurried manner—asked a hundred questions after Miss Mendez and the governess;



then, without waiting for an answer, started again with some fresh subject.

"Get me a glass of water, George," said our hero, who had ascertained that there was none upon the table; and before Mrs. Everett could prevent it, by offering her services, the quick-witted fellow, who perfectly understood the hint, quitted the room; she appeared nervous and excited till his return.

"I must leave you, Master—I beg pardon, Mr. Clement—for a few minutes. I have something to attend to. Of course you will not think of quitting the apartment—the house, I mean—till my return."

"Certainly not," replied her visitor, pretending not to notice her embarrassment; "I am tired after my walk, and feel exceedingly comfortable here; but I should wish very much to see the picture-gallery before I leave."

"He is here," whispered the ex-gamekeeper, as soon as they were alone; from the window of the kitchen I noticed the chimneys of the house. There is a fire in what was formerly Miss Wyndham's dressing-room! You know the one I mean, sir!"

"Over the north porch?"

George nodded in the affirmative.

"We have not an instant to lose," added the honest fellow; "the old lady has doubtless left us to inform him of our arrival. She has gone up the great staircase, to see, probably, that there is nothing to betray her master being here in the picture-gallery. By crossing the servants' hall, we may reach his hiding-place before her. Are you armed, sir?"

"I am. But why do you ask? What motive can Sir John Mordaunt have to avoid me?"

"Strange race, sir—a very strange race," observed the man; "I have heard my grandfather tell such tales of them. If only one-half were true, we can't be too cautious. We had better proceed at once."

Our hero thought so, too, and both quitted the room. On reaching the passage at the entrance of the servants' hall, they found that the housekeeper had taken the precaution of barring the door, so that all means of communication were cut off with the rest of the house.

"The old fox!" exclaimed George; "does she think we came to rob the place, or intend to keep us prisoners?"

Returning to the room they had so lately quitted, he procured a carving-knife, which, after some little exertion, he contrived to introduce between the interstices of the door, and to force back the bolt.

"Now, then, captain," he exclaimed, "it is our last chance!"

On reaching the former apartment of Miss Wyndham, they heard the voice of the housekeeper in a subdued tone. She was evidently justifying her conduct to some one who imagined he had the right to blame her.

Clement scorned to listen. Taking the letter of Miss Mendez from his pocket-book, he opened the door, and walked boldly into the room.

Standing near the chimney was a man who had evidently passed the prime of life, although he still retained traces of great personal strength and activity.

"You infernal old hag!" our hero heard him exclaim, as he entered the room, "have I not told you that my safety depends upon —?"

The step of Clement caught his ear. He looked up. It was fearful to note the deadly scowl which rested on his features for an instant. Taking a pistol from the mantel-piece, he levelled it with the utmost deliberation at the intruder's head, and fired.

Fortunately for his intended victim, his deliberation gave time to the housekeeper to recover from her surprise and to catch his arm. The bullet lodged in the ceiling.

"Sir John," she screamed, "would you commit murder?"

Before the baronet—for it was no other than the owner of Brierly Grange—could arm himself with a second weapon, his visitor, calm and unruffled as if nothing had occurred, walked up and placed the letter in his hand.

"From Martha Quin," he said.

"At the name of the writer, Sir John Mordaunt turned very pale.

"And who," he demanded, pointing to George, who stood at the door, "is that man?"

"My servant," replied Clement, in the same unruffled tone. "Doubtless the pistol which you accidentally discharged alarmed him for my safety."

The baronet regarded him for a few seconds in silence, then broke the seal of the letter, which he read over once or twice.

"Captain Foster," he said, extending toward his visitor the hand which had so lately been raised against his life, "I am most happy to see you at

Brierly Grange, and can only express my deep regret for the little inadvertence which might have ended less agreeably."

The young soldier could not avoid mentally acknowledging the great tact of the speaker, against whom he determined to remain upon his guard.

"You will dine with me?" continued Sir John Mordaunt, in the same easy, familiar tone; "although I fear that I cannot promise you much in the way of dinner—for I have been in England only a few days; but my housekeeper—who, it seems, is an old acquaintance of yours—will do her best."

"Mad!" muttered the old lady; "he must be mad!"

"In the morning I shall be happy to accompany you to London, and renew my acquaintance with my valued friend Martha. Let fires be lit in the drawing-room," added the owner of Brierly Grange, "and leave us. Captain Foster and I will amuse ourselves by walking through the village together before dinner."

"Is this bravado," thought Clement, "or recklessness?" He could not comprehend the sudden change.

We, however, will explain it. The only living witness, as Sir John Mordaunt imagined, of his past career, was Martha Quin; and her letter informed him of the conditions on which he might secure her silence. Hence the sudden change in his conduct to her messenger.

#### CHAPTER LXI.

He is a man ready and apt in council,  
Fitted to track the devious windings  
Of crime's most secret labyrinth; and seize  
The monster in its den. OLD PLAY.

It was with a joyousness almost amounting to boisterous hilarity that Sir John Mordaunt did the honors of his mansion to his unexpected guest. His manner reminded our hero of the wild gaiety of a schoolboy suddenly relieved from the dread of punishment, rather than the polished courtesy of the man of the world. Clement was puzzled to understand the change, which was too sudden to throw him off his guard.

The baronet walked with him through the village, chatted with his tenants, spoke of keeping open house on his return from London, and even hinted at his intention of standing for the county in the next election. Not a word, however, escaped him to explain to his companion the nature of his former acquaintance with Martha Quin.

"I believe, Captain Foster," he said, as they strolled together through the picture-gallery, on their return to the house, "you formerly inhabited this place?"

The young soldier replied that he had been a frequent visitor at the Grange during its occupation by Miss Mendez.

"Strange," muttered the baronet, half aloud, "that she should have selected my house!"

Clement remembered the instructions he had received to ask no questions, and forbore to demand why a circumstance which appeared so natural and unimportant should strike the speaker as being singular; but he noted the observation.

"And here it was," continued his host, "that you saved the life of Martha! Humph! well, I begin to think," he added, "that there is something more than chance in the course of the events, after all! Will you oblige me by relating the particulars of your adventure? I have heard a confused account of it from the housekeeper, who makes you out a perfect hero! Women always exaggerate—not that I doubt either your coolness or tact!"

The half-smile which accompanied the observation proved that he was thinking of the scene which had so lately taken place between them, in which his guest had undoubtedly displayed both the qualities he mentioned.

Clement at once described the affair as it had occurred. When he came to the struggle between the housebreaker and Martha, he noticed that the features of Sir John betrayed great excitement. He proceeded in his narration till he came to the shot and the agony of suspense he endured till he had ascertained which of the two had received it, and the transition from doubt to joy he experienced when he discovered that Miss Mendez was unhurt.

His companion grasped his hand.

"A lucky shot, indeed!" he exclaimed; "the best you ever made! Miles was a coarse ruffian—a very butcher at his trade! Would I had been present to help you!"

The narrator wondered how he came to be so well acquainted with the fellow's name, but supposed Mrs. Everett had informed him; and concluded by describing the death of the housebreaker, and the

long interview which had taken place between him and Miss Mendez.

"Do you know what passed?" eagerly demanded Sir John.

"Not the remotest idea!" replied his visitor; "the lady either deemed me too young, or probably had other motives for withholding her confidence!"

The querist gazed upon him for some moments, as if he doubted the truth of his assertion; but there was nothing in the countenance of the young man to warrant the supposition that he was deceiving him.

"Not unlikely!" he muttered, at last. "Martha was always a strange creature—I never could make her out!"

"Always!" mentally observed Clement; "that implies a knowledge of years!"

"Do you know," continued the speaker, as if anxious to change the subject, "that the death of Miles is not the only terrible transaction which has taken place in this gallery. It was here that Geoffrey and Richard Mordaunt—two of my ancestors—fought their unnatural duel; both were killed; but Mrs. Everett doubtless has related the affair, and pointed out the stains of blood upon the oaken floor!"

His guest informed him that it was the first time he had heard of the event he alluded to.

"The old woman has been more discreet than her master," replied Sir John; "for I fear it reflects but little credit on their memory! It was here," he continued, "that my grandfather cursed and drove from his home his only son—my unhappy father! The old man had all the pride, ambition, and evil qualities of his race, without one of the generous dispositions which might have redeemed them. I don't mind relating to you that portion of my family history—it will pass away the time till dinner; that is," he added, "provided you can find sufficient interest in the story to listen to it!"

Clement assured him that he should be most happy to hear it.

"It was impossible," he said, to have been so frequently a visitor at the Grange without feeling some degree of curiosity respecting the family who had inhabited it! I have walked in this spot," he added, "for hours, contemplating the fine old portraits upon the walls, speculating on the history and character of the originals, and frequently, when a boy, have questioned Hancock and the housekeeper on the subject. About your remote ancestors they were communicative enough. There is scarcely a legend connected with those steel-clad gentlemen and stately dames that I am not as well acquainted with as yourself; but at the name of your grandfather, father, and your own, they suddenly stopped!"

"I believe they have been faithful!" observed the baronet; "not that there is much to conceal! It is a tale which may be told, I believe, in most families! My father loved a poor but virtuous girl: had he seduced her, his parent doubtless would have lectured him in the most odious manner on the immorality of his conduct—for he was very strict in his religious duties—relented, and forgiven him; but he married the object of his affection, and his father's wrath became implacable: he cursed, drove him from the Grange, and, but for the entail, would have disinherited him! I am the only issue of that unhappy union!"

"Not unhappy," observed his companion, "if they loved!"

"Thank you!" exclaimed the baronet; "I like that observation—it sounds frank and fresh, as if spoken from the heart! Well, then, they were happy—for they loved, if ever human beings did! At the age of twelve I became an orphan! I will not occupy your time," he added, "by relating my trials and struggles, hair-breadth escapes and adventures in other lands, till the death of my unforgiving grandfather placed me in possession both of his title and estate, much to the annoyance of my politic cousin, Sir Richard Trevanian, who did all in his power to keep alive the old man's animosity, and hunt me to destruction! My appearance was a terrible blow to him, and disappointed all his calculations!"

"Sir Richard Trevanian?" repeated our hero.

"Yes!"

"Your cousin?"

"Did I not tell you so?" replied Sir John Mordaunt; "perhaps you knew him?"

"But slightly," said our hero; "but his son, the present baronet, was once my friend, till I discovered that he was cold, treacherous, calculating, and heartless!"

"Runs in the blood!" observed the master of Brierly Grange, drily; "we are a bad race, root and branch; all that I inherit of good—if I have any in my disposition—I inherit from my plebeian mother!"



And now that you know as much of my history as I know myself," he added, "let us leave this gloomy picture-gallery, and see what Mrs. Everett has provided for dinner. Your reception was rather an equivocal one, I confess; but you are not the less welcome now that I know you and your errand!"

He extended his hand as he concluded, and Clement Foster, whose kindlier feelings were awakened by the narration of his host, grasped it with something like cordiality. The baronet appeared highly pleased with his new acquaintance, and they both descended to the dining-room, where George and the steward were waiting to attend upon them. At the sight of the former the baronet appeared annoyed; perhaps he thought that it implied suspicion on the part of his guest.

"You need not wait, George," said his master; "as we start in a couple of hours for town, you had better see that the horses are ready!"

The faithful fellow left the room with an air of reluctance.

"Thank you!" whispered his host; "you have more confidence, I perceive, than your domestic, who evidently does not comprehend the little contempt of the pistol when we first met! Few," he added, with a smile, "possess the tact and discernment of Captain Foster! May you soon be a colonel!"

"I am about to leave the army!" replied our hero.

"At your age?"

"I have seen enough of campaigning!" replied his guest, warmly; "besides, the war is over, and I have no wish to remain a mere 'moth of peace,' as Shakespeare has it."

"Perhaps you are in love?" observed Sir John.

Clement colored deeply: not at the observation so much as at the brusquerie with which it was made. He knew not why, but he felt that it would be imprudent to intrust him with the secret of his engagement with the adopted child of Martha Mendez.

Two hours later, they started in the baronet's travelling chaise for London, where they expected to arrive at an early hour on the following morning.

There is something in mystery and concealment which naturally depresses an ingenuous mind. During his journey the young soldier had leisure to analyse the nature of the impression which his companion had made on his naturally unsuspicious nature, and the result, despite his assured friendship, was decidedly unfavorable. He could neither account for his desire of concealment, nor the sudden ostentatious manner in which he had made known his presence at Brierly Grange to the tenants and neighborhood; and he shuddered lest the fate of Fanny should in any way be linked with that of the man whom, despite his rank and fortune, he felt inclined to regard as a desperate adventurer. More than once he asked himself if he were really the personage he appeared, or had assumed a station to which he had no claim. Clement had both read and heard of such impostures, and Sir John appeared to him a man likely in every way to carry such an attempt successfully.

"If Martha would only speak plainly," he thought, "I might obtain a clue to all this mystery which threatens my happiness, although it cannot shake my confidence in her integrity. But no—she is as complete an enigma as the baronet himself."

On reaching London, he drove with his companion at once to Harley street. The mistress of the house alone was visible. The meeting between two such old acquaintances was a singular one; but his travelling companion appeared the more embarrassed of the two; he held out his hand, which Martha at first did not appear to notice.

"Am I to conclude," said he baronet, assuming an air of dignity, "that my visit is an unwelcome one? If so, let it be made as brief as possible."

"Certainly not!" said the lady; "I have long and anxiously desired this meeting! I need not remind Sir John Mordaunt that there are many recollections and feelings which render it an embarrassing one!"

"Not for you?" was the reply.

"For both of us!" resumed Martha; "but in token that my intentions are amicable," she added, "accept my proffered hand!"

Her visitor grasped it cordially. Clement Foster could not avoid observing the difficulty with which she suppressed a shudder as she did so.

"You must do me a second service," observed Miss Mendez to our hero, after she had warmly welcomed his return; "see your father, and request him to call upon me at twelve precisely—you can return with him! I do not ask you to remain now—for I have many private matters to arrange with Sir John Mordaunt!"

"One word!" whispered our hero, as he left the room; "is the destiny of Fanny in any way mixed up with that of your guest?"

"Yes, and no!" answered Miss Mendez.

"I do not comprehend you!"

"His evidence is necessary to elucidate the mystery of her birth!"

"He is not, then, related to her?" She is not his child?"

"Heaven forbid!" replied Martha, in a tone which betrayed how deeply such an event would afflict her. "I would rather see her the child of the humblest peasant—nay, the descendant of Peter Quin himself—she added, bitterly, "than the acknowledged daughter of that bold, bad man—the heiress of his name and fortune! Dismiss your fears, Clement—Fanny will prove worthy of you!"

"With this assurance the young man left the house: he would fain have first obtained an interview with our heroine; but Miss Mendez for once was peremptory with him.

"It can only be," she said, "in the presence and with the sanction of your father!"

"The sanction of my father!" he repeated; "Martha must be very confident in her proofs, to dream of his sanction! But with it or without it," he mentally added, "Fanny shall be my wife!" The world, its opinions, prejudices, and laws, pshaw! what are they, when balanced against happiness?"

During the whispered conversation between Clement and his former acquaintance, Sir John Mordaunt betrayed by his looks the anxiety he endured.

"Deal frankly with me, Martha!" he exclaimed, as soon as they were alone; "is it peace or war between us?"

"Peace!" replied the woman, meekly.

"Then why did you hesitate—and before him, too, to take my hand, after I had obeyed your summons, and trusted myself in your power?"

"Because there is blood upon it!" answered Miss Mendez, in a low whisper; "I know it, and you know it, too!"

"Pshaw!" exclaimed the baronet, with affected bravado; "time has effaced it!"

Martha shook her head reprovingly.

"It has hidden but not effaced it!" she said; "the only waters to wash out the stains are the tears of penitence, which you will never shed! Prosperity has hardened your heart!"

"Did you send for me to read me a homily?" he demanded; "methinks you might have contented yourself with writing one!"

"No!" replied the woman; "I sent for you to make a compact with you—to enable you for once to perform a good action and to atone for a bad one. The child you stole—every circumstance connected with it must be revealed! Her happiness, as well as mine, depends on the discovery!"

"And pray what am I to gain by such a piece of Quixotism?" demanded her visitor; by unveiling a portion of my past life to the curiosity of the world! The bribe ought to be a high one!"

"It is!" said the granddaughter of his former associate; "although it has not been without a struggle that I have induced myself to offer it—to forego the calls of justice at those of affection for my adopted child—safety—the bribe of reposing in peace—of being able to face your fellow-men—walking with your head erect in the world—of days of pleasure—nights free from the dreams of the hangman and the scaffold!" Be seated, Sir John Mordaunt, and listen to the terms I propose!"

So long and interesting was the conference which ensued, that mid-day elapsed before it was concluded; even then it was only broken by the return of Clement Foster. During the absence of our hero, a perfect understanding appeared to have been established between Miss Mendez and her visitor. The air of the baronet was easy and unembarrassed—that of the lady, thoughtful, but satisfied.

The lawyer felt slightly confused at meeting his old friend and client for the first time after the somewhat ungenerous conduct he had shown at his last visit. Martha appeared to have forgotten it, or feelings of a more absorbing interest prevented her making the least allusion to the subject. Perhaps she wished to spare his son the pain of knowing how deeply his father had wounded both herself and the object of his love.

"My son informs me that you wished to see me!" observed the old man; "if there is any way in which either my friendship or professional services can be of use, I need not say that Miss Mendez may command them."

"Your professional services, certainly!" replied Martha; "and perhaps your friendship; not that you will require a second influence in unravelling this perplexed affair! Permit me," she added, "to introduce Sir John Mordaunt, of Brierly Grange,

the gentleman from whose hands, fifteen years since I received my adopted child, Fanny!"

"From his hands!" muttered Clement, with a foreboding which, fortunately, was not destined to be realized.

Mr. Foster eyed the baronet attentively, but his features remained impassible. Although the wary lawyer prided himself on his skill as a physiognomist, he could read nothing there. Deliberately he removed his glasses and wiped them carefully, whilst considering a reply.

"Rather singular," he observed, "that a gentleman of Sir John's rank should have been concerned in such a—pardon the word—very questionable transaction!"

"Friendship, sir—self-sacrifice, and all that sort of thing—which no one, I feel assured, can appreciate better than yourself!"

The man of law gave a dry, dissatisfied cough—a compliment invariably put him on his guard.

"I did it," continued the speaker, "to oblige my very near relative and friend, the late Sir Richard Trevanian!"

At the name of Sir Richard the countenance of the lawyer cleared: he fancied that he had at last obtained a clue to the affair, which, somehow or other, he connected with Edward's will.

"And may I ask," he demanded, "where you took the young lady from?"

"Certainly!" was the reply; "a very humble cottage in Farnsfield, on the borders of Nottinghamshire. She had been left in the charge of a more girl, during the absence of the inmates, who had gone to a wedding. I brought the child to London," he added, "and delivered her, as directed, into the hands of this lady: and now, gentlemen, you are in possession of all the information which it is in my power to afford!"

"Have you no idea of your cousin's motives," demanded Clement, "for the abduction of a mere infant?"

"Not the slightest!"

"And you will repeat this statement, if necessary, upon oath?"

"In any court in Christendom!" replied the baronet; "although the figure I shall cut there will not be a most agreeable one! I have frequently regretted my weakness in lending myself to the affair; but it is never too late to atone; I accept the humiliation of my position as my punishment!"

We need not inform our readers that this statement of Sir John Mordaunt was not the most ingenuous—but it was prudent. From many circumstances, he knew that Sir Richard Trevanian had employed Peter Quin to carry off Fanny: it would have been dangerous to acknowledge that he had ever been in the confidence of the agent, as the chain of connection once established between them, there is no knowing where the inquiries might have terminated.

Fanny was sent for, and in her presence the statement was repeated. At sight of the father of Clement, she turned very pale. She remembered the painful scene which had so lately taken place between them.

To her astonishment and the delight of her lover, the old man advanced towards her the instant she entered the room, and, taking her by the hand, kissed her affectionately on the cheek; he then placed her hand with a significant smile in that of his son.

"Am I forgiven?" he whispered.

The tears which trembled in the eyes of the fair girl, and the warm, sunny smile which chased them, assured him that his future daughter-in-law would never recollect that a momentary feeling of unkindness had existed between them. The sombre looks of her adopted parent touched the heart of Fanny: quitting the side of her lover, she threw her arms around her, and, as her head rested upon her bosom, assured her in the most endearing terms that whoever might be her parents, she must always retain the first place in her gratitude and affection.

Our fair readers will doubtless suspect that she made a mental reservation in favor of Clement.

"Well," said the lawyer, "am I to consider myself as the legal adviser in this affair?"

Every one present assured him that it could not be placed in better hands.

"In that case," resumed the old man, "I must enjoin strict silence upon all! Not a hint of what has transpired must escape! We have evidently no common enemy to deal with! Sir Richard is dead—that certainly is a circumstance in our favor!"

Sir John Mordaunt considered it as decidedly a very favorable one.

"In a week's time I shall doubtless be prepared to prove who are the real parents of Fanny!" said Mr. Foster. "I am about to hold a consultation,"



he added, "with one of our most eminent criminal lawyers, respecting the murder of the son of General Maitland. I shall take his opinion on the case!"

At the allusion to the death of George Maitland, the lynx-eyed speaker fancied that a very faint flush appeared upon the brow of the baronet. His suspicion—if indeed he had time to form any—was dissipated as quickly by the coolness with which Sir John requested to be favored with the particulars of that melancholy affair.

"Not now—not now!" interrupted Martha, nervously; "the subject to me is a most painful one!"

The gentleman bowed with an air intended to convey his surprise that the murder of George Maitland should prove so agitating to Miss Mendez.

"Her grandfather was connected with it!" whispered Mr. Foster, by way of explanation; "the body was concealed in the vault of a house belonging to him in Westminster!"

The baronet shrugged his shoulders, as if in pity for her connection with such a man.

"Do you know I sometimes think she could furnish a clue to the perpetrator?"

"Indeed! Did you ever question her upon the subject?"

"Frequently," replied the lawyer, in a confidential tone; "but all in vain. No matter!" he added, "I shall lay my hand on him yet!"

As he spoke, he placed his own on the shoulder of the baronet, whose iron nerves never quailed beneath the shock; he even smiled as he wished Mr. Foster all possible success in his very praiseworthy undertaking.

On his departure, Clement could not avoid observing the effort it cost Miss Mendez to invite her late travelling companion to take up his abode with her.

"Not for the world," replied the baronet, "would I disarrange your quiet household with my bachelor ways and irregularities! I smoke, keep late hours—in short, you would find me a most troublesome inmate, and regret your hospitality to such a *roué*! But, with your permission, I will call daily to assure myself of your health and that of this young lady, whose forgiveness I trust to merit by the sincerity of my repentance!"

Fanny, with her usual sweetness, assured him that it was his already, and, leaning on the arm of her lover, retired from the room: they had so much to say—so many thoughts to exchange with each other.

The instant that Martha and her old acquaintance were alone, the well-bred manner of Sir John Mordaunt and his easy assurance entirely changed—he became gloomy and abrupt.

"I was a fool," he muttered, "for returning to England—and yet my necessities compelled me! I could not dispose of the Grange whilst I remained abroad!"

"Do you doubt me!" demanded Miss Mendez.

"No!" he answered, abruptly; "for even when a girl, you were truthful! What I fear is the prying perseverance of that infernal lawyer! Would you believe it, he boasted to me—to me—that he should succeed in dragging to justice the murderer of young Maitland! Singular confidence—was it not!"

"At least," observed Martha, "it ought to assure you that your share in that fearful crime is unsuspected! I am the only person whose evidence could implicate you—who possesses the proofs of your complicity! For my silence you have my promise!"

"Yes—yes—I can rely on that!" observed the baronet; "but the proofs you speak of?"

"The parentage of Fanny once established, they shall be destroyed!"

"Pshaw! Why should I annoy myself by ideal dangers!" exclaimed the assassin, throwing aside his gloomy impressions by a violent effort; "the conditions, the humiliation you exact are hard—but they shall be endured! In a few weeks I shall be safe!"

"To repent, I trust!" observed Martha.

"Ah! Preaching again!"

#### CHAPTER LXII.

They return—old, kind, familiar faces—  
The friends we loved in youth.

HEIR OF THE SEPT.

MR. FOSTER was a man of his word. At the expiration of the week—during which not even his son had been able to catch sight of him—he made his appearance at the house of Miss Mendez. There was a quiet satisfaction in the old man's manner which convinced those who knew him that his time had neither been idly nor unsuccessfully employed.

"My dear sir," observed Clement, "you appear fatigued!"

"Not so young as I was!" replied the lawyer;

"travelling is hard work at my years!"

"Travelling!" repeated his friends.

"Yes! I have been four times backwards and forwards to Farnstead! Pretty village—fine country! Knew it years ago! Should have no objection to retire there myself one of these days!"

Our hero uttered something like a dutiful reproach at his father's not having employed him on the occasion, and spared himself the fatigue of so many journeys.

"Yes, and a pretty business you would have made of it!" observed the old man, "with your wits and thoughts in London! If I am no longer young, I possess, at least, the advantage of carrying mine about me! But then I am not in love—which accounts for it!"

Poor Fanny had to look as if she had not heard the latter part of the gentleman's speech.

"Miss Mendez," continued the speaker, "I fear you will think I have taken a great liberty! I have invited heaven knows how many persons to take up their abode here—assured them in your name of a hearty welcome—nay, have brought two of your guests with me!"

Martha assured him that any friends of his would be perfectly welcome.

"Fact is," continued the gentleman, "I could not get away without them! One of them, in particular—a dark-eyed devoted woman—no sooner heard that I was making inquiries touching the interests of our young friend here, than she positively refused to quit sight of me! I overheard her," he added, with a quiet smile, "consulting with a very worthy man—a Dr. Bennet, who is also a magistrate—on the propriety of lodging me in goal, as a security against my running away!"

We scarcely need inform our readers that the person he alluded to was Therese, the wife of Charles Graham.

"And when may we expect them?" demanded Clement.

"In about half an hour," replied his father; "never met with such a decided character in all my experience! Her husband, however, is reasonable enough! To his intercession I owe the permission for this preliminary visit to prepare you for their reception!"

There was a knock at the door.

"There they are!" he exclaimed, looking at his watch; "five minutes sooner than I expected! But women—don't look so serious Miss Mendez—even you must allow that they are sometimes a little impatient! Fanny," he added, addressing our heroine, "prepare to receive one who is nearly—very nearly—related to you—whose love, whose sorrow for your loss—"

"My mother?" gasped the poor girl.

"I fear," said the lawyer, in a serious tone, "there is no living being to claim your affection as a parent!"

These few words proved a wonderful relief to poor Martha, who could not reconcile her mind to forego the first place in the heart of her adopted child.

The door of the drawing-room opened, and Therese, followed by her husband, entered, or rather glided into the room, so rapid were her steps. Time had added to rather than detracted from her beauty. It was the same bright, sunny, happy countenance we introduced our readers to in the first chapter of our tale.

The instant she beheld Fanny, a cry of joy burst from her lips. She threw her arms around her, kissed, laughed, and cried over her by turns.

"How like Charles!" she exclaimed, in a voice broken by emotion; "I should have known her! You have forgotten me, Fanny," she added, "and yet I have sat by the side of your cradle working for you, praying for you, many a weary night! Had your dear mother lived, how happy would this hour have made her!"

At the allusion to her mother, Fanny could not restrain her tears.

Charles advanced toward her, and, taking her in his arms, tenderly kissed her. Little did the unconscious girl imagine the many bitter pangs her birth had caused him.

"It is only your uncle!" whispered Therese; "this," she continued, turning towards Martha, "is the good, kind lady, who has been a second parent to you? I cannot thank you," she added, taking her by the hand; "the affection of this dear child alone can repay you!"

"It has repaid me!" answered Miss Mendez.

It would be useless to attempt describing the joy, the tranquil happiness with which the rest of the evening was passed. Therese related to her niece the sad history of her poor mother—the bitter re-

sentment of the adjutant when he discovered, as he supposed, the mystery of her birth—glancing over as slightly as possible her own sufferings from his unjust suspicions.

"Dr. Bennet will arrive in the morning," she said; "and then he and this gentleman, who is an angel, will explain everything to you!"

"An angel!" repeated Mr. Foster, with a good-humored smile; "that accounts for your desire to cage me!"

"And did Dr. Bennet tell you that?" said Therese, laughing and blushing at the same time; "the traitor!"

"My father?" whispered Fanny, in the ear of her new-found relative, as she bade her good night at a late hour—for it was long before they thought of separating.

"I cannot tell you even his name," replied her aunt; "but one thing is certain—that you need not blush for either of your parents!"

With this assurance, our heroine was obliged to rest content.

The next morning Dr. Bennet and Bet Guyton arrived in town, and took up their residence at the house of Miss Mendez. There was a long and private consultation between the former gentleman and the lawyer, at the end of which, Fanny was requested to visit her friends in St. Martin's Court, and invite Mrs. Watkins and the blind old adjutant to pass the evening in Harley street.

No sooner did the stately old actress and her lodger enter the elegant drawing-room where the party were assembled, than Therese became violently agitated. She recognised in the old man her father—her stern, unrelenting father. Urged by the impulse of her affections, rather than consulting the voice of prudence, she would have thrown herself into his arms—but the old man repelled her.

"Who are you?" he demanded.

"Do you not know?" exclaimed the agitated woman; "has memory left no trace of me in your heart? You once had a daughter whom you loved, sir—a daughter—"

"Who dishonored me!" interrupted the adjutant; "who brought shame upon my grey hairs—drove me from my home to linger out the rest of my weary days in the care of strangers! Take me from hence!" he added; "take me from hence! I am aged—very aged, and would not curse you!"

"Down on your knees, old man!" said Dr. Bennet, in a solemn tone, "and thank heaven that it has permitted you to atone for years of injustice and cruelty; then ask pardon of this injured angel!"

The father of Therese recognised the voice of the speaker, and trembled violently. For the first time, a suspicion that the daughter whose memory he so tenderly cherished had been the offending child, came over him.

"What have I to learn?" he faltered.

"That both your children are pure as the mother who bore them—that the infant whose existence caused so much mystery and unhappiness was the offspring of your daughter, Fanny—that Therese has been a martyr to her word given to her dead sister!"

The adjutant appeared thunderstruck by the disclosure, which his recollections of his daughter's death-bed appeared to confirm.

"I am punished!" he murmured; "rightly punished? The child I preferred above her sister was the one who deceived me!"

"Deceived, but not dishonored you!" continued the doctor; "for she was the wife of George Maitland, whose mysterious death alone prevented the marriage being recognised! On her death-bed she confided the proofs to me, with a solemn injunction not to make them known till the fate of her husband had been ascertained."

"Therese!" exclaimed her father, extending his arms. "My child—my good, wronged, innocent child—can you forgive my injustice and cruelty?"

His daughter was too much agitated to speak, and remained leaning on the shoulder of her husband for support.

Deeming that he had offended her past atonement, the old man would have bent the knee as he continued:

"I am on the verge of the grave, Therese,—old and blind! Have compassion on my sorrow and my weakness! Let me not die at enmity with the only being Providence has spared me—at your feet!"

"Father!" almost shrieked Therese, struggling with her emotion; "not at my feet; your child—your fond, happy child—is at yours!"

There was not a dry eye in the room as the blind old man laid his hand upon her head and blessed her, imploring heaven, at the same time, to pardon



the injustice of which his heart had so long been guilty.

"I can die now," he murmured, "happy—happy! My daughter, pure and innocent, is restored to me! I have nothing more to do with life!"

Clement led Fanny toward her grandfather.

"Pardon me, sir," he said: "but here is one who claims a share in your affection—the orphan whom it seems you loved in childhood—for the voice of nature spoke within you!"

"Fanny's child! She—I—Oh, this is too much happiness!" exclaimed the adjutant, as he folded the fair girl fondly to his heart. "I have nothing left to ask!"

Both to Martha and the lawyer the announcement that our heroine was the daughter of George Maitland, was indeed a surprise; to the former a most painful one. General Maitland was still living, eager to discover and bring to punishment the assassins of his son, one of whom had been Peter Quin.

"They will take her from me!" she thought—and a sinking sensation came over her, "My age will be as lonely as my youth!"

Mr. Foster began to consider how far the discovery might affect the happiness of his son—for the general was a man of high family as well as military rank. It was not without a considerable degree of mortification that he reflected on the probable consequences.

Had they known the heart of our heroine, both he and Martha might have spared themselves the pang occasioned by the doubt.

"Rejoice with me, my second parent!" whispered Fanny to the desolate woman. "I have discovered friends who must be deservedly very dear to me!"

"And I have lost my child—the only being whose love taught me that my heart was human!" sobbed Martha.

The grateful girl tried by her assurances and caresses to soothe the grief of her adopted parent.

"I did not think," she said, "that you would suspect me of ingratitude! Can I forget your care of my infancy—your affection and devotion? Never! Had my real mother been still living," she added, in a tone of deep feeling, the voucher of her sincerity, "you would have shared my love and duty with her!"

"I—the descendant of the man who shed the blood of George Maitland!" exclaimed Miss Mendez.

"The friend, the protectress of his child!" whispered Fanny, throwing her arms around her. "Never—never again let this fearful subject be alluded to between us! I remember the stern old man—his tyranny and brutality! He was the terror of my childhood, as well as of your maturer years! We are both his victims, and must ever sympathise with and love each other!"

"Well," mentally ejaculated Mrs. Watkins, "if I cannot make an actress of her, I will teach her how to wear her hoop at court! At any rate, she will not be thrown away at the opera!"

And the old lady found some consolation for her disappointment in that reflection. She had always looked upon the lyric stage with jealousy and dislike. It had injured what she considered the only legitimate branch of the profession.

"I must see General Maitland at once," observed Mr. Foster. "He has a right to be informed of this discovery."

"She is my grandchild!" exclaimed the adjutant. "The general may be richer than I am—have wealth in his power to bestow—but he cannot love her so well."

"And my niece," added Therese. "Her dear mother left her to my protection, as Dr. Bennet can witness."

Poor Martha had nothing but her affection to plead, and remained silent, but Fanny felt that her claim was stronger than any.

"In all probability," observed the lawyer, "the object of your affection will not require the wealth of either General Maitland or any of his relatives. The will of Edward Trevanian has been recovered."

To the astonishment of every one present, he proceeded to relate the circumstance of his having been summoned to Farnfield by her father's friend on the very day of his coming of age—the wills executed in his presence—the loss of two, and the discovery of the third.

"This," exclaimed our hero, "explains the villainy of Walter Trevanian, and his infamous accusation against the faithful servant of Colonel Harrington. Oh, Fanny," he added, turning to the blushing girl, "should it prove as my father suspects!"

"What then?" whispered the blushing girl.

"The world will deem that my love has been mercenary!"

"Not so!" said Miss Mendez, who was standing near them; "the richest in the land might bestow his daughter upon my heir—for such, Clement, you will become when the husband of my adopted child."

#### CHAPTER LXIII.

He has as many wiles as a serpent—  
Tricks as a monkey. Passion cannot stir,  
Or pity move him. I mistrust that man.—*Cæsar.*

THE following day, Sir Walter Trevanian received a letter from Mr. Foster, informing him of the discovery of his brother's will, and requesting his presence at the reading of it in his chambers in the Temple.

"Outwitted, after all!" observed Marshall, to whom he handed the communication; "that rascal Duncan was too sharp for us. Have you any idea where the fellow is? His silence might be purchased."

"It is of little consequence," answered the baronet, coolly, "and not worth the money it would cost. Doubtless the fellow has his price, but I am not inclined to pay it; besides, he hates me."

"Where is he?"

"Peapod purchased his discharge, and has taken him, I believe, into his service."

"Upon my honor, Trevanian," said his confidant, "you bear up bravely! I must congratulate you on your philosophy. To be sure you have the advantage of the colonel. You retain your title—he has lost his. Peapod is remorseless in his revenge—addressing his uncle, as if by mistake, as 'my lord!' I shall never forget the scene at the Clarendon. Surely that triumph might have satisfied him. What do you intend to do?"

"Nothing."

"Nothing!" repeated Marshall, with surprise; and this will—

"Is absolutely so much waste paper—and the extraordinary part of the affair is, that my father must have known it."

"Your father was a shrewd man!" drily observed his companion.

"My dear fellow," continued Walter Trevanian, "there are secrets in all families. Enough to say that, had I been in possession of facts which have since come to my knowledge, and which I am in a condition to prove, I should never have troubled myself about Edward's will!"

"But you will attend and hear it read?"

"Certainly."

"Perhaps he was mad," added Marshall.

"As sane as you are: there is no disputing it on that score. Repress your curiosity for a short time—for positively it is not my intention to gratify it. My father, with all his cleverness, judged erroneously when he gave the living of Farnfield, worth heaven knows how much a year, to obtain possession of one will, and fifteen hundred pounds for the second. I would not have parted with as many pence to have secured all three."

"You are shrewd, Walter—devilish shrewd!" said his friend; "but take care, or you will find yourself outwitted at last."

The baronet smiled complacently, as if in pity at the prediction of the speaker: and, fully satisfied of his own superior judgment, appeared perfectly assured of the result.

It was agreed that Marshall should accompany him on the appointed day to the chambers of the lawyer.

Great was the surprise of General Maitland when informed by Mr. Foster of the long-concealed marriage of his son, and the existence of his granddaughter. Although neither a very enthusiastic or impressionable person, he was a man of honor, and resolved at once upon acknowledging her. As for her remaining under the roof of Martha Mendez, he would not hear of such an arrangement for a single day.

The decision was not an unnatural one, however calculated it might prove to wound the feelings both of Fanny and her protectress.

"No—no!" he said; "the child of my murdered boy must break all ties with the descendant of Peter Quin. She may be a very estimable person, as you say. I shall at once remove her to the house of my sister, Lady Peters."

"You forget, general," observed Mr. Foster, "that Fanny has another grandfather, whose claim upon her duty and obedience equals your own."

"I presume you allude," replied the old soldier, haughtily, "to the father of the young person whom my son was imprudent enough to marry?"

"And who, by profession as well as birth, is a gentleman," said the lawyer, not over-pleased at

the peremptory tone of the speaker; "he has served in the army."

"Glad to hear it. His name?"

"Moore."

"His rank?"

"Lieutenant and adjutant."

"My old subaltern!" exclaimed the general; "a very worthy man, and, as you say, a gentleman—made an imprudent marriage with a girl without a shilling. Still he is a gentleman—and poor George's choice was not so very reprehensible, after all. We shall speedily understand each other. Were my poor boy living, I should forgive him—for birth with me is a great consideration."

Mr. Foster noticed the extreme complacency with which the old soldier dwelt on the fact of his—the blind old adjutant—being a gentleman, and his avowed prejudice in favor of birth; and the idea struck him that he had been devoting his energies to insure the misery, perhaps instead of the happiness, of Clement.

"Perhaps," he said, "I had better see Miss Maitland first, and prepare her for your visit."

The old gentleman reflected for an instant; he had an important engagement at the Horse Guards which it would be inconvenient to put off, and the delay would give him time to see his sister. As his feelings were too well regulated to be very deeply interested, he at once assented.

"You are right!" he said. "Tell her I will call this evening, and inform her of the arrangement with her aunt, Lady Peters!"

After making a memorandum of the hour at which the will was to be read, the general took his leave, and the lawyer started for the residence of Miss Mendez, who regarded him with almost childish helplessness when he announced to her the visit of Fanny's grandfather.

"I shall not leave you!" said our heroine, in a decided tone. "General Maitland is not the only relative who possesses a claim on my obedience!"

"He may apply to the Chancellor," observed Martha, "whose authority we cannot dispute!"

"Of course not, but it is very easily evaded!"

Both the ladies eagerly demanded by what means.

"By placing Fanny at once under the guardianship of the adjutant, whose claim is equally near as the general's!"

The lawyer was a man of great resources, and money in London can work wonders. In less than three hours a ready-furnished house within a few doors of Harley street was taken, and the adjutant, with his daughter and her husband, were duly installed there.

When the general made his promised visit, he was informed by the footman that Miss Maitland had removed to the residence of her grandfather. On his calling there, neither Therese nor her father would hear of Fanny's quitting them; and as there was nothing which the most fastidious person could object to in the arrangement, the old soldier was compelled to submit.

His recognition of his grand-daughter was cold and stately. Poor Fanny felt her heart sink within her as she mentally contrasted his manner with the warm affection of the relatives on her mother's side.

"I must always reverence and respect General Maitland!" she observed, after he had taken his leave; "but I feel that I can never love him as I do my poor blind grandfather!"

Sir Walter Trevanian and his friend Marshall arrived at the chambers in the Temple at the appointed time. Both were surprised at the presence of the general, who, at the request of the lawyer, had consented to be present.

After narrating the circumstances of the will—its loss and recovery—Mr. Foster proceeded to read it.

By it the testator bequeathed the Trevanian estates, on the death of his father, to his dear and valued friend George Maitland—to him and to his heirs. There was a provision for his faithful servant, Duncan, in the shape of an annuity for his life, and a charge upon the property to the amount of twenty thousand pounds, to be divided between his half-brother and sister.

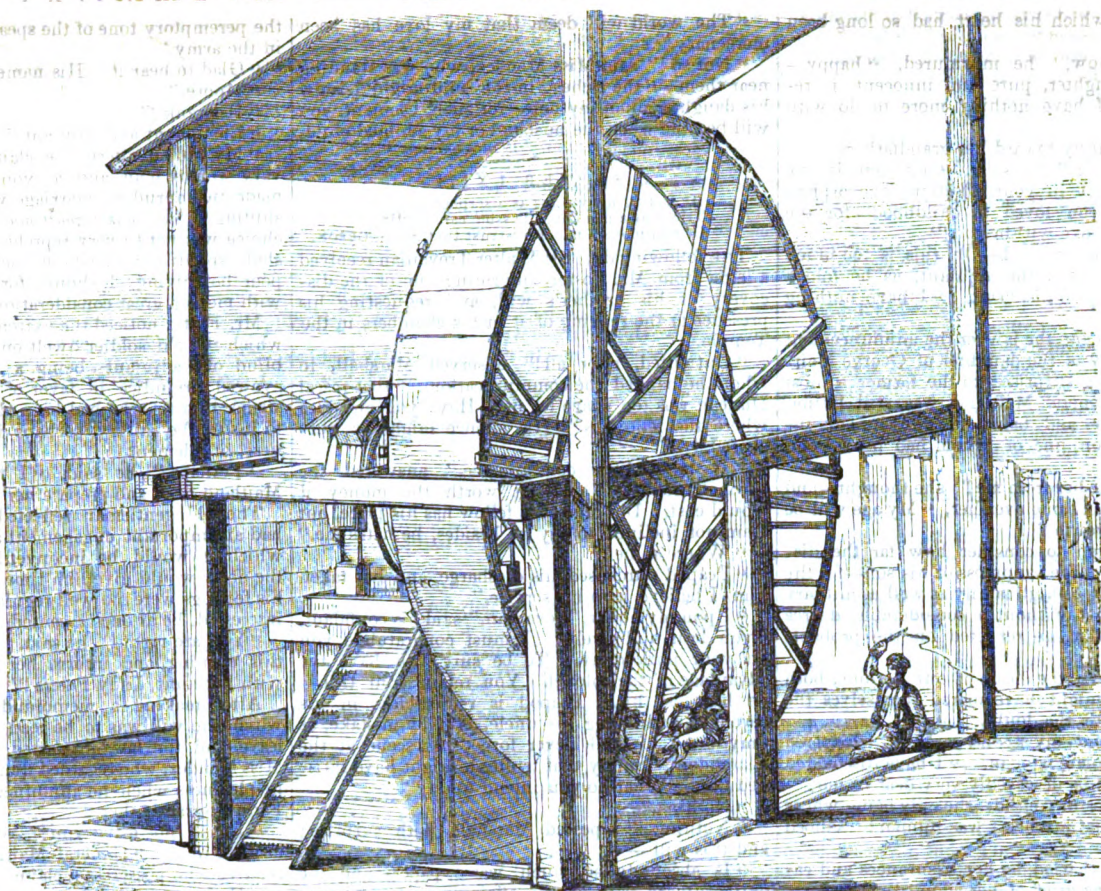
To the astonishment of all present, the baronet listened to the reading of the testament—which to all appearance beggared him—with the most profound indifference; more than once a satirical smile curled the corners of his lips.

"Nothing more than I expected!" he observed, at last, but without the least appearance of anger or disappointment; "Edward always hated me!"

"Perhaps," said the lawyer, "the feeling was mutual?"

"Although your assumption is most gratuitous," replied the young man, haughtily, "it is not without truth! I detested him!"





WATER-WHEEL AT VALPARAISO.—(See page 108.)

The general looked shocked—not at the sentiment so much as the bad taste of the avowal.

"May I ask if Sir Walter Trevanian has any objection to offer to the validity of his brother's will?" inquired Mr. Foster.

"That is a question for his lawyer to decide!" said Marshall.

"Pooh!" interrupted his friend; "it is hardly worth while to dispute it! Pity," he added, "that George Maitland died without an heir!"

"There you are mistaken, sir," exclaimed the general. "My son, unknown to his family, had contracted marriage with the daughter of a former officer in my regiment, from which union a daughter was born shortly after his assassination!"

Even this discovery did not effect the equanimity of the baronet; but when he heard who that daughter had proved to be, he suddenly became deeply interested. He had not forgotten the fair girl of the Chateau Vert: her preference of our hero had galled him, and he would have given worlds, had he possessed them, to snatch the prize from the man he so bitterly hated.

"I must refer you, gentlemen," he said, "to my legal advisers! As a point of duty to the name I bear, as well as to myself, I shall defend my rights by every means in my power!"

"Perfectly fair!" observed the grandfather of the heiress.

"Only too happy that my conduct merits the approbation of so honorable a man as General Maitland!" replied Sir Walter, with an air of great respect, at the same time rising to take his leave.

"Coc" but gentlemanly?" muttered the old soldier, as the baronet and his companion left the chambers.

"Can't make him out!" said the lawyer; "he appears more confident and less excited than I expected! If he relies upon proving the insanity of Edward Trevanian, he will be disappointed!"

"You think he was sane, then?"

"As you or I, general!" replied Mr. Foster; "he was a young man of singular acquirements, feelings, and temper—but the perfect possession of his reason!"

The general returned home, deeply pondering on the scene which had taken place. Since he had discovered that his grand-daughter was the heiress of the Trevanian property, she had become a very important personage in his estimation, and he began to meditate the most brilliant prospects for her.

During the day he received a visit from Sir Walter, who came, as he said, to propose an arrangement which would prevent all litigation on the subject of the will; it was neither more nor less than the offer of his hand for Fanny.

The general at once accepted it.

"You are right!" he said; "quite right: it will prevent all litigation! The name of Trevanian is an honorable as well as ancient one—came in at the conquest, with the Maitlands! Nothing can be better!"

"And yet I am half afraid," observed his visitor, "that your grand-daughter may prefer that of Foster!"

"Impossible, sir!" interrupted the general, coloring to the temples with anger at such a supposition; "without my consent, she would never presume to encourage the addresses of any man—and least of all, the son of a mere lawyer!"

When the baronet took his leave he quitted the old man perfectly alive to the danger of a *mesalliance* and thoroughly determined to take the necessary steps to prevent it.

That very hour he drove to the residence of Fanny, and after congratulating her on the brilliant inheritance she had succeeded—or rather was about to succeed—to, he concluded by coolly informing her that he had received an offer for her hand, and had accepted it.

"Without consulting me?" exclaimed the astonished girl, with the most artless *navet  *.

The gentleman replied, "that in the sphere in which she was henceforth to move, such a proceeding was unusual."

"But I have another grandfather!" urged Fanny.

"True—your mother's father—the adjutant!" remarked the general, not without a certain degree of bitterness that the opinion of any other person should be weighed for an instant against his.

"Who is dear to me—quite as dear to me, sir, as you are!" continued our heroine. "Nay, do not be angry at my truthfulness! I have not yet learned the lesson of deceit! Besides," she added, with a modest blush, "my heart has long been given to another!"

"You must recall it!"

"Never! It is not in my power!"

"Fanny," said the general, in a severe tone, "I have heard of the attempt which has been made by the son of the old lawyer in the Temple to entrap you into an engagement; but he forgot one thing in his calculation—that you were my grand-daughter,

and that the law of my country, as well as that of nature, gives me a voice in your disposal! My consent is necessary—and that is already promised to Sir Walter Trevanian!"

"To him!" repeated Fanny, in a tone of calmness which very much surprised her new-found relative; "you must recall it, then—for I had rather toil or depend on the world's cold charity for bread than share the wealth of princes with that man! My word, grandfather, as well as my affections, are pledged to Captain Foster! I shall keep it!"

## CHAPTER XLIV.

For as thou urgest justice,  
Be assured thou shalt have justice more than  
Thou desirest. SHAKESPEARE.

It would be difficult to say whether anger or astonishment predominated in the breast of General Maitland, at the firm refusal of his newly-discovered grandchild to listen to the addresses of Sir Walter Trevanian. It was in vain that he pointed out to her the advantages of the match—how it would settle amicably all disputes relative to the property, and place her at once in a brilliant position in society. Fanny only replied to him by a quiet smile, or "You forget, grandfather, that I am engaged to Clement Foster!"

The old soldier could not comprehend such firmness—obstinacy, he called it. His ideas of hearts were similar to the ones he entertained of recruits—namely, that they were things to be drilled—to be regulated by superior orders—and fall in or out of love at the word of command.

That Fanny must eventually yield to his advice, and become the wife of the baronet, he was firmly convinced—and expressed himself to that effect when Clement Foster, after repeatedly calling upon him, at last contrived to obtain an interview.

"You perceive," he said, after explaining his views to our hero, "that the match, Mr. Foster, is perfectly out of the question! Personally, of course, I can have no objection to you—so you must not feel offended; for although your family is not very old, I believe it is perfectly respectable, and De Vere tells me that you honorably distinguished yourself in the Peninsula!"

His visitor bowed at the compliment. "I hate lawyers!" continued the general; "that is," he added, perceiving that the countenance of Clement, flushed with anger, "professionals! This marriage—which, I assure you, you may look upon



as a settled thing—will spare a vast deal of litigation—give Fanny a position in society which her unfortunate appearance on the stage might render it otherwise difficult for her to attain!"

"But Miss Maitland has refused him?"

"Oh, yes—yes—we understand all about that! Refused him as young ladies generally refuse a title and a husband, the first time they are offered to their acceptance—only to give their friends an opportunity of persuading them to what they secretly desire!"

"And is such really your opinion of your granddaughter, General Maitland?" demanded our hero.

"It is!"

"Then it is not mine! I feel assured that when Fanny has once given her affections, no solicitations will induce her to recall them! They are mine, sir—so truthfully and devotedly, that, were I in my grave, Walter Trevanian would stand as little chance of becoming her husband as he does now!"

"You think so!" observed the general, with a smile of pity at what he considered the vanity of the speaker.

"I am sure so! He is her aversion! She despises him!"

"Pah! A ridiculous girlish dislike, which will wear off with time—especially when they are married!"

"If I thought there was the slightest chance," exclaimed Clement, "of such an event, I would take effectual means to prevent it!"

"May I ask those means?" demanded the old gentleman, drily.

His visitor remained silent. Angry and excited as he was, he had still sufficient presence of mind not to commit himself by a declaration of any hostile intentions against his rival. General Maitland was a cool, calculating man of the world, apt and determined, and not likely to forego the advantage which such an avowal would place in his hands.

"Pardon me!" said Clement; "but novices only show their cards to their opponents!"

"That depends upon the game they intend to play!" drily observed the grandfather of Fanny.

"Come, Mr. Foster, I will be more frank with you than you appear inclined to be with me! It suits my views that Fanny should become the wife of Sir Walter Trevanian! As I said before, it will prevent all litigation respecting the property! She is under age, and I am her natural guardian!"

"You forget, sir, she has other relatives!"

"But none so near as I am!" continued the old soldier; "and I shall at once take proceedings to make her a ward in Chancery! As for the adjutant and the persons who are related to her on the mother's side, of course there can be no objection to her seeing them occasionally; but her residence must be with my sister, Lady Peters, who is perfectly willing to receive her! Good morning, Captain Foster!"

"Good morning, General Maitland!" replied his disappointed visitor; "I will not plead that the happiness of your grandchild is at stake! You are above such common-place considerations!"

"Perfectly so!" answered the general, with the most provoking composure.

"When I waited upon you to ask your consent," continued Clement, "I was quite hopeless of obtaining it!"

"You judged very rightly, sir!"

"Still I did so in deference to Fanny's wish and the near tie between you! As I anticipated, I have failed to move you!"

"Utterly!" ejaculated the general.

"I must now rely upon myself!" added the lover; "on the affection and natural good sense of your granddaughter! She will never be Lady Trevanian!"

So saying, the young soldier left the house, and hastened with impatient steps to the residence of the adjutant.

Fanny and Therese were seated in the drawing-room of their new home when Clement Foster made his appearance after his visit to the general. The aunt had been recounting to her niece the sad story of her mother's love and untimely death, glancing as lightly as possible over her own generous devotion and sufferings, from scrupulously adhering to the promise made to her dying sister. Our heroine fully appreciated the delicacy of her newly-discovered relative, and already began to love her.

"Weeping!" said our hero, taking her gently by the hand and kissing away her tears. "Oh, Fanny, could the wishes of my heart be realised, sorrow should never approach you—life should appear one golden holiday—a glorious summer's dream!"

"You have seen my grandfather?"

"Yes."

"And met with a refusal?"

"He is cold and selfish!" replied her lover. "I might as well have prayed to an idol as appealed to his feelings! He has none, save those of pride and ambition! He is determined to make you the wife of Walter Trevanian!"

The fair girl looked upon his countenance with a modest blush, and gently smiled. No vows, no protestations could have conveyed to him the same blissful assurance as that pure and confiding look. Had the least doubt, or even the shadow of one, lingered in his heart, it must have dissipated it at once and for ever.

"The wife of Walter Trevanian!" repeated Therese, warmly; "of that bold, bad man you were speaking of! Oh, never—never! Of course," she added, addressing Clement, "you told him that Fanny's heart was engaged—that she loved you dearer than any earthly being—that it was the earnest desire both of her grandfather and myself that you—and you alone—should become her husband!"

"Believe me," said the lover, "that I left no theme untouched to bend his resolution—but found it iron! He spoke of his authority, and treated the claims of her mother's family with indifference, if not contempt!"

"I am sorry for it!" quietly observed Fanny.

Her lover looked at her uneasily for an instant, but not doubtfully.

"I would willingly," she added, in a more decided tone, "make any sacrifice short of happiness and self-respect to have obtained his affection; but —"

"You hesitate!" observed the young soldier, impatiently.

"But not my love!" she continued, in that deep, earnest tone which falls upon the ear when the heart feels the words the lips pronounce; "my early sufferings and trials have taught me firmness and decision! Clement," she added, with touching confidence, "do not think my speech unmaidenly! But, claim me when you will, my lips shall ratify the vows which make me yours!"

The lover in an instant was at her feet, pouring forth incoherent expressions of gratitude and devotion.

Therese, remembering the days of her own trials and courtship, like a kind, considerate aunt, rose from her seat and silently left the room.

When the adjutant and Miss Mendez were informed of the conduct of General Maitland, they highly approved of our heroine's resolution. The latter, fearful lest her project of a marriage between her adopted child and Clement should be prevented, urged an immediate union. She trembled lest, by being placed under her paternal grandfather's guardianship, he should separate them.

That same evening the lawyer and Dr. Bennet were consulted on the subject.

"Do nothing hastily!" said Mr. Foster. "Wait the result of the trial!"

"You forget, my dear sir," interrupted his son, "that Fanny is a minor!"

"I seldom forget any legal point!" drily answered his father.

"But should the general refuse to authorise proceedings?"

"The executors of Edward Trevanian's will—of which I am one—and the adjutant can proceed without him! I stake my legal reputation on the result. General Maitland," he added, "will neither have the power nor inclination to interfere to prevent your happiness!"

It was a rare circumstance for Mr. Foster to express so decided an opinion. His long experience in the turnings and subtleties of the law made him chary, and Clement felt that he must have very strong grounds indeed for arriving at so positive a conclusion.

He was obliged to express himself satisfied, although, as our readers doubtless suspect, he would much rather have ended his fears of losing Fanny by an immediate marriage.

The fact was, the old gentleman had held several long and private interviews with Dr. Bennet and Bet Guyton, who had put him in possession of certain facts which threw a new light upon the will of Edward Trevanian. He now perfectly agreed with the baronet, that it was so much waste paper—perfectly invalid as far as any rights the testator ever possessed to the Trevanian property.

But we must not anticipate events.

When our hero heard him express this opinion, far from feeling disappointed, it was a source of real happiness to him. His love appeared the more disinterested.

"Fanny—dear Fanny!" he exclaimed, "should my father's surmise prove true—and I can scarcely doubt it—I cannot tell you how inexpressibly happy

it will make me! I never desired this wealth—it gave you no additional charms in my eyes; on the contrary, it pained me, by rendering the distance between us still greater! I am not rich, but possess enough for content, which needs but little! Say, will you not at once resign this fatal fortune?"

"Willingly!" replied the fair girl; "the only value it ever possessed in my mind was the thought that it might render me more worthy of you!"

"Very heroic! very romantic, indeed!" exclaimed the lawyer, with a good-humored smile; "but, unfortunately for Sir Walter Trevanian, you have no power to make the sacrifice without the consent of your guardians—which I venture to predict you will never obtain!"

The lovers regarded each other with a look of disappointment.

"I can appreciate your delicacy," continued the old man; "but were the object of it as worthy of it as, on the contrary, he has proved himself unworthy, it could not be! You have neither the moral nor the legal right to reject this inheritance—or rather the portion of it," he added, "which falls to your share!"

"Certainly not!" said Dr. Bennet.

"But if the will is worthless?" timidly observed Therese, to whose simple, straightforward mind the opinions she had just heard appeared a paradox.

"And it is worthless!" exclaimed both the gentlemen.

"But who is to prove it?"

"The baronet himself, who alone possesses the means!" replied Mr. Foster; "and now question me no more! Wait patiently for the trial, which, if I err not, will be one of the most singular as well as interesting which has been heard in the courts since the celebrated Kingston case!"

"I really cannot comprehend it!" observed Clement, not regarding his father's request that no further questions should be asked.

"And yet you had once a very pretty notion—considering your age—of law!" answered the old gentleman, with a sigh; "but campaigning and love, I suppose, have driven them out of your head!"

"You say that Edward Trevanian can upset the will?"

"Easily!"

"Then why contest it?"

The question appeared so very natural, that every one present listened anxiously for the reply.

"We wish him to do so!" said the lawyer.

"Would it not be more generous," timidly suggested Fanny, "at once to resign all claim—which, however grateful I may feel for the testator's friendship to my poor father, I can scarcely consider a just one!"

"Reasoned like yourself!" exclaimed Dr. Bennet, with a look of admiration. "The gifts of fortune. I perceive, will never corrupt your heart; they can only add to your virtues, by affording you a more extended sphere for exercising them!"

Taking both her hands in his, he added:

"Be satisfied with the prudence as well as the honorable intentions of those who, however enigmatical their conduct may now appear, have only your welfare and the ends of integrity in view! You cannot doubt the oldest friend of your poor mother or the parent of Clement Foster!"

After such an appeal it was impossible to pursue the subject further.

Martha had heard all that passed with secret satisfaction. It was a consolation to the affectionate woman that her young favorites should owe their future wealth to her, and not to Edward Trevanian.

"My father and Dr. Bennet," observed our hero to Fanny, "doubtless wish to be legally and honorably disburthened of the duties they have undertaken: their scruples are those of delicate minds, and we must submit!"

Between our readers and ourselves, there was far more disappointment than resignation in the tone in which the words were uttered.

The great cause of Maitland *versus* Trevanian was consequently allowed to proceed.

#### CHAPTER LXV.

Man's crimes are his worst enemies, following like shadows, till they drive his steps into the pit he dug.

CRON.

THE day of trial at last arrived, and the court, as is usual when any event of importance—to use a sporting, though not a legal phrase—is expected to come off, was crowded with the idle and the curious, eager for excitement—curious to witness the display of eloquence and learning which was certain to take place—for the most eminent counsel had been retained on either side. Seats had been reserved for the friends and witnesses both of plaintiff and de-



pendant. On the bench were Sir John Mordaunt and General Maitland. The latter, although he had done everything in his power to prevent the affair being brought to an issue, had still a sufficient sense of what was due to himself and the daughter of his murdered son to appear on the occasion of the trial. He scarcely condescended to notice the blind old adjutant and Therese, as they took their seats beside him. As for Clement Foster, he appeared perfectly to ignore his existence. Dr. Bennet and the lawyer remained by the counsel who was to plead the cause of the orphan.

Directly opposite to them were the baronet and Serjeant Bilkings, a gentleman who, in addition to his legal attainments, possessed a tongue resembling a file—it scarified wherever it touched.

His opponent was a barrister named Allen—a clear-headed, eloquent man, who had formerly been an actor, and, under the name of Arlan, strutted and fretted his hour upon the stage. Finding the law more profitable, he had abandoned the drama for the bar, where he rose at last to the dignity of the chief.

There was a general "Hush!" followed by a cessation of voices, as he rose to address the learned judge. With as much brevity as was consistent with the opportunity for forensic display which few barristers let slip, he proceeded to state the extraordinary friendship which existed between the late Edward Trevanian and the father of the claimant—described the execution of the will on the day of his coming of age, and his death—the marriage of George Maitland, and his untimely end.

Whilst he was speaking, not a sound except that of his deep, sonorous voice was heard in the crowded court: the spectator imagined that he had listened to some tale of romance of the middle ages, rather than the narration of events which had taken place in their own time, many of the actors in which were living yet.

When the learned gentleman paused an instant, the opposing counsel rose to address the court.

"Not yet, brother Bilkings!" observed the judge; "Mr. Allen has not concluded the opening of his case!"

"It is to spare your lordship's valuable time, and the breath of Mr. Allen! We do not intend to dispute the fact of the will having been executed by the late Edward Trevanian, on the very day and in the manner so eloquently described!"

The jury, as well as every one present, were surprised. Clement Foster fancied that he detected a sly smile lurking round the corner of his father's mouth; if so, it quickly disappeared, and his features became impassible as before.

"We accept the admission!" resumed Mr. Allen; "doubtless the learned serjeant relies upon the difficulty of proving the marriage of the late George Maitland, and the birth of his heiress! If so, we are prepared with our witnesses!"

His opponent remained silent.

The Rev. Jabez Knowles was called, who produced a special license, by virtue of which he had privately celebrated the union between the daughter of the adjutant and his former pupil—the witnesses being Edward Trevanian and his servant, Duncan. Dr. Bennet proved the birth of our heroine; Therese and her husband her abduction from the village of Farnsfield.

"All this we do not dispute!" observed Serjeant Bilkings, rising for the second time to address the court; "still we do not perceive by what chain of evidence the identity of the infant so stolen with the plaintiff in the present cause is to be proved!"

The next witness, Sir John Mordaunt, was then called, and his examination commenced.

"Were you related to the late Sir Richard Trevanian?"

"His cousin!"

"Were you on friendly terms with him?"

"Occasionally! More than once he required my services!"

"Did you ever, at his solicitation, carry off a child?"

"I did!"

"From what place?"

"A cottage in a village named Farnsfield. Sir Richard informed me that the honor of his family required the removal of the infant: won by his earnest solicitations and appeals to my friendship, I consented—secured the infant during the absence of the inmates of the house, who were gone, as I understood, to be married—and conveyed it to London! An act," added the witness, with well-acted contrition, "which I now bitterly regret, and accept the present exposure of my weakness as its fitting punishment!"

"What became of the child?" demanded Mr. Allen.

"I consigned it, as I was instructed, to the care of a female, named Martha Quin, residing in the neighborhood of the Almonry, in Westminster. Shortly afterwards I quitted England, and lost sight of her!"

Whilst giving his evidence, Sir John Mordaunt appeared very pale, but calm and collected. So favorable was the impression his manner produced, that many sympathized with the shame and humiliation he must have endured.

"Silence—silence!" cried the ushers.

This was caused by an exclamation of mingled surprise and rage which escaped from a coarse-looking female, shabbily dressed, who stood in the body of the court, amid the crowd of spectators.

She was speedily removed, and tranquility restored. The baronet appeared to be the only person seriously annoyed by the interruption. His countenance became flushed, as the woman, raising her arm above the level of the heads of those who were standing around her, shook her clenched hand at him.

Serjeant Bilkings rose, when Sir Walter whispered a few words in his ear.

"I decline cross-examining the witness!" he said, as he resumed his seat.

In abstaining from a course which could only have led to the gratification of his spleen, his client acted prudently. He was the next heir of Sir John Mordaunt, in the event of his dying without male issue, and he had no wish to provoke his animosity.

The wretched man instantly left the court, and that same hour started for Dover. In the female whose outrageous conduct had called for the interference of the ushers, he had recognized the wife of his old companion in crime, Miles. She evidently knew him, and till seas were placed between them he felt that his life was in danger.

He never more revisited England, but died shortly afterwards in Italy, where he had buried himself in the deepest retirement.

When Martha Mendez appeared in the witness-box, all present were struck by the death-like pallor of her countenance—yet she gave her evidence firmly; it fully established the identity of her adopted child.

The only question asked on her cross-examination was, if she was not the grand-daughter of Peter Quin, the murderer of George Maitland?

"I am!" was the reply. "My wretched grandfather, who would have sold his future hopes for his idol, gold, was bribed to commit—or, at least, to direct—the horrid act!"

"By whom?" demanded the serjeant, with a triumphant smile.

"The late Sir Richard Trevanian!"

No further question was put, and Martha, bowed with humiliation and shame, resumed her seat.

Neither the judge nor the jury could comprehend the line of defence to claims so clearly proved—so frankly admitted. Great, therefore, was the excitement of all present, when the counsel for Sir Walter rose to reply.

"The extraordinary assertion we have just heard," he said, "affecting the honor of a nobleman so justly respected as the late father of my client, must be refuted at another time! We admit the will of the elder brother of Sir Walter—the identity of the plaintiff; but unfortunately for her case, the present possessor claims the property not as the heir of his predecessor, but of his uncle—the elder brother of Sir Richard Trevanian—who, having contracted a private marriage with a girl of humble origin, named Mary Beacham, shortly before his death left the estates to any issue he might have by her, male or female. Both died without leaving any such issue; and the late baronet, anxious to conceal the stain upon his family escutcheon, never thought fit to produce the will, although he religiously preserved it, together with the proofs of the marriage."

The will and documents alluded to by the learned counsel were handed to the judge, who carefully perused them.

"My lord," said Mr. Allen, "I move that those papers are impounded by the court!"

There was a general expression of surprise.

"Do you impugn their authenticity?" demanded the serjeant.

"I will imitate the courtesy of my learned friend," replied his opponent, "and at once admit that they are genuine!"

"Thus," continued the counsel for the defendant, "your lordship will perceive that Sir Walter claims the estates as heir of his uncle, Sir Frederick Trevanian!"

"And my client," replied Mr. Allen, "claims them as one of the co-heiresses of the grand-daughter of Sir Frederick Trevanian, whose lady, as we are

prepared by witnesses to prove, left a daughter, which daughter married Lieutenant Moore!"

Bet Guyton, who attended the rustic wife of Sir Richard's elder brother, who died in her confinement, proved the birth of a female child, who had been brought up by one of the mother's relatives, but without the slightest suspicion of her being legitimate. The sapphire ring which had so excited the curiosity of Dr. Bennet—the wedding gift of her weak but not cruel husband—she had promised to return to him: his death alone prevented the fulfilment of her promise.

"You have lost your cause!" whispered Serjeant Bilkings to his client, who, mute with rage and astonishment, sat like a statue by his side.

With an imprecation so audibly pronounced that it reached the ear of the judge, who good-naturedly made an allowance for his excitement, Sir Walter left the court.

Our tale is so near its conclusion, that it would be tiring the patience of our readers, to enter into a detail of the second trial, which the obstinacy of the baronet rendered necessary. Enough to state, it terminated in the triumph of Fanny and her aunt Therese, who were declared co-heiresses, in right of their mother, to the Trevanian estates. The blind old soldier thus became entitled to the guardianship of our heroine, and General Maitland, although with an ill-grace, consented to her marriage with Clement. As Therese had no children, it was settled that she and her husband should receive a yearly income from the property, which was thus secured to our heroine and her heirs. At her earnest entreaty, Miss Mendez purchased a property and resided near her. Miss Wyndham was pensioned off. The subject of George Maitland's death was never alluded to between the now happy woman and her adopted child.

On the evening of the day of the second trial, which reduced Sir Walter Trevanian to poverty, he appeared for the last time at the mess of his regiment. It was unnecessary to ask the result: his brother officers read in his haggard looks and scowling glances that it had been unfavorable.

"Take your wine, Walter!" whispered Marshall; "hang it, man—don't show the white feather!"

"Curse the wine!" muttered the baronet, furiously.

"Must sell out!" mentally observed his friend; "soon be rid of him!"

And with this reflection he addressed his conversation to his neighbor at the table.

"Come!" said the colonel, who had his private reasons for provoking the disappointed man to speak out; hang care! Wine, Sir Walter!"

His subaltern bowed, and tossed off a glass of champagne.

"I have been plundered, gentlemen," he said, "of the inheritance of my ancestors—am the victim of a vile conspiracy! Thank heaven, I know the prime mover in the infamous transaction! He shall not escape me!"

This was followed by a look directed to Lord Peapod, who remained perfectly unmoved.

"Shoot the fellow!" exclaimed two or three of the officers present.

"Horsewhip the rascal!" added another.

"That I cannot do!" replied the baronet; "for he disgraces our uniform."

"What!" said the major; "in the army?"

"Of our own regiment!" chimed in the colonel, with well-affected surprise; "impossible!"

"A mean-spirited ruffian," continued Sir Walter, "who ought never to have been admitted amongst us! But the service is not what it used to be! The man I allude to ought to have remained a clerk in the office of his old villain of a father—scheming and chicanery are his natural element!"

At this pointed allusion to our hero, Lord Peapod bit his lips; still by a violent effort he concealed his indignation—for he really pitied the madness of the man, much as he despised him.

"Name him?" exclaimed several.

"Clement Foster!"

"At the name of his friend, his lordship, usually so calm and self-possessed, lost his self-command."

"Am I to understand that you speak of Captain Foster?" he said.

"Of him, and none but him!"

"And you accuse him of acting dishonestly?"

"Like a felon!"

Lord Peapod could endure no more—it seemed a treason against friendship as well as gratitude.

"You compel me, sir, to give you the lie to your teeth!" he exclaimed; "the man you slander is the soul of truth and honor! You first plundered him at play—plundered is the word—then attempted to induce him to commit an act unworthy of a soldier



and a gentleman? None but a coward," he added, "would slander the absent!"

After such an insult, all hope of reconciliation was useless. Colonel Barratt, the only person whose rank in the regiment could have given weight to any remonstrance, remained impassable. Walter Trevanian was an excellent shot, and he was his nephew's heir.

They met the following morning in the riding-school, and at the first fire the baronet fell—the bullet of his antagonist had reached his heart. The name of Trevanian became extinct.

In those days duelling was not regarded by the legislature in the serious light it is at the present time, especially among military men.

There was a trial and a nominal fine. His lordship soon afterwards sold out of the army, and travelled on the continent.

Great was the surprise and consternation amongst the gossips of Farnsfield, when the account of the late proceedings reached the village. The lawyer's daughters felt terribly mortified at the idea of the old adjutant's grand-daughter becoming the lady of the manor.

"Who could have thought it?" exclaimed one.

"Who imagined it?" added a second.

"There, too!" Of course her husband will leave off teaching!"

Such were the ejaculations of the former enemies of the two innocent girls, whom they had misjudged so harshly; but the deepest regret was experienced by Mrs. Franklin, who never ceased to reproach herself for having caused the misery of her son, whom she had worried at last into a marriage with one of the lawyer's daughters. But for her gossiping propensities and love of slander, she felt assured that he might have been the husband of Therese—one of the heiresses of the Trevanian estate—and the conviction was her bitterest punishment.

It was a lovely evening when Captain Foster and his bride reached the village of Farnsfield. Its inhabitants, together with the numerous tenantry, were assembled to welcome them. Never was reception more enthusiastic. Poor Therese, who followed with her husband and Miss Mendez, in a covered carriage, smiled through her tears as she recognized each familiar face; her forgiving heart had no enmities to resent—she had kind recollections for all.

Great was the enthusiasm for the heiress and her husband, who made themselves popular by their affability to all.

Mr. Foster, after prosecuting his dishonest clerk, who was convicted, retired from the profession, and purchased an estate near Southwell, where the blind old soldier resided with him. For several years there were rumors amongst the gentry in the neighborhood, of a project of marriage between him and Martha; but it ended as it commenced—in the imaginations of those who circulated it.

But Fanny's happiness was not complete till Mr. and Mrs. Barry returned to England. The first portraits painted by the talented artist were those of our heroine and Clement.

The remains of Mrs. George Maitland and Mary Beacham—or rather Lady Trevanian—were removed from their humble resting-place to the stately mausoleum in the churchyard. At the conclusion of the ceremony, Old Mike, the sexton, shook his head with his usual knowing look, and observed to his assistant—for he was now so old that he required one:—

"I always said that she was not buried in her proper place—but the error is repaired at last! God in His own good time works all things to the end His wisdom has appointed!"

[END OF "TEMPTATION."]

A New Tale, "MASKS AND FACES," by the same Author, will be commenced in our next.

#### Water-Wheel at Valparaiso.

See p. 105.

This ingenious method of raising water from deep wells, by the means of dogs, has now, for a number of years been the only way of supplying all English and foreign men-of-war and merchantmen, as well as almost the whole town of Valparaiso with water.

The water is raised from the well by wooden buckets, emptying themselves on a table, from which, through pipes, the water is conveyed to launches, into casks and buckets, and delivered to its various quarters.

The wheel raising the buckets is driven by eight dogs, belonging to Don Juan Augustine Vives; they continually run upwards, with perfect ease; only four of the dogs work at a time, and when one is tired he jumps off and another takes his place.

**PANTOMIME.**—The inventors of pantomimic art were two obscure Romans, named Pylades and Bathyllus, who, as we are told by Zosimus, were rivals in its profession, in the reign of Augustus Caesar. Pantomime was the name given to the performer, not to the piece; and the admiration bestowed on the rank and species of the comedian was, at one time, carried beyond that given to any other performer. Cassiodorus, indeed, has thus designated them: "Men whose eloquent hands had a tongue, as it were, on the top of each finger—men who spoke while they were silent, and knew how to make an entire recital without opening their mouths—men, in short, whom Polhymnia had formed, in order to show there was no necessity for articulating, in order to convey our thoughts." There is abundance of anecdote handed down by Lucian, and other writers of that age, which sufficiently proves the high opinion then entertained of them. Pantomime flourished in Italy for about two centuries, with very great success, and finally sank in the general annihilation of the sciences and literature in that country. In our own country it has arrived to a great degree of perfection; and for the attainment of its present excellence, we are indebted to John Rich, the original patentee and manager of Covent Garden Theatre.

**THE PEKIN GAZETTE.**—The official gazette of Pekin may be counted among the organs of the administration. It is a real *Moniteur Universel*, in which nothing can be printed which has not been presented to the Emperor himself; the editors of it would not dare to change or add anything, but under penalty of the severest punishment. This *Pekin Gazette* is printed every day, in the form of a pamphlet, and contains sixty or seventy pages. The subscription to it does not amount to more than twelve francs a year; and it is a most interesting collection, and very useful in making one acquainted with the Chinese empire. It gives a sketch of public affairs and remarkable events; the memorials and petitions presented to the Emperor, and his answers to them; his instructions to the mandarins and the people; the judicial proceedings; with the principal condemnations and the pardons granted by the Emperor; and also a summary of the deliberations of the sovereign courts. The principal articles and all the public documents are reprinted in the official gazettes of the provinces.

**GOLD IN AUSTRALIA.**—From a return which has recently been compiled by Mr. Cope, in the department of the Chief Commissioner of her Britannic Majesty's Gold Office, Melbourne, we learn the extensive nature of the transactions which have been carried on through that office. There were deposited in the Bank previous to the opening of the office, 65,384 ozs. of gold. Received in 1851, 33,770 ozs.; in 1852, 1,145,829 ozs.; in 1853, 1,491,436 ozs.; in 1854, up to the 13th of Oct., 1,146,561 ozs. There were also received in payment of license fees, 39,366 ozs.; making a total of 3,297,566 ozs. of gold. The balance of gold in hand on the 30th of Oct. last was 59,381½ ozs. The total amount of escort and office charges have been £130,168, and the total value of the transactions of the gold office, up to the latest dates, is given at £20,656,367. To this, of course, has to be added the large and unknown amount brought by private hand, and landed and lodged in the banks before any correct estimate of the Victoria gold fields could be formed.

**CAUTION TO GUN BUYERS.**—The folly of purchasing cheap guns is proved by the following: A gun was purchased of a Hardwareman, with all the appearance to an amateur of being a first-rate article, and the barrels were so well imitated that it seemed impossible, on first examination, to detect the defects. It cost \$25. But on being presented to Mr. Wellborne, a gunsmith, his eye soon discovered a serious flaw in its manufacture, and it was put to the test by a double charge of powder. It exploded and shattered to fragments like a piece of glass. This fortunate circumstance probably saved the owner's hand, if not his life, from destruction.

**A WAR TOKEN.**—An officer, recently returned from the seat of war, has presented a lady in Boston, England, with a small oblong phial of pure crystal, being part of the booty secured on the capture of Prince Mentchikoff's baggage, after the Battle of Alma. It is ornamented all over with bead-like studs of red and green-colored glass, and is filled with a delicious perfume.

**A DARING FEAT.**—One night lately, some English soldiers performed a most daring act. A party of nine men went into Sebastopol, and brought out two feather beds, and actually the frames of the windows at which they entered. This was done while they were relieving pickets.

**DREADFUL SCENE AT A FRENCH EXECUTION.**—A horrible scene took place lately, in Paris, at the execution of the murderer Lescaze, in the Place de la Roquette. When strapped on the fatal plank, and the moment before the knife was about to fall, he got half loose, by a sudden convulsive motion, and threw himself out of the position in which he had been placed. When the executioner approached to replace him, the criminal seized his hand with his teeth, biting it through to the bone. A deadly struggle took place, dreadful to behold, and there were many spectators; but all was over in a few seconds.

**AN EASTERN ALLEGORY.**—Every man has two angels—one on his right shoulder, and another on his left. When he does anything good, the angel on his right shoulder writes it down and seals it, because what is done is done forever. When he has done evil, the angel on his left shoulder writes it down. He waits till midnight. If before that time the man bows down his head and exclaims: "Gracious Allah, I have sinned—forgive me!" The angel rubs it out: and if not, at midnight he seals it, and the angel upon the right shoulder weeps.

#### Nature in Motion.

**TRACTS OF LAND.**—The power of locomotion is by no means limited to the agency of water and fire alone. Much more remarkable is it, that, even without volcanic action—without visible efforts or spasmodic convulsions of our mother earth—whole tracts of land, thousands of square miles large, should move up and down, and thus materially alter the appearance of our globe. It has been said, that there are few places on earth that are ever long at rest; and that, as England alone has had its 255 earthquakes, so some convulsion of the kind is constantly occurring, imperceptible to our senses, but distinctly felt and shown by the delicate instruments which modern science has invented for the purpose. This, however, would not explain the changes alluded to; they are on far too vast a scale to be ascribed to such local disturbances. Almost in every portion of our globe, movement may be observed; the land is either rising or sinking—certainly in slow, but constant motion. Geology teaches us that this is not a whim of our mother Earth, but that, for long generations, the same change, the same mysterious motion has been going on. It is difficult only to observe it, because of its exceeding slowness, as we would in vain hope to mark the progress of the hour-hand in our watches, and yet finally see that it has moved. If man could ever, with one vast glance, take in the whole earth—if he could look back into past ages, and, with prophetic eye, gaze into the future, he would see the land of our vast continent heave and sink like the storm-tossed sea—now rising in mountains, and then sinking and crumbling, in a short time afterwards to be washed back into the calm, impassive ocean. Some of these inexplicable changes have been observed for ages. The whole coast of Asia Minor, from Tyre to Alexandria, has been sinking since the days of Ancient Rome. Northern Russia, on the contrary, has risen as constantly out of the frozen sea, in which it has been buried since the days when it was the home of those gigantic mammoths that are now found there, encased and preserved in eternal ice, to feed with their flesh the hungry natives, and to furnish the world with the produce of strange and inexhaustible ivory mines. Not far from Naples, near Puzzuoli, there are parts of an ancient temple of the Egyptian god Serapis still standing—three beautiful columns, especially, speak of its former splendor. At a considerable height, they present the curious sight of being worm-eaten; and recent careful researches leave no doubt, that the waters of the Mediterranean once covered them so high as to bring their upper parts within reach of the sea-worms. Since then, the land has risen high; but, stranger still, they are, by a mysterious force, once more to be submerged. Already, the floor of the temple is again covered with water; and a century hence, new generations of molluscs may dwell in the same abandoned homes of their fathers, which are now beyond the reach of the highest waves. An old Capuchin monk, who lives near by, is fond of telling visitors how he himself, in his youth, had gathered grapes in the vineyards of his convent, over which now fisher-boats pass in deep water. Venice, also, the venerable city of the doges, sinks—year after year—more into the arms of her betrothed bride, as if to hide her shame and her disgrace, in the bosom of the Adriatic. Already, in 1722, when the pavement of the beautiful place of S. Marco was taken up, the workmen found, at a considerable depth



below, an ancient pavement, which was then far below water-mark. Now, the Adriatic has again encroached upon the twice-raised square; at high-water, magazines and churches are flooded, and if proper measures are not taken in time, serious injury must inevitably follow. Not far from there, at Zara, superb antique mosaics may be seen, in clear weather, under the water; and, on the southern side of the island of Bragnitza, at calm sea, your boat glides over long rows of magnificent stone sarcophagi, far below the clear, transparent surface.

France also bears many an evidence of such changes in place. The unfortunate St. Louis embarked at the spacious port of Aigues Mortes for his ill-fated crusade; the place—a harbor no more—is now at a mile's distance from shore. Only in the last century, in 1762, an English ship stranded near La Rochelle, on an oyster-bank, and was abandoned. Now the wreck lies in the midst of a cultivated field, thirteen feet above sea, and around it the industrious inhabitants have gained over two thousand acres of fertile land in less than twenty-five years. England presents similar instances; thus, the bay at Hythe, in Kent, was formerly considered an excellent harbor; it is now, in spite of great pains and much labor bestowed on it, firm land, and very good pasture for cattle.

These gradual and almost imperceptible changes of land have probably been most carefully observed in Sweden, where already, in the times of Celsius, the people believed that the water was slowly withdrawing from the land. The great geologist Buch has since proved that, north of the province of Scania, Sweden is rising at the rate of from three to five feet a century, whilst south of this line it is sinking in proportion. Some villages in Southern Scania are now three hundred feet nearer to the Baltic than they were in the days of Linnæus, who measured the distance a hundred years ago. Historical evidence abounds as to this mysterious movement of a whole continent; the coasts of Norway and England bear, moreover, ample proof on their surface. Nearly six hundred feet above the actual level, long, clear lines of the former level may be seen, distinctly marked by horizontal layers or shells, not of extinct species, but such as are still found in the adjoining waters. As we go further north, the land seems to sink; all along the coast of Germany and Holland legends and traditions are found, speaking of lost cities and inundated provinces. The Germans have their songs of the great city of Iduna, in the Northern Sea, the bells of whose churches may still be heard, in dream-like knelling, on a quiet, calm Sabbath-day; and in Holland they tell of the steeples and towers that can be seen in clear weather far down in the Zuyder Sea. Stern reality shows that these are not idle inventions; it is well-known that great cities, large islands, and whole provinces have actually been engulfed, and in both countries man is even now incessantly at work to protect the sinking shore against the encroaching waves. In Greenland, the level changes so much, and the ocean intrudes so fast, that the Moravian settlers had more than once to move the poles to which they moored their boats nearer inland. On the low, rocky islands around, and on the mainland itself, numberless ancient buildings have been submerged, and for ages the inhabitants have ventured no longer to build near the sea-coast.

For the sea also has its strange motions like the firm land—gentle, progressive oscillations, which return at stated periods, or act with sudden force. In the South Sea, we are told, the bottom of the sea rises and sinks in regular alternation; the same occurs near the coast of Chili, teaching us, by land and water, the inconstancy of the present order of things, and the changes to which, at great intervals, the outlines of our continents are probably subject. Truly He alone, who is our God, He changes not.

Thus all is life and motion in the earth, on the earth, and around it. What a source of incessant movement is even the sun alone! From the bottom of the ocean it raises high into the air the rivers that are to water the two worlds. The sun orders the winds to distribute them over continents and islands, and these invisible children of the air carry them under a thousand capricious forms from land to land. They spread them across the sky in golden veils and purple hangings; they raise them into huge dark domes, threatening deluge and destruction. They pour them in tempestuous torrents upon high mountains; they let them drop gently upon the thirsty plains. Now they shape them in beautiful crystals of snow, and now shower down pearls of peerless beauty in clear, transparent dewdrops. However whimsical their service seems to be, each part of our globe receives, nevertheless, year by year, only its proper and good proportion. Each river fills its bed; each raised her shell. And the winds them-

selves, what busy travellers are not they in their own great realm of the air! They blow where they list and we hear the sound thereof, but we cannot tell whence they come and whither they go. A merry life they lead, these sailors of the air. Now they chase golden clouds high up in the blue ether, and now they descend to rock, in merry sport, gigantic oaks and northern fir-trees. As pleasant pastime they give life to wandering shadows, wake the slumbering echo, and gather rich perfumes from the flowery meadow. To-day they bend down vast oceans of gracefully-waving corn-fields; to-morrow they peep under the branches of trees to look for golden fruit, or they strip them of their leaves to show to man, through their bare arms, the blue heavens above. On sultry days they cool themselves in the floods of the ocean, and carry refreshing dew back to the parched land. Passing on their manifold errands, they trace their characters in a thousand ways on the liquid plains of the sea. Some scarcely wrinkle the placid surface, others farrow it deeply with azure waves, or toss it up in raging billows and cover their crests with white foam:

Such are evidences of motion in inorganic nature. If organic bodies travel faster and more visibly, they leave, on the other hand, fewer great marks behind them. Rocks, when they wander, remain themselves as milestones, by which we may count the distance from which they came. Men keep in sagas and myths a certain hold on the past, or erect, with their own hands, monuments of great events. But plants and animals consist, at best, only of perishing individuals, and have no power given them to speak to future ages. What we know, therefore, of their wanderings is little, but even that little gives us such an insight into the inner life and motion of nature, that it is well worth recording.

**THE BRAVEST SOLDIER.**—Frederick the Great, after a very terrible engagement, asked his officers, "Who behaved most intrepidly during the contest?" The preference was unanimously given to himself. "You are mistaken," replied the king: "the boldest fellow was a fifer, whom I passed twenty times during the engagement, and he did not cease, or vary a note the whole time."

**MOONLIGHT IN THE TROPICS.**—There is something exceedingly romantic in the nights of the tropics after they have spread their "purple wings" over the sky. The scene, too, is favorable for meditation; the moon, "walking in brightness," gradually climbing up to the very centre of the deep-blue sky, sheds on the grassy sward, the beasts lying down here and there, the fruit trees, the surrounding forest, and the glistening sea spread out in front, a soft but brilliant radiance unknown to the duller regions of the north. The dabbling of the little rivulet, winding its seaward way over the rocks and pebbles, comes like distant music upon the ear, of which the bass is supplied by the roll of the surf falling on the sea-beach at measured intervals,—a low, hollow roar, protracted until it dies away along the sinuous shore, the memorial of a fierce but transitory sea-breeze. But there are sweeter sounds than these. The mocking-bird takes its seat on the highest twig of the orange tree, and pours forth his rich and solemn gushes of melody, with such an earnestness as if his soul were in his song. A rival from a neighboring tree commences a similar strain; and now the two birds exert all their powers, each striving his utmost to out-sing the other, until the silence of the lonely night rings with bursts and swells and tender cadences of melodious song. Here and there, over the pasture, the intermittent green spark of the fire-fly flits along, and at the edges of the bounding woods scores of twinkling lights are seen appearing and disappearing in the most puzzling manner. Three or four bats are silently winging along through the air; now passing over the face of the vertical moon like tiny black specks, now darting through the narrow arch beneath the steps, and now flitting so close over head that one is tempted to try and capture them with an insect net. The light of the moon, although revealing their course, is not sufficiently strong for this; and the little nimble, leather wings pursue their giddy play in security.

**THE FARMER AND THE FOX.**—A farmer had discovered that a fox came along a beam in the night to seize his poultry. He accordingly saved the end of the beam nearly through, and in the night the fox fell into a place whence he could not escape. On going in to him in the morning he found him stiff and, as he thought, lifeless. Taking him out of the building the farmer threw him on the dunghill; but in a short time Reynard opened his eyes, and, seeing all was safe and clear, galloped away to the mountains, showing more cunning than the man who ensnared him.

**WASHING IN CALIFORNIA.**—Up in Stoneburgh lived an old negro, who took in washing but never gave it out again. Having given him my first washing, I went at the appointed time to get them back, and Sambo pointed towards a large pile of clean shirts, and told me to pick mine out of them. Who on earth could have found his own out of such a number? nearly all the shirts worn in the mines being white or blue striped of one pattern, sent out from the States in thousands of dozens, and none of them marked, of course; so, after turning the pile over and over again for at least half-an-hour, I gave it up, and took six of the shirts I liked best, telling Sambo what I had done. He very quietly answered, "Ebery gentleman did the same;" and I walked off with them, wondering what the man would say who came last, and got all the torn ones.

**ON LISTENING TO EVIL REPORTS.**—The longer I live the more I feel the importance of adhering to the rule which I have laid down for myself in relation to such matters, viz.,

1. To hear as little as possible whatever is to the prejudice of others.
2. To believe nothing of the kind until I am absolutely forced to it.
3. Never to drink into the spirit of one who circulates an ill report.
4. Always to moderate, as far as I can, the unkindness which is expressed towards others.
5. Always to believe that if the other side were heard a very different account would be given of the matter.—*Life of Simon.*

**DEATH CAUSED BY A DREAM.**—Mrs. Rushton, of Little Rodney street, Suffolk street, has strangled her infant son in bed while dreaming. She had dreamt that a mad bull was attacking her, and she had squeezed up the child to protect it, and when she awoke she found the child cold.

**A WISE CHOICE FOR LIFE.**—When Philip Henry sought the hand of the only daughter and heiress of Mr. Matthews in marriage, an objection was made by the father, who admitted that he was a gentleman and a scholar, and an excellent preacher, but he was a stranger, and "they did not even know where he came from." "True," said the daughter, who had well weighed the excellent qualities and graces of the stranger, "but I know where he is going, and I should like to go with him;" and they walked life's pilgrimage together. How different would be the world's estimate of men if they were judged less by their origin and more by their destiny.

**EXTRAVAGANT DEBTS INCURRED BY MARRIED WOMEN.**—In the Court of Bankruptcy a claim was recently made for \$1000, the balance of £\$1750, owing by the wife of a bankrupt, a West-end chemist, to a draper. The commissioner refused to allow the claim, as it had been repeatedly decided that if a tradesman gave a wife extravagant credit, without the husband's express sanction, they must take the risk.

**BENEFICIAL INFLUENCE OF TEA.**—The beneficial results of the introduction of tea and coffee have been strangely overlooked or underrated. It has been, however, well described as leading "to the most wonderful change that ever took place in the diet of modern civilised nations—a change highly important both in a moral and physical point of view. These beverages have the admirable advantage of affording stimulus without producing intoxication, or any of its evil consequences. Lovers of tea and coffee are, in fact, really drinkers; and hence the use of these beverages has benefitted both manners and morals. Raynal observes, that the use of tea has contributed more to the sobriety of the Chinese than the severest laws; the most eloquent discourses, or the best treatises on morality." Tea is so little drunk in Germany, that it acts like medicine when taken by a native; and persons decline a cup of good bohea, with "No, I thank you; I am quite well at present."

**ART OF FLOATING.**—Any human being who will have the presence of mind to sleep his hands behind the back, and turn the face towards the zenith, may float at ease, and in perfect safety, in tolerably still water—aye, and sleep there—no matter how long. If, not knowing how to swim, you would escape drowning, when you find yourself in deep water, you have only to consider yourself an empty pitcher; let your mouth and nose—not the top part of your heavy head—be the highest part of you, and you are safe; but thrust-up one of your bony hands, and down you go.

**KETCH,** a publican of Exeter has been fined \$1000 for adulterating his beer with grains of paradise, camomile flowers, and gentian.

The salmon-fishing in the Welsh rivers is expected this year to be very good, in consequence of the preservation of the fish by societies. The streams are also to be replenished by fry artificially hatched.



### How and when to Stoop.

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN, when a young man, visited the Rev. Dr. Cotton Mather. When the interview was ended, the reverend gentleman showed him, by a back way, out of the house. As they proceeded along a narrow passage, the doctor said to the lad, "Stoop! stoop!" Not immediately comprehending the meaning of the advice, he took another step, and brought his head pretty violently against a beam that projected over the passage. "My lad," said the divine, "you are young, and the world is before you; learn to stoop as you go through it, and you will save yourself many a hard thump."

Not an easy science to learn, is it? the science of stooping gracefully and at the right time. When a man stands before you in a passion, fuming and foaming, although you know that he is both unreasonable and wrong, it is folly to stand as straight, and stamp as hard, and talk as loud as he does. This places two temporary madmen face to face. Stoop as you would if a tornado were passing. It is no disgrace to stoop before a heavy wind. The reed bends to the wind, while the unyielding oak is torn up by the roots. It is just as sound philosophy to echo back the bellows of a mad bull, as it is to respond in kind to the ravings of a mad man, or—pardon me, ladies!—of a mad woman. Stoop! gracefully, deferentially, and, amid the pauses of the wind, throw in the still small voice, the "soft and gentle words which turn away wrath."

When reproved for an error you have committed, for a wrong you have perpetrated, for a neglect chargeable against you, stoop! Do not justify or palliate a palpable fault. This only intensifies and aggravates the wrong. This excites direr indignation. Stoop! If you say, mildly, "I know I was wrong; forgive me;" you have stolen away all your complainant's thunder. I have seen this tried with the happiest effect. A friend came to me once with a face black with frowns, and ire all bottled up ready for an explosion, because I had failed to fulfil some promised commission. I prognosticated the storm, and took both his hands in mine as he approached, simply saying, "I am very sorry, I forgot; pardon me this time." What could the man say? He kept the cork in his bottle, and I escaped a terrible blast.

How much more easily and pleasantly we should get through life, if we only knew how and when to stoop!

But when tempted to do a mean thing, or a wrong thing—when solicited to evil by associates or circumstances—then, don't stoop! You may give up your own personal rights, if you will; you may give "coat and cloak" to an unjust demand; sometimes even this is necessary, to stoop in silence to an injustice. It may be done without degradation or guilt. But never stoop to a meanness, to a debasement. Never stoop to pick up a forbidden object, the appropriation or possession of which righteously exposes you to scorn or censure.

### Stray Recipes and Remarks for the Wardrobe.

CARE is a good economist in a wardrobe: it will save the nine stitches by putting the one that is needed; and by folding, and brushing, and putting away, will make clothes last and look respectable twice as long as they otherwise would. A careful person will also find it worth while to change the clothing according to the present employment.

Women's dresses and mantles are kept better hung up in wardrobes, or closets secured from dust, than folded in drawers, as they become creased and tumbled by folding.

Men's clothes, when folded, should be placed where there is room for them to lie, without being pressed.

Before brushing clothes, if they are very dusty, they should be shaken, or spread upon a horse, and some of the dust whipped out with a switch: or, if there is much dry dirt, it should be rubbed off. They may then be spread upon a clean board, and brushed the way the nap of the cloth runs. They should be brushed lightly and quickly; in such a manner as not to scrape off the nap. A duster should be at hand to remove dirt as it gathers on the board.

Hats should be put away from dusty places, when out of use. A soft brush should be used for smoothing the nap and removing dust. If wetted with rain, a hat should be left to dry, and then brushed with a harder brush than usual.

Wash-leather gloves will bear frequent washings with warm water and yellow soap: but the water must not be hot, or it will shrivel the leather. They should be dried and drawn upon the hand, before they are quite dry, so as to preserve their shape.

Kid gloves may be somewhat cleaned, by the use of India rubber, or bread crumbs. Silk and cotton gloves may be washed with soap and water, and ironed when nearly dry. Those of a lilac or lavender color will be improved by the use of a little soda in the water.

Drawers, or wardrobes, especially where woollens are kept, should be occasionally emptied and left open in the influence of the fresh air and sunshine; and all the corners cleared from dust. This, and taking care never to put away clothes damp, will more likely prevent the moth, than any recipe that can be given for the purpose. In addition, however, it can do no harm, and may do good, to sprinkle either a little camphor, lavender, rue, laurel, pepper, or cedar wood, each of which is said to keep away moth. A little newly-made charcoal placed among clothes, will prevent the unpleasant smell they often have when laid by.

Clothes brushes should be kept clean by occasionally washing in cold water.

Hair-brushes and combs should be washed with warm water and soda: more or less soda will be needed, according as the brushes are more or less greasy. The washing should be done quickly, as soaking in the water softens the bristles and spoils the glue. They should then be rinsed in cold water and shaken as dry as possible, and they will soon be as hard and good as new.

Brown paper laid on a grease spot and rubbed with a hot iron, will be almost sure to remove it. But if the grease is very thick, the paper must be frequently changed.

Spirits of turpentine, or gin, or spirits of wine, rubbed in with a little flannel, will remove paint.

A tea-spoonful of essential oil of lemon to a wine-glassful of spirits of turpentine, will make scouring drops to clean the edges of coat-collars and cuffs.

Milk will entirely remove ink, if it is applied before the ink dries in.

Balls for cleaning cloth may be made by mixing six parts of fuller's earth to one part of pearlash, and when mixed, kneading into a paste with lemon-juice.

For shoes, a sharp knife should never be used to remove dirt, or the leather will most likely be cut. An old oyster-knife or a thin strip of hard wood will scrape off the worst dirt, and the rest should be brushed off by a hard brush kept for a dirt-brush. Blacking may then be applied, for which the following will be found a good recipe:—Four ounces of finely powdered ivory black, four ounces of treacle, three quarters of a pint of vinegar, two drachms of spermaceti oil. The oil and ivory black should be first well mixed, then the treacle, and lastly the vinegar.

To make shoes water proof, melt over a slow fire half-a-pint of oil, an ounce of bees'-wax, an ounce of turpentine, and a quarter of an ounce of Burgundy pitch. This mixture may be applied two or three times, until the leather is quite saturated, and it will then be more soft and pliable, and wear much longer than otherwise.

The bright or patent leather shoes should be cleaned with a little milk, when it is necessary to wet them at all; but generally a soft cloth will be sufficient to rub them with.

MANAGEMENT OF CHILDREN.—Washing children in hot water is, as a general rule injurious. Cold feet arises from defective circulation, and should excite to increased exercise. Children may be prevented from sucking their thumbs by rubbing them with anything slightly bitter.

### The Russian Lottery Ticket.

STATE lotteries have been called, and, we think, with justice, "gambling institutions." Their principles are undoubtedly those of the hazard-table, and their effects in all countries have been to foster an improvident yet avaricious spirit, and a superstitious dependence on luck, which injure alike religion and morality. Examples of their evil working are, unfortunately, too abundant throughout Europe; and in England, the state lottery, which is not yet half a century abolished, was also amply productive of evil. In Russia, too, the institution flourished, and on one occasion, was—no thanks to the vicious system—the accidental, or, more properly speaking, the providential means of rewarding a deed of kindness, which we now proceed to detail, altering the circumstantial, though not the essential, facts of the case.

Towards the end of the last century, when the Empress Catharine, commonly called the Great, was making war on Turkey, building the marble palace, and setting an example of lavish expenditure and bad morals to her Russian capital, there stood in the province of Libau a certain poor village named

Vetski. Like most of the rural villages in Russia, Vetski had one long street of cottages, built of the trunks of trees laid one upon another, plastered with clay, thatched with hemp and reeds, and standing each in its own yard inclosed by a rude timber fence, all but the gable end, in which was the entrance door. At one end of the street stood a church, also of wood, with a copper vane, and a cemetery full of crosses. At the other stood the hof, in build resembling the cottages, but very much larger, rising to two stories, and supplemented by a porch, a courtyard, and the granary; for there should have dwelt the lord of Vetski. Round the whole village lay fenceless and half-cultivated fields, in the midst of a plain, bounded on the south by a forest of birch and pine, and seemingly without limits in every other direction.

As commonly happens in Russian villages, all the inhabitants followed one calling. Nobody but coopers had lived there since the church and the hof were built, but one Leof, a shepherd, whom the boyar brought with him from the south to look after his Saxony sheep, and he died three years after, leaving a son and a widow.

Small communities—especially in secluded situations—are apt to have characteristics of their own; and it was so with the coopers of Vetski; far and wide they were known for a closeness of hand and society, exceedingly unlovely. The travelling merchants, who bought their wares and supplied them with necessities, were men from their own village. Their priests had succeeded each other regularly—father and son. They were all related in some degree; and it was popularly said that a stranger would have no chance of room in their churchyard. These good people had regarded Leof with no friendly eyes; first, because he was not a cooper; secondly, because he came from the borders of Lithuania; and thirdly, because they thought their boyar unduly favored the stranger. In the last cause of dissatisfaction Leof and his family had little reason to rejoice. Count Vetskinhoff belonged to a class of noblemen by no means rare at the court of the great Czarina. Vetski, with some leagues of the neighboring plain and forest, the old timber hof, and, of course, all the coopers, constituted his estate; but his ambition was to lead the *ton* of St. Petersburg, and he was foremost in everything foreign and fashionable. The Saxony sheep had been a movement in that direction. The flock was purchased, and a shepherd, who chanced to be a free peasant, brought, with fine promises and great condescension, from his home on the banks of the Niemen; but the winter of that northern plain was too hard for the sheep; they began to pine, and the count forgot them, as by that time he had married one of the Czarina's maids of honor, and required a still more expensive establishment in St. Petersburg. To meet that demand the old family hof was shut up, all the household retainers summoned to the capital, and, except once a year, when a steward came at the end of the summer, to get his lord's dues, no sight or sound of their master reached the cooper. Thus left out of mind, the Saxony flock grew thinner every winter. Their poor shepherd tended them night and day, hoping the count would remember his services, till at last a fever, caught in searching for two lambs which the wolves had carried off, brought him to the churchyard, where, contrary to popular opinion, he found a grave. His wife, Anna Ivanoua—Anna, the daughter of John, as her Christian and surname ran in Russian fashion—had come with him from amongst her people and her kindred, after what neighboring peasants considered a rather tedious wooing, when Leof's prospects had become brilliant through the patronage of count Vetskinhoff.

Anna's dowry consisted of a spinning-wheel, a Polish cow, and a pewter teapot. She had, besides, a dowry of good looks, being ruddy, fair, and flaxen-haired; and, better than all these Anna was kindly, prudent, and according to her imperfect light, pious. Though overwhelmed with sorrow when poor Leof died, she contrived to live on among the coopers in her now lonely cottage, and rear her infant son, also named Leof, with the help of the spinning-wheel and the Polish cow; for these were, under Providence, the widow's only support. The steward sent the remnant of her husband's flock to his uncle's farm on the Dnieper, saying, the count had made little profit by that business; but Anna might keep the cottage, and pay dues for it, till a better tenant turned up. Happily nobody of that kind appeared; but the dues were a heavy burden, especially in hard winters. They were paid, however, and herself and son honestly maintained till little Leof's seventh birthday, when there occurred the heaviest snow-storm ever remembered in Vetski.



It was the middle of October; winter was not quite expected; but seasons are apt to change with sudden haste in the north. The day had been cold and gloomy, and towards evening fierce blasts began to sweep the plain and forest, driving before them masses of heavy clouds, which gradually left no trace of daylight, but a lurid glare in the west. Well did the villagers know these signals of the tempest, and every family prepared, as best they could, for a long stay within doors. The cattle were secured in their winter quarters at the rear of each cottage; large supplies of fire-wood were carried in, and the coopers bade each other good-night as they retired into their homes, where every stove was heated and every door made fast. With the night, down came a perfect deluge of snow, such as more southern climates seldom see—thick and fine, and frozen hard as sand—it came on the blast in one continuous drift, closing up every window and crevice, till the villagers could hear, but no longer see the storm.

Anna had carefully brought in her Polish cow. Little Leof had helped to carry in firewood, and now sat by the stove watching with no small interest the baking of a barley cake, which, together with a piece of hard cheese, and a mass of salted cabbage, was to furnish a more than common supper. Both mother and child had worked hard and eaten little during that day. The winter was come, but they had provisions; and Anna was telling the small but intelligent boy how thankful they should be, when, in pause of the storm, she heard a loud knocking at one of the village doors, and a man's voice crying, "Good Christian people, let me in from the snow; I am an officer on my way to serve the Czarina."

No one opened; and at door after door she heard the traveller knock, now with entreaties for the sake of charity, then with threats of his own and the Czarina's vengeance; but the strong doors stood firm, and the coopers remained silent. Anna was no stranger to the character of her neighbors. She knew their habitual churlishness would be just then fortified by the conviction, that whatever dwelling the traveller entered, there he was likely to remain storm-stayed for a considerable time. She was a poor and lonely widow; the stranger might be a wandering robber, an escaped criminal, an evil man of any sort; but he would be frozen: no living thing could long abide that drift; and, without another thought, she placed the lighted pine-splinter, which served for a candle, in her horn lantern, unbarred her door, and called through the driving tempest—"Come! here is shelter!"

Her call was answered by what at first seemed a moving mass of snow, but on nearer approach proved to be a man and a poor benumbed horse, which he led along by the bridle. Little Leof came valiantly out to help, but the blast drove him in; and by the joint exertions of Anna and his master, the poor horse, a beautiful Ukraine, was relieved from his cold covering, and comfortably installed beside the Polish cow, with the best barley straw the cottage afforded by way of fodder. The door was once more barred, and with many expressions of gratitude to the widow, and wrath at the rest of the villagers, the traveller proceeded to divest himself of a light riding-cloak, which must have proved a poor protection from the storm, thereby revealing an officer's uniform, with a supply of gold lace and cambric ruffles, which would have told a more skillful eye than Anna's that he belonged to the same expensive and fashionable school as her long absent landlord. The widow only perceived that he must be some great nobleman; that he was young and handsome, and had, in spite of his weariness, a gay, good-natured, thoughtless look. She could not presume to ask so fine a gentleman any questions; but, accepting her humble invitation to the best seat beside the stove, he told her that he was a captain of hussars, on leave of absence to visit his uncle, who lived on his estate in the north, and, having almost over-stayed the prescribed time, hunting and shooting with his country cousins, he had taken a short way across the country, hoping to reach St. Petersburg in time to join his regiment before they marched against the Turks.

Anna listened with reverence as she set the supper before him. The widow had never heard so much of the great world nor had the captain before sat down to such an entertainment. The rough earthen dish of cabbage, flavored with butter in honor of the unexpected guest, a trencher containing the barley cake and the hard cheese, a drinking-horn of quass (the smallest beer of Russia), a wooden platter, a spoon, and an old knife, were placed on the low, uncovered table, which stood a fixture in the middle of the cottage room. A blazing splinter of pine, in the tall wooden candlestick, showed its

humble furniture; the bed, covered with a scarlet blanket, and generally reserved for ornament—for straw on the top of the large stove served for family use; the wooden cistern, with its two spouts suspended by leathern ropes over a great tub; a low bench, a stool or two, a shelf containing the pewter teapot, and certain utensils of almost equal value; the well employed spinning-wheel; and in a niche, with a horn lamp burning before it, one of those rude pictures of the Saviour which the unlettered peasants of Russia are apt to behold with superstitious rather than pious regard. Anna was one of the few who better understood the meaning of the symbol. She had no Bible, and, like most of her class, never learned to read; but the priest of her native parish had been earnest and laborious beyond the generality of his brethren in the north, and the widow had profited by his simple sermons. Their practical fruits were shown on the present occasion, though in a rustic fashion. The good woman responded to the wistful looks of her hungry little Leof, by giving him his private share on a low stool in the corner, and then, leaving the board to the great stranger, retired to eat her own supper off a trencher, in her lap, according to the code of good manners in which she had been instructed. The captain's noble associates in hof and garrison would have been astonished to see the justice he did such fare; but fourteen hours' travelling, and a snow-storm, are apt to equalise viands, and Anna felt no little pleased to hear him say he had supped like a czar. The cottage contained three apartments, opening from each other: the room of general service, which has been described; the granary, in which everything, from barley straw to salted cabbage, was laid up for the long winter; and the cow-house, now doubly tenanted. When the widow had made things neater than usual, she wished the stranger a good night's rest, and retired with her little boy to say their prayers, and sleep in the granary, comforting herself with the reflection that though it was cold, she would be at hand to give the poor horse and cow straw during the long night.

The long night disappointed the expectations, or rather the fears, of the coopers. In its course the storm gradually changed to a clear, keen frost, which by sunrise made the deep snow hard enough for sledge travelling. Quietly the widow prepared a breakfast for her still sleeping guest; and when at last she woke him, the young officer rose a joyful man to find that he could pursue his journey; for, though Anna had no sledge to lend, she knew there might be one hired among her neighbors, and the officer said he was willing to pay. It rather surprised the widow that he made so little way with the cabbage and hard cheese, compared with his doings the night before; but the man was impatient to go, and though all the coopers were now up, there was some trouble in getting a sledge among them—every vehicle of the kind being the joint property of two or three families; and the officer was obliged to pay them all. Anna felt terrified for his finances when she saw the number of kopecs (a coin somewhat less in value than our cent) given to young Peter, two paper roubles made over to stout Ivan, and a whole silver one sacrificed to the leathern wallet of old Feodore—such being the familiar designation of each proprietor.

Half amused, half angry, the officer called them knaves, and took the sledge for his journey.

"I will come back a colonel," he said, "when we have conquered the Turks; and if they ever take your son for a soldier, let him inquire for me. My name is Demetrius Orloff."

"Noble sir," said Anna, "I hope they will never take my son for a soldier. I have nothing in the world but him; and—don't be angry—but there is little good learned in the army. Besides, the Turks might kill him."

"Never fear, my good woman," said the gay young officer, as he helped to harness his own horse, whose Ukraine spirit was rising again in spite of barley straw. "They won't take your son; but you have been kind to me"—and he pulled out his purse once more. There was not much in it. Anna would have considered it unhospitable to take a kopeck in any case; but, after his expense for the sledge, it seemed perfect robbery.

"No, no!" she cried. "Noble sir, you wouldn't put an affront upon me before all the coopers, and I a stranger and a widow here."

The officer was puzzled, for he saw the widow was in earnest. Moreover, he was in haste, and, pulling out what seemed to Anna a card, of bright red pasteboard, with strange signs and figures on it, he said—

"Well, keep this; it may be of use to you."

Nothing of the kind ever turns out lucky in my hands," and, urging his horse away, he drove over the plain like one to whom the time was precious.

Anna stood wishing him a good journey till he was out of sight, and then turned to look at the card, on which little Leof had fixed his wondering eyes. She had seen Polish gipsies telling fortunes with such things, and heard that noblemen in St. Petersburg lost and gained money by them. Though a sensible woman, Anna's opportunities of learning had been too limited to raise her entirely above the superstitions of her people; she therefore concluded that the card must be a charm, which would bring good to the cottage, and she stitched it, with the figures up, on the centre of the scarlet blanket which covered that ornamental bed, as the most secure and respectable place of deposit.

The passing of twelve years brings many a change in our progressive America; new manufactures grow up, old institutions are superseded, and whole quarters of great towns are built within that time. In the days of Catherine the Great, things did not move so quickly either in New York or St. Petersburg. They still go at a slow and sober pace in Russian villages; and it was particularly so among the coopers of Vetski. There had been births and burials; but the passing traveller could detect few traces of change or improvement there. The cottages still stood, rough and weather-beaten; the fields were half cultivated, yet the hof was inhabited; for Count Vetskinhoff now resided in it, with a discontented countess, and a still more dissatisfied retinue. The steward said he had left court on account of a disappointment in the great lottery. What a lottery was, nobody in Vetski knew; but as the dues were more sharply looked after than ever, the coopers thought it had something to do with lost money. They never saw their boyar, except on his Hungarian horse after the wolf-hounds; yet it was a well-ascertained fact, that, when not hunting, Count Vetskinhoff was always out of humor about some lucky chance which he and his countess said they had lost in St. Petersburg. Within the widow's cottage there were greater changes. The little Leof had grown up a tall, muscular youth of nineteen, able to pay her dues by working on the count's land, to cultivate a crop for home consumption, and to hew firewood in the forest without fear of the bears. Leof had his father's fair face and yellow curling hair. He had the same strong arm, honest and faithful disposition. Anna had brought him up well, for there was not a better son in the province; and now, as the decline of life drew on, her earthly hopes began to rest on the youth, somewhat as they had rested on her lost Leof. In their hard work and solitary life the mother and son had grown to be companions. True it was, that as their estate improved to the extent of two cows, besides barley, flax, and cabbage ground, the coopers so far relaxed their hereditary laws against aliens, that stout Ivan demanded the widow's hand in marriage, and old Feodore required to have her son betrothed to his eldest daughter; but these overtures had been civilly rejected, and the code was re-established in more than ancient severity, Leof and his mother being henceforth considered guilty of an affront to the whole cooper community. Offended pride, which has done such deadly work in camps and palaces, found scope for mischief even in Vetski. Had things gone well, and the count and his steward remained absent, our tale might have been different; but many troubles came at once on the widow.

As sometimes happens in the north, the summer had been so warm that streams and brooks were dried up, and the flax, on which Anna's spinning-wheel and profits depended, utterly failed. A worse consequence of that drought was an epidemic among the cattle of Libau. Every proprietor lost some; and, in spite of her own and her son's utmost care, Anna's two cows sickened and died. Still they had the barley, and might have weathered the winter, though the widow's strength was not what it had been; over-exertion to save the flax and cows had left her weak and sickly; but in an evil hour the count projected a wooden bridge to span a certain rivulet flowing through his fields. To that work the peasants were summoned, as usual, and among them young Leof. The steward was surveyor-general, and his special pride was the engineering knowledge he had acquired in St. Petersburg. Moreover, his chosen system was that of hurry and half doing. Leof knew nothing about bridges; but he thought the supporting piles were not sunk deep enough in the bed of the stream, which, though then shallow, was apt to run strong and high with the spring and autumn rains, and he honestly said so.



"Oh, he is a judge of work!" cried his cooper companions. "What a wise young man! He knows better than the steward, who has seen all the bridges of the Neva, and our boyar, who has lived all his life in St. Petersburg."

Leof was a free peasant. His father and mother did not belong to the estate, and he bravely answered: "The steward and the boyar may do as they will; but the first flood that comes will let you see how much they learned from the bridges of the Neva."

That reply, with sundry additions, was reported to the steward. The steward reported it to the count, and "the greater the truth, the greater the libel," was fully proved in this instance; for scarcely was the bridge finished when the continuous rain of the Russian autumn set in. The rivulet rose above all its banks, and on the following morning there was not a trace of the bridge to be seen. From that hour Leof was a marked man, and count, steward, and coopers, soon found an opportunity of vengeance. Late as it was in the campaigning

season, the great Czarina required a new levy of troops to serve in the partition of Poland, and the usual order was sent to all boyars to furnish their quota of peasants. Ten was the number charged upon count Vetskinhoff; and in those days he could send either serfs or free peasants who had been born on his estate. A mounted messenger brought the order late on Monday evening, and early on Tuesday morning Leof and his mother were awake by a loud knocking at their door. Flinging on his sheep-skin coat, the young man opened it to a servant of the boyar, who desired him to come immediately, for he was wanted to do something particular at the hoff.

"What can it be, mother?" said Leof, as he hastily prepared himself for the unexpected honor.

"To cleave firewood, my son," said Anna, recollecting what well-squared logs he cut; take your father's new hatchet with you. I have kept it scoured in the corner these twenty years; but one must have something fine when one works for great people."

Taking the treasured hatchet, Leof set forth. The widow had visions of advancement over all the coopers for him, as she prepared his breakfast; but the day wore on, and Leof did not return. There seemed to be a bustle in the village, but no one brought her news; and though scarcely able to spin, towards evening she crept up to the hoff. The great doors were closed, and all was quiet there; but on inquiring of the steward's boy, she learned that her son and nine others had been marched off under a strong guard of the boyard's retainers to the chief town of Libau, "where they were to be made soldiers."

The compulsory nature and harsh discipline of military service in Russia, renders it peculiarly terrible to the peasantry; and with her only son, the poor and sickly widow had lost everything. She knew there was no use in application to either the count or the steward. As a free peasant they were not obliged to maintain her, and the management of the matter showed but too plainly that her son had somewhat incurred their enmity. If she could find out

Captain Demetrius Orloff, might not he do something? All the widow knew of him was, that he had gone to St. Petersburg, but she had no money and no strength for that long journey. Broken-hearted, the lonely woman returned to her cottage. There was mourning in more homes than hers that day; but days passed on, and the weather grew worse with the early storms of the winter, and Anna sat in her desolate grief, scarce caring or knowing how things went around her. One day, when the first frost had come, and the sky looked brighter than usual, she had been praying in her own simple fashion for poor Leof, forgetting that the outer door was unbarred, when the sound of a sledge bell was heard outside, and a muffled traveller, pushing it open, asked—

"Is this the cottage of Anna Ivanoua?"

"It is," said the widow, in great amazement.

"Then I bring you news of your son Leof," said the traveller. "I am postmaster of Libau. His company stopped at my post-house, and he asked me if ever I came this way, to give you this hatchet."

sure, sir, though we've been very unlucky at last," said Anna.

"A good charm, indeed," said he, recovering speech. "My good woman, shut your door, and let me tell you that it is the prize ticket of the great St. Petersburg lottery. It has won a clock which is thought one of the wonders of the world, and has been advertised for since I came into office. The clock is valued at eighty thou and roubles. So your fortune is made; but tell nobody, and keep the ticket safe till I write to St. Petersburg."

Without waiting for a reply, the postmaster sprang into his sledge, leaving Anna bewildered. All she understood was that a great many roubles were to be got, and of course her son's freedom by that charm; but being a prudent, patient woman, she folded it up carefully inside the blanket, to await the result of her new friend's writing.

Write the good man did, a full account of the transaction to his superior at St. Petersburg, by whom it was eventually laid before the empress; and within the same month, as Anna sat one evening at her spinning-wheel, wondering why no news had come, the whole village of Vetski was surprised by the arrival of a splendid sledge, in which sat two travellers. One was Leof, dressed in astonishingly fine clothes, and the other they called a great boyar; but he was a courier commissioned to present Anna with ten thousand roubles and an order from the empress, conferring on her an annuity of a thousand for life, as purchase-money for her long-kept charm, otherwise the prize-ticket.

It is said that there never was such sorrow among the coopers as when this story was made public, and each recalled to mind the knocking at their door in that terrible snow-storm. The widow and her son were henceforth no strangers among them. In short, they became great people in Vetski. In the marble palace of St. Petersburg, visitors still marvel at and admire the musical clock, formed like a miniature Grecian temple, and capable of playing some of the choicest compositions of Mozart and Haydn, as if performed by two full orchestras; but most remarkable for the story of its being won by the long-lost

lottery ticket, which the postmaster of Libau recognized on Anna's scarlet blanket. Reader, good and bad deeds are seeds, whose fruit springs up while we sleep. Happy are they who cast bread upon the waters. It returns after many days.



THE RUSSIAN LOTTERY-TICKET.

"Oh! sir, is my boy well?" said Anna, taking the weapon of rustic toil, round whose shaft poor Leof had fastened a lock of his own yellow hair.

"Yes," said the postmaster, who, notwithstanding his many and complicated duties in a Russian province, was a just and kindly man; "your son looked wonderfully well, and bade me tell you not to grieve for him, for he would pray for you, and fight for the Czarina."

Anna's eyes filled; but at this moment she recollected that the postmaster being also a great man, might know Captain Demetrius. To her joy he had known him, but almost immediately he added: "Do you not know he is dead these ten years? The captain fell in a great battle in Servia. How did you know him, my poor woman?"

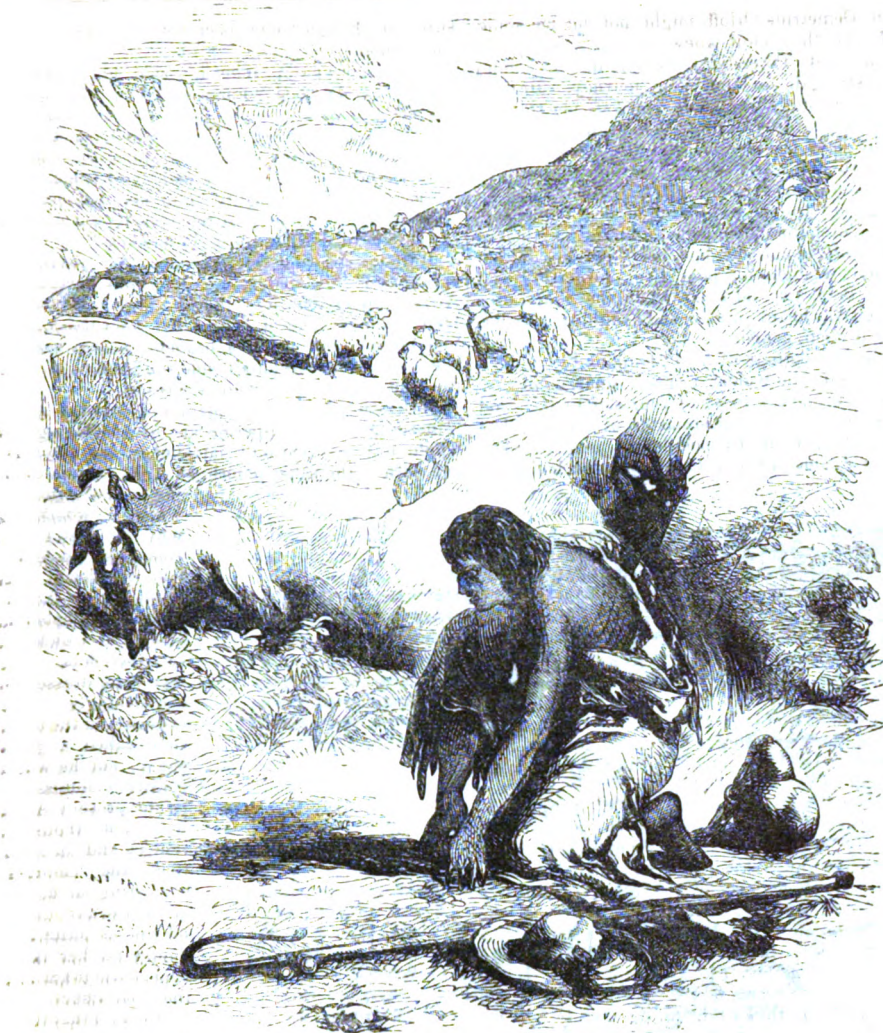
"He came here in a snow-storm one night," said Anna, "and gave me this charm"—holding the blanket up for confirmation. Never had the postmaster of Libau looked so much astonished even at all the sights of his office. "It was a good charm, I'm

lottery ticket, which the postmaster of Libau recognized on Anna's scarlet blanket. Reader, good and bad deeds are seeds, whose fruit springs up while we sleep. Happy are they who cast bread upon the waters. It returns after many days.

#### CHINESE MODE OF PROTECTING NATIVE INDUSTRY.

—Since the last war with the English the government has established a great number of custom-houses along the line that European goods have to follow to reach the interior of the empire. The Chinese being forced to permit the trade which the English opened for themselves with their artillery, have no other way than this to oppose their invasion; and, consequently, the further their goods proceed into China, the heavier become the duties to which they are subjected. Too weak to repel force by force, and say we will have none of your merchandise, this is the only expedient they have been able to hit on, in order to protect the native industry.





"WHEN HE AWOKE IN THE MORNING, THE FIRE HAD BURNED OUT, AND THE STONE BENEATH IT, MELTED BY THE HEAT, WAS TRANSFORMED INTO A LUMP OF SOLID SILVER."

#### Peru and its Treasures.

On the great table-land of Pasco, in the Peruvian Andes, at an elevation above the sea of nearly fourteen thousand feet, lies the mountain lake of Lauricocha, the source of the great river Amazon. Through the little rivulet that trickles from the lake and ripples through the lofty plain, rolls its little likeness to the mighty stream that hurls its floods across the eastern forest, and gathering power from its numerous tributaries, spreads at length into a shoreless sea vast as the ocean, across whose waves it pours its muddy billows.

More than two centuries ago, there lived upon the borders of this lake a wealthy Spaniard, named Don Jose Ugarto. Like many mountain settlers in the present day, he derived his wealth chiefly from the produce of his flocks of sheep and lambs, that fed in the sheltered valleys, tended by Indian shepherds. The scarcity of pasture often led the flocks far from the shepherd's huts, and then, as now, it was common for the Indians to wander with their woolly charges amongst the mountains for many successive days. On one of these occasions a shepherd, whose name, Huari Capcha, is still preserved in the sierra, made his little encampment in the hollow of a great rocky basin, and, having seen to the safety of his flock, lighted his fire of withered cactus and dry grass, and then lay down to sleep beside it. When he awoke in the morning the fire had burned out, and the stone beneath it, melted by the heat, was transformed into a lump of solid silver. Delighted with his discovery, the Indian hurried home to report it to his master. A slight examination of the locality disclosed the existence of a rich vein of silver; and the news of this valuable discovery soon spreading to the neighboring villages, attracted to the barren and secluded spot a numerous and rapidly increased population, eager to share in the new source of wealth thus opened. Such is the story of the foundation of the city of Cerro Pasco—the treasury of Peru—the highest city in the world, and perhaps also the most remarkable in its situation, in its general appearance, and in the extraordinary variety of its inhabitants. A recent tour amongst the Andes having led me to Cerro Pasco,

I am enabled to give from actual observation a short sketch of these peculiarities, and likewise of the present condition of the mountain city and its motley population.

The party with which I travelled was employed in conveying machinery from the coast to the silver districts, to be used in the mining operations of an English firm there; and, in consequence of the heavy loads of iron borne by the mules, our progress up the mountains and across the passes had been unusually slow. It was, therefore, with considerable pleasure that, after a short descent from a very high and broken ridge, a sudden turn in the mountain-road revealed an apparently well-built town, lying in an irregular valley, surrounded by little lakes and patches of grassy morass, the whole encircled by a wall of bleak and lofty rocks, on one of which I stood. From this point the narrow road wound, with many turnings, through the defiles that led downwards to the town, until we at length entered the low suburbs, and mingled with the many-colored crowd that sauntered through the streets.

The outskirts of Cerro Pasco, as of almost all the Peruvian towns, are a collection of miserable huts, built of mud and reeds, and inhabited only by the lowest class of Indian *cholos*; but the middle of the city contains many good houses, the property of mine-owners and shopkeepers, though in the best streets the conical Indian hut stands pertly forward among its more lofty neighbors. Within many of these huts are the mouths of silver mines—for nearly all the mining operations are conducted within the city itself—and the mine-owner can, not unfrequently, pass at once from his dining-room or chamber into the pit that leads to his hidden treasure. Even in some of the streets these pits are opened, and the foundations of the whole city are so thoroughly honey-combed, that it may easily be at any moment buried amongst the glittering ores that have alone caused its erection. The mines are generally shallow, rarely exceeding a hundred feet in depth, whilst many of them are mere openings of thirty or forty feet. The mode of working them is the simplest and most original that can well be

conceived. The descent into the smaller mines is usually by steps cut in the perpendicular side of the of the shaft, or built up with loose stones, that occasionally give way beneath the tread, and clatter down the dark opening, to the dismay of the unpractised stranger. In the deeper mines a common winch is used, or sometimes a gin worked by mules; but the machine is usually of such a fragile construction, and in such a decayed condition, that every safe descent by the half-rotten rope and rusty chain seems to be one of a continually-occurring series of miracles. The scarcity of timber prevents the miners from placing the necessary supports in the galleries, and men are consequently often killed by a fall of earth; but it is a melancholy fact, that very little notice is taken of such accidents, under the feeling that Indians are tolerably plentiful, and that when killed, they can easily be replaced. Nearly all the work is performed by Indians, who are generally paid by the day, earning from two to three shillings; but, when an unusually prolific vein is opened, many extra hands are employed, and these are always paid by a share of the ore which they succeed in obtaining. At such times the population of the city is greatly increased by the influx of Indians from the villages of the sierra, and these men very often earn high wages, so long as the new vein continues to yield well; but immediately on its failure they return to their homes, often penniless, having spent their hard earnings in the purchase of absurd and useless finery, or in the most foolish and disgusting excesses.

The ore obtained in the smaller mines is carried up the dangerous ladders by the miners in hide bags; and it is then conveyed to the smelting-houses, most of which are situated beyond the city. Here it is amalgamated with quicksilver in a most primitive fashion, by throwing the two metals together, and then driving mules or horses over them until the trampling has caused a thorough union to take place. The quicksilver is then separated by heat; but the whole operation is generally conducted in the rudest and most inefficient manner, though the recent improvements introduced by the enterprise of an English firm promise to effect a complete revolution in the present wasteful system.

Of the amount of silver actually obtained from the mines of Cerro Pasco it is difficult to form any correct estimate; for though every bar is supposed to be assayed and stamped at the government smelting-house, where a trifling duty is levied on it, yet such vast quantities are annually smuggled to the coast, that the government returns are worthless as a means of ascertaining the real value of the mining produce. It is certain, however, that the supply has latterly suffered a considerable diminution. At the close of the eighteenth century, Humboldt calculated that the annual yield of the Pasco mines amounted to two hundred and fifty thousand marcs worth, or, at its present value, about two millions one hundred and twenty-five thousand dollars. With an increased number of mines and workmen, the quantity now passed through the government office does not reach two hundred thousand marcs annually; but the introduction of improved modes of amalgamation, and a more careful system of mining, is already beginning to show its effects in the increasing produce.

The silver is all cast into large flat oblong bars, weighing one hundred pounds each, and in this shape it is conveyed to the coast and shipped for Europe. On its passage down the mountains the metal is entrusted to the mule-drivers, and is rarely guarded by soldiers; for the bandit *monteneros* do not choose to encumber themselves with the heavy stamped bullion, but prefer rather to wait for the remittances of coin that are returned from Lima. These are always sent under a strong escort, but are, nevertheless, often attacked by the robbers, who occasionally succeed in obtaining a valuable booty. After its arrival in the low country the silver is rarely removed without a guard, and on the road between Lima and its seaport Callao a picturesque group frequently attracts the attention of the passing stranger. In the midst of the cloud of white dust, that always accompanies the traveller on the dry Peruvian roads, a light cart is seen proceeding at a rapid pace from the city towards the port. One or two well-mounted civilians usually ride by its side, and it is guarded by a troop of Indian lancers—a corps which forms the chief, and by far the most soldier-like, portion of the army of the republic. The cart contains a load of *plata* on its way from the cellars of some Lima merchant to the ship which is to convey it to Europe, in return, perhaps, for a cargo of that far more valuable, though less costly metal, iron, of which this land of gold and silver is



almost destitute. The strange accoutrements of the escort attract the notice of the foreigner in an almost equal degree with the treasure that they guard. Their patched and tarnished uniforms, rough-coated horses, and rusty spurs and scabbards, give them, in spite of their martial bearing, far more the air of robbers than of soldiers: and, indeed, the history of the revolutionary wars of Peru, stained as it is with cruel massacres, cold-blooded murders, and wholesale plunder, conveys rather the idea of conflicts between hordes of savage banditti than between the disciplined armies of civilized nations.

The exceedingly picturesque appearance of the Peruvian horsemen is considerably increased by the lavish use of silver ornaments in the equipments of the more wealthy ones, while the slight, compact horses are sometimes completely hidden beneath a mass of gorgeous trappings. The saddle-cloth is a dyed alpaca skin, with the long, silky wool twisted into a fringe of numerous tassels. Upon the saddle another skin is often laid, and the saddle-bow is beautifully ornamented with devices worked in silver. The pommel and crupper are made so high that the rider is securely wedged between them. From a silver ring on each side hang the stirrups, which are large pyramidal blocks of wood, twelve inches square at the bottom and gradually tapering to the top, where another silver ring receives the twisted straps by which they are suspended. The stirrups are often elaborately carved, and inlaid with silver on three sides, the other being hollowed out to receive the foot. The bridle is profusely ornamented with silver buckles and stained leather fringes; and the reins sometimes consist of one continued chain of silver links. One rein is usually continued in a long plaited lash; and, besides the bridle, a heavy leathern halter encumbers the head, to which is attached a long strap, coiled on the pommel of the saddle. The spurs are of immense length, with rows of five or six inches diameter, so that walking in them is all but impossible. These, too, are frequently of solid silver, richly ornamented. From this description, some idea may be formed of the glittering splendor with which the equestrian dandy of Lima shines among the more humble equipments of the poorer cavaliers; whilst his own precious person is enveloped in a brilliantly-colored poncho, and his fallow face surmounted by a grass hat of exquisite fineness, often worth forty or fifty dollars. In the mountains, the same love of show prevails as on the coast, and the Indian miner loves nothing better than to deck himself in costly silks and tawdry ornaments; whilst the women vie with each other in the splendor of their jewels and the rich colors of their ribbons, and leave their half-naked children wallowing in the filth that quietly accumulate in the miserable dirty houses, which no person can enter without a sickening feeling of disgust.

The towns and villages scattered over the silver districts receive their chief supplies of food from the fertile valleys that are buried deep amongst the mountains. Reached by a route which passes through the most desolate country in the world—a succession of burning sands, frightful gorges, and terrible ravines; of narrow footpaths cut in the face of steep precipices, and crossing slight, trembling bridges, suspended over chasms of unknown depths—these valleys offer a strange contrast to the savage scenery around them. Clothed with rich vegetation, they abound in tropical productions, and in many of them fruits of a more temperate climate are successfully cultivated; for perhaps no other country possesses so many climates within so limited a range of latitude. Commencing with the vineyards and olive-gardens that skirt the rivers on the desert coast, the traveller passes in a few days through every degree of vegetation, until he reaches the barren table-lands that rest upon the summits of the great Cordillera. It is hardly possible to imagine a more dreary and desolate scene than that presented by this inhospitable region. The broom and stunted herbage growing in scattered patches on the banks of the mountain lakes, seem unable to extract sufficient nourishment from the ungenial soil. Stretching away into the sierra are the bleak mountain plains, broken only by vast masses of rock, and surrounded by the rugged peaks of the Andes, crowned with eternal snow. The usually pure blue sky of the tropics assumes, in this portion of them, a dark leaden hue, and the vertical sun vainly pours upon the green, unyielding glaciers the same fierce rays that scorch the dwellers in the plains. The stranger, unaccustomed to the rarified atmosphere, breathes with difficulty and generally suffers from the Puna malady—the *soroche*. The sight becomes dim and misty; the hearing fails; a heavy weight

oppresses the chest; the lips swell and crack; blood flows from the mouth, nose, and eyes; and, occasionally, the traveller sinks under the attack. But a few days usually suffice to accustom him to the air of these lofty regions, in which he is astonished to discover many towns and villages, containing, like Cerro Pasco, a numerous population attracted by the rich deposits that are hidden beneath the barren surface. But these towns are usually mere collections of miserable huts, whose inhabitants have gathered from all quarters of the world to this desolate territory.

Without manufactures, with no agriculture, producing nothing but silver—the only religion amongst them the worst Popery of the dark ages, with all its absurdity of rude mechanical miracles, and all its terrible folly of gloomy superstitions—precluded from communication with other countries by immense and almost insurmountable barriers—the singular communities present a condition of society for which it would be difficult to find a parallel. The precarious nature of the pursuit in which they are engaged gives to the people a desperate recklessness, an utter carelessness of consequences, which the member of a more cultivated society cannot comprehend. The safeguards of law are almost unknown. Crimes of the most appalling nature are of constant occurrence, and are little heeded by the authorities. It is no uncommon circumstance to see two bands of Indian miners meet on a Sunday, or a holiday, in the streets of Cerro Pasco, and attack each other with their knives, fighting with the fury of wild beasts. In these savage affrays one or two of the combatants are frequently killed, and severe and dangerous wounds are always inflicted. Gambling is carried to even greater excess than in the coast towns, and, with cock-fighting, forms the chief amusement of the people. The intellectual character of such a society is of course miserably low, and, in fact, it is almost impossible to conceive a more degraded and brutal condition than that to which the inhabitants of the Peruvian silver districts are reduced.

The population of Cerro Pasco varies with the produce of its mines. When several *boyas* or rich lodes occur together, the influx of sierra Indians and traders sometimes raises the number of inhabitants to fifteen thousand, but it usually falls considerably short of that amount. It will easily be believed that, as a permanent residence, the silver city is not a desirable locality, especially for those who have a prejudice in favor of the comforts of civilization, and who prefer that their houses should rest on a foundation of solid earth rather than hang suspended over a crumbling mine. The knowledge that the mine is a silver one does not add to the sense of security; and, as the miners work all night, the incessant clattering of picks and hammers rising from the dark pits that gape on every side, mingles with the dreams of the stranger, and effectually prevents him from forgetting that the very ground on which he rests is hollow and deceitful as the riches that lie hidden in its bosom. More than a thousand mines are opened in and around the city. Two great veins of silver traverse its site, intersecting each other, it is said, beneath the market-place. One of these lies nearly due north and south, extending to an ascertained length of about two English miles, and having an average breadth of upwards of a hundred and thirty yards. The other crosses it at an angle of seventy degrees, running about west-north-west to a distance of more than two thousand yards. Besides these principal arteries, numberless small veins traverse the earth in every direction; and as upon all these lines small shafts are sunk, and horizontal tunnels driven at various levels, the condition of the foundation of the city may be imagined.

I have often remarked with astonishment the small quantity of food consumed by those Indians who work in the mines throughout the year, and who consequently lead a life of unremitting and most arduous toil, far different from the monotonous existence of their indolent countrymen, the inhabitants of the sierra valleys and the coast towns. In Cerro Pasco, the miners never take more than two slight meals a day, and not unfrequently make one suffice them. These are nearly always procured at the *fondas* or eating-houses, as the Indians seldom possess the most common place conveniences for cooking. The first meal is usually taken about eleven o'clock, and consists of a roasted banana with a few grains of boiled maize, or a handful of quinoa—a small seed resembling millet, which is extensively cultivated in the mountain, and forms the chief subsistence of thousands of its inhabitants. To this scanty repast is added a cup of chocolate or a draught of chicha. At three or four o'clock dinner appears,

commonly in the shape of a *puchero*, a dish peculiar to Spanish America. It is a mixture of *charqui* (dried beef or llama flesh chopped small) with crushed maize, camotes or sweet potatoes, a species of bean called *frijoles*, bananas, and various other fruits and roots, the whole being highly seasoned with tomatoes and capsicums, and sometimes served up swimming in olive oil. A huge glass of *chicha* and perhaps a smaller one of *pisco* or *guarapo* (a fiery sort of rum) serves to wash down the mess. *Chicha* is a pleasant, slightly acid, beverage, of a dark-yellow color, made from fermented maize or *frijoles*. It is in universal demand throughout the west coast of South America, and is consumed in vast quantities by the Indians, scarcely a single hut in the interior being without a jar of the favorite liquid. In the valleys of the sierra, the most highly prized *chicha* is prepared in a manner that would hardly be appreciated by European epicures. It is called *chicha mascada*, or chewed *chicha*, and is brewed in the following nauseous style. All the members of the family, including such strangers as choose to assist in the operation, seat themselves on the floor in a circle, in the centre of which is a large calabash surrounded by a heap of dried maize. Each person then takes up a handful of the grain and thoroughly masticates it. This is deposited in the calabash, and another handful is immediately subjected to the same process; the jaws of the company being kept continually busy until, by their agency, the whole heap of corn is reduced to a mass of pulp. This is boiled with some minor ingredients in water, and the liquid is then poured into earthen jars, where it is left to ferment. In a short time it is ready for use, though, occasionally, the jars are buried in the ground, and allowed to remain there until the liquor acquires from age, considerable strength and potent intoxicating qualities. Chewed *chicha* is considered far superior to that prepared from maize crushed in the usual manner, and the *seranno* believes that he cannot offer to his guest a greater luxury than a draught of old "*chicha mascada*," the ingredients of which have been ground between his own teeth.

The majority of the mine-owners are scarcely one degree above the Indians, either in intellect or morality. With a few exceptions, they are rarely wealthy; and they are usually so deeply indebted to the Lima merchants, for advances given to work the mines when the vein is not yielding sufficient to pay expenses, that when they are so fortunate as to discover a rich *boya*, its produce is often already mortgaged to its full value. As deeply imbued with the love of gambling as the miners themselves, and with more at their disposal, these men spend their days between the card-table and the cock-pit, varying these amusements, occasionally, with a game at billiards or dominoes. The latter is a favorite pastime with the priests; but the good fathers are equally at home at the monte-table, and apparently relish the Sunday afternoon cock-fight far better than the morning mass.

Such is the condition of "The Treasury of Peru"—a city situated in the centre of a country which has been inhabited and governed by Europeans during a period of three hundred years, and which was already half civilized when discovered and invaded by the great Spanish Conqueror, Pizarro. Possessing, perhaps, more sources of wealth than any other country on the face of the earth, and containing within herself every physical essential fitted to render her a great nation, yet, in all that is really good and great, Peru is immeasurably behind far younger and less favored countries. Her commerce and her manufactures are almost exclusively in the hands of foreigners, and her people are sunk in that apathetic indolence and ignorance which seem to be the unfailing fruits of a long reign of Papist superstition. Arts, science, literature—the mighty giants that are ever lifting other nations higher and yet higher in the great social scale, and urging them still onward in the glorious race of progress—here creep in puny infancy, or number as their followers only those whom they have known in other lands. It is a singular anomaly. A country rich in the most valuable products, yet with an empty treasury, and possessed by a people powerless to defend her; a people, too, destitute of that knowledge which itself is power, and above all, of that better wisdom which "cannot be gotten for gold, neither shall silver be weighed for the price thereof."

TRUE HEROISM consists in passing the Bottle when you see that there is but one glass of wine left in it.

A CONTRADICTION.—If truth is to be found in the Bottle, how can she, also, live at the bottom of a Well? For ourselves, we should say that there is something fundamentally wrong in this.



### A Lion Story.

SOME years ago there resided at the Cape of Good Hope a respectable colonist named Hutton, who had accumulated a competency by trafficking with the Namaquas and the Damaras; with whom he exchanged English manufactures for skins, ivory, and ostrich feathers. He was engaged in one of these lucrative but hazardous trading expeditions, when he met with the adventure which we are about to relate. Two wagons carried his merchandise, and a dozen blacks attended him, two of them Mozambique negroes, and the remainder Hottentots and Namaquas. One afternoon he halted near a pool, around the margin of which were the footprints of several animals, among them those of lions. Mr. Hutton was a keen sportsman, and a man of unflinching courage, but the fears of his attendants led him to drive two miles further on, and encamp for the night in a small valley. The oxen were unyoked, and turned loose to pick the scanty herbage; and a large fire was kindled to scare away wild beasts. Mr. Hutton then asked for volunteers from among his little party to watch for lions at the pool; he obtained three, and with strict injunctions to the others to keep up the fire, and prevent the cattle from straying, they proceeded to the water. Having dug a hole three or four feet deep at about twenty yards from the pool, and heaped the sand up about it to conceal them still more, they stepped into the trench with their loaded guns, and waited anxiously for the appearance of the forest monarch.

Much to Mr. Hutton's disappointment, but equally to the satisfaction of his sable companions, no lion showed himself all night, though several antelopes and zebras came to drink, and they heard the roarings of lions at a distance. At day-break they set out for the wagons, and had not gone far, when a small herd of antelopes came bounding through a thicket in front of them, as if alarmed; and without waiting to see the cause, Mr. Hutton raised his gun, fired both barrels, and killed one of the largest. The blacks fired at the same time, but without effect. As the antelopes bounded onward, an enormous lion came out of the thicket, and advanced slowly towards Mr. H. and his party. The three blacks immediately took to their heels, and as their master had given one of them his hunting-knife while digging the trench, because it incommoded him, he was quite defenceless. He gave himself up for lost. Flight would have been useless, for the lion would have overtaken him before he had run fifty yards. For a moment he stood motionless, overcome by the suddenness and imminency of the peril, and then stooped down, holding the gun before him. The lion advanced slowly, with his eyes fixed on his expected prey, and sat down like a cat, at about twelve feet distance. By the manner in which he licked his mouth, Mr. Hutton thought it probable that the animal had just finished breakfasting off an antelope, and would defer the attack until he became hungry again; as lions, like the rest of the feline carnivora, like their prey fresh killed. In the meantime, he would make sure of Mr. H. by watching him.

The sun rose up, bright and clear, and the heat soon became oppressive. Fortunately the poor man had a broad-brimmed felt hat on, which protected his face from the scorching solar rays, and he had just before emptied a bottle of water which he had brought with him, so that he did not feel the heat so much as he otherwise would have done. He began to calculate the chances of escape, for he had not lost his coolness and presence of mind, and it was evident that the lion did not meditate very hasty proceedings. There was the chance of his men coming in a body to raise the state of siege and blockade in which he was placed; but against this he had to set their cowardice, of which he had just had an instance, and the probability that their approach would cause the lion to expedite the assault, and settle the business at once. He attempted to reload his gun, but the deep growling of his savage enemy warned him to desist. The brute evidently had sagacity enough to know that it was a weapon, and he also seemed to be aware of the vicinity of Mr. Hutton's blacks, for he several times looked sharply and restlessly in the direction of the wagons.

Once a troop of zebras cantered up to the spot. When they saw the lion, they wheeled quickly about, snorted, and dashed off in another direction. The lion rose to his feet, turned half round, and looked after them, but he did not go in pursuit, as Mr. H. hoped and prayed he would do. He sat down, growling sullenly, and resumed his watch. Soon afterwards he rose again, looking towards the wagons, and growling in a manner which showed that he was angry about something. It came out afterward that Mr. Hutton's servants had summoned

courage enough to approach the spot, armed with guns; but on seeing the lion get up, and look towards them, they all took to their heels. The lion crouched down again, with his fore feet turned under him, as a cat does sometimes; and as he began to yawn and wink, Mr. H. thought he was getting tired of his watch. If he had been, however, he would have made the attack at once.

Towards evening the roaring of a lioness was heard, and Mr. H. trembled lest the enemy should respond, and that his mate, who would, perhaps, be hungry, would approach, and devour the supper which the lion was keeping for himself. Probably the latter had the same fear, for, though he rose and laid down again several times, moved about uneasily, and sniffed the ground, he did not reply to the call, which soon ceased to be heard. The sun had now gone down, and myriads of stars were shining in the deep blue sky. The lion lay still, and Mr. H. feared to attract his attention by moving; having been up all the preceding night, he felt drowsy too, but dared not close his eyes. He hoped that something would soon occur to draw the lion's attention from him, for he felt that he should inevitably be sacrificed as soon as the animal became hungry.

Several times he heard antelopes and zebras come to the water to drink, but the lion scarcely noticed them. He had evidently made up his mind to sup on the unfortunate trader. All at once, he raised his head and began to growl. Mr. Hutton thought his last moment had at length arrived, but, to his surprise, his shaggy enemy laid down again. In about ten minutes he rose to his feet, and growled angrily; and as he turned his head away from him, the trader thought some other lion was approaching, and that the one which had paid him such particular attentions was objecting to any division of the spoil. The lion continued to growl, and moved about uneasily, as if troubled in his mind. All at once a Namaqua, whose life the trader had saved on a former occasion, rushed up to the spot, brandishing a frying-pan full of wild-fire, the blaze and glare of which so terrified the lion, that he gave a tremendous roar, and bounded off into the darkness. Mr. Hutton sprang up, loaded both barrels of his gun, and started off towards the wagons, which he and his grateful preserver reached in safety. It was the stealthy approach of the latter, who did not ignite the wild-fire until close to the spot, which had made the lion so restless. Mr. Hutton was determined, after this adventure, to have the lion's skin, and waited a day or two for the arrival of two brother traders, who joined forces with him, and went in pursuit of the enemy. After two days' search, the lion was found, and killed at the first shot by one of the party, whose name was Johnson. Mr. Hutton purchased the skin for \$25, and it now adorns his parlor at Capetown.

### Boiling Springs.

AT GEYSER, about twelve miles in a north-east direction from Skalholt, one of the episcopal towns in Iceland, are seen together forty or fifty boiling springs, all within the circumference of three English miles. The largest, which is in the middle, is the one that would most particularly engage the attention.

The aperture through which the water rises is nineteen feet in diameter, and round the top is a basin, nine feet higher than the conduit; here the water spouts only by intervals several times a-day, and in wet weather higher than at other times.

At the time of their eruption, the steam, ascending from the principal springs, may be seen from a considerable distance. When the air is still, it rises perpendicularly, like a column, to a great height, then spreads itself into clouds, which roll in successive masses over each other, until they are lost in the atmosphere.

The springs mostly rise in a plain, between a river that winds through it and the base of a range of low hills. Many break out from the sides of the hills, and some very near their summits. Most of the springs are very much like those seen near Rykum, boiling in caldrons of about four feet in diameter, and some of them throwing their waters from time to time into the air. Many springs in this place boil through strata of colored clay, by which they are rendered turbid. Here, also, as in the valley of Rykum, are very small springs, which throw out a sulphurous vapor, and near which the ground and the channel of water are lined with a thin coat of sulphur.

"Soon after four o'clock," says Trail, "we observed that the earth began to tremble in three different places, as well as the top of a mountain, which was 1,800 feet from the mouth of the spring. We also frequently heard a subterranean noise, like

the discharge of cannon, and immediately afterwards a column of water spouted from the opening, which at a great height divided itself into several rays, and, according to our observations, was ninety-two feet high. Our great surprise at this uncommon force of the air was increased when many stones, which we had flung into the apertures, were thrown up again with the spouting water."

The water here is hardly boiling. When the water had been quiet in the basin for some time, the thermometer placed in it stood at 180 degrees only, being 32 degrees below boiling; but immediately after an eruption it stood at 200 degrees, being only 12 degrees below boiling.

"Near Langervatan, a small lake, about two days' journey from Mount Hecla," says a traveller, "we beheld the steam of the hot springs rising in eight different places, one of which continually threw up a column of water into the air, from eighteen to twenty-four feet high. The water was extremely hot, so that a piece of mutton, and some salmon-trouts were almost boiled to pieces in it, in six minutes. On the day we were there, the water spouted ten different times, between the hours of six and eleven in the morning, each time to the height of fifty or sixty feet. Before, the water had not risen above the margin of the pipe, but now it began by degrees to fill the upper basin, and at last to run over. Our guides told us that the water would soon spout up much higher than it had done."

The basin of the two principal springs are of irregular forms, four, five, or six feet in diameter, and from some of them the water rushes out in all directions, and from others obliquely. The eruptions are never of long duration, and the intervals from fifteen to thirty minutes. The periods of both are exceedingly variable. There is one of them that has been called the roaring Geyzer. The water darted out with fury every four or five minutes, and covered a great space of ground with the water it deposited. The jets were from thirty to forty feet in height. They were shivered into the finest particles of spray, and surrounded by great clouds of steam. The situation of this spring was eighty yards distant from the Geyzer, on the rise of the hill.

The celebrated fountain which has been distinguished by the appellation of Geyzer alone, from the pre-eminence it holds over all the natural phenomena of this kind in Iceland, rises through a perpendicular and cylindrical pipe or shaft, seventy feet in depth and eight and a half feet in diameter, which opens into a basin or funnel, measuring fifty-nine feet from one edge to the other. The basin is circular, and the sides of it, as well as the pipe, are polished quite smooth, by the continual friction of the water, and they are both formed with such mathematical truth, as to appear constructed by art.

The water in the Geyzer is as transparent as crystal, and the surface is ruffled by but a few bubbles, which now and then come from the bottom of the pipe.

Madame Ida Pfeiffer, in her "Journey to Iceland," &c., says:—"It infinitely surpassed all my expectations. The waters were spouted with great power and volume, column rising above column, as if each were bent on outstripping the others. These jets, the largest of which I think I can affirm, without any exaggeration, rose to the height of at least a hundred feet, and must have been three or four feet in diameter."

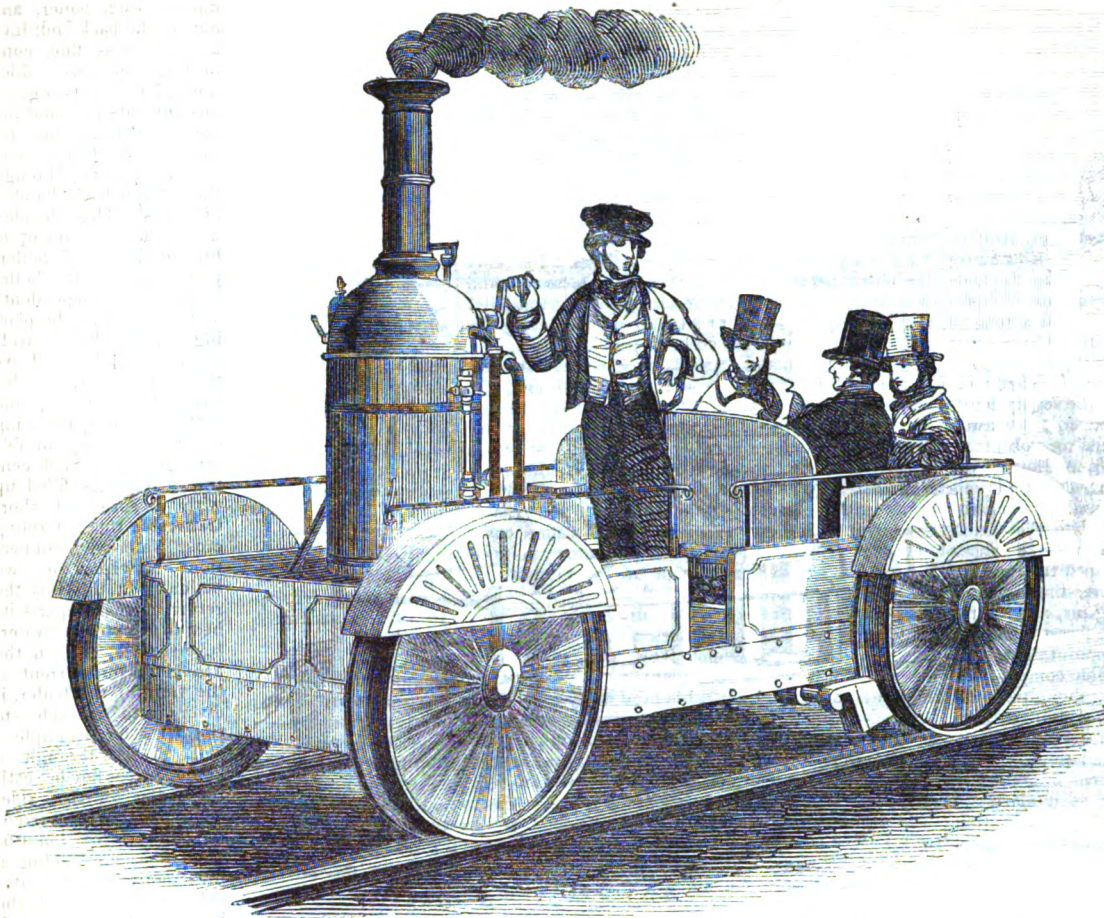
"After the expiration of two hours—it was precisely twelve o'clock—the basin was nearly full to the brim, and I was standing near it, when the waters became violently agitated again, and the distant rumblings were once more heard. I had barely time to spring back, when the jets burst forth; they continued to play as long as the sounds lasted, and were fuller than those of the former explosion, which was, perhaps, in consequence of their height being rather less, being hardly more than forty or fifty feet."

The word Geyzer is probably of the old Scandinavian origin for a fountain, from the word *geysa*, signifying *gush*, or to *rush forth*.

In the preface to "The History of Denmark," which was written in the twelfth century, by Saxo Grammaticus, they are mentioned as throwing up their waters to a great height; but, from the general appearance of the country, it is likely they have existed a very great length of time.

LAMPS, burning oil, are shortly to be hung in the streets of Constantinople, and the now wretchedly filthy pavement is to be replaced by macadamised roads.





LILLIPUTIAN LOCOMOTIVE ENGINE.

**Lilliputian Locomotive Engine.**

We give a sketch of a Lilliputian Locomotive Engine, launched on the Eastern Counties Line, England. Though small in size, it will not be small in its results, as tending to show that, for many important purposes, speed may be attained with small weight. This little engine, in short, is to the usual ponderous locomotive what the race-horse is to the dray horse.

The following are the dimensions of the engine:—The entire length of frame of engine and carriage,

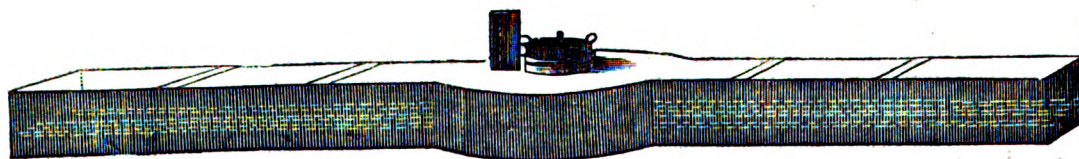
bearing springs, when in working order, exclusive of passengers, is about 22 cwt., and is able to travel at the rate of forty miles an hour, the boiler having borne with ease a pressure of 200 to the square inch; but it is not intended to drive her at this rate of speed or pressure on ordinary occasions.

In the trial trip, Mr. Samuel, with his little engine, accomplished the journey from London to Cambridge (57½ miles) in 1½ hour; in more than one instance during which the speed attained was at the rate of 43 miles per hour.

portant, though, as he considers, overlooked fact. The other point is the manner in which this heat is conveyed to the egg to vivify it. This he as clearly proves is only by contact on the top. The principle of vitality floats in the egg, and is constantly on the top, thus presenting itself to the bird's breast, leaving the other part exposed to the ordinary heat of the surrounding atmosphere; and, as the blood-vessels form, the heat is conducted to every part of the egg.

The Hydro-Incubator is exhibited at No. 209 Regent street; as also at Mr. Cantelo's Model Farm, at Chiswick, where he has more than 2000 head of poultry running about, from one day to three months old.

FILES of soft cast iron are melted with calcined borax, the mass pulverised and sprinkled on the parts to be united. They are then separately heated and welded together on an anvil by gentle blows.



LARGE HYDRO-MOTHER.

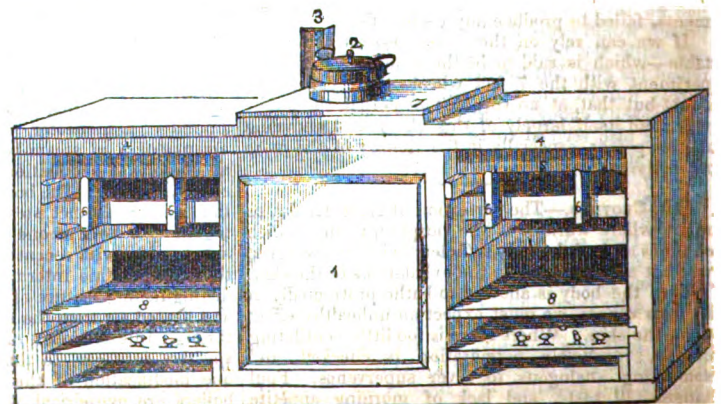
which is one, 12 feet 6 inches, on four wheels, 3 feet 8 inches in diameter, the leading and driving wheels being of equal size; and the width from centre to centre 9 feet, the wheels being outside all. The frame is divided in the middle by a bulk-head, into two compartments, the foremost containing the engine and machinery, and the latter the seats for the passengers. The boiler is a vertical one, on the American principle, consisting of 34 tubes, an inch and a quarter each in diameter, its diameter being two feet, and height three feet six inches. The flue beneath is one foot from the rails, level with the floor, and the entire height of flue, boiler, and chimney, seven feet six inches. The machinery, the working parts of which are all composed of steel, is enclosed in boxes on the sides of the compartment, consisting of two inside cylinders, three inches in diameter, with a six inch stroke, crank axle, link motion, with the usual reversing gear. The water-tank is in the cross-seat, against the division board of the two compartments, and will hold a sufficient supply for a run of from eighteen to twenty miles. Coal is used, in consequence of its being so much easier of combustion than coke, in a furnace of such small dimensions. The passenger compartment is open, and resembles what is termed an inside Irish car, having a seat crosswise against the division board, and one on either side, which together will conveniently accommodate seven persons. The weight of the whole, which is suspended on spiral

**Mr. Cantelo's Patent Hydro-Incubator, for Hatching Chickens.**

MR. CANTELO, the inventor of this new Incubator, has had the honor of submitting the same to Prince Albert, at Windsor Castle; and his Royal Highness having inspected the apparatus, it has since been shown to her Majesty.

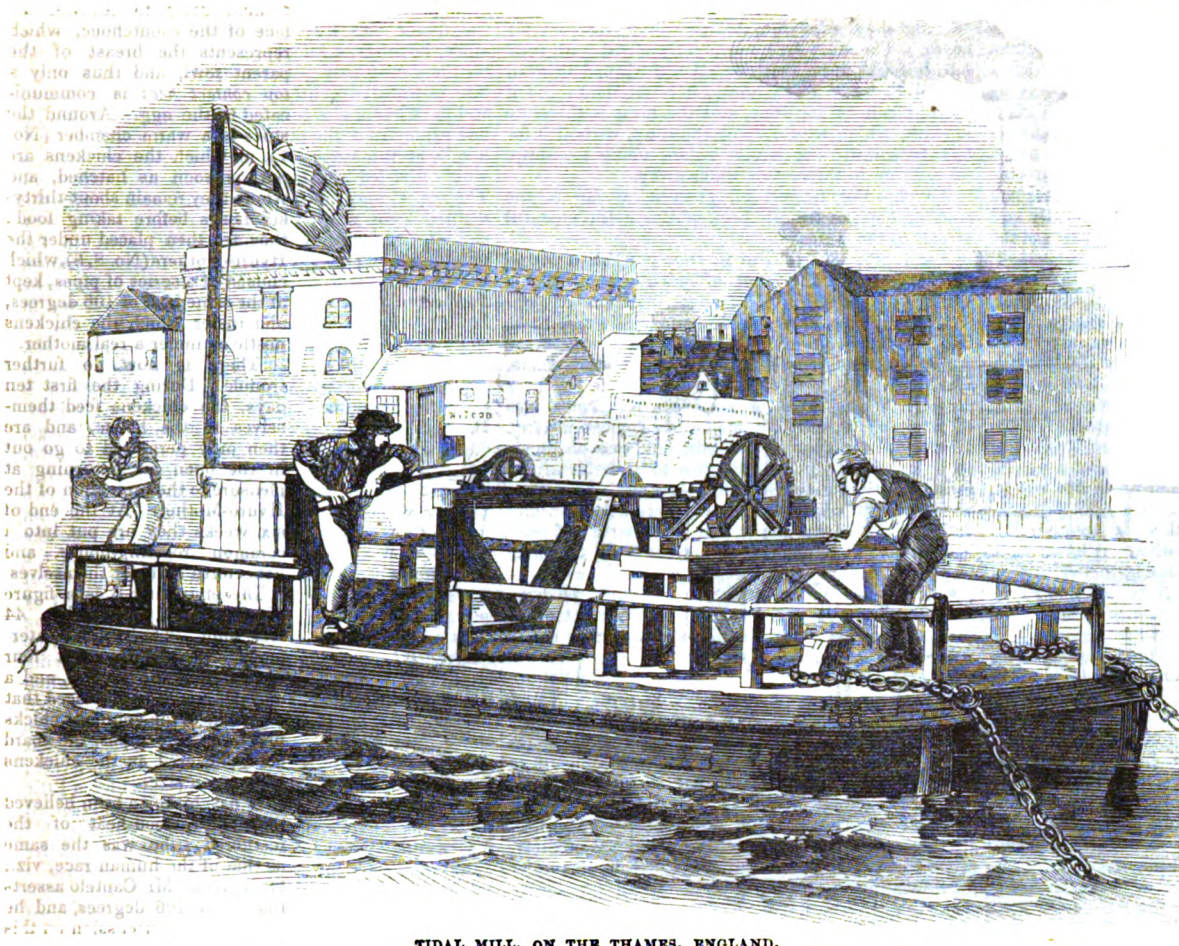
The machine itself is very simple: it consists of a cistern of water, hot, which is heated by a peculiar stove (No. 2), the heat of which is shown by a thermometer (No. 3). This water is heated to 109 degrees, and flows over a surface of vulcanised caoutchouc (No. 4, 4), the lower surface of which is in contact with a tray or nest of eggs (No. 5, 5), and maintains a heat of 106 degrees. The tray is open at the sides, the bottom is made of wire gauze, lined with cotton canvass, and is raised or lowered by wedges No. 6, 6, 6, 6, thus merely presenting

A NEW MUSICAL INSTRUMENT has been exhibited in Paris: it is on a large scale—a combination of the harmonium with the piano—producing effects which on the latter could never be attempted. By a simple pressure of the knee, an organ-like prolongation of the tone is obtained, and the volume of sound is trebled with the greatest ease; the tones of various other instruments are also imitated.



MR. CANTELO'S PATENT HYDRO-INCUBATOR, FOR HATCHING CHICKENS.





TIDAL MILL, ON THE THAMES, ENGLAND.

### The Tidal Mill.

For some weeks past, a "queer-looking craft," as Jack would call it, has been moored a little below the Southwark Bridge, on the Thames, London, and the attention of the curious and scientific has been considerably excited towards it by the novelty of machinery without any visible motive power, being constantly in operation on its deck. That "craft" is the experimental vessel belonging to the "Tidal Mill Company." It is constructed as shown in the diagram—a section across midships—in two parts; the space between is for the reception of a wheel 7 feet in diameter, with six vanes, each 5 feet 6 inches broad at the periphery, and tapering to 7 inches near the centre: it is like a screw-propeller—is placed at right angles to the current, which gives it motion, the speed of which, it has been calculated, communicates power in the following ratio:—

Tide—miles per hour	2	3	4	5	6
Wheel, 7 feet diameter, working horse-power	2	3	4	5	6
Do. 14 do. do.	8	12	16	20	24

On the circumference of the wheel is a rim of thin iron, carrying a band which drives a pulley on deck, and to which may be attached apparatus for sawing, or any other purpose.

On the Rhine, Seine, and other Continental rivers, floating Tide-Mills have been most successfully adopted; whilst in England, only two instances occur of their having been attempted, and these, owing to the want of simplicity in their arrangements, failed to produce any useful effect.

If we can rely on the correctness of the above table—which is said to be the result of actual experiment with the 7 feet wheel—there can be no doubt but that, at no very distant period, the public will avail itself largely of this cheap and enduring motive power, especially in the vicinity of the more rapid rivers.

**BED-CLOTHES.**—The perfection of dress, for day or night, where warmth is the purpose, is that which confines around the body sufficient of its own warmth, while it allows escape to the exhalations of the skin. Where the body is allowed to bathe protractedly in its own vapors, we must expect an unhealthy effect upon the skin. Where there is too little ventilating escape, insensible perspiration is checked, and something analogous to fever supervenes. Foul tongue, ill taste, and lack of morning appetite betray the evil.

**IMPROVEMENTS IN SOFTENING SHEET METAL AND WIRE.**—A patent has been granted to Mr. T. F. Cocker, of Sheffield, for improvements in annealing or softening metallic wire and sheets of metal; in reducing, compressing, and drawing metallic wires; and in the manufacture of metallic rolls. Metallic wire and sheets are softened by immersing them in a heated bath of melted lead or other fused metal, either in direct contact, or inclosed in a casing from which the air is excluded. For reducing or drawing metal wires, four cylindrical cast-steel rolls are employed—two vertical and two horizontal—with their peripheries grooved, such grooves meeting in a common centre, through which the metal is drawn. The patent rolls consist of an outer casing of metal, cast upon a wrought-iron mandril or shaft.

**NEW PLASTIC MATERIAL.**—Five parts of good whiting are mixed with a solution of one part glue. When the whiting is worked up into a paste with the glue, a proportionate amount of Venetian turpentine is added to it, by which the brittleness of the paste is destroyed. In order to prevent its clinging to the hands whilst the Venetian turpentine is being worked into the paste, a small quantity of linseed oil is added from time to time. The mass may also be colored, by kneading in any color that may be desired. It may be pressed into shapes, and used for the production of bas-reliefs and other figures, such as animals, &c. It may also be worked by hand into models, during which operation the hands must be rubbed with linseed oil; the mass must be kept warm during the process. When it cools and dries, which takes place in a few hours, it becomes as hard as stone, and may then be employed for the multiplication of these forms.

**BELLHOUSE'S "TWIN" STEAM BOILER.**—The firm of Edward T. Bellhouse and Co., of the Eagle Foundry, Manchester, is now introducing a new arrangement of steam-boiler, which promises to be an important acquisition to the employers of mechanical power. The boiler is of the "twin" kind—that is, two distinct steam generators are combined together, to work as one boiler, the two being placed side by side, with a central tubular chamber between them. It is this intermediate flue which forms the distinguishing feature of the contrivance, the smoke and heated air from the two generators being passed through this chamber, on their way from their respective furnaces, to the chimney. According to one modification of the patentee's plans, the two boilers are cylindrical, with internal furnaces, from which the smoke passes right through the central

flue of each boiler, and out at the back end, into a main cross flue, connecting the two boiler flues. Here the two gaseous currents join, and the combined current then returns to the furnace end of the boilers, through the intermediate chamber of tubes. This chamber may either be built up of brickwork or of boiler-plate, just as the boiler is fixed or independent; and it is formed by placing the two boilers wide enough asunder to leave the required space between them, the top and bottom of the space being covered in by any suitable arrangement. Such central chamber is filled up with a series of short transverse tubes, forming cross water-way connections between the two boilers. In this way the return current imparts its heat to an extended water-tube surface, and on the arrival of the current at the front of the boiler, it diverges to one side—to the left, for example—and passes through a suitable cross flue beneath the boiler on that side. This conducts the current into an external longitudinal flue, surrounding a great portion of the outer side and bottom of the boiler, and running back again to the further end of the boiler. From this

point the current enters another bottom cross-flue, opening into a corresponding external longitudinal flue, along the right-hand boiler, which flue finally opens into the chimney flue at the furnace end.

**THE "LIFE" IN AN OYSTER.**—The liquor of the oyster contains incredible multitudes of small embryo, covered with little shells, perfectly transparent, swimming nimbly about. One hundred and twenty of these in a row would, it is calculated, extend one inch. Besides these young oysters, the liquor contains a great variety of animalculæ, five hundred times less in size, which emit a phosphoric light. Nor does the list of inhabitants conclude here; for, besides these last mentioned, there are there distinct species of worms, called the oyster-worm, half an inch long, found in oysters, which shine in the dark like glow-worms. The sea-star, cockles, and mussels are the great enemies of the oyster. The first gets within the shell when they gape, and sucks them out. While the tide is flowing, oysters lie with the hollow side downwards; but when it ebbs, they turn on the other side.

**GERMINATION OF OLD SEEDS.**—Humboldt states that an aqueous solution of chlorine possesses the property of stimulating or favoring germination. Its action is so decided as to be apparent on old seeds, which will not germinate under ordinary circumstances.

A GREAT poet does not trust to impulse alone. Like Milton, he looks upon hard labor as his lot in life; he knows that the race is not to the swift nor the battle to the strong: he will not, therefore, lie down to sleep like the hare in the fable, but will zealously gather materials, all he can, both consciously and unconsciously, lay trains of thought, and trustfully wait for the hour of his power, when the flash from heaven will descend, the train will be lighted, the mine sprung, the breach made, and the citadel taken.

THE extreme length of sermons, during part of the seventeenth century, was most remarkable, and how the voice or the mind was brought to bear such exertion, is inexplicable to a modern auditor. In a journal of the daily proceedings and transactions in that remarkable parliament which began at Westminster, November 8, 1640, it is recorded that Tuesday, 17th November, was the fast, which was kept piously and devoutly. Dr. Burgess and Master Marshall preached before the House of Commons "at least seven hours betwixt them."

Laziness travels so slowly that poverty soon overtakes her.



## Household Treasures.

**THE VINEGAR PLANT.**—The readers of this Journal will, I make no doubt, excuse me if I give them my experience of this most useful thing, which I really feel fairly qualified to chat about, having nearly made all my vinegar in this way for eight years. During this period I have given scores of plants away; in fact, I have done all I could to get others to do as I have done—especially poor cottagers, feeling assured that it was their best plan. In order to convey a just idea of what it really is, I may as well quote its character from the pages of the *Gardener's Chronicle*, which is, I presume, a good authority in botanical matters. The extract runs thus: "This is nothing more than the spawn of a fungus, or mould plant, called *Penicillium Glaucum*; it is of the same nature as those clots and scums which in the language of housekeepers, render many kinds of fluid mothery. It undoubtedly has the property of converting sugar and water into vinegar." And now for my practice: My jar, in which I have always made it, holds five quarts; into this I put one pound of sugar and three-quarters of a pound of treacle. I then pour hot water on to dissolve it, filling the jar nearly full; it is now carefully stirred until thoroughly dissolved, and when about milk-warm, the vinegar plant is set afloat on its surface. A cloth is then tied carefully down, to exclude all dust, and the jar is set in our kitchen on a shelf in a warm corner. It requires commonly about five or six weeks; but if not wanted, it has remained for a few weeks longer. When wanted, the floating plant is carefully removed, and the contents of the jar are passed through a sieve, in order to obtain the vinegar clear: it is then bottled, corked, and placed among the stores. The vinegar plant is a thick clot, generally about an inch or so in thickness, and appears like a jelly of a leathery texture: the young plants are produced underneath, several in one year. This singular thing appears to adapt itself to the form or size of any vessel after a given time. We use it for general table purposes and for pickling; and I am not aware that I ever heard a complaint against it.

**APPLE TOAST.**—Cut six apples in four quarters each, take the core out, peel and cut them in slices; put in a saucepan an ounce of butter, then throw over the apples about two ounces of white pounded sugar and two table-spoonfuls of water; put the saucepan on the fire, let it stew quickly, toss them up, or stir with a spoon; a few minutes will do them. When tender, cut two or three slices of bread half an inch thick, put in a frying-pan two ounces of butter, put on the fire; when the butter is melted, put in your bread, which fry a nice yellowish color; when nice and crisp, take them out, place them on a dish, a little white sugar over the apples about an inch thick. Serve hot.

**DIPLO, WITH IMPROVEMENTS.**—Egg the top of the apples, bread-crumbs, and put a little butter over; put them in the oven for half an hour, sprinkle over with sugar, and serve. They are also good cold. A table-spoonful of currant jelly or any nice jam, or a glass of port, sherry, or brandy poured over it, is excellent. The bread may be well toasted, buttered, and sugared over; it also may be cut in any shape you may fancy, either round or in dice; they will dish well in crown shape. A glass of rum or brandy may be placed in the centre, and set on fire when sent to table. If served cold, whipped cream may be put over.

## SIMPLIFIED COOKERY.

**No. 1. Camp Soup.**—Put half a pound of salt pork in a saucepan, two ounces of rice, two pints and a half of cold water, and, when boiling, let it simmer another hour, stirring once or twice; break in six ounces of biscuit, let it soak ten minutes; it is then ready, adding one tea-spoonful of sugar, and a quarter one of pepper, if handy.

**No. 2. Beef Soup.**—Proceed as above; boil an hour longer, adding a pint more water.

If flour is handy, make some dumplings, thus: Mix half a pound of flour with enough water to form a thick dough, divide it into pieces, each the size of a small apple, roll them in flour, flatten with your hands; half an hour will cook them: serve round with beef. For this receipt half the quantity of biscuit may be used. Soup separate.

**Note.**—Those who can obtain any of the following vegetables will find them a great improvement to the above soups: Add four ounces of either onions, carrots, celery, turnips, leeks, greens, cabbages, or potatoes, previously well washed or peeled or any of these mixed to make up four ounces, putting them in the pot with the meat.

I have used the green tops of leeks and the leaf

of celery, as well as the stem, and found that for stewing they are preferable to the white part for flavor. The meat being generally salted with rock salt, it ought to be well scraped and washed, or even soaked in water a few hours, if convenient; but if the fat cannot be done, and the meat is therefore too salt, which would spoil the soup, parboil it for twenty minutes in water, before using for soup, taking care to throw this water away.

**No. 3.**—For fresh beef, proceed, as far as the cooking goes, as for salt beef, adding a tea-spoonful of salt to the water.

**No. 4. Pea-Soup.**—Put in your pot half a pound of salt pork, half a pint of peas, three pints of water, one tea-spoonful of sugar, half one of pepper, four ounces of vegetables, cut in slices, if to be had; boil gently two hours, or until the peas are tender, as some require boiling longer than others, and serve.

**No. 5. Stewed Fresh Beef and Rice.**—Put an ounce of fat in a pot, cut half a pound of meat in large dice, add a tea-spoonful of salt, half one of sugar, an onion sliced; put on the fire to stew for fifteen minutes, stirring occasionally, then add two ounces of rice, a pint of water; stew gently till done and serve. Any savory herbs will improve the flavor. Fresh pork, veal, or mutton may be done the same way, and half a pound of potatoes used instead of the rice, and, as rations are served out for three days, the whole of the provisions may be cooked at once, as it will keep for days in the winter, and is easily warmed up again.

**Receipts for the Frying-Pan.**—Those who are fortunate enough to possess a frying-pan, will find the following receipts very useful: Cut in small dice half a pound of solid meat, keeping the bones for soup; put your pan, which should be quite clean, on the fire. When hot through, add an ounce of fat, melt it and put in the meat, season with half a tea-spoonful of salt, fry for ten minutes, stirring now and then; add a tea-spoonful of flour, mix all well, put in half a pint of water, let it simmer for fifteen minutes, pour over a biscuit previously soaked, and serve.

The addition of a little pepper and sugar, if handy, is an improvement, as also is a pinch of cayenne, curry-powder, spice, sauces: pickles used in small quantities would be very relishing, and as these are articles which will keep for any length of time, they would be the kind of thing to be sent as presents to the camp. As fresh meat is not easily obtained, any of the cold salt meat may be dressed as above, omitting the salt, and only requires warming a short time; or, for a change, boil the meat plainly, or with greens or cabbage, or dumplings, as for beef; then the next day cut what is left in small dice—say four ounces—put in a pan an ounce of fat; when very hot pour in the following: Mix in a basin a table-spoonful of flour, moisten with water to form the consistency of thick melted butter; then pour it in the pan, letting it remain for one or two minutes, or until set, put in the meat, shake the pan to loosen it, turn it over, let it remain a few minutes longer, and serve.

To cook bacon, chops, steak, slices of any kind of meat, salt or fresh sausages, black puddings, &c. Make the pan very hot, having wiped it clean, add in fat, dripping, butter, or oil, about an ounce of either, put in the meat, turn three or four times, and season with salt and pepper. A few minutes will do it. If the meat is salt, it must be well soaked previously.

**ROMANCE OF REAL LIFE.**—A wedding took place lately under romantic circumstances, realising the adage that "truth is stranger than fiction." It appears, so far as the facts have come to our knowledge, that a sister of a Mrs. N—, who resides at Montpelier, some two or three years since married a mechanic, the lady herself being in somewhat straitened circumstances. They emigrated to California soon afterwards, with a view of bettering their fortunes; but prior to this, as a memorial to take with her, she had the likeness of an unmarried sister of Mrs. N— taken, and this likeness was hung in a very conspicuous part of the house in which they resided in California. This unmarried sister, we premise, is possessed of considerable personal attractions, and her portrait attracted the attention of a rich speculator of that district, who happened to pay a visit at the house. He was at once enraptured with the image of the fair unknown, and with true Californian excitement exclaimed: "By Jove, I'll marry that girl, if she is to be found in the world!" He was told where she resided, and he dispatched a note, inclosing a present of \$200; he subsequently posted another letter addressed to Mrs. N—, containing a similar present. These

gifts proved very acceptable, although, of course, the donor was quite unknown. A few weeks since, however, a knock was heard at the door, and on the young lady going to open it, a good-looking bronze-featured gentleman rushed into the house, and gave her a chaste salute, exclaiming: "that he had come from the other end of the world to find her;" at the same time pulling out the likeness which first led him to seek this object of attraction. The sequel may be easily imagined, and shortly the nuptial knot was tied. The wedding was a very gay one, and attracted considerable notice in the neighborhood; and it was the unanimous opinion that the lady was well worthy the good fortune she had met with, and that the gentleman possessed in her a treasure worth more than houses or lands.

**PERILOUS POSITION.**—A short time since, Mr. Langham, plumber, was placed for a short time in a position of extreme peril, and from which it is almost miraculous that he escaped without injury. He had been on the top of Emmanuel College, clearing the snow from the gutters, and came down, forgetting his hat on the roof. Before he had recollected where he had left it, the fastenings of two ladders, which had been tied together to enable him to go up, were undone, and, unwilling to take the trouble of re-tying them, he raised the longer of the two and ascended it. On gaining the uppermost stave, he found he could not reach to the parapet by several inches; but mounting on the projecting ends of the sides, and making a violent spring, he succeeded in grasping the edge of the wall. Having recovered his hat, he prepared to descend; but when hanging to the edge of the parapet, he was horrified to find that he could not touch the ladder. He shouted to a man who was holding it below, but who appeared to have become paralysed with terror; for, without endeavoring to raise the ladder a little more by bringing it closer to the wall, he only added to Mr. Langham's danger, by telling him that his feet wanted several inches of the ladder. After hanging some minutes in this dangerous and painful position, feeling that he should soon be compelled to let go his hold, from his fingers becoming numbed with the cold, he summoned all his energy and let himself down—presenting, as he did so, the utmost possible resistance to his fall, by clinging with desperate tenacity to the wall with the palms of his hands. Most providentially he gained the ladder, succeeded in steadying himself, and reached the ground in safety.—*English Paper (Cambridge).*

**SPIES AND TRUE MEN.**—A spy walked through some of the English trenches, counted the guns, and made whatever observations he pleased besides, in addition to information acquired from the men with whom he conversed. He was closely shaven, and wore a blue frock-coat buttoned up to the chin, and he stopped for some time to look at Mr. Murdoch, of the Sanspareil, "bouching" the guns, or putting new vents into them. Some said he was like a Frenchman; others that he "looked like a doctor;" no one suspected he was a Russian, till he suddenly bolted away down the front of the battery towards the Russian pickets, under a sharp fire of musketry, through which he had the singular good luck to escape unscathed. Strict orders have been issued, in consequence of this daring act, to admit no one into the trenches or works without a written permission from the proper authorities, and that all persons found loitering about the camp shall be arrested and sent to divisional head-quarters for examination. On the other hand, the English spy, who was sent out some time ago to report on the condition of the army towards the Belbec, has returned, and states that he went as far as Simpheropol—that the enemy are in some force along the route, but that the cavalry is in a miserable condition, and that their horses are lying dead by hundreds all over the country.

**INTOLERANCE.**—Those who, having magnified into serious evils, by injudicious opposition heresies in themselves insignificant, yet appeal to the magnitude of those evils to prove that their opposition was called for, act like unskilful physicians, who, when by violent remedies they have aggravated a trifling disease into a dangerous one, urge the violence of the symptoms which they themselves have produced in justification of their practice.

**GOLD IN ANCIENT TIMES.**—The contributions of the people in the time of David, for the Sanctuary, exceeded \$34,000,000. The immense treasure David is said to have collected for the Sanctuary amounted to 4445 millions of dollars (Crito says 3890 millions)—a sum greater than the British National Debt. The gold with which Solomon overlaid the "Most Holy Place," only a room 30 feet square, amounted to more than 190 millions of dollars.

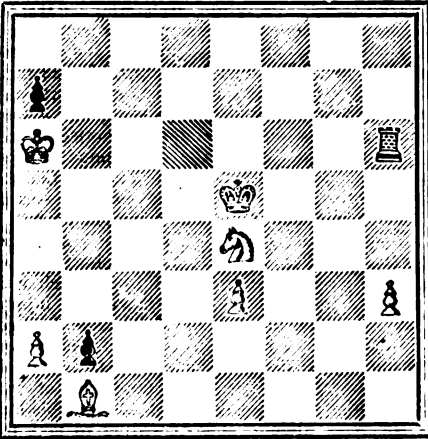
A FELICITY that costs pain gives double content.



## CHESS.

PROBLEM No. VIII.—By Mr. McCORMACK.—White playing first, mates in five moves.

Black.



White.

GAME No. VIII.—Played at Liverpool, October 4th, 1849, between Mr. SCHWABE and Mr. HARRWITZ; the latter giving the odds of Pawn and two moves. (Remove Black's K. B. P. from the Board.)

Mr. Schwabe.

Mr. Harrwitz.

WHITE  
1 K and Q P 2.  
2 K Kt to B 3  
3 K P 1.  
4 Q B P 1.  
5 K B to Q 3.  
6 Q B to K Kt 5.  
7 Q Kt to Q 2.  
8 B takes Kt.  
9 Q to Q B 2.  
10 Castles on Q side.  
11 K R P 1.  
12 P takes B.  
13 B to K Kt 6.  
14 B to K B 7.  
15 K R P 1 (b).  
16 B to R 4.  
17 K B P 1.  
18 Kt to K B 3.  
19 B takes Kt.  
20 B to Kt 4.  
21 K B P 1.  
22 Q to K Kt 6.  
23 P takes R.  
24 P takes P.  
25 K to Q 2.  
26 R takes P.  
27 K to K 3.  
28 Q takes K P (f).  
29 R takes Q.  
30 K to K R sq.  
31 K to K 2 (g).  
32 K to B sq.  
33 K to Kt 2.  
34 K takes R.  
35 K to Kt sq.  
36 R to Q R 6 (ch).  
37 R to Q R 7 (ch).

BLACK.  
1 Q Kt to B 3.  
2 Q P 2.  
3 B to K Kt 5.  
4 K P 1.  
5 K Kt to K 2.  
6 Q to Q 2.  
7 K R P 1.  
8 Kt takes B.  
9 Castles.  
10 Q B P 2. (a).  
11 B takes Kt.  
12 Q B P 1.  
13 Q Kt P 2.  
14 K Kt P 2.  
15 Kt to B 4.  
16 Kt takes R P.  
17 K B to K 2.  
18 Kt takes Kt.  
19 Q R to K B sq. (c).  
20 R takes P.  
21 Q Kt P 1.  
22 R takes B (d).  
23 P takes P.  
24 B to Q R 6 (ch).  
25 R to K B sq. (e).  
26 R to B 7 (ch).  
27 R takes P.  
28 Q takes Q.  
29 R to Q B 7.  
30 R takes P (ch).  
31 R to B 7 (ch).  
32 R to B 8 (ch).  
33 R takes R.  
34 Q R P 2 (h).  
35 K to Q 2.  
36 Q B P 1.  
37 K to B 3.  
And wins.

Solution to Problem VII., page 55.

WHITE. BLACK.  
1 Kt to Q 4 (ch). 1 K to K 4.  
2 B takes P (ch). 2 Q takes B.  
3 Q to Q 5 (ch). 3 R takes Q.  
4 Kt to Q B 4. Mate.

## NOTES TO GAME VIII.

- (a) This Pawn is temporarily given to break up White's centre, and to get an attack if taken.  
(b) This move loses a Pawn.  
(c) Better to have taken P with P at once.  
(d) An almost forced sacrifice.  
(e) Defensive moves would have led to certain defeat.  
(f) R to R 7, followed by Q R to K B sq., and then to B 7, would have won the game for White.  
(g) K to Q 2 would have been better, we think.  
(h) Nothing can save White's game now.

## FAMILY PASTIME.

## Recreations in Science.

To melt Iron in a moment.—Bring a bar of Iron to a white heat, and then apply to it a roll of sulphur; the iron will instantly melt, and run into drops.

To extract the Silver out of a Ring that is thickly gilded, so that the Gold may remain entire.—Take a silver ring that is thickly gilded; make a little hole through the gold into the silver; then put the ring into aquafortis, in a warm place; it will dissolve the silver, and the gold will remain entire.

## Riddles.

1.  
My first denotes all people when alive;  
My next, a certain kind of sterling self;  
From my dead whole, how mortal may derive  
Useful reflections how to know himself.

2.  
No bird that cleaves the sky  
Has crest or plume more gay than I:  
Yet guess me by this token;  
That I am never seen to fly  
Unless my wings are broken.

Why is ill-temper like G?

What vegetable threatens to stifle the Royal Academy?

Though letters five compose my name,  
Remove the first, I'm still the same;  
But take the first and next away,  
And only one behind will stay.

My first I never wish to view,  
My next I often wish to do,  
My whole I ought to do, and may  
I strive to do it day by day.

In my first you may ride.  
Down my next you may glide,  
You may drink at my whole,  
Or a carol may troll.

If it were possible for a single lady to be a man-hater, what would be her most appropriate name?

My first's the position you hold in society.  
My next is increasing to give you anxiety;  
My whole is a tax on love, nonsense, and plety;  
Though once we paid more, by a much larger moiety.

What part of your body can you cut up so as to make another part—and what that other part does—what drops from a third part—what a fourth part does, and what you put into it—and what all these parts return to at last?

Why is weakness like wheat?

What is that which cannot run, though it has three feet always?

If you join to five, six, with an eighth of eighteen,  
You will find what in blockheads was never yet seen.

What is it that must stand before it can stir?

When is a sailor not a sailor?

## Charades.

1.  
My first supports you where you stay;  
Two-thirds of wandering from your way;  
My second—be my whole I pray,  
And from your path you will not stray.

2.  
My first is, forsooth, as I steadfastly hold,  
Yet I own it appears somewhat strange.  
Though time roll away, what will never grow old,  
But remain ever new without change:  
My second than my first is more mystical still,  
For I swear that since first it was found,  
By misfortune, by chance, by art, or by skill,  
Has never been lost, being firmly bound;  
My third is a thing that in Europe is seen,  
In Asia, Africa, and America,  
From which all mankind must confess there have been,  
Vast riches derived *magna cura*:  
My whole, I maintain, when correctly combined,  
The British do at present possess,  
Which on the American coasts you will find,  
If you 'll just take the trouble to guess.

3.  
My first is a thing in which my second delights,  
And may often be seen in brawls and in fights.  
My second to obtain it doth much labor bestow,  
And oft causes my first in large torrents to flow:  
My whole, tho' 'tis strange, yet quite true I declare,  
Will trace out my first with most vigilant care.

## Transpositions.

1.  
A well-known tree transpose aright,  
Will bring to view a useful light.

2.  
There is a thing, I must not tell,  
If you can find it, take it;  
Each potter knows its uses well,  
Although he does not make it.  
Cut off its head, you'll then perceive  
A cause of much complaining;  
Cut off its tail, and I believe  
You'll find a thief remaining.  
Behold again, the tail replace,  
A goddess come before ye,  
In whose dire worship all the race  
Of Indians chiefly glory.  
Transpose this fiend, a drink you have,  
Pride of the social table;  
Transpose the thief, and take the slave,  
And twist him in a cable.  
Transpose the cause the land endures  
Of just complaint and ample:  
And what it causes more than cures,  
You'll find a bitter sample.

3.  
Forward—backward, read my name,  
In sound and meaning I'm the same;  
Infants on their mother's knee  
Smile with joy at sight of me;  
Add a letter—strange but true,  
A man I then appear to view.

4.  
When dusky night, with lowering clouds,  
Spreads darkness o'er the earth,  
Then superstition, leagued with fear,  
Will give my total birth!

Curtain me, and the gloom is fled,  
I cheer the wanderer's way;  
Again curtain'd you find a man  
Whose heart is ever gay.  
No view me in another form,  
The table I adorn.  
To science now I'm near allied,  
Of industry am born.  
A most destructive animal,  
'Tis strange, I shall appear,  
Reversed, and in the well-fill'd barn,  
The rustics greatest fear.

## Rebus.

1.  
A selfish flatterer, a bane of court;  
A running yielder of a summer sport;  
A deep desire to equal skillful men;  
A desert prodigy, a theme for pen;  
An Athen's sage, enjoying rectitude;  
A Roman chief, that honor understood;  
A puzzle, fashion'd often by the friend;  
A gift, that doth amusement's trifles lend;  
An easy resting-spot, of eastern name;  
A state oft envied by th' unfetter'd dame;  
A title, winning earth-awarded awe;  
A passion, that to hatred's fame doth draw;  
An edifice, oft rear'd on sacred plan;  
An idler, eager orally to ban;  
An ethnic deity, adored by maids;  
A tree, productive of long-lasting shades;  
A quality of heart, extremely rare;  
A gift of mind, pre-eminently fair;  
A creature reckon'd faithful by strong signs;  
So ends my rebus, with its twenty lines.  
Yet stay, O pen! thy task is incomplete;  
Directions thou must give the case to meet;  
Th' initials of those words, when they are found,  
Will yield an admonition, sacred, sound—  
Imperative injunction unto all  
Who thrive or dwindle on our jaunting ball.

## Enigmas.

1.  
Above me Brilliance, in her glory, glows,  
Around me, Beauty, in her sweetness, shows,  
Before me Music, in her happy grace,  
Displays the varied features of her face,  
Beside me Wit, through regulation staid,  
In many vestments is afar array'd.  
The scene is shifted—see! a direful den,  
Imagination fails to justify ken;  
Its depth cannot be traced by earthly line,  
Its baneful blazes luridly do shine;  
A pretty change, thou'lt think, for veering me  
To suffer, so soon after brilliancy!  
'Tis left for other—view a narrow dell,  
Where rillet early into basin fell;  
Behold th' arboreal beauties of a scene,  
Where Fancy flits her fairies gaily green:  
Then say if I'm not attractive there,  
Although so lately sporting hideous glare!

2.  
Without my aid no nymph is fair,  
Nor could you find a happy pair;  
In dread rebellion me the head you'll find,  
Nor in revenge nor rage am left behind;  
I know in heaven I cannot have a place,  
Yet wait on virtue, reverence, and grace  
I in the centre of the world am pent,  
Yet I in wandering am an element;  
Myriads and troops upon my aid depend,  
Yet ladies, I am at your fingers' ends.

3.  
I'm a very funny word,  
And admit a funny change;  
Yet I vow it's very true,  
Tho' it may seem very strange:  
If shorter you should make me,  
I would have you bear in mind,  
My nature would forsake me,  
And much longer you'd me find;  
So ye wits I'd have you try,  
This mystery to explain,  
If you find it out, then I  
With pleasure shall try again.

## Answers to Riddles, Charades, &amp;c.

ARITHMETICAL QUESTIONS.  
1 16 months. 2 137 yards. 3 576. 4 75 feet in a second. 5 4166 2/3 yards.

CHARADES.  
1 A-corn. 2 Rack-rent. 3 Carpet, the common luxury of the abodes of men. 4 Flagstaff, the undressed bearer of a warlike sign. 5 Spoonbill: a wader, now becoming somewhat shy. 6 Linden. 6 Pleasure. 7. Samson. 8 Spinach.

ENIGMAS.  
1 Coal-gas, in a balloon, and as used as a source of light. 2 G racchus, L ucillus, O tho, U tica, C incinnatus, E ros, S abines, T arquin, E qui, R egulus: Gloucestershire.

REBUS.  
1 S atan, E qual, A thens, M ajesty, E gypt, N urse—Seamen.

2 E mpire is title potent nation loves;  
D iana ruled above, below, by groves;  
I nn, by the roadside, Weariness doth prize;  
N ightshade imparts malaria unto skies;  
B ower of forest shade doth Muse delight;  
U rchin spreads joy or woe, by day or night;  
R oc, of Arabia, fancy figured vast;  
G uinea is never into dross-bag cast;  
H amlet is village, wherein oft we see  
The martin mingling with rusticity.  
The nine initials of these words display  
A city's title, in conjoined array:  
Edinburgh is title thus unvail'd.  
That classic taste hath gladly often hail'd  
Within her arbor, sending forth her son,  
A second time to scan the peerless town.

TRANSPPOSITION.  
1 Palm—Lamp. 2 Stone—Tone—Note—Eton.





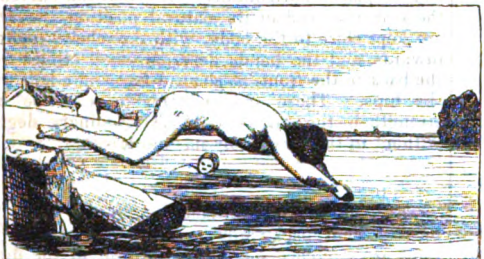
STRIKING OFF SWIMMING.

### Swimming.

SWIMMING is the most useful of all athletic accomplishments, as by it human life is frequently saved which might have been sacrificed. It is also useful in the development of muscular strength, as well as highly beneficial to the nervous system, and repairs the vital functions when falling into decline. In places near the sea or rivers, to know how to swim is an indispensable accomplishment. The ancients, particularly the Greeks, held the art in such high estimation as to bestow rewards upon the most perfect swimmers.

From the little familiarity with immersion in water which the inhabitants of our over-grown towns and cities possess, a very great proportion of the population are but little acquainted with the art of swimming, and with the mode in which they should conduct themselves when risk of drowning presents itself. The English, above all other persons, should be good swimmers, exposed as they are by their insular situation, and commercial pursuits, and disposition to visit other lands, so frequently to perils by sea; yet, while most towns on the Continent abound in baths and swimming-schools, in British towns they are still few in number.

Most animals have a natural aptitude for swimming, not found in man; for they will at once swim when even first thrown into the water; but it must be noticed that the motions they then employ much more resemble their ordinary movements of progression than those made use of by men under similar circumstances.



PLUNGING AND DIVING.

The children of many uncivilized nations, especially in warm climates, frequent the water from an early age, and seem almost to swim by instinct. The remarkable powers of endurance, agility, and strength manifested while in the water by many individuals of savage tribes are well known,—powers which often enable them to come off victorious in struggles with some of the fiercest inhabitants of those rivers and coasts.

The art of swimming is by no means difficult of attainment, and several authors have supplied directions to facilitate its acquisition. Above all things, self-confidence (not rashness leading into danger) is required; and, when this is possessed, all difficulty soon ceases. Dr. Franklin, himself an expert swimmer, recommends that at first a familiarity with the buoyant power of water should be gained; and to acquire this, he directs the learner, after advancing into the water breast high, to turn round, so as to bring his face to the shore: he is then to let an egg fall in the water, which, being white, will be seen at the bottom. His object must now be, by diving down with his eyes open, to reach and bring up the egg. He will easily perceive that there is no danger in this experiment, as the water gets shallower, of course, towards the shore, and because whenever he likes, by depressing his feet, he can raise his head above water.

The thing that will most strike beginners will be the great difficulty they experience in forcing themselves through the water to reach the egg, in consequence of the great resistance the water itself offers to their progress: and this is indeed the practical lesson derivable from the experiment; for the learner becomes aware of the very

great sustaining or supporting power of water, and hence has confidence. The sustaining power of water is shown under many circumstances: thus, a stone which on land requires two men to remove it, might in water be easily carried by one. A man might walk without harm on broken glass in deep water, because his weight is supported by the water. This knowledge of fluid support constitutes the ground-work of all efforts in swimming, or in self-preservation from drowning.

Should a person accidentally fall into the water, provided he retained his presence of mind, a knowledge of the above facts would save him probably from a "watery grave." The body being but very slightly heavier than the volume of water it displaces, will, with a very slight motion of the hands under water, float. When the chest is thoroughly inflated with air, it is lighter than water, and floats naturally, having half the head above water; so that the person exposed to danger has only to turn upon his back, in order that that half,



DIVING.

consisting of his face, with the mouth and nostrils, be above the water line.

But to float thus upon the water, the greatest care must be taken not to elevate the arms or other parts above its surface; and it is in remembering this caution, that presence of mind in the time of danger confers so much benefit; for, in the moment of terror, a person thrown into the water almost instinctively stretches out his hands aloft to grasp at some object, thereby depriving himself of a means of proceeding which would frequently keep him afloat until succour arrived. By elevating any part of the body in this way, we remove it from the support afforded by the water, and thus render sinking inevitable.

Dr. Arnot, in allusion to this subject, says that many persons are drowned who might be saved, for the following reasons:—

1. From their believing that their constant exertions are necessary to preserve the body from sinking, and their hence assuming the position of a swimmer, with the face downwards, in which the whole head must be kept out of the water, in order to enable them to breathe; whereas, when lying on the back, only the face need be above the water.
2. From the groundless fear that water entering by the ears may drown as if it entered by the mouth or nose, and their employing exertions to prevent this.
3. The keeping of the hands above water, already alluded to.
4. Neglecting to take the opportunity of the intervals of the waves passing over the head, to renew the air in their chest by an inspiration.
5. Their not knowing the importance of keeping the chest as full of air as possible, which has nearly the same effect as tying a bladder full of air around the neck would have.

But although floating in water is sufficient to preserve from immediate danger, this will not alone enable us to swim. To swim, does not mean simply to float, but to progress; and progression by this



SWIMMING ON THE BACK WITHOUT EMPLOYING THE FEET.

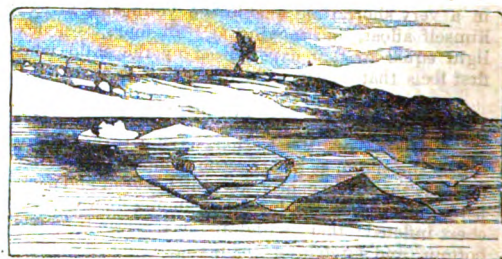


THE FLING.

means depends, like the flight of birds, upon the law in mechanics of every action being followed by a corresponding reaction, but in an opposite direction; and thus, as the reaction of the air compressed by the downward action of the bird's wing, causes it to mount aloft in proportion to the force it communicates by that motion; so the backward stroke communicated by the simultaneous movement of the hands and feet of the swimmer, causes his forward progress in the water. When once familiarised with the support derived from the water itself, he soon learns to make the stroke correctly, especially if aided and supported by some more experienced friend,—a far better assistant than corks and bladders.

### PLACES AND TIMES FOR BATHING AND SWIMMING.

It is presumed that most young lads who go to bathe will take the opportunity of learning to swim. In crowded cities there are but few places in which the youngster can learn the art; but in the country there are many rivers, ponds, canals, or lakes, where both bathing and swimming may be indulged in without annoyance. The best kind of place for bathing is on a shelving gravelly shore, on which the water gradually deepens, and where no awkward sweep of current may take the bather off his legs. The spot should also be free from holes, weeds, and hard stones; and a muddy bottom is to be avoided by all means. Should the banks of such a spot be shaded by a few trees, and should there be close by an open space for a run on the grass after the bathe, so much the better; and the young learner will then have the chief inducement to venture the sudden dip or headlong plunge.



SWIMMING ON THE BACK.

The best time of the day for bathing or swimming is either before breakfast, between the hours of six and eight in the summer-time, or between eleven and twelve o'clock in the forenoon. Delicate persons should not bathe early in the morning; and it would be always well to munch a biscuit before early bathing at all times. No one should ever think of entering the water on a full stomach, or immediately after dinner, and never when over-heated and exhausted by fatigue. He should also avoid entering it when cold, or with a headache. Before bathing, it is best to take a moderate walk of about a mile, and, while the system is in a glow, to undress quickly and plunge in. It is bad to walk till you get hot, then to sit down and cool, and afterwards to enter the water; many have lost their lives by this. It is also very wrong to enter the water during rain, as the clothes are often wetted or damp, which gives the bather cold.

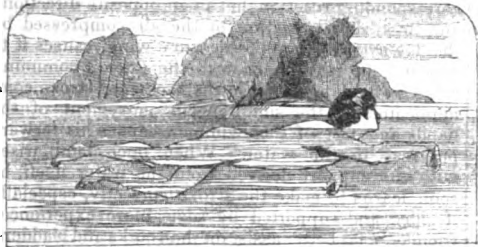
### ENTERING THE WATER.

Having stripped the body, the bather should select the best place on the bank for going down to the stream; and then, proceeding cautiously but quickly, wade up to his breasts, turn his head to the shore, and dip. He then technically, as the boys say, gets his pinch over. Should he not be man enough to proceed in this way, he should, as soon as he gets his feet wet, splash some water over his head, and go into the water more gradually, and try the rapid rush and dip when he gets bolder. He must not attempt to swim or strike out till he can master the feat of going into the water up to his arm-pits, and till he feels himself confident and void of timidity.



## AIDS TO SWIMMING.

Many aids have been used for the benefit of young swimmers: corks and bladders fastened under the arms are the common ones; but they offer dangerous temptations for bathers to go out of their depth, and then should cramp, cold, or any other accident occur, the event may be fatal. Besides, these aids often slip about from one place to another. We remember, in our younger days, of the "corks" slipping to the hips, and of seeing a young friend, now an old man, suspended in the water with his head downwards; while collapsing of bladders and of air-jackets is by no means uncommon. The best aid to a young swimmer is a judicious friend, himself a good swimmer, who will hold up his head, when he strikes off, by the "tip of the finger to the tip of the



TO SWIM LIKE A DOG.

chin," and who at the same time will show him how to strike off, and how to manage his hands and feet. It is not a bad plan to put out a spar from a boat, to which a rope is attached, which the young learner may make use of by affixing it to a belt round his body under his arms, which will afford him support while he learns to strike his legs in the water. The rope may also be held in the hand of a friend, by the side of the boat, and the learner may strike off hands and feet as the boat proceeds. The plank is a dangerous aid, from its tendency to slip about, and to take the swimmer out of his depth; and, although it has many advantages, is very unsafe. The safest plan of all is, as we have before stated, for the learner to advance gradually up to his arm-pits in the water, and then, turning about, to strike slowly out towards the shore, taking care to keep his legs well up from the bottom. Rigid perseverance in this course will in a very short time enable the youngster to feel himself afloat, and moving at "all fours,"—a delight equal to that experienced by the child who first feels that he can walk from chair to chair.

## STRIKING OFF AND SWIMMING.

In striking off, the learner, having turned himself to the shore, as before recommended, should fall towards the water gently, keeping his head and neck perfectly upright, his breast advancing forward, his chest inflated; then, withdrawing the legs from the bottom, and stretching them out, strike the arms forward in unison with the legs. The back can scarcely be too much hollowed, or the head too much thrown back, as those who do otherwise will swim with their feet too near the surface, instead of allowing them to be about a foot-and-a-half deep



HAND OVER HAND SWIMMING.

in the water. The hands should be placed just in front of the breast, the fingers pointing forward and kept close together, with the thumbs to the edge of the fore-fingers: the hands must be made rather concave on the inside, though not so much as to diminish the size. In the stroke of the hands they should be carried forward to the utmost extent, taking care that they do not touch the surface of the water; they should next be swept to the side, at a distance from, but as low as, the hips; and should then be drawn up again, by bringing the arms towards the side, bending the elbows upwards and the wrists downwards, so as to let the hands hang down while the arms are raising them to the first attitude.

## HOW TO MANAGE THE LEGS.

The legs, which should be moved alternately with the hands, must be drawn up with the knees inwards, and the soles of the feet inclined outwards; and they should then be thrown backwards, as widely apart from each other as possible. These motions of the hands and legs may be practised out of the water; and whilst exercising the legs, which can only be done one at a time, the learner may rest one hand on the back of a chair to steady himself, while he moves the opposite leg. When in the water, the learner must take care to draw in his breath at the instant that his hands, descending to his hips, cause his head to rise above the surface of the water, and he should exhale his breath at the moment his body is propelled forward through the action of the legs. If he does not attend precisely to these rules, he must invariably have a downward motion, and as the boys say, swim farthest where it is deepest.

## PLUNGING AND DIVING.

There are two kinds of plunging; that belonging to shallow, and that belonging to deep water. In shallow water plunging, the learner should fling himself as far forward as possible into the stream at a very oblique angle; and when he touches the water, he should raise his head, keep his back hollow, and stretch his hands forward. In the deep-water plunge, his body is to descend at a greater angle; his arms are to be stretched out, his hands closed and pointed, and his body bent, so that his nose almost touches his toes.



BALANCING—PERPENDICULARLY.

Diving is one of the greatest amusements connected with swimming. There are many kinds; the two most common and easiest and necessary modes of going below the surface, are,

1. The feet-foremost jump.
2. The head-foremost jump.

In the first, the legs, arms, and head are to be kept perfectly rigid and stiff. The pupil must not allow fear, or the strange sensation felt in the bowels in leaping from considerable heights, to induce him to spread the arms or legs, or to bend his body.

In the second mode, or head-foremost plunge,—which is the safest mode for persons who are heavily built about the chest and shoulders, if they have to enter the water from heights,—the head is drawn down upon the chest, the arms stretched forward, and hands closed to a point, and as soon as the swimmer feels that he has left the bank, his knees, which till then were bent, are to be stiffened. The diver must avoid striking on the belly—the general consequence of fear; and turning over so as to come down on his back or side—the consequence of pushing with the feet. When he has gone as deep as he wishes, the arms are to be raised and pressed downwards.

## SWIMMING UNDER WATER.

When under the water, the swimmer may either move in the usual way, or keep his hands stretched before him, which will enable him to cut the water more easily, and greatly relieve his chest. If he observes that he approaches too near the surface of the water, he must press the palms of his hands upwards. If he wishes to dive to the bottom, he must turn the palms of his hands upwards, striking with

them repeatedly and rapidly whilst the feet are reposing; and when he has obtained a perpendicular position, he should stretch out his hands like feelers, and make the usual movement with his feet, then he will descend with great rapidity to the bottom. It is well to accustom the eyes to open themselves under the water, at least in those beds of water that admit the light, as it will enable the swimmer to ascertain the depth of water he is in.

## SWIMMING ON THE SIDE.

In this, the body is turned either on the left or right side, while the feet perform their usual motions. The arm from under the shoulder stretches itself out quickly, at the same time that the feet are striking. The other arm strikes at the same time with the impelling of the feet. The hand of the



BALANCING—HORIZONTALLY.

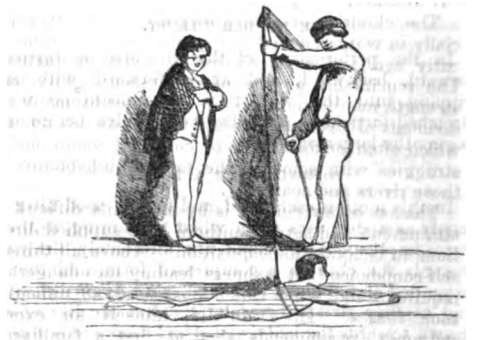
latter arm begins its stroke on a level with the head. While the hand is again brought forward in a flat position, and the feet are contracted, the stretched-out hand is, while working, drawn back towards the breast, but not so much impelling as sustaining. As swimming on the side presents to the water a smaller surface than on the waist, when rapidity is required, the former is often preferable to the latter.

## SWIMMING ON THE BACK WITHOUT EMPLOYING THE FEET.

This is twofold: 1. In the direction of the feet. The body is placed in a horizontal position, the feet are stretched out stiffly, and the heels and toes are kept in contact; then the body is to be somewhat curved at the seat, the hands are to be stretched flatly forward over the body, and, slowly striking in small circles, the loins are somewhat drawn up at each stroke. 2. In the direction of the head. The body is placed horizontally, but somewhat curved in the seat, the head in its natural position, the arms are kept close to the body, with the elbows inclined inwards, and the hands describe small circles from the back to the front, at about a foot-and-a-half from the hips. These modes serve to exercise and strengthen the arms in an extraordinary degree, without in the least fatiguing the breast.

## FLOATING.

The body is laid horizontally on the back, the head is bent backwards as much as possible, the arms are stretched out over the head in the direction of the body, the feet are left to their natural



THE PRUSSIAN SYSTEM OF FUEL.

position; if they sink, the loins must be kept as low as possible. In this position, the person, who is specifically lighter than water, remains, and may float at pleasure. The lungs should be kept inflated, that the breast may be distended and the circumference of the body augmented. In order not to sink while in the act of taking breath, which the greater specific weight of the body would effect, the breath must be quickly expelled, and as quickly drawn in again, and then retained as long as possible; for, as the back is in a flat position, the sinking, on account of the resistance of the water, does not take place so rapidly but the quick respiration will restore the equilibrium before the water reaches the nose.



## TREADING WATER.

This is a perpendicular position of the swimmer, and is of great use to enable him to save a person from drowning. It is in general thought to be extremely difficult, but it is very easy. There are two ways of performing the action: in the first the hands are compressed against the hips, and the feet describe their usual circle; the other mode consists in not contracting both legs at the same time, but one after the other, so that while the one remains contracted the other describes a circle. In this mode, however, the legs must not be stretched out, but the thighs are placed in a distended position, and curved as if in a half-sitting posture.

## THE FLING.

The swimmer lays himself flat upon his waist, draws his feet as close as possible under the body, stretches his hands forwards, and, with both feet and hands beating the water violently at the same time, raises himself out of the water. In this manner one may succeed in throwing oneself out of the water as high as the hips. This exercise is very useful, for saving oneself by catching a rope or any other object that hangs from above the surface of the water, or from any perpendicular height.

## SWIMMING ON THE BACK.

In this the swimmer turns upon his back in the water by the combined motion of the arm and leg, and extending his body, his head being in a line with it, so that the back and upper part of the head may be immersed, while the face and breast are out of the water. The hands should be placed on the thighs straight down, and the legs moved as in forward swimming, taking care that the knees do not rise above the surface in striking them out. Sometimes the hands are used after the motion of a wing or fan, by which a slight progression is also made at the same time that the surface of the body is well lifted out of the water.

## THRUSTING.

In the thrust the swimmer lies horizontally upon his waist, and makes the common motions in swimming. He then simply stretches one arm forward, as in swimming on the side, but remains lying upon the waist, and, in a widely described circle, he carries the other hand, which is working under the breast, toward the hip. As soon as the arm has completed this motion, it is lifted from the water in a stretched position, and thrown forward in the greatest horizontal level, and is then sunk with the hand flat into the water; while the swimmer thus stretches forth the arm, he, with the other hand stretched as wide as possible, describes a small circle in order to sustain the body; after this he brings his hand in a largely described circle rapidly to the hip, lifts the arm out of the water, and thrusts it forward. During the describing of the larger circle the feet make their movements. To make the thrust beautifully, a considerable degree of practice is required. This mode of swimming is useful where a great degree of rapidity is required for a short distance.

## THE DOUBLE THRUST.

In the performance of this the arm is thrust forward, backward, and again forward without dipping into the water; in the meantime the stretched-forth arm describes two circles before it begins the larger ones.

## TO SWIM LIKE A DOG.

In this motion each hand and foot is used alternately as a dog uses them when swimming, as the term implies. The hands are alternately drawn towards the chin in a compressed form, and then expanded and slightly hollowed, with fingers close, and as they strike the water the feet are likewise drawn towards the belly, and struck backwards with a kind of kick. This mode of swimming is of use to relieve the swimmer from time to time when going a distance.

## THE MILL.

The swimmer lays himself on his back and contracts himself so that the knees are brought almost to the chin, and while one of the hands keeps the equilibrium by describing circles, the other continues working. Thus the body is kept turning round more or less rapidly.

## THE WHEEL BACKWARD AND FORWARD

In the forward wheel the hands are put as far backward as possible, and so pressed against the water that the head is impelled under the surface, and the feet, by a pressure of the hands in a con-

trary direction, are rapidly flung above the head, which in this manner is rapidly brought again to the surface.

In the backward wheel the swimmer lies upon his back, he contracts himself, the hands, stretched forward as far as possible, describe rapidly small circles, the feet rise, and as the point of equilibrium has been brought as near as possible to the feet, the head sinks and the feet are thrown over.

## TO SWIM WITH ONE HAND.

The learner to do this swims on one side, keeps his foot somewhat deeply sunk, while the arm which in the meantime ought to work is kept quiet—and might even be taken out of the water. It is a good practice of strength to carry, first under and then over the water, a weight of four or eight pounds.

## HAND OVER HAND SWIMMING.

In this process, the right hand is lifted out of the water from behind, swung forward through the air with a kind of circular sweep to the extent of its reach forward, then dropped into the water edgewise, and immediately turned, with the palm a little hollowed, downward, the body being at the same time thrown a little on one side, and the right leg struck out backward to its full extent. The hand descends towards the thigh, and then passes upward through the water in a kind of curve toward the surface. The left hand and leg perform a similar movement alternately with the right, and the measure of progression attained by these combined similar movements is very considerable.

## BALANCING.

When the swimmer has obtained ease and confidence in the water, he will find many things easy which before he deemed impossible. Balancing is one of these. To perform it he has only, when out of his depth, to fall gently back with his chin elevated to a line passing exactly through the centre of his body from the chin to the toes, then, folding his arms and remaining perfectly motionless, he may suspend himself perpendicularly: but if he should extend his arms backward, and pass them gradually beyond his head, his toes, tips of his knees, abdomen, and part of his chest, with the whole of his face will appear, and he will be balanced and float horizontally without the slightest motion.

## THE CRAMP.

The cramp generally proceeds from acidity of the bowels, arising from a bad state of the stomach, or from the effects of the cold water on the muscular system. Some persons are very subject to it on slight occasions, and such persons will do well never to go out of their depth. But should a tolerable swimmer be seized with the cramp, he should not be frightened, but the moment the cramp is felt in the foot or leg, strike out that foot or leg with the heel elongated, and the toes drawn upwards towards the shin-bone, never minding any little pain it may occasion, as he need not fear breaking a bone, muscle, or tendon. Should this not succeed, he should throw himself on his back, and float quietly, and paddle himself gently to the shore. He may also swim with his hands like a dog, and practice any of the motions of the upper part of the body for keeping his head above water till assistance arrives.

## SAVING FROM DANGER.

Above all things the good swimmer should be anxious to save life, and to rescue those who are in danger, without himself becoming the victim, as it often happens. The following rules are highly important to be observed. The swimmer must avoid approaching the drowning person in front, in order that he may not be grasped by him; for whatever a drowning person seizes, he holds with convulsive force, and it is no easy matter to get disentangled from his grasp; therefore he should seize him from behind, and let go of him immediately if the other turns towards him. His best way is to impel him before him to the shore, or to draw him behind; if the space to be passed be too great, he should seize him by the foot and drag him, turning him on his back.

If the drowning person should seize him, there is no alternative for the swimmer than to drop him at once to the bottom of the water, and there to wrestle with his antagonist; the drowning man, by a kind of instinct to regain the surface, when drawn down to the bottom, usually quits his prey, particularly if the diver attacks him there with all his power.

For two swimmers the labor is easier, because they can mutually relieve each other. If the drowning person has still some presence of mind remaining, they will then seize him, one under one arm,

and the other under the other, and without any great effort in treading water, bring him along with his head above water, while they enjoin him to keep himself stretched out and as much as possible without motion.

## SPORTS AND FEATS IN SWIMMING.

1. *The Float*.—In this sport one swimmer lays himself horizontally on the back, with the feet stretched out, the hands pressed close to the body, and the head raised forward. The other swimmer takes hold of him by the extremity of the feet, and, swimming with one hand, impels him forward. The first remains motionless.

2. *The Plank*.—One swimmer lays himself horizontally as before, another lays hold of him with both his hands, immediately above the ankle, and pulls him obliquely into the water, while he extends himself and impels himself forward; thus both the swimmers drop rapidly the one over the other.

3. *The Pickaback Spring*.—One swimmer treads the water, the other swims near him behind, places his hands upon the shoulders of the first, and presses him down. He then leaves his hold, and puts his feet upon his shoulders, and, flinging himself out of the water, pushes the first towards the bottom. Now he treads water, and the first performs the part of the second, and so on.

4. *The Shore*.—Two swimmers place themselves horizontally on their backs, the legs are strongly extended, and the soles of the feet bear against each other; each impels forward with all his power, and he who succeeds in pushing back the other is the conqueror.

5. *The Wrestle*.—Two swimmers place themselves opposite to each other, tread water, and hold their right hands in the air; the question is, who shall first force his opponent under the water by pressure. Only the head of the adversary is to be touched, and that only by pressure.

## BERNARDI'S SYSTEM OF UPRIGHT SWIMMING.

This system has been introduced into many of the naval and military colleges on the Continent, and has for its distinguishing characteristic the swimming in an upright position. The first object is to teach the pupil how to float in an upright posture. He is taught the use of his legs and arms for balancing the body in water, and then to imitate as much as possible the movement of the limbs upon land. He then pays great attention to the movements of the head, the smallest inclination of which on either side instantly operates on the whole body. He next learns the method of using his arms and legs; and for this purpose is directed to stretch his arms laterally on each side, and then, by placing one foot forward and the other backward, he is enabled to float easily and progress slowly. The same circular sweep of the hands and the action of the legs are next practiced, and the feet should be struck downward and a little forward, when the movement of the arms is the reverse of the old methods of swimming. The young swimmer who has gone through the various courses laid down by us, will easily comprehend the principle of Bernardi's system, and as easily carry it out if he will take the trouble. It is much less fatiguing than the old plan, and can be carried on for a longer period, and is of invaluable service to troops who may have to cross rivers or dykes, and to all who may be exposed to the various accidents of flood and field.

## THE PRUSSIAN SYSTEM OF PFUEL.

The best of all methods for teaching swimming is that originally introduced by General Pfuel into the Prussian swimming-schools. By this method a person may be made a very good swimmer in a very short time. The apparatus for teaching consists of a hempen girdle five inches in width, of a rope from five to six fathoms in length, of a pole eight feet long, and a horizontal rail fixed about three-and-a-half feet above the platform on which the teacher stands, to rest the pole on.

The depth of the water in the place chosen for swimming should, if possible, be not less than eight feet, and the clearest and calmest water should be selected. The pupil wears drawers, fastened by a band above the hips and covering about half the thighs. He is now placed near the horizontal rail, his hands resting upon it, while the teacher shows him the motion which he will have to make with his legs in the water. This he does by guiding the motion of one leg while the pupil rests on the other. This motion we shall explain presently.

The swimming girdle, about five inches wide, is now placed round the pupil's breast, so that its upper edge rests on the chest, without getting tight. The teacher takes the rope, which is fastened to the



ring of the girdle, in his hand, and directs the pupil to leap into the water, keeping the legs straight and close together, and the arms close to the body, and what is very important, to breathe out through the nose as soon as his head rises above the water, instead of breathing in first, as every man naturally does after a suspension of breath. The object of this is to prevent the water from getting into the throat, which produces an unpleasant feeling of choking and headache. This expiration soon becomes perfectly natural to the swimmers.

The pupil is next invited to leap. He is drawn up immediately by the rope, pulled to the ladder, and allowed to gain confidence gradually. The rope is now fastened by a noose to the end of the pole, the other end of it being kept in the hand of the teacher; the pole is rested on the horizontal rail, and the pupil stretches himself horizontally on the water, where he remains, supported by the pole. Next, the arms are extended stiffly forward, the hands clasped, the chin touches the water; the legs are also stiffly stretched out, the heels being together, the feet turned out, and the toes drawn up. This horizontal position is important, and must be executed correctly. No limb is permitted to be relaxed.

The movement of the limbs is now taught; that of the legs is taught first. The teacher first says, loudly and slowly, "One;" when the legs are slowly drawn under the body; at the same time the knees are separated to the greatest possible distance, the spine is bent downwards, and the toe kept outwards. The teacher then says briskly, "Two;" upon which the legs are stiffly stretched out with a moderate degree of quickness, while the heels are separated, and the legs describe the widest possible angle, the toes being contracted and kept outwards. The teacher then says quickly, "Three;" upon which the legs, with the knees held stiffly, are quickly brought together, and thus the original position is again obtained.

The point at which the motions "two" and "three" join are the most important, because it is the object to receive as large and compact a wedge of water between the legs as possible; so that when the legs are brought together their action upon this wedge may urge the body forward. In ordinary cases of swimming, the hands are not used to propel, but merely to assist in keeping on the surface. By degrees, therefore, "two" and "three" are counted in quick succession, and the pupil is taught to extend the legs as widely as possible. After some time, what was done under the heads "two" and "three" is done when "two" is called out. When the teacher sees that the pupil is able to propel himself with ease, which he frequently acquires the power of doing in the first lesson, and that he performs the motions already mentioned with regularity, he teaches the motions of the hands, which must not be allowed to sink, as they are much disposed to do while the motion of the legs is practised.

The motion of the hands consists of two parts. When the teacher says "One," the hands, which were held with the palms together, are opened, laid horizontally an inch or two under water, and the arms are extended till they form an angle of 90 deg.; then the elbow is bent, and the hands are brought up to the chin, having described an arch downward and upward; the lower part of the thumb touches the chin, the palms being together. When the teacher says "Two," the arms are quickly stretched forward, and thus the original horizontal position is regained. The legs remain stiffly extended during the motion of the hands. If the motion of the hands is carefully and correctly performed, the legs and arms are moved together; so that while the teacher says "One," the pupil performs the first motion of the hands and legs; when he says "Two," the second and third motions of the feet, and the second of the hands.

As soon as the teacher perceives that the pupil begins to support himself, he slackens the rope a little, and instantly straightens it if the pupil is about to sink. When the pupil can swim about ten strokes in succession, he is released from the pole, but not from the rope. When he can swim about fifty strokes, he is released from the rope too; but the teacher remains near him with a long pole until he can swim 150 strokes in succession, so that, should he sink, the pole is immediately held out to him. After this he may swim in the area of the school, under the superintendence of the teacher, until he proves that he can swim half-an-hour in succession, so that, should he sink, the pole is immediately held out to him; he is then considered fit to be left to himself.

Such are the outlines of the German plan of swimming; and, much as we dislike the German

educational quackery, we are still obliged to confess that schools for swimming might be, and ought to be, established in this country in unison with the above system. No well-conducted boarding-school ought to be without a swimming-school; and the hints above given will be exceedingly useful to the swimmer who has to teach himself, as well as to the gymnastic tutor who has to teach others the art; and we conclude by earnestly recommending the accomplishment of swimming to our young readers.

#### The Last Moments of Copernicus.

COPERNICUS, after harboring in his bosom for long, long years that pernicious heresy,—the solar system—died on the day of the appearance of his book from the press. The closing scene of his life, with a little help from the imagination, would furnish a noble subject for an artist. For thirty-five years he has revolved and matured in his mind his system of the heavens. A natural mildness of disposition, bordering on timidity, a reluctance to encounter controversy, and a dread of persecution, have led him to withhold his work from the press, and to make known his system but to a few confidential friends and disciples. At length he draws near his end; he is seventy-three years of age, and he yields his work on the "revolutions of the heavenly orbs" to his friends for publication. The day at last has come on which it is to be ushered into the world. It is the 24th of May, 1543. On that day,—the effect, no doubt, of the intense excitement of his mind operating upon an exhausted frame—an effusion of blood brings him to the gates of the grave. His last hour is come; he lies stretched upon the couch from which he will never rise, in his apartment at the Canonry at Frauenberg, in East Prussia. The beams of the setting sun glance through the Gothic windows of his chamber; near his bedside is the armillary sphere which he has contrived to represent his theory of the heavens; his picture painted by himself, the amusement of his earlier years, hangs before him; beneath it his astrolabe and other imperfect astronomical instruments; and around him are gathered his sorrowing disciples. The door of the apartment opens; the eye of the departing sage is turned to see who enters; it is a friend who brings him the first printed copy of his immortal treatise. He knows that in that book he contradicts all that had ever been distinctly taught by former philosophers; he knows that he has rebelled against the sway of Ptolemy, which the scientific world had acknowledged for a thousand years; he knows that the popular mind will be shocked by his innovations; he knows that the attempt will be made to press even religion into the service against him; but he knows that his book is true. He is dying, but he leaves a glorious truth, as his dying bequest, to the world. He bids the friend who has brought it place himself between the window and his bedside, that the sun's rays may fall upon the precious volume and he may behold it once before his eye grows dim. He looks upon it, takes it in his hands, presses it to his breast, and expires. But no, he is not wholly gone. A smile lights up his dying countenance; a beam of returning intelligence kindles in his eye; his lips move; and the friend who leans over him can hear him faintly murmur the beautiful sentiments which the Christian lyricist of a later age has so finely expressed in verse:

"Ye golden lamps of heaven, farewell, with all your feeble light!

Farewell, thou ever changing moon, pale empress of the night!

And thou, refulgent orb of day, in brighter flames arrayed,  
My soul, which springs beyond thy sphere, no more demands thy aid.

Ye stars are but the shining dust of my divine abode,  
The pavement of those heavenly courts, where I shall reign with God.

BURNS sprang from the workers, and of them he sang—of their cheerful poverty; of their shadowed lives, rarely sprinkled with days and nights of social mirth; of their hopes and fears—and working men are honorable for ever. He has set his fellows a great example. He has shown that the pen is as fit and powerful in the brown hand of toil, as in the fingers of the high-born and the rich. He has taught them self-respect. He is their representative in the Parliament of the Immortals. He is the king of their order—and that order can never be enslaved and degraded, so long as his name is remembered—and that one tempestuous strain, "Is there for honest poverty?" Verily, the man who has done all this has not lived in vain. It washes away all the errors of a lifetime.

The infant daughter of the King of Naples has been christened "Mary Immaculate."

The "Balaklava Stakes" and "Inkerman Plate," now figure in the races at Epsom.

POISONS.—Many persons will be astonished to find that substances, regarded as poisons too terrible almost for medicinal use with us, are used as a means of developing the normal powers of the system in other countries. Thus, in Styria, Lower Austria, and Hungary, the practice prevails of eating arsenic, not for the sake of its pleasurable affects, but for the purpose of developing personal beauty and increasing the strength of the body. The facts brought forward are numerous and conclusive. Prof. Johnston thus speculates on the use of such substances: "The perusal of the above facts regarding arsenic recalls to mind the dreamy recollections of what we have been accustomed to consider as the fabulous fancies of easy and credulous times. Love-philtres, charms, and potions start up again as real things beneath the light of advancing science. From the influence of hemp and arsenic no heart seems secure—by their assistance no affection unattainable. The wise woman, whom the charmless female of the East consults, administers to the desired one a philtre of haschisch, which deceives his imagination—cheats him into the belief that charms exist and attractive beauty, where there are none, and defrauds him, as it were, of a love which, with the truth before him, he would never have yielded. She acts directly upon his brain with her hempen potion, leaving the unlovely object he is to admire really as unlovely as before. But the Styrian peasant girl, stirred up by unconsciously growing attachment—confiding scarcely to herself her secret feelings, and taking counsel of her inherited wisdom only—really adds, by the use of hidri, to the natural graces of her filling and rounding form, paints with brighter hues her blushing cheeks and tempting lips, and imparts a new and winning lustre to her sparkling eye. Every one sees and admires the reality of her growing beauty: the young men sound her praises, and become supplicants for her favor. She triumphs over the affections of all, and compels the chosen one to her feet. Thus even cruel arsenic, so often the minister of crime and the parent of sorrow, bears a blessed jewel in its forehead, and, as a love-awakener, becomes at times the harbinger of happiness, the soother of ardent longings, the bestower of contentment and peace! It is probable that the use of these and many other love-potions has been known to the initiated from very early times—now given to the female to enhance her real charms—now administered to the lords of the creation, to add imaginary beauties to the unattractive. And out of this use must often have sprung fatal results,—to the female, as is now sometimes the case in Styria, from the incautious use of the poisonous arsenic; to the male, as happens daily in the East from the maddening effects of the fiery hemp. They must also have given birth to many hidden crimes which only romance now collects and preserves—the ignorance of the learned having long ago pronounced them unworthy of belief."

GOLDSMITH'S EXAMINATION.—His examination at Surgeon's Hall soon involved him in misery. He had no clothes in which he could venture to appear before a tribunal composed of the grantees of the profession. He opened a negotiation with his old master, Griffiths, who, in return for four articles contributed to the "Monthly Review" of December, became security to a tailor for the requisite suit, which was to be paid for or returned on a stated day. The stated day came, and found the clothes in pawn, and the four books which Griffiths had sent him to review, in pledge to a friend. The occasion which reduced him to this breach of his word was the arrest of the landlord of his wretched lodging, to whom he was in arrear. The bookseller sent to demand the goods or their value, and as Goldsmith could return neither, Griffiths wrote him word that he was "a sharper and a villain." In an answer full of woe the miserable debtor begs to be consigned to a gaol. "I have seen it," he says, "inevitable these three or four weeks, and, by heavens! request it as a favor—as a favor that they may prevent somewhat more fatal." He denies the villainy, but owns that he has been guilty of imprudences and of "the meannesses which poverty unavoidably brings with it." The wrath of Griffiths was appeased by Goldsmith undertaking to furnish a "Life of Voltaire" for \$100, from which the debt was to be subtracted. The memoir, which was finished in a month, he himself called a "catchpenny," and it is certainly unworthy both of the author and the subject. Here closed for ever his ill-starred alliance with the bookseller, who was the first to start him in his literary career, and the first to make him feel the bitter bondage of the calling.

If we wish our children to revere high things—things simple, pure, lovely, and of good report—we must set them the example.



## Glimpses of the Pilgrim Fathers.

## PART II.

## EARLY TRIALS.

There were men with hoary hair  
Amid that pilgrim band;  
Why had they come to wither there  
Away from their childhood's land?  
There was woman's fearless eye,  
Lit by her deep loved truth;  
There was manhood's brow serenely high,  
And the fiery heart of youth.  
What sought they thus afar!

THE first glimpse of the green land of America cheered the sinking hearts of the pilgrims. The waving woods, which belted even the ocean's brink, caused them to rejoice together, and praise God for his mercies. What a sight it must have been for man (we feel assured that angels rejoiced) when the poor exiles' first act on reaching the shore was to kneel down and thank God for his mercies. But they were not yet arrived at their journey's end. It was in the south, even at the mouth of the Hudson river, that they had resolved to settle; and, whether by accident or treachery, the captain frustrated their intention in the first instance, and set them on shore on a far less civilized and inviting spot. After again putting out to sea, the ship was so entangled

amidst the shoals and breakers that they were compelled, on the second day, to put back to Cape Cod; and impatient of delay, it being by this time the middle of November, the captain declared his intention of returning, so that the emigrants had no alternative but to remain at the Cape.

There was little bright or hopeful in the prospect. The old world had cast them forth; the new world, in its winter dress smiled no loving welcome. Thickets and dense woods frowned upon them. No friends were there; no hearth, however rude, no homes however homely. None, did we say? Ah! they would have fainted, had they thought thus. God was there! and his love and his favor can make sunshine even in winter, and homes amongst the leafless forest trees. And, accordingly, with hearts raised to Him, they stepped reverently ashore, again remembering his own words: "he that loveth father or mother, or friends, more than me, is not worthy of me." Before leaving the vessel, finally, however, they judiciously appointed a governor, and bound themselves to submission and obedience to just and equal laws, signing their names, and swearing allegiance to king James of England.

Soon the *Mayflower* was to set sail and to leave the pilgrims on the strand. On the one side was the great Atlantic, on the other the unknown wilderness; but above and around, and in their hearts, love to God and one another. Elements of paradise these!

The calculations and plans of man are oftentimes in mercy and wisdom, frustrated by the great Deviser of all things. Had the weak and suffering handful of exiles been permitted to carry out their original design of settling near the Hudson, they would, in all probability, defenceless as they were, have fallen by the hands of the Red Indian tribes who populated the vast savannahs of the river. But from this danger they were rescued on the bleak coast of New England. The first of the natives with whom the pilgrims held any intelligible intercourse,

was Samoset, an Indian of the Wampanoags, who had picked up a few English words from the fishermen who came to that shore for cod; and from him they learned that the land was indeed desolate, a great pestilence having nearly depopulated the district, and that free scope was open to the projects of the white men. It now only remained to take possession. Exploring parties, following the Indian trail, tracked the wild woods, and one of their journalists at length notes: "After a long and devious ramble, about ten o'clock we came into a deep valley full of brush, woode galle, and long grasse, through which we found little paths or tracks, and there we saw a decre and found springs of fresh water, of which we were heartily glad, and sat us downe and drunke our first New England water as heartily as over we drunke drinke in all our lives."

On one of these occasions the new settlers found a little path leading to heaps of sand, into which they dug, and found but the decaying bow and arrows of an Indian warrior, one of the last of his race; and they digged in various others, to find, alas! nothing else but graves.

The first of December dawned. Many a one in that band remembered the yule logs of the old world, and as yet they were only among graves; no home, no shelter, was provided against the chilling

the cold was piercing, and they were yet homeless; but, all honor to the religion of the omnipresent God, they knew that He whom they served could hear the hymn of praise and the voice of prayer among the pines of the forest, as well as in the aisle of the cathedral; and thus they kept the Sabbath.

Reader! is there no voice from those pine-woods to you and to me? If the poor homeless wanderers could find time, and place, and opportunity, to keep holy the Sabbath-day, what shall be thought by Him who accepted their sacrifice, of our apathy, when, may be, within sound of the Sabbath bells, we deem it impossible to walk to God's house, and to offer up to him the tribute of thanksgiving which is his due?

On Monday they sounded the harbor, and, after being satisfied with its safety, and finding corn-fields, and little running brooks, they returned to the expectant people they had left behind, and gladdened their anxious hearts by their re-appearance.

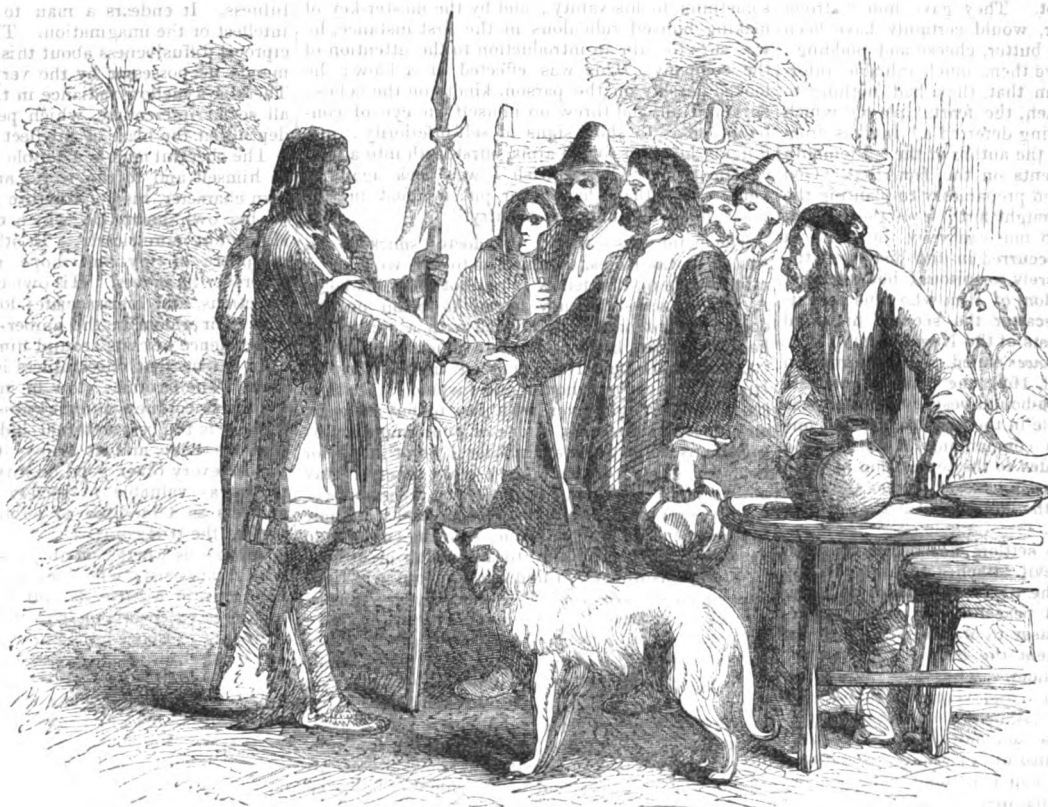
The day on which the pilgrim fathers landed at Plymouth is yet marked by religious services in New England, and is called by the simple appellation of "Forefathers' Day." Plymouth was the name given to the new settlement by the exiled Englishmen.

## PART III.—THE SUN BEHIND THE CLOUD.

The month of December was over. The emigrants,

suffered terribly from coughs, and it became imperative to provide efficient shelter for the weaker and more afflicted of the band. Wood was cut down accordingly, in the intervals between the storms. A rising ground was chosen as the site of the new city, commanding a magnificent view both of sea and land.

The company was divided into families, the unmarried being required to choose out a family into which they might be adopted, in order that fewer houses might be needed. Thus the colonists were divided, by this judicious plan, into but nineteen families, and on the 9th of Jan. 1621, the first operation for building the infant city commenced. The plot of ground was



THE COLONISTS WELCOMED BY THE INDIANS.

blast of an American winter. One treasure, however, they found in one of these Indian sepulchres, even a "little old basket, full of faire Indian corn," which was, they said, a goodly sight; a treasure, indeed, of greater worth than a mine of gold dust in their position.

The poor shallop which was left them had been so injured by her voyage between the decks of the vessel, that she had to be repaired, and when this was accomplished, Carver, Bradford, Winslow, and Standish, set out to explore the shores of the New World, and fix on the spot of their final settlement.

But the season was far advanced. Rude gusts of wind dashed the spray about the voyagers; whilst those on shore, one morning during their absence, were greeted on awaking by the wild war-whoop of the Indians, and a flight of arrows at the same moment gave notice of an attack. A wandering tribe cherishing bitter hatred to the English, had stolen upon them; but they stood to arms and no harm ensued. In the mean time, the exploring party were driven on a small island late one Saturday, and being the last day of the week, they dried their stuff, fired their pieces, returned thanks for their deliverance, and resolved here to keep the first Christian Sabbath.

Time was pressing; it was the 9th of December;

divided by lot, and the houses built in two rows. At the present day, the traveller to Plymouth may still be shown, not the log huts of the pilgrim fathers, indeed, but the locality in which they stood, which yet bears the name of Leyden-street, and is revered as the first pathway through the primeval forest.

But comparatively easy as it is to read about building log houses, and tilling new soil, remember that the end was not gained without bitter privation. Consumption was wasting more than one member of the colony. Sometimes, for days together, nothing could be done for the blinding snow-storm, or the sweeping gale; wolves howled in the forest; the house in which the sick and dying were sheltered took fire; violent rains stripped the half-built houses of the clay and mortar; and now and then, the discovery of an Indian trail, or the smoke of a distant fire, chilled the anxious fearful hearts of all.

But wives, mothers, and sisters were there, and something like family joy might have been felt through that dreary winter, had not death entered, and made a sad blank in loving hearts and beside the rude hearths. Carver, the governor of the republic, first lost his son, and soon afterwards he was himself laid in the same grave, the first dug in the wilderness. Then followed the widow; and in



March, Governor Bradford records: "Thirteen of our number died; and, in three months more, out of one hundred, but fifty remained—the living scarce able to bury the dead." The sailors, too, of the *Mayflower*, which had still lingered in the haven, were attacked, and half the company died before sailing; but yet they trusted in God and he delivered them.

How different was the spirit manifest in their simple uncomplaining journals, from that of the band of needy adventurers and covetous gold-seekers, who, fourteen years before, had set out to Virginia. Smith describes the first colonists as composed of forty-eight needy gentlemen, and four carpenters, whose jealousies, divisions, and excesses sorely tried their leader, who was a man of ability and genius.

But the pilgrim fathers hoped on; sickness and death had thinned their ranks; grave after grave was dug in the wilderness; yet God was above all, and behind the cloud the sun of his blessing was shining.

Winter was over and gone, the south wind blew softly, and the forest-birds mingled their notes with the voice of the pilgrims' thanksgiving, when one day an Indian came to their little citadel. What, however, must have been the joyful relief of the fearful strangers, to hear the well-known English word from the red man's lips—that happy, hopeful, home word—"WELCOME." That they made him welcome, there can be no doubt. They gave him "strong water," (that, however, would certainly have been better omitted) biscuit, butter, cheese and pudding; and he, in return, gave them much valuable information. He told them that they had nothing to dread from the red men, the fearful plague which had reigned there having deterred all Indians from claiming the soil; and the author of the "Plymouth Pilgrims" thus comments on the fact, that "God had cast out the heathen preparatory to planting the vine which he had brought forth from the land of bondage." Indeed, no one can view the chain of circumstances which occurred in the history of the pilgrim fathers as merely fortuitous; but we must rather admire the wisdom of Him who thus permitted his followers to scatter the seed of his word amid the primeval forests of the New World.

At length the *Mayflower* sailed. One morning in the beginning of April, 1621, the band of colonists watched the little home-bound vessel, and such was the firmness of principle in these exiles, that not one offered to desert his companions in this trying moment; not one yielded to the temptation of stepping on board the departing vessel; and as they saw the lessening sail on the horizon, still they fainted not.

The harmony of the settlers was occasionally interrupted, however; evil attaches to every human institution; but, on the whole, the history of their lives is creditable and peaceful. In June they resolved to send an embassy to Massasoit, a powerful chief, in order to cement the league of peace and friendship between them. The messengers met with a friendly reception, and were hospitably entertained by Massasoit. Winslow says, in a letter to England, at the close of that year: "We have found the Indians faithful to their covenant of peace; they are a people without religion, but trusty, ripe-witted, and just." The vessel which bore Winslow's letter to England had already brought over thirty-five new settlers, and the results of colonial industry with which it was freighted on its homeward voyage, were to the value of five hundred pounds, in beaver-skins and wood; but the vessel was seized by a privateer and robbed, and the company at Plymouth, who hoped much from these their first-fruits, were doomed to disappointment.

The Indians, too, from a distant settlement, threatened them with an invasion. The pilgrim fathers were yet to be made perfect through suffering. The ship *Fortune* had left them new settlers indeed, but settlers bringing no means of support with them. The harvest was reaped, and they were starving in the land of promise. The wild fowl, so abundant from October to March, were now scarce, and although fish abounded in the pools, they had no tackle suitable for cod-fishery. Oftentimes they awoke knowing that until they had toiled hard and wandered far, no morning meal awaited them or their families; and thus they lived through the summer months. In the midst of these privations a boat from a fishing-vessel brought seven new colonists to Plymouth, without the slightest provision for a day's food; but help was at hand, and, ere long, Winslow returned full of hope from one of the vessels which lay at no great distance, laden with provisions. The second year thus came to an end, with all its trials and dangers, and the faith of the pilgrim fathers still kept them up.

#### Incident in the Early Career of Curran, the Irish Barrister.

MR. CURRAN, in one of his early excursions to England, happened to travel in a public coach with a well fed, well dressed, well powdered, conceited young clergyman, fresh from Oxford. He had under his protection two beautiful young female relatives. Mr. Curran's figure, and the neglect of his person, presented the reverse of every thing which could prepossess; and this aided to puff out the Oxonian's pride. Mr. Curran, lean as Cassius, with an ill-fashioned, cork-cut coat (for which he once made this apology on going into a packet, then sailing for England, that no man in his senses should ever venture to sea without a *Cork-jacket*), was flung off at a mortifying distance by the reserve and pride of the company. Under this feeling he was smarting and much annoyed for the first forty miles of a long and unpromising journey to London. In this state of annihilation, he reflected that this *swell* was nothing, but like all other bubbles which break under the beam of superior intelligence; and that by letting out the gas of conceit, the balloon would rapidly descend.

Having read in Gulliver's Travels, that a philosopher condescended to extract sunbeams from cucumbers, he hit upon the project of relieving himself from this oppressive incubus, which weighed him down like an overloaded atmosphere, by sacrificing something to his vanity; and by the master-key of making himself ridiculous in the first instance, he was sure to gain an introduction to the attention of the company. This was effected at a blow; he looked harshly on the parson, kindly on the ladies; surveyed all, and threw on himself an eye of contempt, so as to show signs of self-inferiority: and, flinging loose his folded arms, burst forth into a loud exclamation—"Oh! I wish I was back again in Dublin, and that I had never put my foot in this inhospitable and unpolite country."

The point was carried: the doctor smirked and smiled at the ladies, as much as to say, we have a rare treat here, this fellow is red-hot from his bogs. A perfect self-sufficiency began to beam on the doctor's countenance, and, elated with a victory he had never won, he proceeded to pluck his laurels. "Oh, then, I perceive, my good friend, you are Irish." "Yes, your honor, and I would rather than the £40 I brought over with me, to buy threads, and tapes, and needles, at one of your manufacturing towns, to be back again: for I don't hope for luck, or grace, or happiness, while ever I stay among you." "Then, I suppose, you are in trade?" "Oh yes! I am a Dublin shopkeeper, and it is there the first gentlemen in the land, or in the city, would speak civilly and politely to his fellow-creature." "What pleasure do you find in that country? What amusements have you?" "Amusements! were you never in Dublin? Were you never in the upper gallery in Crow street? Or if you weren't, where were you born? Lord help you, it is there you would see the fun and the wit. It would be worth your while to step across; and if you were never there, that is the only spot in the known world worth talking of." "Surely, my good friend, it cannot be, you should pass all your time there! there are nights you cannot spend in this manner." "Tis very true, sir, but it isn't my fault; for if I could help it, it is there I would pass every night." "But, sir, on other nights, as soon as your shop is shut, how do you dispose of yourself?" "I go in and read a book for my wife, while she rocks the cradle." "What books do you read, give me leave to ask?" "What books, why Erasmus, and a pretty book it is." "Very well, indeed. And pray, do your women understand Latin?" "Yes, and Greek too; and often do I read the Greek of Homer to her, and she to me." "Oh, my friend, it is impossible that either your wife or you can understand these books. Do you mean to say she *understands* the Greek and Latin languages?" "You are welcome to try me, doctor; and as for the wife, she, being a Kerry woman, could answer for herself, if she were here (and I wish to God she were), much better than I for myself." "Did you ever read the *Naufragium*?" "Oh, yes, where the shipwreck was, and where the lovely lady was perishing, and a lovelier never yet was seen, except the two beautiful creatures I am now gazing upon with so much pleasure; and may God preserve their beautiful faces from suffering either by sea or land! And I think one of them is as like Helen in Homer, whom old King Priam contrived to fall in love with, and the other so like Venus, that they were the very images of those now before me."

The ladies began now, for the first time, to look with a softer air of condescension; and Mr. Curran, having by that whiff of incense secured a party,

proceeded with more courage. "Now, doctor, as I have answered all your questions, may I be allowed to ask you in turn if you have read *Echo* in Erasmus?" "Why, not very well; it was written by a Popish priest, and its doctrines are not in our church held to be orthodox, yet it may be, though I cannot say that I have read it; but what of that?" "Why, doctor, this of that, that though Erasmus was a Popish priest, he has taught *Echo* many witty things; when he asks, *Quidnam querunt, qui querunt sacerdotium?* *Echo* answers, *otium*; and asks again, *Quidnam alium querit sacerdos?* *Echo*, *ker-dos*. Now, doctor, that the ladies may know all, for instance, supposing (and I beg their pardons) that they have not been taught these languages, since they and the old religion went out of fashion long before their time, with queen Elizabeth; the substance translated is, that the clergy are fond of *ease* and *gain*, and this, doctor, accounts for your fat and fine clothes." The ladies saw the point, they saw the doctor in danger, though the church was safe. The tide began to turn.

#### Cheerfulness.

THERE is no one quality that so much endears man to his fellow men as cheerfulness. Talents may excite more respect, and virtues more esteem. But the respect is apt to be distant, and the esteem cold. But it is otherwise with cheerfulness. It endears a man to the heart, not the intellect or the imagination. There is a kind of reciprocal diffusiveness about this quality that recommends its possessor by the very effect it produces. There is a mellow radiance in the light it sheds on all social intercourse, which pervades the soul to a depth that the blaze of intellect can never reach.

The cheerful man is a double blessing—a blessing to himself and to the world around him. In his own character, his good nature is the clear blue sky of his own heart, on which every star of talent shines out more clearly. To others he carries an atmosphere of joy and hope and encouragement wherever he moves. His own cheerfulness becomes infectious, and his associates lose their moroseness and their gloom in the amber-colored light of the benevolence he casts around him.

It is true that cheerfulness is not always happiness. The face may glow in smiles while the heart "runs in coldness and darkness below," but cheerfulness is the best external indication of happiness that we have, and it enjoys this advantage over almost every other good quality, that the counterfeit is as valuable to society as the reality. It answers as a medium of public circulation full as well as the true coin.

A man is worthy of all praise, whatever may be his private griefs, who does not intrude them on the happiness of his friends, but constantly contributes his quota of cheerfulness to the general public enjoyment. "Every heart knows its own bitterness;" but let the possessor of that heart take heed that he does not distill it into his neighbor's cup, and thus poison his felicity. There is no sight more commendable and more agreeable than to see a man, whom we know fortune has dealt with badly, smothering his peculiar griefs in his own bosom, and doing his duty in the society in which Providence has placed him, with an unruffled brow and cheerful mien. It is a duty which society has a right to demand—a portion of that great chain which binds humanity together, the links of which every one should preserve bright and unsullied.

It may be asked: What shall that man do whose burden of griefs is heavy, and made still heavier by the tears he has shed over them in private? Shall he leave society? Certainly, until he has learned to bear his own burden. Shall he not seek for the sympathy of his friends? He had better not: sympathy would only weaken the masculine strength of mind which enables us to endure. Besides, sympathy unsought for is much more readily given, and sinks deeper in its healing effects into the heart. No! no! cheerfulness is a duty which every man owes to the world. Let him faithfully discharge the debt.

THE VESTIGES OF CREATION.—The cat-skins in a mutton-pie shop.

A CROOKED LINE.—The confusion on a certain uncertain Railway is said to be such that there is scarcely a man that knows his own Station.

THE BEND SINISTER.—Goldsmith's play of *She Stoops to Conquer* has probably, by a parity of reasoning, furnished England with the excuse for selecting generals to fight her battles who are already bent with age. This is all very well, so far as the partial application goes; still it furnishes but a poor apology for the duplex movement of *stooping* and *being stupid* too.



## Lives of the Queens of England.

BY J. F. SMITH, ESQ., AUTHOR OF

"AMY LAWRENCE," "ROBIN GOODFELLOW," ETC.

## ELIZABETH,

QUEEN REGNANT OF ENGLAND.

Continued from page 59, Vol. II.

## CHAPTER LXII.

Nothing can we call our own but death—  
And that small model of the barren earth  
Which serves as paste and cover to our bones.  
SHAKESPEARE.

GREAT were the rejoicings in England upon the occasion of its deliverance from the threatened danger—the most serious which had menaced it since the Norman conquest. Medals were struck on the occasion—on one of which was the Spanish fleet in flight—with the inscription

Venit—vidit—fugit.

Another represented the actual engagement, in which the fire-ships were scattering the Armada. In compliment to the queen, on the reverse, was the legend

Dux fœmina facti.

"A woman was made leader,"—or, by straining the interpretation, "It was done by a woman."

It was on this occasion that Elizabeth made her celebrated procession to St. Paul's, to return thanks to God for the preservation of herself and realm. She was attended by her nobles, ministers, members of her council, and the most distinguished personages in the kingdom.

On the reception of the intelligence of the defeat of the Armada, the queen, in the first burst of her gratitude, created the Earl of Essex, who had for some time past been rising in her favor, a Knight of the Garter; but the greatest honor was reserved for her old favorite, Leicester, for whom she resolved to create an office which would have rendered him the second person in the realm for life—that of Lord Lieutenant both of England and Ireland.

"Never," exclaimed Burleigh, when he heard of the intended honor, "shall the crown of England, with my consent, be placed under the coronet of an ambitious earl! She must be mad!"

"Mad or not," observed Walsingham, "she will keep her promise! Never since she held the sceptre of the Plantagenets, has she grasped it with so firm a hand—the people idolise her!" Rely upon it," he added, "that not even your influence will avail!"

The wily minister said nothing; but he knew the temper of the queen better than either of his colleagues, and determined to persist in his opposition.

Whilst the patent was yet being drawn out, he had occasion to present a report to her majesty on the state of the exchequer, which the preparations for the defence of the kingdom had all but exhausted.

"We must have recourse to our loving subjects," observed Elizabeth; "they will not refuse us their aid!"

"Through Parliament, madam?" demanded the minister, with a smile.

"God's death!—no, my lord!" hastily exclaimed the royal Amazon; "we have no need to trouble Parliament, when we can have access to the purses of our people by writ of privy seal!"

Borrowing on writ of privy seal was one of the unconstitutional measures by which the crown obtained forced loans from the people; and Elizabeth carried this branch of her prerogative to a far greater extent than any sovereign who preceded or followed her. The means of levying the money was arbitrary in the extreme: the great nobility—whom she cared not to offend—and the favorites who flattered her vanity, generally escaped: so that the burthen fell upon the merchants and poorer gentry—who, having little means of resistance, were crushed by these exactions.

"True, madam!" replied Burleigh; "and to whom shall the writs be made returnable?"

"To whom?" repeated his mistress, not comprehending at first the drift of his question; "why, as usual, my lord—to the barons of our exchequer; to whom else can they be made returnable?"

"To the new Lord Lieutenant of England and Ireland!" answered the wily minister, with a profound bow.

The cheek of the queen flushed, but she kept her temper.

Ireland had long been a drain both upon the patience and resources of Elizabeth. The wanton cruelties inflicted upon that unhappy country by those who now governed it in her name, were continually driving the natives into rebellion. Although strictly Catholic, the reformed faith was enforced as far as it was practicable: by which injudicious proceeding dissensions were created, which centuries have failed to assuage; persecution, as is invariably

the case, only strengthened the Irish in their adherence to the faith of their fathers. The conduct of Elizabeth and her ministers on the subject of the church in the sister country, was both impolitic and unphilosophical. No truth was ever yet established in the heart of a nation by the eloquence of the sword; left to itself—like an event cradled upon the wings of Time—it is sure to arrive at last.

The sovereign and the minister were like two combatants upon their guard—equally prepared for attack and defence. The queen feared the stern logic of Burleigh more than she had done the threats of her enemies; and the aged statesman hesitated to provoke the power which, if seriously exerted, he well knew could crush him.

"And in whose name, madam," he demanded, "are the new commissions for Ireland to issue?"

"Mine!" was the laconic response.

"And not the new Lord Lieutenant's?" added the minister.

The patience of Elizabeth gave way under this last attack.

"No!" she exclaimed, in a voice of thunder; "though, were it my will they should do so, I would carry my point against all the machinations of his enemies! It is not now against the Duc D'Anjou—a Frenchman and a foreigner"—she added, "that you conspire, but against an English noble, who has won the love of the people and the gratitude of his sovereign! You can raise no murmurings of rebellion now—the defeat of the Armada has checkmated his enemies and mine; and were it my will to strike, there is not a head within my realm beyond the reach of the headsman!"

"Take it!" exclaimed Burleigh, sinking on his knees. "I will lay it cheerfully upon the block, provided you cancel the commission which places a regal crown beneath the coronet of a simple earl—dims the glory of a reign for which I have labored faithfully! Yes! strike!" he added, "at the grey-headed man who was the counsellor of your youth—the minister of your throne!" My last prayer shall be that history may not record the blow!"

"Burleigh!" said his mistress, deeply moved—for she loved a theatrical scene—as the aged statesman well knew; "you are to blame, to urge my temper in this unseemly manner! What I intend, I have the power to execute! Not a word!" she added; "be satisfied that though I will not bear control—even from you or from the council—your words are not unheeded!"

That same evening, after having passed several hours in her closet alone, Elizabeth sent to the clerk of the patents for the yet unsealed patent which was to render the Earl of Leicester the second person in the realm for life. No sooner did she peruse it, than she deliberately tore it into fragments, muttering, as she did so:

"Burleigh was right! The crown of England shall never be placed under the coronet of an earl!"

When the ambitious Earl of Leicester discovered that the queen had no intention of keeping the promise which, in the first burst of gratitude, she had made him, his indignation knew no bounds; and, seeking the cabinet of the queen, he entered into a remonstrance with his sovereign.

What passed at that interview was never positively known—for it had no witnesses, and can only be guessed at from the result, which was a violent quarrel between the fickle sovereign and her former favorite, who retired from court.

Leicester, even in this world, was punished for the unmanly part he had acted against the Queen of Scots. He was disappointed in his ambition, and madly jealous of his wife, whom he suspected of a criminal intercourse with the Master of the Horse, Sir Christopher Blount, whom, after his death, his widow married.

Whilst residing at Cornbury Park, something had occurred to increase his suspicions; and he resolved to rid himself of the object of love and torment, as the only means of restoring peace to his distracted mind. This he designed to do by poison. He felt no compunctious visitings of conscience—the man who would plot the assassination of a captive queen, cared little for the crime of murder.

Full of this thought, he sent a messenger to a chemist, residing at Oxford, with a simple message that he was to send him the medicine that he knew of: there was a previous understanding between them—the man of science well understood what to send.

Fortunately the countess had requested the messenger to bring her perfumes from Oxford at the same time; and, being alone when the servitor returned, she had the packet conveyed to her own chamber, that she might take from it the things she required. In it was a small phial, with a label of parchment around it, addressed to the earl. It con-

tained but few words; those few, however, alarmed her:

"Four drops in a glass of succory-water will be sufficient!"

Her ladyship was in the habit of taking a glass of the beverage named before retiring to rest. By some writers it has been called diet-drink, and was very fashionable in the reign of Elizabeth, being thought to promote digestion.

The Countess of Leicester was one of those women whose courage and presence of mind increase at the approach of danger. Whether innocent or culpable, she well knew would avail her little with her husband, if once resolved to rid himself of her; and she determined to turn the discovery she had made against the contriver. For this purpose she dispatched the messenger back to Oxford, under pretence that he had forgotten something important, and resolved that very night to rid herself of her husband and his persecution.

When the earl, who had been absent hunting, returned, she met him as if nothing had occurred, with a smiling countenance, and inquired what fortune he had had in his sport.

"As bad as in marriage!" was the churlish reply of Leicester, who began to call loudly for his cup-bearer; for he was thirsty from his over-exercise.

The boy had been purposely sent out of the way.

"I will be your cup-bearer, my lord, for once!" replied his wife; "if you will condescend to receive it from my hands!"

Her husband gave an ungracious assent. In a few moments his countess returned with a draught of Bordeaux wine, which she had craftily qualified with the drug intended for herself. The tired hunter quaffed it off, gaily observing, that he would perform the same office for her ladyship at her need.

The daring woman secretly smiled. She guessed that he would never live to fulfil the threat his words conveyed; for such it was, although veiled beneath a show of courtesy.

That same night the proud and ambitious Leicester retired early to his couch, oppressed by a sudden indisposition, which he attributed to his over-exertion in the chase. He never rose again.

The death-bed of the assassin of Mary Stuart must have been a terrible one. Conscious, most probably, that he was poisoned, and guessing the hand which dealt the blow, the pangs of mortality were increased by the yet severer ones of jealousy and remorse; for history accuses him, in addition to having had the chief hand in the assassination of the Scottish Queen, of having murdered his first wife. At least, it was one of the points urged against his marriage with Elizabeth, in the memorial which his enemies drew up and presented to their sovereign.

Great was the consternation of the household on the following morning, when it was discovered that the earl was dead, but none dared whisper their suspicions against his widow, even if they entertained them. She was the mother of the new favorite, the Earl of Essex, whose influence with the queen threw a shield around his parent. At the time of the death of this ambitious peer—which some historians have attributed to a fever, caught whilst with the camp at Tilbury—others, to the cause we have described—he was between fifty and sixty years of age—his once fine person bloated by excess.

His character may be summed up in a few words. He was cruel, rapacious, proud, false, treacherous, and resentful; indebted to the caprice of Elizabeth for honors which he had neither the talents to win, nor the merit to wear worthily.

When intelligence reached the court of the death of the once powerful favorite, none dared at first to break the news to Elizabeth; but they might have spared their hesitation and fears. Her heart was less sensitive than they gave her credit for. True, she burst into tears, and retired to her private apartments. Walsingham and Burleigh were both present: the former imagined that it was to hide her grief from the eyes of her courtiers, who, sycophant-like, began to assume doleful looks, and extol the virtues and merits of the earl. Burleigh, who knew the heart of his mistress, alone was not deceived.

In less than an hour, he was summoned by a page to the royal presence.

Although her countenance was pale, the manner of the queen appeared calm and collected: her minister instantly set his by the same model. Had he found his sovereign overwhelmed with grief, the probability is that he would have appeared half stupefied by despair.

"So, Burleigh," exclaimed the aged coquette, as soon as she beheld her confidant, "Leicester has



been summoned from us! His account, I fear, is a sad one!"

Accustomed as the old man was to the sudden changes and caprices of his sovereign, he could not suppress a look of surprise; for he naturally imagined that she alluded to the account of the deceased earl with heaven—which, no one knew better than herself, must have been a black one.

"Perhaps he repented, madam," he replied; "and who may limit the mercy of the Most High!"

"Doubtless—doubtless!" hastily interrupted Elizabeth; "but that, my lord, is not the account we allude to: we were thinking of one which touches us more nearly. Leicester was indebted largely to our exchequer?"

"True, madam!" he observed.

"Of course you will take the necessary steps!"

"Steps!" repeated the astonished minister; "touching the funeral of the earl?"

"Funeral!" repeated the queen, sharply. "God's death! no, man! Who spoke of funeral? Touching his debts! Let our *distringas* be laid upon his possessions till they are paid! We rewarded his services more than sufficiently whilst living; think you we intend to be robbed by him when dead!"

Even Burleigh was astonished at the meanness of Elizabeth, and yet he had a deeper knowledge of her character than any living person. Of course, to him it was a matter of profound indifference whether the queen persisted in her intention or not. On leaving the royal closet, where the above conference had taken place, he encountered Walsingham, whose countenance still bore the seal of sorrow.

"Well!" said the statesman, "have you seen the queen?"

His colleague smiled.

"And the orders—a public funeral?"

"No! A *distringas* upon his property, which is to be sold by auction, till the debts due to the exchequer are paid!"

Walsingham was for a time incredulous; but the *distringas* was issued, and the plate and moveables of the deceased earl were sold by auction. As Burleigh stated, Elizabeth, who could be generous to her living lovers, was not above robbing a dead one.

*To be continued.*

**NITRIC ACID IN RAIN WATER.**—In a celebrated French scientific periodical, there was published some time ago an account of some interesting experiments made by M. Leibig on rain-water, with the view of ascertaining its various impurities. Among other foreign matters, a perceptible quantity of nitric acid, combined with lime or ammonia, was found in all the specimens of rain-water collected during storms. The same was the case with regard to snow and hail. Small traces of iron, manganese, and muriate of soda, are generally found in rain-water during thunder-storms. The formation of the nitric acid in rain-water is referred by M. Leibig to the agency of the electric fluid in passing through the atmosphere. It is well known that nitric acid and common air are composed of the same elemental gases, oxygen and nitrogen—but of course they are combined in different proportions in the two different substances.

St. Helena has a population of 5,495 persons, of whom 543 are liberated Africans, and 511 soldiers; there are but one physician and two attorneys on the island.

Misfortunes are troublesome at first, but when there is no remedy but patience, custom makes them easy to us, and necessity gives us courage.

We always consider life as a fairy tale, in which every good action must be rewarded by a visible wonder.

It is computed that, with supplies from Algeria and Spain, France will be in no want of grain till the next harvest.

**TO YOUNG LADIES.**—Mrs. Swishelm says: "The secret you dare not tell your mother is a dangerous secret, one that will be likely to bring you sorrow."

In all our calamities and afflictions it may serve as a comfort to know that he who loses anything and gets wisdom by it, gains by the loss.

Our tempers are like an opera-glass, which makes the object small or great, according to the end you look through.

CHESINGER, the French sculptor, has lost the sight of one eye, by a chip of stone flying into it when at work.

ROGERS, the celebrated geologist, is of opinion that the thickness of the earth's crust is about 10 miles.

A GREAT change in life is like a cold bath in winter—we all hesitate at the first plunge.

Wise is the Greek saying, that "it is a grievous thing to be extravagantly praised."

#### Facetiae.

\* **TRANSPARENCIES.**—When the mother of a large family of grown-up daughters, pays a great deal of court to a rich young man, who is not yet blest with a wife, her conduct becomes so ridiculously transparent that all her female friends openly laugh at her for it. When a candidate plays with the children of an elector, and stuffs them with oranges and sugar-plums, pays compliments to the wife, and begs to hold the baby whilst "she gets her good man's dinner ready," it does not require the sight of a lynx, or a conjurer, to see through a miserable transparency like that. When a friend drops in at dinner, and brings a bag of filberts with him, the transparency assumes immediately the rich glow of a bottle of wine. When a medical man is called out of church regularly every Sunday, he must flatter himself exceedingly if he fancies no one sees through a trick so excessively transparent as that. When a proud extravagant family breaks up its establishment in town and country, sells off everything it has, and goes to live on the continent for the purpose of "giving the children the best continental education," we doubt if there are many persons, even of the most benevolent turn of mind, who give much faith to a story so transparent. When government talks year after year of the "public accounts being framed with the strictest regard to economy," we wonder how many persons are taken in by the transparency? When a young swell puts down his horses, and voluntarily gives up his dog-cart, because he "has been ordered to take exercise," the only effect such a transparency can have on the eyes and minds of his friends, is to make them exchange looks of comical incredulity, and smile. When a servant wishes for a holiday "to go and see her mother" on Easter Monday, or a clerk asks for "a day's leave, if convenient, for the purpose of visiting his aunt in the country, who is very poorly," on the Derby Day, though the requests in both instances may be acceded to, still we suspect that the masters, in granting them, kindly shut their eyes to the extreme transparency of the excuse.

**A FEW IMPERTINENT INQUIRIES.**—Is it by way of refining their style of singing, that some vocalists strain their voices? Was a stingy man ever known to give a joke? Is it only individuals with "piercing eyes," that can "look daggers"? Might an all-round collar be termed "a round of folly"? Would it be possible for a gentleman in difficulties, on finding a place too hot to hold him, to take matters coolly?

**DOG EAT DOG.**—An impudent thief brought up at Clerkenwell Police-court, has been charged with picking the pocket of a fellow-prisoner in the same cell. This specimen of one culprit despoiling a "fellow-professional," is unpardonable. After this we shall place no faith in the adage—"There's honor among thieves."

**A BASE 'UN.**—Mr. Punch sees a book advertised, entitled, "Sick Calls." Having never heard more than two—one being "Steward! Brandy!" and the other being resorted to when a mere spirituous libation will not appease the sea-gods, he means to get the book.

**ADVICE TO BRITISH GOVERNMENTS.**—Never redress any grievance or injustice, however monstrous, which you have power to retain. Reserve it to be immolated as a sacrifice to appease popular fury, when your mismanagement shall have brought them to the brink of revolution.

**TO YOUNG AUTHORS ABOUT TO WRITE.**—If an author is wise (and we never met with an author who was not one of the wisest of men), he would never write a preface. For in that preface he generally tells what his book is about, and the critic, knowing that, never reads his book.

**RANK IMPOSITION.**—It seems to be generally understood among the governing classes of our blessed country, that no one has a claim to a share in the administration of affairs unless he can prove his right by showing his title.

**MARINE CURIOSITIES.**—A number of seals have been caught in the Severn, but the accounts say nothing of any crests being engraven on them, which is odd, considering they came up with the "crested wave."

**A WAR WITH THE ELEMENTS.**—If the British Fleet which has started for the Baltic, should encounter a few gales of wind during the voyage, there can be no doubt it will come to blows!

**"A WORD TO MY WIFE."**—An innocent husband has published a little book with the above title! Does he expect that his wife will be the last word?

**A GARDENER'S INQUIRY.**—Is the phrase "Time out of mind," a roundabout way of signifying wild thyme?

The game of fashionable life is to play hearts against diamonds.

**SURLY SENTIMENTS.**—(By a Professed old Grumbler).—Vanity never yet died of a surfeit. A parent who strikes a child is like a man who strikes the water—the consequences of the blow are sure to fly up in his own face. There are fools who cannot keep a secret; their excessive greenness, like that of new wood, makes them split. Reform is an omnibus that's always "just going to start." Friends, like tumblers in frosty weather, are apt to fly at the first touch of hot water. It is with a faded beauty as with a clock—the more the face is enamelled, the more clearly do we see the progress of Time. The most uncomfortable house to live in is a house of pets,—such as pet dogs, pet canaries, pet squirrels, parrots, and cats,—but, worse than all, pet children! Cerebus must have been a box-keeper, originally, at a theatre. There is no one so long-lived as your delicate fine lady, who is always "dying." I have generally found that a "little party" with a "little music," and a "little singing," with a "little vint-et-un" after that, followed by a "little supper," and lastly a "little grog" just before going home, carry one up to five or six in the morning, and invariably end in a little headache the next day.—Punch.

**A GRAVEYARD INSCRIPTION.**—Notes and Queries says, that the following curious inscription has been copied from a gravestone in Essex:—

"Here lies the man Richard,  
And Mary his wife;  
Their surname was Pritchard,  
They lived without strife;  
And the reason was plain—  
They abounded in riches,  
They had no care or pain,  
And his wife wore the breeches."

The best bank ever known yet is a bank of earth; it never refuses discount to honest labor; and the best share is a ploughshare, on which dividends are always liberal.

The late Rev. Rowland Hill used to ride a great deal, and by exercise preserved vigorous health. When asked by a medical friend what physician he employed, he replied, "My physician has always been a horse."

#### SENSE-OPATHY.

TAKE the open air, the more you take the better—Follow Nature's laws to the very letter.

Let the doctors go to the Bay of Biscay,  
Let alone the gin, the brandy, and the whisky.

Freely exercise—keep your spirit cheerful;  
Let no dread of sickness ever make you fearful.

Eat of simple food, drink of pure cold water;  
Then you will be well—or at least you oughter.

**A MOTHER'S ADVICE.**—"If your husband is in the habit of sleeping after dinner, never, as you value good temper, think of disturbing him; because I have learnt this through life, my dears, that if a man is not allowed to take his 'forty winks,' he invariably feels (s) nappish for the remainder of the evening."

**ANY ANALOGY?**—Confectioners sell what are termed "tops and bottoms," and shoemakers deal in "high lows." Is there any analogy between them?

**A KNOTTY RESULT.**—The man who depended on the "tie of relationship" to disentangle him from his difficulties, found it but a slender thread,—very good to talk about, but of little use,—generally leaving people as much tied up as ever.

The great value of arithmetic is to add up the number of one's lovers and dresses.

**HEALTH AND BEAUTY.**—The young lady who is unable to sport a riding habit should get into a walking habit.

**QUERY FOR LADIES OF FASHION.**—The question might form a knotty subject for debate, whether ladies of fashion change their dresses or their minds the oftener?

What is the "voluntary" principle?—Playing the organ when the congregation are leaving church.

An ingenious down-easter, who invented a new kind of "love letter ink," as a safeguard against actions for breach of promise of marriage, in so much as it entirely fades from the paper in two months after date, was recently "done brown" by a brother down-easter, who purchased a hundred boxes of the article, and gave him his note for ninety days. At the expiration of that time, the ink-inventor called for payment, but on unfolding the scrip, found nothing but a blank piece of paper. The note had been written with his own ink.

A celebrated engineer being examined at a trial, where both the judge and counsel tried in vain to brow-beat him, made use in his evidence of the expression, "the creative power of a mechanic;" on which the judge rather tartly asked him what he meant by the creative power of a mechanic? "Why my lord," said the engineer, "I mean that power which enables a man to convert a goat's tail into a judge's wig."





## FANCY PORTRAIT.

A well-known Carpet Dealer, after attending an Irish Wake!!!



## THE ESSENCE OF CACTUS.

Manufactured for the Members of the Poke-your-nose-into-other-people's-business Society.

A CHINESE, who had observed several naval veterans in this country having but one leg, who earned their subsistence as watermen, was struck by the illustration of the "fitness of things" presented in their case when the wooden leg being stumped into the water, and the other being swung round into the boat, the discomfort of being "wet-shod" was avoided; and having, on his return to the Flowery Land, published a history of England, he dilated, *à la Paley*, on the happiness of this maritime country, in possession of so convenient a race of men!

A BEGGAR asking Dr. Smollett for alms, he gave him through mistake a guinea. The poor fellow, on perceiving it, hobbled after him to return it; upon which Smollett returned it to him, with another guinea as a reward for his honesty, exclaiming, at the same time, "What a lodging has honesty taken up with!"

NEVER hesitate about doing a good thing. Be sure it will be all right in the end, whether the deed is marrying an amiable girl, giving a sovereign to the dispensary, a dinner to a poor family, or rosy glances to Mary.

THEY serenade the bankers out West with this air, or rather this strain:—

Meet me by moonlight—a loan  
Is all that I'll there ask of thee

AN ORTHODOX CONUNDRUM.—When is a bishop inclined to be waggish? When he's an archbishop.

Is a grocer who knowingly trusts a notorious swindler to be considered a greengrocer?

WHAT most resembles half a cheese? The other half.

"It's all around my hat," as the hypocrite said when he put on mourning for his wife.

An ingenious chemist has sent a bottle of London fog to the Paris Exhibition, as a specimen of raw material.

"WHAT plan," said an actor to another, "shall I adopt to fill the house at my benefit?" "Invite your creditors," was the surly reply.

MISS TUCKER says it's with old bachelors as with old wood; it is hard to get them started, but when they do take flame, they burn prodigiously.

MISS JULIA GREEN, loving John Prince "not wisely, but too well," has cause to lament her neglect of the admonition, "Put not your trust in Princes." He promised to marry her, but he left her, as he found her, still Green. The law, however, has overtaken him.

A LADY who speaks nine languages "like a native," and can execrate a piano most scientifically, would like to be informed which is the most easterly, Cronstadt or Constantinople; also, whether the terms human system and solar system mean the same.

IN Whitehead's *Historian's Pocket Companion*, printed in Newcastle, England, in 1777, the first entry is: "Adam and Eve created, Friday, October 28, 4,002 years before Christ." Can this be the origin of the superstition that Friday is an unlucky day for man?

SWANS WITH WOODEN LEGS.—There are living in the small village of Leyton, Essex, England, four persons of the name of John Swan, not at all related, and all with wooden legs, although not one has been in the army or navy.

WEDDING GLOVES.—"Let us have the best, sir; the very best," exclaims a handsome young fellow to Mr. Dove. "Six pair left," said Mr. Dove; "better let me say the remainder, sir." "Don't suppose I want half-a-dozen wives," remonstrated Mr. Flowerdale. "No, sir," replied Mr. Dove; "but you may be so happy with your first wife as to wish to marry her over again every anniversary of your wedding day."

A CERTAIN individual, not over remarkable for punctuality in paying his debts, was complaining to a waggish acquaintance of "shortness of breath." "Indeed!" replied he; "I am surprised at that, for I had a little conversation with your tailor the other day, and he told me you were the *longest winded* customer he ever had."

Master of the House: Oh! Mary, what is there for dinner to-day?

Mary: I think, sir, it's cold mutton, sir.

Master of the House: H'm! tell your mistress, when she comes in, that I may possibly be detained in the city on business, and she is on no account to wait dinner for me.

Why is an Englishman like a bee? Because he is ruled by a queen.

"Each moment makes thee dearer," as the parsimonious tradesman said to his extravagant wife.

THERE is a man in York, England, so opposed to Catholicism that he won't eat beef for fear it might be a portion of the Pope's late bull.

THE difference between a Christian and a cannibal is, that one enjoys himself, and the other enjoys other people.

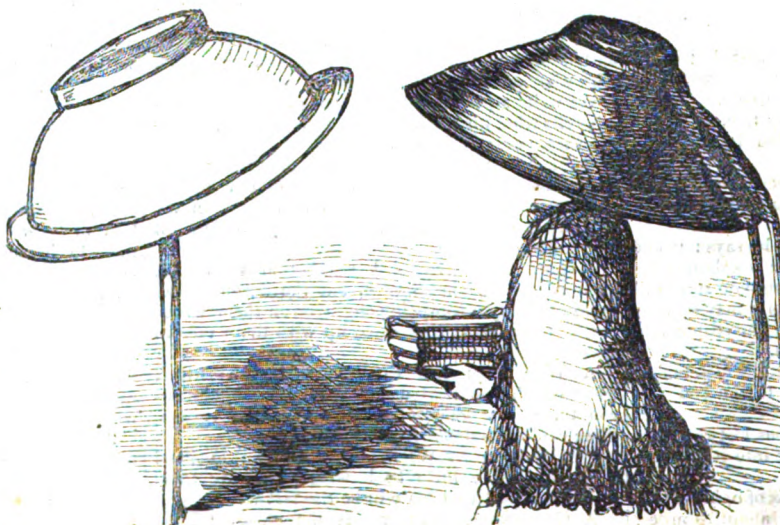
He who has nothing to say should say nothing.

THE Russians cannot be so badly off, as all of them have lately had change of a sovereign.

A MARRIED LOVER.—A hen-pecked husband declared that the longer he lived the more he was smitten.

Why are green peas like Sebastopol?—Because they must be shelled before taken.

WHAT is the principal amusement in the Crimea?—Balls and Routs.



The Original.

The Copy.

## THE LATEST STYLE OF BLOOMER.